

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was scanning the mountain terrain from the fire tower with binoculars when I first saw it. The storm last night had knocked down trees, and the hard rain had caused a rock slide. Maybe an elk partially covered in mud, rocks, and debris. I sighed, briefly thinking I wished the slide would have buried my cabin and myself. I took my rifle, descended from the fire tower, grabbed my go bag and US issued Soviet AK, and took off in the morning sunshine toward the mountain range. I was naked except for my boots. Why get dressed anymore? I was so isolated in this area that even the supply chopper parachute dropped the monthly supplies. My only communication was with a surly drunken operator at the military base. Stop whining, bitch, I told myself. I looked down at my body, mostly covered in soft fur and fine silky brown hair. I was beautiful once before the overthrow and my imprisonment. I was a varsity boys volleyball, tennis, swimming, and cross country all-American. Then, the world as I knew it ended. First, the newly formed Commission on Christian Ethics took my scholarship.

The new government began rounding up trans persons, calling us enemies of the state. I was put in an encampment to be reprogrammed. My HRT and estrogen were replaced with steroids, testosterone, and unknown injections. In my moody reminiscing of my tragic life, I tripped over a rock and chastised myself. If I broke a leg, then this wonderful place I'd been assigned would be taken from me, just as my past life had been. I sat down, looking up the the steep rock slide. I checked my pulse, and it'd not risen since climbing for the last hour. At least all the forced drugs had not ruined my health. Just my looks. Peach fuzz had begun growing initially, and I'd been refused razors to shave. Now I looked like a wolfman, not a wolf girl. I giggled, looking down at my breasts, still full and part due to seven years of HRT and estrogen that I'd started taking in the seventh grade.

True, the breast augmentation surgery I'd squeezed in my junior year of high school had helped. Oh well, let's get this over with. I moved to the tree line beside the slide and stayed focused as my ascent rate increased. As I got closer to the dark shape in the rock slide area, I scanned from the tree line to find the fallen elk. I saw a black hairy patch in the brown mud and rocks and boulders. I took my go-pack off, checked the safety of my AK, and slowly made my way over to it. It was breathing short, shallow breaths on its back, its long torso exposed, a broken tree branch covering its upper body and head, and rock and mud on its hindquarters. A huge tree limb on its legs. I saw it was probably not an elk but a huge black bear. I took the safety off and aimed at where I thought a lethal shot would end its suffering, and a voice, my inner voice, said Stop. At least give it a chance. I safetied my gun and laid it down. I moved over and pulled the branch away and saw its head. Not a bear head, but a human-like head, turned sideways, a deep wound caked with dried blood on his forehead. I'd sat back, stunned. I was next to a mythical bigfoot. My first thought was to flee.

I wasn't a doctor or nurse or vet. Whatever it needed. I'd notify my CO. Oh heck no. This poor thing would be better off dead. If it survived, then what would our brilliant military do to him? They'd cover it up. Take him to Guantanamo Bay, or Dulce, or Area 51. Poked and prodded, experimented on, or tortured. No, he'd be better off dead. No, he was alive. Id swore when I was forced to go to the military, as all good boys and young men were required to do, thatd I'd not shoot or kill anyone, even it meant my life. I took a deep breath, and got started. I put my hand on its back, and he was cool. I felt his neck, and felt a very slow pulse. I uncovered his arms of the rocks and small boulders. He had a swollen right forearm, and a clear break on the left. I opened his clinched right hand, and a smooth polished stone fell out. It stunned me. It looked like the stones my raven had been bringing me.

I shook my head. Stay on track. His head wound was deep, and had a large knot above his right eye. I began clearing his lower body. The tree limb across his shins was immovable, too heavy, and

pinned in place with a boulder. I began moving the rocks and mud under the tree, and his legs, and finally got some room between his legs and the tree. I triaged his neck and back. Ideally, a neck brace and back board was SOP, but I had neither. The trip to the cabin and back would take two and half to three hours. I improvised, using some rope to lash four broken saplings together to form a litter. It took all my strength to pull his legs clear of the log. I set the litter on the rocky ground beside him, and somehow managed to get his huge body rolled over on it. He had a huge swelling on the femur bones. I'd fractured mine in high school running cross country. I began first aid, first addressing his head gash, cleaning, antiseptic, and gauze wrap. I splinted his forearms. I ran my fingers over his shins. Definitely no clear breaks, but probably fractures. I strapped him onto the litter with rope, and quickly found out he must of weighed four hundred pounds or more.

Even if I could pick one end of his litter up, I doubted I could have drug it over the uneven rocks. I had two iv bags, so I started an iv on each arm. I moistened his lips, and tilted his head, and put a wet rag on his face. I made him a crude cover with tree branches for cover from the rising sun, then said a prayer, grabbed my AK, and took off towards the cabin. I used the AK more as a small limb and branch breaker, holding it in front of me with both hands as I ran downhill thru the forest. I felt like I'd been lashed by a bull whip by the time I made the valley floor. I made it back saving about thirty minutes. I put on a tank top and trunks, dumped the medical supplies from the foot locker and medicine closet into my full size back pack, lashed a tarp, sleeping bag, a gallon of water, and went out to the shed, lashed the quarter inch thick cable roll some idiot had ordered long ago, two comealongs, and found out I had a hundred pound backpack. I ditched the cabling and comealongs. I'd set up a tent where he was, and not try to move him. It felt like fifty pounds, like we'd had in basic. I jogged till I got to the upgrade, then fast walked, leaning forward to keep from pitching backward. Using saplings as leverage helped. I made it to him sucking air and on trembling legs. He hadn't moved. I prayed as I felt his pulse. It was stronger, but thready.

