

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



They had been on the road for over a month, moving from their farm outside of Dayton, Ohio, to a new farm outside of Lawrence, Kansas. They were the Rasmussen family: Ma and Pa, three boys and three girls. The new farm they were moving to was twice the size of the three-hundred-and-twenty-acre farm they left. They were Abolitionists and were hoping to help the state of Kansas become a Free State.

The train comprised fifteen other similar families, all trying to better themselves and support the anti-slavery movement in Bloody Kansas. They were traveling through the dense woods of central Missouri. Very aware of the possibility of attack by Pro-Slavery groups. They were trying to stay quiet and move fast, even at night. Greta Rasmussen started to have terrible cramps in her stomach. An hour earlier, she had a bite from a stew leftover from the night before. Since they were on the move, she couldn't warm it up. If only it had been brought to a boil, it would have killed the bacteria that had grown in the venison overnight. But she had eaten it cold.

Suddenly she had to go to the bathroom, urgently! With no time to tell anyone, she slipped out the back of the wagon and into the woods. She ran several feet before pulling up her dress and the underclothes she wore, then squatted and let loose her bowels. The explosive discharge was horrible and seemingly never-ending. When it did end, she felt weak; it took all of her energy just to move away from the stinking mess of her discharge. She collapsed in a heap and fell asleep.

Greta slept soundly, she didn't stir when a barn owl hooted almost right over her at three o'clock in the morning. She slept as the morning sunlight shone through the dense trees, illuminating her beautiful face for several minutes before moving beyond the portal and shrouding her in deep shadow again. And she slept through voices calling her name in the distance. They called for over an hour before their calls faded as the wagon train moved farther to the northwest.

Her family didn't know what had happened to her, it was as if the hand of God had swept her from their wagon. She was gone without a trace. They searched for several hours but found nothing they couldn't hold up the train any longer. They hugged the other five children and said a prayer asking God and the Virgin Mary to watch over her and keep her safe, whether in this world or the next.

The sun was overhead when Greta woke to the sounds of birds and a squirrel chattering overhead. She felt dirty, hungry and alone. But the driving force making her get up and move was her thirst. Her mouth was dry and her lips were cracked, so she dragged herself off the ground and staggered away from the site of her explosive discharge. She slid down an incline, hoping for a stream or a river at the bottom. As luck would have it, there was a stream and it had a pool of water. She drank her fill from the fast moving clear water. Then she looked around and checked to see if anyone was watching her. She didn't see, or hear anyone. She knew intellectually that that didn't mean anything, there could be twenty men staring at her right that moment! But she wanted, and needed to clean her butt! It was crusty with remnants of last night's experience.

She undressed, examining her clothing to see if anything needed to be washed. She discovered that three of her inner petticoats were beyond help. She took them off and threw them away from the stream. She removed everything else. She stood naked to the world, half expecting someone to step out and claim her. But no one did. She stepped into the pool and found it deep enough to sit with her head above water. She used the sand on the bottom to help scour her skin of the shit stuck to it. Soaking for ten minutes then she began rubbing her more sensitive areas with just her fingers.

She had found those spots that made her feel good last year. She touched them again, here alone in the pool. It felt good, feelings that would build until she was afraid of what was going to happen. She

had never found out what it was, it felt like she was about to lose her soul, or die. She felt the feeling building, this time she would find out! This time she promised herself that she would continue until the feeling's reached whatever conclusion it would reach and when it was triggered, she would accept whatever lay beyond. If it was death, she may as well die now, she was certain that everyone she had known had left her here in this forest having been unable to find her. She continued to rub the little button at the top of her slit. Fingers of her other hand pulled at her engorged lips. The feeling of touching her lips and occasionally touching her butt hole made those feelings build until her mind exploded with an exquisitely wonderful feeling. Her entire body convulsed and shook as if she had no control over their function. The scream she emitted startled a flock of crows a quarter mile away. She squeezed and pulled at her nipples, extending those wondrous feelings.

Something did die within Greta at that moment, her innocence died! It was replaced by a longing to repeat these actions again and again. No wonder her mother had told her not to touch herself between her legs! Those feelings would become paramount in her life, excluding all other ambitions and goals. If sex with a man was like this, if a man could bring about feelings such as these, or better, then she would become a whore and enjoy these feelings regardless of what other people thought!

But right this second, she was hungry! She got up and air dried her body, then dressed again. She walked toward the sun following the stream toward it's source. As she walked she looked for things that would help her survive. A straight branch, a vine, a dry log split into with the wood fibers breaking down into a powder. Mushrooms, nuts and berries, some root plants that could be eaten. Wild grain and even dandelion plants. She found a long straight sapling that was perfect for making a spear. She even found a branch with a cupped knuckle on the end, perfect for making an atlatl.

She looked around the base of a tree that had a squirrel's nest in it. The squirrel raised a fit as she found nuts buried in the ground. She didn't find many that weren't rotten, but she found some. Then she found some berries in a bush. They were dried up, but soaking them in water would make them edible. She stuffed her pockets full of them.

She had been walking over an hour when she saw the canvas of a wagon. Was she saved? She approached cautiously, staying behind trees as she worked her way toward the wagon. She stopped to listen, there were no human sounds, talking, pots being stirred, laughter, horses or mules stomping their feet or swishing their tails. Nothing but the ever present sounds of the forest. That was better than complete silence! Silence often meant something was about to happen, usually it was something bad!

