

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



I had just joined an all female company, when we attended a retreat up in the mountains. The weather was perfect, cool nights coupled with average day time temps being in the mid 70's - it seemed like the ideal place to live - looking back, I think that was what had me driving around during a relaxing period, locating a fantastic cabin - just on the edge of a lake ... the private drive ending at this place. The place was surrounded by the thick forest on three sides - it was also For Sale, but unfortunately way out of my budget. I walked around, taking pictures of this and that - finally placing it in my mind as a maybe someday - then returned to the gathering.

Hard work combined with some obvious - 'good luck' breaks and by the time I was in my mid thirties - now occupying the top position of the company, a company that now was almost totally virtual - that is why as the fall approached, I needed to organize a meeting where everyone had a chance to 'get-to-know' one another - the place I had been when I first arrived was top on my list - checking for a week in early September, the place was open, we booked it immediately.

I arrived a few days early, checking to make sure everything we needed was available - looking at places to eat for our group - as well as taking a look at my dream cabin - I was totally surprised when I drove up, it was still for sale, it looked like the same sign I had seen all those years ago - walking around, peeking in the windows - someone was taking care of the place - checking the listing on my phone, the price wasn't unreasonable for what this had to offer - now however I could afford it - so I called the listing agent, a lady named Linda Millers - told her who I was and wondering if she had time to show me the inside of the place.

While I waited for her to arrive, looking around - there seemed to be something different about the place, a feeling, a pleasant but unfamiliar faint scent - nothing that I could put my finger on at the time.

She was in her mid forties if I were guessing, cute blonde - short but full of confidence - once inside the place was perfect in every way, loved the way the house was set up - a separate room out front - would allow me time to while working to look over the lake - it was obvious she could tell I was interested in the property, "I have to be totally honest with you about this place. The original owner, an middle aged woman, bought the property, immediately had construction begin building her dream home - what should have taken no longer than 6 months turned into more like two years - the problem was the workers kept walking off the job, due to what they said were appearances from some ancient creature, very similar to the Navajo's description of a skin walker. He'd appear as a warrior, suddenly change into a wolf like creature, tear up some of their equipment then leave. The authorities never found who was behind this, eventually by hiring heavily armed security guards, the home was finished - but what had started as a completely paid for home, ended up with her having to take out some loans to complete the project - she had only lived in the place a short time when a 911 call had her terrified of a man who raped ... turning into a wolf like creature - she never recovered - the bank ended up taking the place over for lack of payments. Two more women purchased it, only to experience similar visitations - each left and once again it was in the hands of the bank."

She then explained she had a few other cabins I'd be more than happy with - what she was saying didn't make a lot of sense - ancient Indian make believe ghost stories was hard to believe - I was sure all of the problems had some sort of logical explanation - more than likely someone wanted the land or the property and this way waiting for the bank to drop the price low enough - I thanked her for the concern, but I've loved this place ever since I first saw it years earlier - telling her I'd like to make an offer on it.

Since this would be an all cash offer, the bank was more than willing to let it go far below what the actual value was, within a few weeks after the retreat was over, I was moving in my new place.

It took a few days to get everything where I needed it - my office with a large window looked out over the quiet lake, pine trees surrounding it on all sides - while I worked in this tranquil peaceful area, I'd see a trout occasionally breaking water as it jumped for a flying insect of some kind.

The strange stories everyone seemed to have - from grocery store check out clerks to help with my gas and so on, I was being constantly warned to be careful - the monster was real and just waiting to spring on me. Some of the local sportsmen even offered to give me shooting lessons in case I needed help when he arrived. However I was still convinced it was all just stories that had been enhanced every time it was retold -

However one morning I had just finished breakfast, with coffee in hand I headed to the front porch to enjoy the stunning sun-rise - that was when I first saw him. A guy, big and tall, obvious Native American, pony tail pulled back - what looked like a hand made leather top, moccasins that came up to his knees and a single piece of cloth covering the area between his legs. He was standing just in a clearing between two large pine trees - even though he was a good distance away, it was obvious this was one good looking, even hot as hell guy - one I wouldn't mind getting to know better.

I waved to him, he didn't respond only stared at me - to my side a small rabbit was moving by, turning to look at him, when I looked back the stranger was gone. Walking down by where he had been standing - there didn't seem to be any trace of him - but that same scent was present - the same one I had picked up on the first day - not at all in any way unpleasant - just the opposite - a manly smell that seemed to surround me while I stood there, my eyes closed, wondering just who this was and why when I waved he hadn't acknowledged me.