I sat beside him to catch my breath. The little polished stone was at my feet. I picked it up. It was beautiful, dark green with a white swirl. The raven I left food out for brought me stones just like it, laying them on the porch rail beside his little plate. I put it in my back pocket of my trunks. I cleared the temporary shelter, and started adding rocks to level up where his litter sat. I set up the tent the best I could. The tarp made a good lean to cover. Then I started reading the Army issued Field Manual for Battlefield Wounds and Injuries. What I read scared me. I hadn't even thought of internal injuries, internal bleeding, hyperthermia, and the list went on. I began finding the sections he needed, and read those. I gave him antibiotics thru his IV, redid each of his splints, then did what I thought I couldn't do. I flushed out and cleaned his head, then stitched it closed with sutures. I moistened his lips, and began reading again. I made a list of supplies I needed, supplies I should of brought. Jeez. A catheter? I eyeballed his thick long penis, pictured it shooting a steam of pee. I took a bunch of pads from the first aid kit and wrapped them over his cock head with gauze.

I ate a nasty k ration and a little water. I added Food to my list. His legs from his knees down were outside the tent. I unfolded the disposal rain jacket and covered them. His pulse got stronger. His breathing seemed better with his propped up. His heart rate was better than mine. I cover him with my blanket and bed roll, and I sat beside him and prayed. I wasn't really religious till that day. But this big giant needed far more than my help. I laid on my sleeping bag next to him, and fell asleep. I woke up many times on my own to check on him. I replaced both his IV bags by a dimming flashlight. I added batteries to my list. Candles. Lighter. I awoke to rocks clattering down the rock slide. None hit our lean-to and tent. If a big boulder hit us, we'd be goners together. I added hatchet to my list. I'd cut sturdy limbs to cover the top of our shelter. I fell asleep easily. He groaned and woke me. But he never opened his eyes or moved. But it gave me hope. I reached up and laid my hand against his shoulder, and fell asleep again.

I made two trips the next day, put in better supports and covered our shelter with thick limbs cut

with the hatchet. I remembered to send in my daily activity and incident report I forgot to do the day before. I got a Rip in my email, and a bitcoin fine debited out of my military pay. A smart-ass wtf email from my CO. I ignored it. I just changed the date on the report I filed eight days before. I wrote a big note and nailed it to the inside of my front door. I didn't need him to be making a visit to chew me out. I made a good fire pit and stacked up a good supply of fire wood to use. I brought a bedding pad and managed to get him off the litter and onto it. I brought two pillows, but used them both on his big head. I found an old radiator hose and section of garden hose in the supply shed and fashioned a makeshift urine tube if he peed. He coughed a few times, but still never woke up or moved. I came back from my second trip and he'd peed. It ran out the end of the garden hose well down from our tent. He opened his eyes the fourth day.

He tried raising his head, groaned, then looked at me and smiled. I heard a thanks, but his lips hadn't moved. He closed his eyes, and started snoring lightly soon after. I was reading by flashlight when I heard him try to move. I got up, and he raised his arm and pointed to my canteen. I grabbed it, held his head up, and put it to his lips. He took a few sips, then ran his tongue over his lips. Jeez it was long. He smiled. Again I heard thanks, but he hadn't opened his mouth. He laid back and I felt his forehead, then his pulse. I asked if he was hurting. I heard a no, but he again hadn't moved his lips. I'm.. Gina. I had on my Natahalia River Rat tshirt, running shorts, and boots on. I'd braided my hair, and had a rawhide necklace with an arrowhead pendant. He raised his hand to hold it. You understand English? Yes. I'm Naqua. Again he didn't move his lips or open his mouth. Naqua. I hear you, but your mouth.. doesn't open. I'm speaking to you telepathically. No way. He smiled. He cleared his throat. I can talk this way, if you...

He began coughing. He grimaced. Is it your ribs? Yes. OK. Just speak to me in my head. Would you like to sit up? Yes. Thank you Gina. I propped him up. I see my arm are both legs are splinted. Yes. Your left forearm is broke. Both your femors were fractured, I think. I'm not a doctor though. Your head got hit pretty good on top. And your forehead had a mean gash. He nodded. Are you hungry? I can wait. Gina? Yes. Why are you not surprised I can speak your language? Or I can speak telepathically to you. I shrugged. You said Thanks a couple of times in my head already. I have? Yes. Don't get me wrong. I'm kind of thinking this has been one long dream. He chuckled, then coughed and winced again. No it's real. I pulled the smooth stone from my boot top. Is this yours? Yes. I was bringing it to you when.. how many nights has it been. Four. Four. Gina, I have put you thru much trouble, and maybe in much danger? No, no. Why'd you think danger? You are military. Army. Yes. If they find you away from your post...

I'd just tell them I was out checking the border. I will try to stand, and walk. Oh no, no, no. I put my hands on his chest. You stay right there. It'll take awhile before you can even think of moving. Gina, I heal quickly. It is one of the many blessings our creator gave my people. You're people? I am of the Sasquatch tribe. Sasquatch? I thought that was mythical. No. You are wearing a nice arrowhead made by my ancestors. I fingered my pendant. How can you tell? The stone is from the Great Northern River, it's tip is honed to a razor edge to pierce, but it's edges are rough and jagged to remain embedded in its quarry. I looked down at it. You can have it. No. No. It is yours, as is the stone. Have you been leaving stones like this at my cabin? Yes. I thought it was my..a, raven that visits me. He smiled. I told him I'd have him for a meal if he took any. You did? Yes. Ravens are thieves. I giggled. And I've been leaving him some food each day. Yes. I saw, but it is good you treat the forest dwellers well. Why did you leave me the stones?

Because you were sad. I saw they brought you joy. How did you know..I was sad. He looked away. I have seen you crying? How long have you been watching me? Since your first supply chopper. I shivered. That's kinda.. creepy. Scary. Don't be frightened. My size and appearance, and those of my tribe, have scared people for centuries. We have become the ghost tribe of the woodland. We are curious, by nature, so we have become quite well at blending in to nature. We never mean to be

seen. He groaned. Are you hurting? My head is starting to hurt. Lie back down, Naqua. Rest your eyes. I'll be close by. He fell asleep in a minute. He ate a few bites the next morning. I took his arm splint off, and began lifting a big rock to prove he wasn't hurting. I fussed and put it back on. He didn't need a bowed forearm the rest of his life. We talked telepathically all day and late into the night. He was bright, funny, and so pleasant to talk to. He never asked about my hairy body. He'd been watching me for months, and knew I was a man, with a female body. But he never brought it up.