Looking around it appeared that it had been abandoned for several weeks, if not months. Three decomposed bodies lay scattered about unburied. One had been a boy about her size, another a man and the last was a woman, her hands and feet spread out and tied to stakes in the ground, there wasn't any clothing on her body. It didn't take much of an imagination to know she had been raped.

Their wagon had been ransacked, trunks emptied belongings scattered around. Greta knew that most likely anything of value was probably gone. But maybe they had missed things. She searched through the clothing and found a fairly new pair of the boy's pants, they were a little tight in her hips but otherwise a good fit. She found two shirts. Looking carefully at the trunk she realized that the depth of the inside was short of the depth of the outside, a false bottom? She looked carefully and found a release, the false bottom lifted out and revealed five small sacks of gold coins, a derringer with ten extra rounds of ammunition, and a holster. In a nice sheath was a knife, brand new, with an eight inch blade. It also had a whetstone on the back of the sheath for keeping an edge on it.

Greta found a sewing kit, and a Singer sewing machine! She had used one before. She found some canvas that was still in good shape and sewed a backpack together. The coins went into slots sewn into the back along with some batting from the mattress. The coins fit tightly and didn't clink, the batting hid them. She had counted the coin's value and the total was \$1,250. They weighed about eight pounds, but they were close to her body so it was comfortable. She also found a fire starter kit with a piece of flint and an iron striker. She also found some cans of peaches and something called corned beef hash. A small saucepan solved her cooking problem. She made a small fire and warmed up a can of the hash. She had found a spoon and a can opener. She liked the hash and loved the peaches.

She slept in the wagon on the mattress and she slept well! She masturbated again and had the same release as before. She went through the wagon again the next morning, under the front seat was a loaded double barreled shotgun and a bandolier with ten double-ought buck shells in 10 gauge. In a clever rack on the side of the seat, she found a hand ax or hatchet. She also found a hat. And hanging on a low tree branch was a water skin, she dumped the water left in it. Then she rinsed it out several times before filling it.

With her hair in braids tucked under the hat, she thought she could pass as a boy. She thanked the dead for the things she took, then started walking to the west once more. Feeling much more confident, with food in her belly and protection that was better than sticks. The shotgun was heavy but by shifting its position often she quickly adapted to carrying it and everything else.

That evening she was looking for a place to camp. She wanted to be close to a stream and have some kind of protection from the elements. She found a stream and a small knoll at the top was a fallen tree the trunk was over three feet in diameter and was raised above the ground over three feet. Greta cut some saplings and made a lean to roof on both sides. Using some vines she had double checked to make absolutely sure they were not poison oak, she wove the two panels together and anchored them to the tree. She cut up a good supply of firewood she lay down underneath the tree trunk on a ground cloth of canvas and used a blanket to keep the night chill off.

She once again started playing with her pussy, using both hands she stroked and rubbed and pinched, the good feeling was building and almost to the point of exploding when from not far away an ear piercing scream erupted! Rubbing her forehead that had hit the trunk as she bolted upward from the scream, Greta stood up and listened. The moon was full and almost directly overhead. Over to her left she could hear an animal that was in pain. She retrieved her shotgun and knife and moved quietly toward the sound of whimpering.

Over a quarter mile from her camp, Greta found the source of the sounds, she had never seen a wolf before, but she had heard stories of them her entire life. The one before her was bigger than any wolf ever described to her. It's front left leg was caught in a trap. The trap was small and most likely meant to catch a fox, not a wolf. But it held it's prey securely and painfully just the same.

The wolf was eying her with his dark eyes reflecting the moonlight, it was wary of her. Not sure of the intent of the human. He sniffed the air, detecting a smell similar to a female wolf in heat, this was a female human. Perhaps she would not harm him, but she held a thunder stick in her hands. He could smell the gunpowder. Maybe she would help him and maybe she would end his pain and kill him.

He decided that if he was less aggressive that she might release him from the thing that hurt him. Then he would eat her! He ducked his head in a more subservient position, he stopped growling, and he relaxed the tense muscles of his shoulders.

Greta had been contemplating putting the poor creature out of its misery. But its countenance changed, it became more relaxed and calmer. She remembered a story about a lion in Africa with a thorn in its paw. A man removed it, but she couldn't remember if the lion became friends with the man, or if the man became dinner for the lion.

She returned to her bed and tore some of her canvas ground cloth into strips. Then she went to a tree that she had noticed had moss growing on it. She gathered a double handful of the moss. Then she went back to the wolf and slowly approached it. She made a show of putting the shotgun down on the ground. Ducking her head in a subservient pose she approached the wolf with her hands held out in front of herself open to show that there was nothing hidden in them

The wolf was exercising all of his self control to restrain himself from attacking his natural enemy. He had been shot at with their thunder sticks, chased by their dogs, and almost ran down by them riding horses. It was a very close thing, he was about to lash out with his teeth, when he caught the strong smell coming from her fingers. He changed his mind, he would see what this female, who might be in her estrus cycle, would do.

Greta touched the wolf and let him smell her fingers like she would do with a strange dog. She didn't consider just where her fingers had been just moments before. Emboldened by the wolf's continued docile behavior. She looked closely at the trap. It was a small one, to open the jaws she had to press down on the spring that formed a handle on one side of the jaws. She knew that it was going to hurt the animal and he could attack. But she had survived this far.