Later that day I was in town to get some supplies, an older lady owned the grocery store, she and I had become good friends - so I told her what had happened, she just smiled, "It sounds like Anahu, one of the only ancient tribal leaders still living in the mountains. No one knows how old he is, how long he's been up there - only that a few have seen him and some even think he is the one responsible for scaring the previous owners of your place." She went on to tell me, common belief was the area was sacred for him, there may have even been some of his family buried there, no one knows for sure. "Who knows maybe he'll come closer some day".

Over the next month or so, he'd appear on a random basis - sometimes just on the edge of the tree line, others when I was walking some well worn trails I'd catch him following me, then he'd be gone just as quick as he did that first time.

By the spring, I had started swimming in the early morning, nude or at least nude when I entered the icy cold water - it seemed to wake up my whole body, so I'd walk to the waters edge, wrapped in a towel then enter nude, retrieving the towel when I'd come back out. I'd only been doing this for a few days when he once again appeared, while I was in the water - this time I kept my eyes on him, as I got out, it was obvious he was packing a fairly large member between his legs, the outline in his thin loin cloth had it being pushed up and away from his body.

I took my time drying off, so he could easily see my larger than average breasts, how excited the nipples looked from the cold water and the fact I kept a small landing patch of hair between my legs - this time he didn't disappear as I moved in closer, "So you've been watching me for a long time, my name is Nikki, I have been told you might be Anahu, am I correct?"

He nodded but didn't speak, just kept starrng at me .... When I started getting cold, I asked him if he'd like to come up to the cabin for something warm to drink, I think he understood, but again didn't speak. I told him I was getting cold, so I headed home, passing within a few feet of him - he was even more handsome than I had thought ... the dark olive skin showed off just how well built he

was ... a sudden thrill ran through me when he followed me to the porch - I had a pot of coffee already warm, so I poured two cups and went back out, keeping only my towel on - handing him one as I sat down in one of the chairs.

Now the strange scent I had picked up, was all around me. As before it was pleasant but being so strong, it was exciting me - or at least something was doing strange things to my body.

Sipping the drink, he smiled, "You are correct my name is Anahu and this was once where my family and tribe lived." Then he looked sad for a moment remembering - "But that was a long time ago, now I am the last one left".

He didn't look as old as what he was saying, I already knew how long the town and the settlement had been here - there was just no way he would have to be several hundred years old - but before I could make any sense of what he had said, the new scent became extremely powerful, flooding my senses, spiking my arousal like I'd never felt it before. My legs dropped wide open, just barely setting down my drink, before the arms became useless and my head rolled back, eyes opening and closing as the lids became heavy.

I was so lost in this erotic haze, how long I was out was anyones guess, when I could finally function - he was gone, the empty cup on the small table - my towel had come undone and was laying on the chair - I had no idea if it had just happened or if he had helped it - just to take a sneak peak.

Heading back inside to take a shower from the lake water, while I ran the water to get the correct temperature - looking at me in the full length mirror hanging - that's when I saw the new marking. A set of beautiful eagle feathers crossed, just above my sex area - it wasn't just paint I had been tattooed with this - the feathers were beautiful with whites and red highlights ... how had he done this to me ... why - just too many questions.

Back down in town I once again confided in my friend - showing her my new marking - looking at it, then smiling, "I remember reading somewhere that the native tribes who lived here - it was common for the braves to mark their women to show ownership, if I were guessing I'd say he now thinks you belong to him".

Looking at it in the mirror, on one hand admiring how beautiful it was on my skin on the other trying to figure out how he had done this to me, all the time I was in this sensual erotic haze that left me feeling wonderful but so confused.

The next morning I remained nude, no need in covering up, since he'd already marked my most private area - carrying a towel to the edge of the lake - the water felt fantastic ... when I started to leave, he was standing by the edge, holding my towel - handing it to me, "I see you like the feathers - you haven't tried to remove or cover them. The eagle feathers are very sacred to my people, they look good on you".