We got rid of his litter, and he made a big bed out of pine needles, leaves, and moss I collected for him. We slept side by side, me in my sleeping bag, him half way covered by my blanket. He taught me a rhyming game, a game of chance with stones, and told the most awesome ghost stories. He never tried to touch me, but I found myself touching him, his arm, his shoulder, leaning against him. He seemed to enjoy my campfire cooking. I found him standing when I returned from using the bathroom on the sixth day. No amount of fussing could make him lay down. I finally began crying and he quickly laid back down. He'd tossed his urine tube away that night. I couldn't find it. I fussed and fussed, but he just chuckled. I'd quit the IVs, and only changed and cleaned his head wound each day. By the seventh night, he had took his leg splints off, and went across the rocks to the woods to go to the bathroom while I slept. I heard him when he snuck back in. We packed up what we could in my backpack. I insisted he use two walking sticks, and I carried the backpack.

He never winced in pain, but did favor the walking sticks, and limp a little. His head wound had almost disappeared. We has our first argument at the valley floor, when he said he'd go on to his home, and pointed to a far off mountain. After crying, I won. It took us till dusk to get back. He had to bend over to go inside the cabin. He looked around, wide eyed. Ever been inside a cabin? Deserted ones. Old miners. Lumberjacks. Farmers. What's that? He pointed to an old ham radio. A ham radio. I've remember seeing those long ago. Oh yeah? In remote hunters cabins. He moved to the sink, and turned the faucet on. Amazing. I giggled. His head barely missed the center support beam, so I knew he was twelve feet tall. My arm could barely go around his waist, so he had to be three feet wide. His broad chest maybe five feet wide. I led him to the shower, and started the shower. It's like a waterfall! Yes. Now get in. Your pretty dirty. He had to squeeze in, his knees poking up way over the cast iron porcelain sides of the old tub. I used two bottles of shampoo, and he fussed the entire time as I lathered and scrubbed and rinsed his long body hair. He had to bend for me to reach his head and shoulders. I was careful with his arm, but made sure the scrapes and cuts under his hair were good and clean. He began to harden when I got closer to his groin, so he took over that region. I picked burrs and mud clods out of his back hair as he washed his groin area.

I had to peak, and saw his furry cock had thickened and gotten even longer. Oh jeez! He chuckled. I smacked his back, and told him to try and wash his backside himself. I left, hearing him snicker in my head. I went to the kitchen sink, and started a pot of tea. I heard Oops in my head, and went to check on him and found he had the faucet handle of the tub in his hand. You broke it? He looked down at me. I'm sorry. I giggled. I'll fix it later. He followed me to the sink. He looked out. Naqua, did you ever watch me thru this window? Yes. Oh jeez, you didn't. Thats so.. not right. Why? I found you interesting. Interesting? Should I be flattered, or scared? Why should you be scared? I shrugged. Lets see. I find out a man, a stranger, has been spying on me from hiding. I wasn't spying. I was observing. I giggled. Oh, i see, because you find me interesting? Yes. I've never seen a man like you. So you think I'm an oddity? No. Gina. Do I here anger in your voice? I meant no disrespect or insult. I nodded. He finally brought it up. Gina.. I've seen many human males, and some human females. You are a female in looks, but have the penis of a male. You are human, but I've never met a person of your tribe that is similar so my own, with fur and body hair. I sat down at the table, trying not to cry. Are you always this... blunt? This mean? Gina! I have offended you! I will leave. I am sorry.

I wiped my eyes before tears began falling. No, no. Your.. observations are correct. Naqua, I am

different. I chuckled. Many humans have found me quite amusing to look at. Especially after my body began looking like a... looking the way it does. Gina, why were your human.. acquaintances? Why would they find you amusing? I find you very attractive. I sighed. Thank you, Naqua. It's just very hard for me to think of myself as pretty. This past week I actually forgot how different I am. I forgot I'm neither male or female. I'm neither human or Sasquatch. He got on his knees and held my hands. The first time he made the effort to touch me. I find you attractive. Beautiful. Intelligent. Brave. Caring. I sincerely apologize for upsetting you. I nodded, wiping my eyes. Gina, I told you before about my people, the ghost tribe. We are very seldom seen. If it were not for my accident, and then your kindness, we would have never met. I would have moved on once I was sure you were ok. That I was ok? Yes. That you wouldn't hurt yourself. My hope is that you remain happy with who you are. I would consider it a great honor to have you as a friend. He pulled me to him, and smiling, gave me a hug, and my forehead a kiss.

I grabbed his chest hair, and gave his lips a peck. I got up and went to my foot locker, took my brush out, and returned to brush his head hair. Your hair is so beautiful. Beautiful? He chuckled.. then he got quiet. I continued down his back, then moved to his front. Who cuts your bangs? I do. You're a terrible barber. He chuckled. I just use a stone knife to hack them to keep them out of my eyes. A stone knife? I leaned forward to brush his bangs, and saw he was looking at my tits. Getting a good look? His gaze moved up. Yes. Well, they're real. I felt my nipples hardening. I can see that. I felt my own little cock stiffen, so I handed him the brush, and stepped away. You finish up. I need to fix that faucet. Need my help? I giggled. No. I replaced the faucet handle easy enough. The hot water was gone, so I took a cold shower, trying not to think of that big hairy man thing in my cabin. He'd been watching me for months. I was an exhibitionist at heart. Years of wanting boys and men to appreciate and to be turned on by my body had wiped any sense of modesty away. So what if he was a voyeur? Had he seen me buck dancing to old records? Shuffle dancing to my transistor radio when I had reception?