She tried to explain to him what she was about to do. It nodded to her as if to say that he understood and to proceed. She used both hands to press down on the springs they compressed and the jaws opened, the wolf moved his paw from the trap, and continued to lay there. Greta removed the moss and the canvas strips and as gently as she could she felt around on the bones that had borne the brunt of the impact of the jaws of the trap. There was a bloody gash on both sides of his leg, but she couldn't feel a break in the bones. She placed moss in the cuts then wrapped it with the strips and tied it on. This would stop the bleeding and prevent infection. When she had finished, the wolf licked her fingers, tasting her essence. It was good!

Still oblivious to what the wolf's tongue was tasting, she placed her free hand on his head to convey that he should rest there and not leave the area. The wolf stayed still and Greta began to doze off. Nodding and waking up several times before finally falling asleep, her head nestled in alongside his. Finding a strange feeling of contentment, he too fell asleep. Neither one was awake enough to hear or feel when their breathing synchronized.

The lone wolf and the alone girl were not alone anymore!

They slept well; during the night, their bodies moved together, seeking the warmth and comfort of the other. The wolf dreamed of a time before he was alone. He had a mate and a pack that followed him. His mate was perfect for him; she was large for a female, and they cuddled together as he was doing now. It had been a long time since he had cuddled like this. She, his mate, was pregnant, and the pack he led raided a human farm. It was easy, killing the domestic livestock in pens where they couldn't get away. But the human had a thunder stick, and it sang its a song of death and his mate fell dead. He blamed himself, his pack left him, and he has been alone ever since. Until tonight! This human helped him and saved him; he would have starved to death, and still might, if his paw didn't heal quickly.

Greta thought of her family, sorry that she left as she did. Without having time to tell anyone, she was leaving. She just barely made it into the woods as it was. But what now, if this wolf would let

her, she was going to doctor him until he was well. She would have to supply food for both of them. Better that, than becoming his food if he gets hungry. But what then? She had a lot of money! Her Daddy had never had that much money in his entire life! What did she want to do with her life? Did she really want to have men thrusting themselves into her body ten to fifteen times a day, risk getting pregnant, or some disease? It sure feels good to touch down there though!

The wolf felt the movement of the human female's hands as she did something to her covering. Then he could smell that delightful smell that had entranced him before. It smelled so much like his mate's smell when she wanted to mate with him.

Greta had unbuttoned her pants and stuck her hand down to her sex. She rubbed her pussy lips and clit. She was building that special feeling and producing more slippery liquid than before. She thought of having a male's penis thrusting inside her! Her left hand moved to her right nipple and started pinching and pulling it.

Suddenly the wolf's nose was nudging the hand in her pants. She removed her hand to push his head away, but he captured it in his mouth and began licking her secretions off of her fingers. When his tongue no longer found the taste he was seeking, he tried to shove his snout into her pants to get at the source of the liquid. She tried to hold his head and pull him away until his long tongue licked her clit. Then she was pushing his head down! She pushed the pants down her thighs, then pushed them all the way off her feet by using her other foot, then she spread her legs and let him lick. She started having orgasms, large ones, better than the ones she had given herself.

#### Version One

After her fourth in a series of multiple orgasms, Greta felt the wolf trying to turn her over. In the back of her mind, she knew that letting him do that was a bad idea, but she was only half aware and couldn't remember why it was a bad idea.

The wolf managed to turn her over on her stomach. He tried to mount her, his cock slid between her ass cheeks but he couldn't get lower to his intended target. He almost skewered her other hole twice but kept just missing it. Greta had regained some of her senses and understood what he was after. She resisted as best as she could, but he outweighed her by thirty pounds. Frustrated, the wolf did what he did to any bitch wolf and a few coyotes, he grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her up and into the position he wanted her in.

One of his incisors broke the skin, and the warm blood dripped onto his tongue. The coppery taste was familiar and it aroused him even more! The bitch was now in the correct position. Has he hunched his hindquarters forward? This time, his cock slid inside the warm, wet hole of her virgin vagina. Knowing he was in the right place he drove his large canine cock forward, forcefully tearing through her hymen and bottoming out against her cervix. The tip of his cock forced its way into the hole in it trying to enter the uterus itself.

The pain of the entry, the tearing of her maidenhead, quickly followed by the assault on her cervix caused a scream to burst forth from Greta's mouth. As the wolf began to jackhammer his cock into her overfilled pussy hole with no regard for her screams of pain. His ball expanded inside her pussy nearly doubling the diameter of his cock. More pain as it stretched her membranes even more as it locked the two together. His orgasm shot several hot squirts of his seed directly into the girl's uterus, painfully filling it to overflowing.

Her continued caterwauling was beginning to irritate the wolf; the flow of fresh, warm blood on his tongue began to inflame not his ardor but his desire to kill. His mouth still gripping the back of the

girl's neck closed harder still it crushed her vertebrae like a dry twig, killing her almost instantly. Unsurprisingly, he brought down deer and even elk in the same way.

Once he was no longer tied to the girl's body, he began eating his favorite parts; ripping her abdomen open, he feasted on her heart and liver, her lungs, and her spleen. The blood-rich spleen made him howl into the night. Full, he lay down and went to sleep; a sadness, almost as deep as when he lost his mate, came over him. He regretted killing the girl; it was instinct, a reaction to her fresh, warm blood.