He offered to help dry me, but being this close the sensual scent quickly took over - once again spiking my arousal .... He was behind me, drying my back, shoulders - then leaning in close to kiss my neck - pushing his body against mine, the size of his shaft, pressed against my bottom. Seeing him with the loin cloth - I knew he was large, but I had no idea he was going to be this large. Reaching back, taking hold of him, the small leather covering dropped to the ground - pressing the head between my bottom cheeks, a wave of pure pleasure washed over me -

It was so powerful, my legs gave out, instantly dropping me to the ground on all fours. Multiple things happened at the same time: First the huge shaft pushed inside me - secondly his body changed, I could feel hair, rough coarse hair rubbing all over my back - third, the snarl and growl

scared me, turning to look back at him – a huge wolf like creature was behind me – the large teeth, gripped my neck, at the same time the cock slammed deep in me. A set of powerful sharp teeth were gripping my neck so hard, they were breaking the skin –

The pain wasn't scaring me but instead exciting me even more – pressing back seemed to make him more egressive, now fucking me so hard, his claws scraping the sides of my arms as well as my legs – the raging pounding was all animalistic ... there didn't seem to be any feelings, just raw control and sex

My poor body couldn't take what was happening – the first climax hit so hard, my head dropped emitting small whimpers –

The creature was assaulting me so fast, the knot wasn't stopped, instead he pushed it in as soon as I felt it press against me – he pounded it in – it was so sudden – a second explosion took place- this one shook every cell in my being.

When his seed started flooding me, he didn't stop, didn't slow down, just kept assaulting my body – no one has ever been raped like this one was doing to me .... Scratches, bites, pounding between my legs – more and more claw marks.

Finally through using me – pulling out caused me to drop into a deep sleep. How long I was out was unknown, but he had apparently carried me inside, placing me on a big leather sofa I have in front of the fireplace. Opening my eyes slowly, the huge wolf creature was only a few feet away, a set of fiery red eyes watching me closely – I could feel the scratches on my body, the place where his teeth had broken skin on my neck – that was when he surprised me, “You are a strange one, all the time I was in you, never once screaming for help and even now you don't seem to be afraid – why?”

Even with all the abuse my body had taken I'd never enjoyed sex like he had given me – a smile came over me, “I guess the reason is because I've never been fucked like that before – it was worth the pain I was in”.

My answer didn't seem to bother him, he remained on his haunches staring at me, while the huge member between his legs started to grow.

Taking this opportunity to head to the bathroom, dried cum all down my legs – setting down on the toilet, globs of the creamy substance was still dropping from inside me – that's when I noticed the new tattoos on my right buttocks – a pattern of wolf prints – they were like my feathers beautiful – I loved them immediately.

Quickly returning to him, telling how much I loved the new tattoos as well as the feathers – his eyes – were now a flashing deep red, the cock at full length – he only growled as I dropped to my knees in front of the sofa – his body was on me before I could get comfortable.

That huge mouth clamping down on my neck, the shaft penetrating me – going deeper this time than the last, the heavy balls slapping my body, his claws digging into my flesh – This time the assault the pounding was more painful – my poor pussy taking abuse it had never felt before. The big knot this time just slipped in, making me gasp, enjoying the first orgasm that had been building up in me – I was clawing at the sofa, trying to move my ass from side to side, wishing there was some way to open my legs wider .... he was continually growing, enabling him to go much deeper than before – his whole body pounding and using me as if he was in a crazed state –

He didn't stop, no seed was being emptied instead the creature just kept pounding in and out and in and out – over and over, again and again .... Just when I thought I was going to pass out, he suddenly

stopped, emptying the super warm liquid deep inside me .... Load after load was pumped in, until my tummy started to expand to accommodate all he'd given - this triggered the most mind blowing, body shaking explosion I'd ever enjoyed - causing both of us to collapse, his heavy body on top of mine.

Shifting back to his human form when he pulled out of me, taking care of the scratches, bruises, bite marks he'd given me ... pulling me to him, kissing my neck, exciting my ear lobes .... "I can only be in my wolf form when I take you - are you OK with this or would you rather I leave?"

Turning so we kissed - a deep tongue exploring kiss filled with passion and desire, breaking a moment, "You even think of leaving and I'll personally do you in. You've marked me, I'm all yours - I love the way you use me ... I do need to shower and we should get something to eat, then I expect you to fuck me again and again. Deal?"

Easily picking me up, heading for the shower ... it seems each time he took me, another wolf paw mark would be added.

Most of my back, my bottom, down my legs and a few on my tummy now show how many times this beautiful wonderful creature has fucked me ... I have no idea what will happen when the wolf paw tracks cover my whole body, but I'm excited to find out.