Pleasuring myself? Using my vibratory or dildos? I bit my lip. He'd obviously seen me on my bad nights, by saying he wanted to be sure I was safe. That I felt good about who I was. I'd put my Ruger to my mouth several times, only to chicken out. Then I'd finally pulled the trigger, only to find the trigger and firing pin were damaged. I'd put it away, taking it as a sign that suicide was not meant to be my fate. Had he snuck in to do the damage? Did he care more for me than friendship? Did he find me attractive? I dried off, suddenly realizing I hadn't cried as I shampooed my own hairy body. I looked in the cabinet mirror out of habit, forgetting I'd broken it in a tantrum at my hairy reflection. I took my scissors and trimmed around my eyes and mouth, then around my breasts. Satisfied, I put on a matching bra and panty and my short terry cloth robe. Would he find me desirable? Would giving him glimpses of my cleavage and lingerie grab his attention? My heart began racing as I opened the bathroom door to see his eyes, his expression, hopefully, his interest.

I found him sat down on the floor, leaning against the wall. Are you tired? A little. My legs have begun to hurt. I grabbed my pillows off the bed, and got him comfortable. He whistled as I leaned across my bed, my robe rising up to flash my pantied butt. I giggled, and shyly murmured thank you. His eyes fell to my cleavage, and I bashfully told him he should rest. I gave him my most hip thrusting walk I could as I walked to the kitchen counter. Again, he whispered a cat call. I giggled. I was so thrilled at his appreciative whistles. He was hurting though, so I decided tonight I'd not push him. I got the pots out, and potatoes, carrots, onions, and started washing and peeling. I looked over, and his head was down, and I heard him breathing regularly. He'd fell asleep. I made biscuits, and put them in the oven. I looked out the window at the beautiful hillside, full of fall colors.

My great aunt had paid no telling how much money to get me out of the prison, no telling how much to get my forged documents, the government and military contacts, getting me lost in the paperwork, and finally to this remote outpost. She'd sent me a package parcel post. It had the bra

and panty set I was wearing, and a unearthly glow in the dark foot long dildo. Her little note said To my Gina, congratulations on your assignment. Till you find your perfect man, use as needed. p.s. A gift for your first night together is from Rome, Italy. Love to hear when you get to wear it. I sighed, and went to my closet, took my robe, bra and panty off, and put on a checkered lumberjack shirt and boxers. Our monthly ham radio transmissions were brief, and due to possible eavesdropping, we dared not say much. We never spoke bad about the government. Just about our health, my health mostly. The chemical drugs I'd been injected with, the physiological brainwashing to rid me of my woke ideals, had almost destroyed me. Now, after almost a year alone, I was mentally back to my old self.

I'd began having visions though in prison. My vision of cooking for a dark hairy bear had come to fruition. I sighed. Physically, I was almost unrecognizable from my college years. That is, unless I took hours to shave my entire torso, arms, legs, and face. But I'd quit shaving. I never saw anyone. I'd found by leaving a note, and a transfer of bitcoin from my military account, the chopper pilot left my supplies without needing to see me. At first, I'd always shaved my face and got dressed in my fatigues, put on gloves, just in case, but the chopper pilot just waved towards the cabin, and departed, glad to have some bitcoin to buy more booze back at his base. I took the teapot off before it began shrilling, and set the table quietly. The vegetable stew smelled delicious, and the biscuits looked perfect.

I looked at my guest, and whispered in my head to wake up. Wake up sleepy head. His eyes fluttered open. I wasn't asleep. Yeah, right. Come and eat. He stood, stretching, his good arm brushing the ceiling with his fingers. He had to sit on the floor at the table. He watched as I filled a large bowl with stew, poured hot water into a tea cup, thought better of it, and poured him a large mug. His eyes opened wide when I pulled the pan of biscuits out. I giggled. You like biscuits. Yes! Very much. I hope you like them. You like butter, or jelly? He grinned, so I got out both. He waited till I sat, and said a quick grace, thanking Him for my new found friend, our meal, and said amen. I've seen soldiers, and campers, over the years, saying a prayer before they eat. Yes? Do you pray? At times. Do you believe in a.. higher power? Yes. The great creator. I dunked his tea bags a few times, then asked him to try it.

He held the mug gently, and tasted it. He nodded. Very good. Try your stew. He picked the bowl up, and tipped it up, and sipped the broth, and then picked some potatoes out and ate them. Very good. Are you just saying that. No. No. I.. I never lie. I giggled. You don't. It's not in our nature. Our nature? There are more.. of you? Again he got quiet in my head. I'm sorry, I whispered. I didn't mean to pry. He nodded. I buttered a biscuit and handed it to him. He took the whole biscuit in his mouth in one bite, and his eyes rolled. It's wonderful. Don't talk with you mouth full. He grinned. I made him a jelly biscuit. This is grape jelly. He sat up, and took it. He sat back again, and seemed to hold it in his mouth forever before swallowing. Again, he rolled his eyes and said Wonderful. Aren't you hungry? I nodded. I picked up my spoon and took a bite. Oh, I forgot to use these. He picked up the spoon in his big hand. It's ok, eat as you're comfortable doing. He set it down, looking embarrassed. I pushed the plate of biscuits over to him.

Eat up. He finished his bowl of stew, and I filled it again. You're a good cook. Thank you. Years of living single. You don't eat much. I know. Years of watching my diet, watching my weight. He chuckled. You're so small. So tiny. I wished. I'm taller than most.. women. Or men. You should eat more. Now you're sounding like my aunt. You're.. aunt? My mothers sister. She raised me after my parents died. I'm sorry, about your parents. I was little. I barely remember them. I got up to refill our glasses, and get more tea bags. The cabin creaked from a sudden breeze. I turned in time to see him looking toward the windows and door. It's ok, just the wind. I know. I'm just.. not used to being.. inside. A wood building, I mean. Don't be embarrassed. I'm not. OK, OK, you aren't then. He looked sheepish. Well, maybe a little. I giggled. May I ask you're age, Naqua? He got silent in my head.