He continued eating the girl's body over the next few days, crushing the larger bones for the rich marrow within them. He did eat her pussy and sex organs, this time literally! He licked her face a final time and left what was left of her body, the ofal, along with some skin, fingers, toes, and such, to the scavengers, coyotes, and buzzards.

He began preying on girls from the wagon trains, mostly girls who reminded him of the kind girl that had saved him from the trap. Sometimes he would rape them before he killed them. His first victim, after Greta, who had wandered away from the camped wagon train to potty. He grabbed her by her neck and dragged her farther away from the people. She was still alive when he dropped her over a log and began fucking her virgin hole. She attempted to scream but no sound came out. He fucked her twice; since she wasn't screaming, he didn't kill her right away. But he did eventually kill and eat her.

Over the next ten years, in a thirty-mile stretch of the road between St Louis and Kansas City, over eighty young girls simply disappeared, never to be found or heard from again. Not once was a wolf suspected of being the cause. Rogue Indians, Quantrill's raiders or their ilk, and other outlaws were thought to be the cause. Then, after a harsh winter in 1870, it no longer happened again. The lonely wolf had died.

Version Two

She had almost recovered from her multiple orgasms when she looked back at the wolf and saw that his cock was erect and hard. He had a feral grin on his face that was frightening! She twirled around and put his tumultuous dick into her mouth, and started sucking it. Moving it in and out of her mouth and going as deep into her throat as possible. She found that she could suppress the choking reflex by swallowing. They were both surprised when her nose hit the fur of his stomach. She had all eight inches of him in her mouth and throat.

The wolf had never felt anything like what he felt as the girl swallowed his cock, sucking and stroking it with her mouth. No other animal he had taken had been equipped with a mouth capable of performing such a feat. The thought of a female wolf attempting to perform the same act brought shivers to him, imagining his cock shredded by the bitches teeth! But this felt wonderful, his ball began to fill in anticipation of having an orgasm.

Greta felt the expansion of his ball and realized what it signified. She immediately backed off and turned around; she put her butt in the air. Her pussy was in front of his face; she waved it back and forth. He once again licked it from her clit to her asshole. He then jumped on her back and began thrusting forward, trying to locate her opening unsuccessfully. Greta reached behind and grabbed his cock, and guided it to her vagina. As soon as he felt the warmth and wet velvet of her pussy walls surrounding his member, he thrust forward again. It burst through her virgin membrane and deep into her body. The tip of his canine cock centered on the opening of her cervix and tried to enter her uterus. The pain of her defloration and hitting her cervix served to heighten her arousal. As he started to hump his hindquarters back and forth forcefully, her arousal turned into ecstasy, and she had another orgasm. It was the best yet, but she wanted more! She began humping back into his

thrusts. She built to another, then another! His ball expanded until his cock was locked in place inside her vagina. It hurt, but once again, the pain heightened her orgasm. It was the biggest one yet! The wolf also climaxed, his cock locked in the girl's vagina. His hot ejaculate was squirted directly into her uterus; it rapidly filled and overflowed.

Now locked together until the ball released them, she rocked back and forth, building toward another orgasm. In all her imagining, she had never considered her first time being fucked would be with a wolf. But, she couldn't think that any man would or could be his equal. After two more orgasms, Gilda was completely worn out. She fell asleep and didn't feel it when the wolf's penis finally deflated and slid from her pussy hole. The wolf curled up in a ball, licking his overworked cock. He thought how wonderful it would be if this girl, a human girl, would be his mate! On the other hand, or paw,, he was getting hungry. How would he eat? He couldn't run on his injured paw, and he could barely walk. He resolved not to eat her until he had no choice.

Greta woke up before sunrise; she quietly left their camp and walked to a meadow close by. She stealthily approached the grassland and peeked around a tree. There were thirty or forty rabbits in the field. She patiently waited until a group came close together about twenty yards away. Any closer, the buckshot would make mincemeat out of them. She eased around the tree and aimed for the center of the group, then she slowly raised the barrel an inch and a half to allow for gravity and fired.

Eight rabbits died immediately, and two more were alive but couldn't run. She twisted their heads until she heard their necks snap. She gathered them up and carried them back to camp. The shotgun blast had awakened the wolf. He was sniffing the air, trying to locate the dangerous humans with the thunder stick. His mate, as he now thought of her, walked to him with an armload of breakfast.

Greta skinned the rabbits one at a time, cutting them up and extracting the lead balls that killed them so that they wouldn't chomp down on one. The wolf enjoyed the six rabbits he ate. They were better without their fur. He ate them bones and all!

Greta started a small fire and cooked her rabbit, it was delicious, but missed having salt. Maybe they could find another wagon.

They stayed where they were, letting the wolf's wound heal. Greta walked away from camp about a hundred yards and tried to maintain that distance as she walked in a circle around the camp. She didn't find anything of interest, so she walked about another hundred yards away and circled the camp again. Almost due west of the camp she found a beaver pond. It had close to forty ducks swimming on it's surface, and she could see large fish swimming under the water. It was time to fish.

She cut a tall sapling about 2" in diameter at the base, it tapered to about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " twelve feet up. She cut it off about a foot off the ground. Then she removed all of the branches and formed a knife blade on the small end. She made several small cuts along the edge down toward the tip to keep the fish from sliding off of the blade.

Greta approached the pond in the shade so she didn't cast a shadow on the water, creeping up on the pool she had observed the fish in silently. She readied the spear, and thrust it into the water and managed to stab two fish. Twice more she stabbed and both times brought two more large fish. The wolf ate five, scales, bones and all raw. Greta cooked hers.

She changed his bandages and moss. It was healing well, and in a week he could hunt again. Meanwhile she knew that she had to keep him fed. That and keep him sexually satisfied. She gave



him blowjobs and he fucked her almost every night. He had never had it so good!

During the day Greta continued to search the area, she went out three hundred yards this time. She found another wagon. The people had been dead for a long time, this time there were two bodies staked out with spread legs, one was smaller than the other! Could they have been mother and daughter? One man and four smaller bodies lay haphazard in the clearing. She searched through the wagon thoroughly, she found another trunk with a false bottom. More gold, this time \$2,000 worth. She also found a hidden compartment in the wagon. It contained another \$1,500 in gold coins. Under the seat she found another double barrel shotgun. And more shells, double ought buck and #8 birdshot. Five of each in another bandolier. Whoever these bandits were they were evidently more interested in rape than doing a through job of looking for gold!

Greta walked directly to the pond and changed out the shotgun load to the birdshot. She sat and watched the ducks on the pond. She stayed out of sight, and soon they came to her side of the pond. They were diving to the bottom looking for whatever grubs lived in the mud at the bottom. They also would catch small fish. They were remarkably fast under water. When they were within fifteen yards, she jumped from behind the tree and yelled. They took flight away from her, she let loose with one barrel, counting to three she triggered the second barrel several birds fell with each volley. She broke open the barrels, which ejected the spent shells. She loaded buckshot. She didn't want to be caught by the bandits. She hid the shotgun in an advantageous spot, then waded out and started picking up the dead ducks. Occasionally she would go close to shore and throw them onto a dry spot.

She had killed eighteen of them. She was wading back to the bank when she noticed movement in the corner of her eye. Without hesitation she slipped into the waist deep water and swam into the reeds where she had hidden the shotgun. She reached it as they reached her pile of ducks,

"Boy, you come up here, boy! You can't stay in that there water forever. You come on out here and we'll talk! That's all we want to do, talk! You sure kilt a mess of these here ducks! Do you have women in your camp? We sure would like to party with some women!"

They were grouped together nicely, the range was good, a little close, but she wasn't going to be eating them! Moving slowly and quietly she readied herself, when all three were looking away she stood and aimed at the center of their group, then fired the first barrel. Two men fell, the other was turning toward her his rifle coming up as he anticipated shooting her. But all Greta had to do was shift her aim just a few degrees, she fired when he was about half way to firing at her. The blast of twelve pellets hit him just above waist high in the side. They shredded his abdomen. He was going to die slowly! She gathered her ducks and walked to him, taking his rifle, two revolvers and two knives from him. She asked him,

"Where is your camp?"

"It's about a mile south of here!" He said as he pointed to the south. "Boy, you'll have to take care of those girls now!"

"You aren't gonna be spending that money you stole in hell, where did you hide it?"

"It's on the left side of the fireplace behind a loose stone! The keys to the chains are on a string around my neck." He died soon after that. She took the keys from his neck.

Checking the other two, they were both dead, she gathered their belongings, rifles, pistols and knives. They didn't have any money on them. She dragged them away from the water, and left them for the scavengers. She had considered feeding them to the wolf but she didn't want to give him the taste of human flesh, he might like it too much!

She fed the wolf most of the ducks, he loved them. She had blached them to loosen their feathers, then she had plucked them. It was another first for the wolf. She roasted a couple for herself, they still needed salt! The wolf licked her pussy to several orgasms. His tongue would reach deep inside her. She sucked his dick, narrowly escaping his knot, but swallowing quickly to keep from drowning in his cum.

She left early the next morning taking the best of the rifles with her. As she approached the pond she spotted a doe, getting a drink. She shot it, then hauled it off of the ground by throwing a rope over a branch and tying one end around it's hind legs. Once it was up, she cut its throat and let it bleed out. She field dressed it but didn't skin it, she would do that in camp. She went on to the bandits camp.

From the way the man had talked, she thought the girls would be runaway slave girls. She was surprised that they were white girls! They were chained in a shed on the side of a barn. Both girls were about the same age as she was. They were pretty, if they weren't half starved and dirty they would be beautiful. When Greta unlocked all the chains, freeing the two girls. They tried to hug her, but she told them to take a bath in the stream, then they could hug her.

The log cabin was nice, everything was new. It was well constructed and it was a cinch that the bandits hadn't been the ones to have built it. The corners interlocked with notches, the door had iron hinges and latches, the windows had sturdy shutters with firing ports and iron hardware. Inside the mortared rock fireplace had an iron grate and a kettle swing arm. She found an old bar of homemade soap, and took it out to the girls.