I'm sorry. Aren't we friends, Naqua? Yes. Yes. I was born in the year of your peoples first war. Your mother and father? No, both are my fathers. We have no mothers. That's silly. You must have a mother. Sasquatch have no women in our tribe, or species. No women? But how were you born. He sat back, studying me. My birth father was an Indian from the Choctaw tribe named Vachee. My father Acu bred him, but he died ten summers after my birthing. I blinked, trying to understand. That's.. not possible. He nodded. In your world, no, it's not. In our world, it is so. I sat back in my chair. But how? We, my species, can both spawn, fertilize, and seed to bring forth a new life. Have you ever..? No. In my world, we mate for life. Our great creator has not deemed it time to meet my soal mate yet. I suddenly felt a flush over my body as he looked across the table at me. Was your birth father, um, pretty? My father said he was. And your father, Acu? Is he still alive? Oh, no. It's been many winters since he went to the great beyond to be with our ancestors. Heaven? He shrugged. Another place, in the far sky above. Naqua, you said your birth father Vachee, was an Indian? Yes. So Sasquatche mate with humans.. human men and women. Only men.

But it is seldom with humans, very rare. Why not a woman? A woman cannot be bred by a Sasquatch. They are too.. fragile. Our earliest fathers sinned and took human females, but their offspring died before birth, as well as the female. How long ago was your first.. ancestors? Since the dawn of time. Naqua, you said you were born in the first World War? No, the same year of your peoples Civil War. The Civil War? In 1861? But that'd make you..169 years old, at least. Yes, in human years.. But in your years? He shrugged. We do not keep record of time. I've met a few Sasquatch that have seen five hundred summers. One over six hundred. I laughed. Surely they were exaggerating. Sasquatch have no need to exaggerate. We do not lie. Again, I felt him leave my head. I asked too much, Naqua? I apologize. Are you full? Yes. I got up and began clearing the table. He got up, and went to the door, and opened it, turned, said thank you for the meal, bent thru the doorway, and left. I heard him as I washed dishes, and looked out and saw him in the moonlight making a lean-to out near the tree line. I tossed and turned, upset that I'd probably been to nosey or said something to offend him. I wondered if he had found me attractive.

No, silly, he was outside, not in here. Not holding me. I finally said screw it. I got up, took my flannel shirt and boxers off, and put on my Italian made luxurious crotchless panty and bra, found my black velvet bag containing my monster florescent dildo butt plug, took a blanket from the closet, and went out. My aunt, crippled and almost constantly bed ridden with rheumatoid arthritis, always knew how to explain men to me. She would have probably told me that Vachee, ever the gentle man, thought I was a princess, an angel. I'd need to show him the little playful vixon in me. It was dark, clouds almost covered the moon, and my fine white silk lingerie gleamed brightly against my brown furry body. I cleared my throat as I got halfway to him. He was lying on his side facing away from me, and he was jerking off. He sat up and turned, holding his cock. His eyes widened, and his large white teeth smiled.

I giggled. Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt. I brought you a blanket. I stood above him, and dropped the blanket beside him, showing him my own little hardon. Th, thank you, Gina. You left so quickly. Maybe I asked too many questions. No, you don't, didn't. I.. I..I giggled as he got tongue tied. I'm.. I'm just not sure you could understand..I mean..believe..Naqua, it's ok. I do want to understand. I definitely believe you. If I sound skeptical, then it's because our.. lives..our species.. are so different? I giggled. But in some ways, so very similar. Yes, yes. Not in a bad way though. I hugged myself. Well, it's getting late. I wish you'd stay inside with me since you're not feeling well. Gina, I'm just uneasy being in your cabin. Any cabin. OK. Then its not because I said something to offend you? No, Gina. It was a wonderful meal, and you were wonderful company. Ok then. Please call out if you get to feeling bad. Promise? I promise. I turned and began walking back to my front porch. Gina? I spun around. Yes? Is it to cool for you to stay out here with me. No! Not at all. My heart began racing. I skipped back to him, squatted down, then sat cross-legged. I felt his forehead and took his pulse. He

chuckled.

For a 169 year old? I giggled. Oh Naqua. For any age. Maybe worrying about time, and age, makes us humans not live as long as we should. I'm twenty-six, already worried about.. living as much as I can before.. well, dying. Gina, I understand. I, too, have thought of living well, until my time ends. He sighed. In my tribe, yes, we live very long lives. But it doesn't mean longevity gives us happiness. My father's father saw the first ships arrive to this land. I nodded, moving closer, and laid down beside him, and covered us with the blanket, well my body and most of him. Go on, Naqua. Um, my father was born during the Revolutionary War. Go on, I'm listening. He chuckled as I held his cock. I giggled as I slipped under the blanket and opened my mouth as wide as I could and took his cockhead into my mouth. He moaned. I felt his big hand softly pull my butt closer. I breathed thru my nose, and began jerking his cock, barely putting my hand half way around it. I began to gag, something I prided myself on never doing, but his hand rubbing my back made me not want to stop. Drool fell down my chin, my eyes began tearing up. I took a deep inhale, pushed my mouth down his shaft till it hit my tonsils, then I took it down my throat.

Oh, Gina. I kept stroking with my right right, and rubbed his hairy nuts with my left. I was on my knees, trying to take his cock from the side. He tossed the blanket aside. I felt his hand slide between my legs, then to my belly, then he lifted me, turning me to straddle him, my knees now on each side of his chest, my belly and titties now on his chest. I moaned as I felt his breath on my cheeks and crack, then his tongue lick up and down my crack. I kept humping his cock, pushing it deeper and deeper. He held my hips and pushed his tongue into me. I began cumming on his chest and belly, shot after shot as he pushed his tongue deeper and deeper. My body was jerking uncontrollably, and I began seeing bright flashes and explosions in my vision. Then I felt his hand on my belly, lifting me, and rocking me backward and forward as he began cumming. His hairy sheath became coated in cum as his cock slid in and out of my mouth. He held me still then. He knotted in my mouth, pushing my cheeks outward. I felt his inner cock begin sliding deep inside me. Warm jets of cream filled my tummy. He held me, running his tongue into me as I kept cumming. His canine cock returned to its furry sheath.