Looking down at herself she decided she wasn't much cleaner than they were, so she stripped and joined them in the pool of water. They giggled and played as they took turns with the soap, then they soaped each other's backs, suddenly the girl soaping Greta's back moved her hands to her breasts. She had never experienced such a thing from someone else's hands, but the fingers massaging and pulling her nipples felt so good! She felt her pussy getting wet. The other girl's hands began rubbing her pussy lips and clit. Greta felt an orgasm quickly building. But before she could gain a release they pulled her from the pool and assaulted her drying body with hands and lips. Kissing her on the mouth, inserting her tongue, and sucking the air from her lungs. The other girl did the same to her pussy, Greta's stalled orgasm came quickly upon her. Neither girl stopped and Greta continued to have multiple orgasms, her screams were muffled by the mouth covering hers.

Greta woke a few minutes later, her body felt weak from her experience. She had never heard or thought about a girl making love to another girl, much less two girls. As awareness crept back to her conscious mind, she felt her lovers on her left side. She turned her head and was astonished to see one on top of the other, but in a reversed direction. Sucking and slurping noises coming from the location of both of the girls' heads. Moaning sounds began to build, drowning out the other sounds, until both girls convulsed in orgasms. The volume of the resultant vocalization was unmuffled and loud!

A howl, was the first warning of danger, Greta sat up, immediately recognizing the danger her two new friends and lovers were in. She stood before them, shielding them from what she knew was coming. The wolf came limping through the trees, he had heard the orgasmic screams and feared that his lover was in danger. He could smell the orgasms that the girls had experienced. He could differentiate the smell of three human females, his lover who he now considered to be his mate, and two others. He knew that she was safe and lowered his hackles, his hair relaxed along his spine, and his ears rose from their flattened shape. He limped toward the trio, and sat down three feet in front of Greta. He offered her his paw, his walking had reopened his wounds and were bleeding a little.

Greta told the girls emphatically not to run or they would die! Further, she told them that if they wanted to live, they would trust her and remain calm. They both gulped, then suppressing their fear, looked around her. There was the fierce wolf, holding out his bandaged paw to their new lover with a half smile on his face. They watched as she calmly took the offered paw and unwrapped it. Both cuts were bleeding from small places that had torn open. She directed the girls to fetch more tree moss and bring it to her, to walk and show no fear. They both returned, walking calmly, with handfuls of the moss.

Greta placed the new moss on both sides of his leg just above the paw, and rewrapped it. She thought that, other than the tears, it was healing nicely. Turning back to the two girls,

"Girls, my name is Greta Rasmussen, I became separated from my family and the wagon train we were traveling with almost two weeks ago. I saved this wolf from a trap that would have eventually killed him. He is my lover! He fucks me and I suck his dick! I suggest that you both do the same, or you may become his evening meal!"

"I'm not getting fucked or sucking off a wolf! I'd just as soon die!"

"I agree with Molly! I'd just as soon die too!"

"You both think being used by a wolf is worse than being used by those three animals that looked like men? They used you for how long? I would say that this wolf is three steps up from the likes of them!"

"You have a point, they certainly treated us like animals, but still, a wolf? How does that even work?"

"I'll show you, if you want?"

"Please do, I really don't want to die!"

Greta turned and dropped to her knees, she reached out to the wolf. He came to her and licked her face as she ran her hand down his chest and along his stomach. She grasp his cock and jacked it back and forth feeling it grow in excitement, she moved her head under his body and brought her mouth to his cock and began licking it. Then she engulfed it with her mouth, sucking and licking it while moving her head in and out. Then she shuffled around and presented her raised ass to him. He mounted her and thrust his cock forward into her pussy hole. Finding it on the first thrust and burying it deep, he humped her like a bitch in heat. In and out, over and over! Until Greta and the wolf both orgasmed at the same time. Now knotted together they stopped moving for a minute, then she started pushing and pulling on the knot. It started sliding back and forth inside her, his cock, still hard hitting her cervix on every backward thrust, soon her orgasm started building again. She continued to move forward and back. She had another climax, then another, and another until she collapsed in exhaustion. She didn't feel when his ball deflated enough for his cock to slip from her pussy. A flood of his spend flowed from within her and onto the ground.

The two girls couldn't help themselves, they had just witnessed the hottest sex they had ever seen. They both decided that maybe fucking the wolf would be better than getting eaten by it!

They moved into the cabin, the wolf didn't like it and refused to enter the door. He stayed in the barn and was kept satisfied by all three women, they hunted and provided meat for him to eat and he healed over the next two weeks. Greta and the two girls, Molly and Ginger, gathered tools and seed from the wagons abandoned in the woods. They started a winter garden. Gathered wood and killed game, then using the smoker prepared it to keep for several months. As they hunted they came across more wagons, sometimes two together, and always more bodies. They started burying

the dead they found in common shallow graves. Greta checked each wagon, chests, and furniture for hidden compartments. Now that they had a home they also looked for useful things that they could use, clothing, kitchen items, and furniture. It seemed like every wagon had a hidey hole that was stuffed full of gold and silver.

Winter came, it turned out that it was a mild winter. But they still had several snow days, six to ten inches of snow that melted before the next snow fell. They kept each other warm and still entertained the wolf. He had fully recovered and was out hunting most of the time, building his strength back to what it had been. One day he brought a pup home in his mouth. He gave it to the girls and ran back into the woods, forty minutes later he showed back up holding another pup. One was male and the other a female. The pups were about eight weeks old, they were weaned and could eat solid foods. They grew quickly, the wolf's visits became fewer and shorter as the months went by. Then he stopped coming at all.

They raised the pups and they grew big, they wandered outdoors and would leave for days at a time. Running in the forest, hunting and bringing down prey. They would come home and rest for a few days then leave again, never quite ready to cut the ties the pair had with the three girls.

One day a wagon pulled into their farmyard, it was a group of fur trappers. They were also opportunists, they would rob people if they thought they could get away with it. The three girls presented them with what they thought were easy pickings. The pups, now fully grown wolves in their own right came home just minutes after they had arrived, just as they started to make their move to capture and rape the girls. The almost tame wolves smelled a familiar scent, one of the pelts was a wolf, it was the wolf that had saved them's pelt! The trappers had made their intentions clear to the girls, but the girls were not innocent little girls, they were armed and ready to defend themselves. The pair of wolves came from behind the wagon with vengeance in their hearts. They attacked and had torn the throats of two of the men open. The other turned to shoot them when all three girls opened up on him, all three shots hit the man in the chest and he fell dead.

The wolf pair brought the girls to the wagon and managed to show them the wolf pelt. They pulled it off of the wagon and wept for their friend and lover. The pair howled a mournful cry and rubbed their snout across his fur. The girls hung the pelt on a wall in their bedroom, occasionally they would bring it to their bed and cover themselves with it. They would fall asleep to the memories of their lover.

Then one night they heard gunfire, it was close by, not more than half a mile away and maybe less. The girls grabbed their guns and went to see what was going on. It didn't take long, they arrived to find four men taking turns on a woman who was tied over the tongue of a wagon. There were two dead men, one older, by the fire along with an older woman close by. The men were hooting and hollering and already drunk. The woman was unconscious, which was probably a blessing. The rapist presently dipping his wick in the woman was saying,

"This is some prime young pussy! We need to keep this one alive for a few days!"

It would be the last words he would speak in this world, his next words would be spoken to the devil himself in the fiery bowels of Hell! All three girls shot at the same time, three of the scoundrels were dead. The fourth was trying to find his weapon, but he was too drunk to remember where it was. They captured him and fed him more of the whiskey he had been drinking. After he had passed out they tied him spread eagle on the ground with stakes.

The woman was untied and carried into the wagon where there was a mattress. They cleaned her up, removing all signs of her rape. If she had been unconscious when they started, maybe they could

spare her those thoughts, even if they weren't memories. They washed her ass and pussy, trying to get several loads of cum out of it. Hopefully she didn't catch a disease or get pregnant. They had finished cleaning her and hiding everything, when she started showing signs of coming around. She was momentarily confused when she woke to three strange women with concerned looks on their faces, who were staring at her.

"Who are you?"

"We are neighbors, we heard the shooting and came over to see what was going on. What do you remember?"

"Four men walked to our campfire wanting food! We gladly offered them stew, and they had accepted the offer, I had gone to get bowls for them when the gunfire started. My father, brother and mother lay dead and all four men were staring at me. I ran. But they caught me. They started tearing my clothing off as they pushed me back and forth between them. I tripped and fell hitting my head on something, I passed out, that's the last thing I remember."

"When we showed up, they had you tied naked across the wagon tongue. The men were naked and lined up behind you. The first one had taken his place when we all three fired, killing three of them. The fourth man was drunk, we made him drunker, then when he passed out we tied him down, spread eagle on the ground. We are letting him sober up before we either cut off his dick and balls off, or we could build a small fire between his legs and roast his oysters. We thought that since he killed your family you should decide what to do with him."

"He deserves either one of those and worse, he is an animal! But as much as I appreciate your offer of a painful death, I have to live with that decision for the rest of my days. Even an animal deserves a swift death, to do anything else would make us, like them!"

She walked over to the man who was looking at her with relief in his eyes and a sneer on his lips. It was the sneer that did it, she kicked the man between his legs just as hard as she could possibly kick anything. Both of the man's testicals burst, the amount of pain was immeasurable! It caused the man to gasp, then a scream unlike any other heard in these woods erupted from his mouth. The scream went on for over a minute before ending, followed with another gasp for air and more screaming. This pattern continued until the man's overused vocal cords refused to make any more sounds. Then he just lay there writhing on the ground, still in intense pain.

"When you change your mind, you don't mess around!" Greta exclaimed.

"He shouldn't have had that mocking sneer on his face. He thought that I was weak, I'm not weak! For that he can lay there in pain for eternity for all I care, and I will sleep very well knowing that he does."

And they left him there in agony, he died from lack of dehydration four days later.

The girls introduced themselves and told their stories, all of it, including their relationship with the wolves. They had taught the wolf puppies to lick their pussies and when the male was old enough, they taught him to fuck. The female learned to clean up her brother's spend from the receptacle it had been deposited in. The girls also would suck the male they had named Buddy. They just couldn't bring themselves to return the affection to the female wolf that they had named Sissy, in the same manner.

They showed the new girl, Carol, how they satisfied each other. She was a virgin, but after experiencing her first orgasm she was a devoted follower of anything sexual. So after watching the

other girls getting fucked by Buddy and having tremendous orgasms. Then having more orgasms as Sissy used her long tongue to clean her brother's cum from their depths. Carol joined them in being fucked and licked by the two wolves.