He unknotted, then he lifted me higher and back till his cock slipped from my lips. I began swallowing, and swallowing as cum seemed to gush back up my throat into my mouth. He turned my body around and laid me on his broad body. I was exhausted, and gasped for breath. His soft hands rubbed my back. Oh Gina, you are so beautiful. I tried to rise up, but my arms trembled. He picked me up, bringing my lips to his. I took his tongue in, and he swirled it around my tongue. My body shuddered with spasms, and I squirted on his belly. He licked my face, clearing his cum from my eyes and face. He kissed me, and kissed me. My heart rate slowed, and my fast short gasps returned to normal. Naqua, son of Acu, son of Vachee, I murmured. I am yours. I felt him pull the blanket over us, and I fell asleep. I awoke to birds chirping, and sunlight warming my body. My fingers held Naquas chest hair. I looked up to see him smiling in the darkness at me. Are you ok? Yes. Are you sure? Sure I'm sure. He sighed. Gina, I'm worried. I pushed myself up, then propped my chin on my elbows. Why, Naqua. I scooted up and kissed him. I fell asleep. Im fine. He chuckled. I've enjoyed being your mattress. I giggled.

I licked my lips, tasting his cum. Did I lay with a hundred and sixty year old Indian? Or was it a dream? He chuckled. A hundred and sixty-nine year old. I tapped his chest. Who's keeping count now? He chuckled. I sighed. I wish I could live so long. With you, I mean. He smiled. Good. I kissed him again. What's that mean? Good? I know I can't live that long. Gina.. I spawned into you. I seeded you with my eggs. I sat up, straddling him, feeling his cock between my cheeks. Yes, and it was amazing. In my tribe, our spawning prepares your body for accepting our sperm. For making new life. I felt him hardening, and I reached behind me to cup his ballsack. Gina, we should stop. I am so big, and you you are so small. If we make love, I might hurt you badly. I giggled. Naqua, I am not a

fragile, delicate, little virgin child. Gina, it would be too painful. I reached over to my velvet bag. Naqua, I brought this to play with. Now I know you need to watch me, to see me as I am. I untied the drawstrings of the bag, and pull my florescent toy out.

He chuckled. That is a large phallus, Gina. Yes, and I've used it often. Gina, Gina, your love button is so small, and tight. Naqua, watch me. No Gina. Let me try. He sighed. I giggled. It'll be fun to watch. I got up and flipped the blanket in the air, the glowing phallus going up and down as I spread the blanket open. I spun around, raising and lowering it, giggling. Then I laid it in the center of the blanket. I took my lube out of the velvet bag and coated it. I coated my love hole. Then I squatted over it, holing it to upright to my hole. Gina, stop. Its too large. Its about as thick as I am. I felt its large cockhead pressing into me. Naqua, I am a whore. I gasped as my butt hole stretched and it popped in. Naqua stroked his cock as I began to slowly hump my dildo. I moaned as I took more in, and it got wider. I began cumming. I stopped to cup my cum in my hand, and reach down to coat my phallus. I'm a slut Naqua. Don't say that Gina. But he moaned. I kept humping down on it, only stopping to squirt more lube on its lower base. I got on my knees and began pounding my butt down into it. I kept squiting and began crying out. Yes, yes, fuck me, fuck me hard. Naqua, moaned and began to cum. Cum on me Naqua. Stand and cover me with your cum.

He stood and began shooting streams of cum on me. I felt my dildo finally plop into place, and I opened my mouth to catch some cum. I'm a slut, a whore, Naqua. I stood, and my florescent dildo made my body glow from inside, up into my belly. I took his cock in my mouth to milk it of its last cum. I stood, and took his hands. His mouth was open. I put a hand to my belly. I will be able to take you, Naqua, if you'll have me. He nodded, speechless. I laid down on the blanket, exhausted. I moaned as I laid on my back, spread my legs, reached down, and pulled it from its butt plug position. I fucked myself, as he sat in front of me, watching the cock move in and out. Take it Naqua, fuck me with it. Go ahead. He crawled forward and held took it, and began to push it in and out. I laid back, holding my ankles, and put them behind my neck. He had drool down his chin as he fucked me slowly. Gina, I want you as my husband. My soul mate. I smiled. Naqua, I will be your soul mate. I began cumming, and Naqua took my cock in to take my cum as he sped up fucking my ass. When I was empty, he stopped, and slowly pulled it out. I knew my hole was now wide open, at least as round as a silver dollar. Fuck me, Naqua. Make love to me. He moved up to kiss me. I groaned as he took my ankles from behind my neck. He began to ease my legs down. Oh, Naqua. Naqua. Can't you fuck me without breeding me? Yes. Then fuck me. Fuck me, please. Please. Gina, if I lose control, and begin knotting... Do it, fuck me! He lifted me by my ankles, and brought my gaping hole to his cock head. It was huge, far bigger now that it was full. Far much bigger than the head of my toy. If it hurts, then I'll stop. Do it. Do it. H

e flipped me over, and picked me up by both hits. I felt his cockhead settle into my stretched and open hole, then warm cum squirted into my hole. This is precum to lube you. Yes, yes. Fuck me. Fuck me Naqua. I grabbed the blanket and stuffed it in my mouth to keep from crying out. I wanted his furry big black cock. He pressed into me, and my hole began spreading. With one thrust, he entered me. He began slowly, pushing deeper, stretching my hole wider. Tears ran down my furry cheeks as I bit down on the blanket. Then he began pulling back, and the pain was stopped. He thrust in and out, and plessure began to replace the pain. Incredible pleasure. I began squirting with each thrust. I spit the blanket out and began to push back into his thrust. His firm hold on my hips relaxed. I felt another warm blast, and he thrust further into me. Then he began to long stroke into me. Faster and faster till he began to moan Gina, Gina. He pulled out till his cockhead felt like it was popping out, and I cried out, please don't stop. He pushed back in, but not very far, grabbed my hips, and began to thrust fast and hard, then even faster. He moaned as he began cumming. A warmness filled upward into my body. He stopped, and rubbed my hips.

He pulled out, and lowered me and I slumped onto to the blanket. I rolled over to look at him, still on

his knees at my feet. I was breathing hard, but he wasn't at all. I gasped between breaths, did you breed me? No. Are you sure? I'm so full. Cum rab from my gaping love hole. I'm Gina. I didn't go far enough in to knot. What? He chuckled. Ready for some more? Omygosh, you're ready to go again? Yes. I giggled. Breed me this time, Naqua. No Gina. I will fuck you, as you want. But we must wait till tomorrow night to breed. Did I not please you? I giggled. Please me? I laid my head back, still sucking air. Naqua, I've never been so.. pleased. Never. Good Gina. Breed me tonight.

Gina, Gina. I will, but not tonight, my beautiful boy. We can't tonight. He lifted my ass and put his cock head to my hole again. He squirted, then began to pull me to him, and I watched as he slid half way into me, stretching my hole even more. He began fucking me with half his cock, and my little cock stiffen and began squirting. I cupped my breasts thru my bra cups, fingering my nipples thru the thin sheer material. He reached between my legs to finger my little stiffy, and licked his fingers. Your sweetness reflects your soul, Gina. It does? Oh, oh, I began thrusting to meet his thrusts. I felt an intense orgasm beginning. He sped up his tempo, and my cum shot up to my face. Fuck, fuck, harder, harder. He chuckled, but gave me what I begged for. I felt like a little rag doll being shook as my head and shoulders slid back and forth on the blanket. My orgasms were coating my belly, chest and face. He kept taking one hand to swipe cum off my belly and licking it off his fingers as he held the small of my back with the other. My geysers of cum slowed to little drops, then just trickled, and he kept fucking me. My vision blurred, my mind went numb, my body floating. I felt a sudden warmth filling me, flowing up my body, then I was being lifted upward. Gina. Gina.

My cheeks were being patted. Huh? Huh? Naqua was

carrying me. He laid me down, and his face was over me. Gina. Are you ok? Gina. He came into focus. I giggled. He ran his fingers thru my hair. I couldn't stop giggling. He sat back, and pulled me up into his lap, hugging me. What's so funny? Oh, I haven't had that many orgasms since..Since? Naqua, please don't judge me. I won't. Well, I was wild in my youth, especially when my transition to a girl became..apparent. I began to see sex as approval. The more sex I had, the more I felt others liked me. I started having multiple partners, group sex. I became a slut. What you just did, it took the entire Jr high football team to do. He stroked my hair. I thought I was too... Too what? Um, quick. To fast. I giggled. Are you serious? Yes. Well, you're wrong. You were incredible. You felt incredible. And the amount of cum you gave me? I rubbed my belly. I fill like you filled my belly. He rubbed my belly. My cum will give the eggs fertilizer. I guess not having a life partner, you've been building up a lot of cum. No. Gina, I think I've given you a false.. impression.

How's that? Gina, I have sex quite often. You do? I thought you were a lonely man, wandering the forest, seeking a life partner. No Gina. I have many lovers. You do? Yes. Who? Oh, most of my boys are from wolf packs, foxes, and a few wild dogs. I giggled. You're kidding me Naqua. Stop it. No Gina. Sasquatch are the bachelors of the forest until we have a soul mate. How do you speak to eachother? Gina, like most forest dwellers, we can talk to other species. How do you hookup? He chuckled. Have sex? No, no. I mean, you just, say, meet a wolf in the woods. Wanna fuck? He chuckled. No. I'll leave a scent, or the other will. A scent? Yes, like dogs marking their territory? Something like that. What about livestock? You fuck cows? No, but I fuck two bulls. Horses? A couple. They roam the woods? Oh no, there are some in nearby homesteads. A farm a few valleys over. But they are different. They don't have to search for food, like forest dwellers, unless you call grazing hunting. So all they do is eat, sleep, and breed. They're quite easy. You'd call them sluts. I giggled. But the smaller animals. Foxes, wolves.. aren't you a bit too big to fuck them? Well, I usually just use my cockhead and a few inches.

Now, I have two bears that can take a lot more. Bears? Do you ever, use all your cock? Yes. The bears, the bulls, couple of bulls, and two gelded horses I see that enjoy taking it all. Do you breed them? Oh, no. It goes against our beliefs. Um, do you masturbate? Yes. Quite often. How often? Um,

at least twice a day. Oh my! I giggled. How often did you masturbate watching me? He chuckled. Quite often. Naqua, why didn't you come out of hiding? Try to meet me? That is against our law, Gina. But aren't you breaking your law now? No. You found me. You saved me, and have kept me secret. By doing so, our law says you can be accepted into our world. As a reward? Yes! Um, as a soul mate? Yes. And that's how your two fathers became soul mates? Yes. My birth father, Vacheron, found my father, Acu, gravely wounded by Buffalo hunters. My father had managed to hide while they took the hides. He was near death when my Indian birth father found him. He kept him hidden, from his tribe and other tribes, from and the hunters, as well as from soldiers.