The girls had gathered a fortune in gold and silver, they decided that they had to protect their cabin and the land around it. Greta and Carol used the wagon and mules of the trappers to go to the nearest town, which was also the county seat. They sold all of the excess weapons they had gathered, as well as several mules and horses. They sold the pelts the trappers had gathered and had stacked in the back of their wagon.

At the Courthouse they laid claim to over fifteen hundred acres of forest surrounding the cabin. All of the property lines were delineated by natural features in the land. Three sides by a river and two streams, the fourth was a steep hill with a cliff face. The property line was at the crest of the hill. It cost them \$1,600 and another thousand for ten years of taxes. They filled the wagon with food and other things they felt they needed, spending another five hundred and fifty dollars.

Unfortunately nefarious men had witnessed them spending all of that money and figured rightly that there was more where that came from. The four men followed the wagon intent on having not only the money, but the sex they would enjoy with the two women. The wagon left ruts in the soil that were easy to follow.

Twenty eight miles later the wagon entered a clearing with a nice cabin and outbuildings. The men watched delightfully as two more beautiful women greeted the wagon and began to unload it's contents. They were even more surprised when all four women stripped and began bathing in the stream that flowed not far from the cabin. They watched excitedly as the girls washed each other then began to kiss and fondle one another. When they lay on a blanket next to the stream and began to pleasure each other with their mouths, they could no longer stand it! They rode into the clearing and demanded their own satisfaction. They got off their horses, and while one pointed his gun at the frightened girls, the others stripped.

The girls were mentally kicking themselves for not having any weapons within reach. But they relaxed when all of the horses began fidgeting, then bolted. The men weren't concerned about their horses. The prize, or rather prizes, were in front of them. Naked and alluring in their sexy earlier performance, they appeared to be totally vulnerable and easy targets for their lustful appetites.

The girls watched as their lovers approached silently from behind the men, three of them now naked. The man with the revolver pointed at them handed the gun to his neighbor and began to get naked too. The two wolves recognized the thing that would kill, they could smell the gunpowder that they associated with death. They instinctively knew that they had to remove that threat first. Buddy chose the man holding the weapon, Sissy chose the next man. They would take them out then take the other two in turn. They attacked together, Buddy practically bit the hand off of the man holding the gun, then lunged for and found the man's throat.

Sissy had gone for her man's throat! She didn't miss, she clamped her jaws down on his neck, getting his throat and his spinal column at the same time. Shaking her head she tore his jugular vein and crushed his vertebrae while her momentum propelled both her victim and herself into the other man, knocking him down. She released her hold on the first and savagely attacked the second who was trying his best to shield his throat from her while scrambling toward his holster to retrieve his revolver. He couldn't do both effectively, had he done one and not the other he might have lived longer. Not much longer, but a few minutes. She managed to avoid his futile attempts and ripped his throat out too. She turned to see if her mate was alright.

Buddy had turned toward the man who was undressing, his pants were around his ankles. When he tried to run away they tripped him and he fell. Buddy attacked him, first biting him between the legs, ripping the man's genitalia from his body and swallowing them in a gulp. He next silenced the man's irritating screams by ripping his throat out.

Both wolves sat and watched as their four victims bled out and died. The four girls began hugging the wolves in appreciation this eventually led to a night of unrestrained debauchery where two of the girls were fucked and the other two licked to countless orgasms. They sucked his cock and Molly sucked and licked Sissy's pussy, which she found wasn't all that bad. Surprisingly, Sissy shuttered as if she had an orgasm even though she wasn't in heat.

The girls lived in seclusion, only going to town when their supplies ran low. Especially just before the onslaught of winter arrived. Most winters were mild, but every once in a while they would catch the brunt of a blizzard that would snow them in for days. But they had each other and they loved one another deeply. They would spend a lot of time buried under the covers making each other feel good. The wolves would visit, scratching at the door until they were let in. Those were the best times, when they could enjoy getting fucked without having to worry about becoming pregnant. Sissy had her pups in a corner of the cabin in a wooden box on a mid April day.

The girls played with her whelps often, even starting their training by having them lick their pussies and they learned to relish the resultant flood of juices they would lick up. There were four pups, two girls and two boys. Once they were weaned the girls hand fed them raw meat. As soon as the males could get a hard dick, they were sucked by the girls, then when they started to hump when being sucked they were shown the joy of inserting their cock into a nice warm pussy. The girls were then taught to lick their brothers cum from the girls pussies. Eventually four sets of pups were trained in this manor. The girls then had several male wolves that were trained in fucking them.

Those pups grew and had pups of their own that were also well trained. While most wolves avoid inbreeding, these wolves formed like minded packs and mostly stayed close to the cabin. They shared the responsibility of bringing up their pups with their fellow pack members, which included the two humans.

Four times strangers that entered the area around the cabin were killed outright or driven away. Three of the four groups had been up to no good, the fourth was a family looking for a place to settle, the wolves recognized that the children represented a human family that most likely were not a threat to the girls. They simply drove them off. All the others were killed. The area got a reputation as a place to steer clear of.

The girls continued to live at the cabin for the rest of their long lives. Their pack of wolves took care of them and they took care of the pack. They continued to enjoy sex with each other and the wolves well into their sixties. They never had a man, they figured they didn't need one. They kept a garden and hunted for meat and paid the property taxes usually for ten years at a time. When the last one died at sixty nine years old she still had eight thousand dollars in gold left. The wolves howled all night and through the next three days.

*The End*