As my father healed, they became lovers. Then soul mates. So it's happened before? Sasquatch and humans. Yes, but very rarely. Naqua, since there aren't many of you, how would any of your tribe know, about us? We communicate thru the forest dwellers, mostly the wolves. Do other Sasquatch know of me. Probably. I know two of my wolf brethren sniffed me as laid under the rocks. They stayed closeby and saw you find me, and stay to help me. And tonight, there have been quite a few watching us from the woods and up above us on the mountain. I giggled. No, you're teasing me. No Gina, I'm not. I looked around. So your woodland friends are voyeurs, too. Well, it's pretty different from the regular stuff they see, don't you think? I giggled. Big news. Breaking news. Sasquatch fucks a human. Mm, more like Naqua breeds a two leg. Oh my gosh! I sat up and yelled out, I am Gina! Future Soul Mate to Naqua! He chuckled. Gina, they didn't understand you. Then you tell them. He sighed. Gina, I want you to be very sure. You must understand everything.

I nodded. Having our son could kill you. A healthy son ways at least thirty to forty pounds. It's delivery will split you open. Even Sasquatch birth fathers have died from child birth. I held him, feeling his long fingers stroke my hair so softly. He was worried about me. Naqua, that scares me, but I would rather die bringing our son into this world, than live without ever trying. Are you sure. Yes, yes. Take me, Naqua. He sighed. We must wait for my eggs to fertilize, to find a nesting spot inside you so my sperm will come to them and seed them. Them? Yes, many sperm will reach your eggs, but usually, only one, the strongest, will survive to be delivered. All this will happen in your body, Gina. There is much to think about. And there are more things to consider. I raised up on my elbows. More? He smiled. Gina, once you are with child, you'll become more like me. Like a Sasquatch.

I giggled. Taller? Yes. I took my hand and ran it thru his silky long dark chest hair. Hairier? Yes. I put my hand on his arm, feeling his muscles. Stronger? Yes. I moved my hand from his ballsack, and took both my hands to cup my breasts as he played with my nipples. Bigger breasts? Probably. That wasn't a definite yes. Gina, I only know of.. men.. becoming birth fathers. Oh. Gina, since you are part female, I do not know. I sighed. Did the birth fathers get bigger.. penises? Yes. I giggled. I need help there for sure. He chuckled. Doesn't every male? Uh, no, Naqua. You sure don't. I raised up to lift his swollen cock. My father was bigger. No way! Over time, my own might get longer. If you decide to become my life partner... I have! I want you to be sure. You must leave everything behind. Everything. You can never return. You must make your decision while not in the heat of passion, but in thoughtful prayer and meditation.

Yes, Naqua. I giggled. So I guess we can enjoy our passion?

I moved back to sit on his thighs and began stroking him. He chuckled. Why will your cock get bigger? Because you'll never give it a rest. He watched as I continued stroking him. Gina, we wouldn't stay here, of course.. I know. You'll never see another human, like yourself, ever again. I know. Look at me Naqua. I look more like you than anyone. Does that upset you? It used to, because I'd thought I'd be alone due to how I changed. Then, Naqua, I met you. You called me beautiful. You are. I stroked him harder and faster. Breed me, Naqua. Gina, I told you we must wait. I groaned. I moved between his legs to sit on my knees as I stroked him. Naqua, your tribe has bred this way for

a long time? Yes. From our first forefathers, long ago, in another land. Long before my tribe became the first Native American to live on this continent. He began to moan from my masturbating him.

I bent to his cockhead and took it in, and started long stroking his entire length. His hand settled on my head lightly, and he began erupting into my mouth in steady bursts. I swallowed and swallowed till he quit cumming. I rubbed his ballsack, and stroked every drop out, licking his cockhead till he was empty. I sat up, grinning, wiping my chin. He pulled me up his body, and raised me up to take my dripping cock into his mouth. He held my butt cheeks as he took my ball sack in, and his long tongue swirled to my button hole and licked it as he bobbed on my cock. I began to moan feeling his talented tongue working both my cock and love hole. I held onto his hair as I began to hump my orgasm into him. My knees became wobbly, and he held me up till I was empty. He lifted me as he stood. Dawn had arrived. I laid my head on his chest as he carried me across the field, into the woods, and to the creek. We heard the wolves howling. We bathed, then laid in the early morning sun sharing our past lives.

I told him I'd knew I wanted to a girl, about my aunt, how beautiful she'd been, a super model, being chased by the richest of men of many countries. Her dating, courtship, and marriages to some of them, her vast fortunes she acquired. How she'd took me in and raised me as her own. How as I grew older, her support of me being gay, even at such an early age. Her supporting my desire to become a transsexual. As her health and beauty began to wane, how she enjoyed living vicariously thru me, encouraging my sexual encounters, taking on multiple lovers. I became obsessed in becoming more feminine, thru surgeries, dieting, and exercising. In junior high, how I discovered my love of cross country, her personal wellness coach became my cross country trainer and my first love. How he'd died in a car accident, and my depression. How my aunt had encouraged me to begin dating again, and I'd took many lovers seeking that special love we'd shared. I'd went to all boys schools till I couldn't pass as a boy, and she'd enrolled me in a private coed school, how I'd began my life as Regina.

I'd become very popular with the boys and teachers. I'd fell in love with my psychologist, who also encouraged my sexual desires. I'd become well known internationally as a trans model, thru my aunts connections. One night I'd be in an orgy with my school mates smoking pot and drinking beer, the next night I'd be at a fashion show, snorting coke, and having caviar and wine with a sheik and his brothers. Then my world had ended. The new president had declared the sudden imprisonment of trans, gays, lesbians. We were abominations against his christian nationalist agenda. I was arrested, as were anyone deemed enemies of the country. Illegal aliens, legal immigrants, and I'd become lost in the hundreds of thousands being rounded up.

My aunt was not only wealthy, but had many powerful political friends, but itd taken six months for her to find me. I'd been taken to a deprogramming facility to be treated for my mental illness, as it was called. I'd been tortured, given testosterone in massive quantities, along with injections of untested, unknown miracle chemicals by quacks and scientists, poked and prodded, till I wanted to die. But she'd finally found me. I'd been rushed to her estate, and medical doctors had got me stabilized, but my body had begun to change. I grew facial hair, then body hair. I grew a foot taller. My aunt wanted me to stay in hiding, on one of her estates in Germany or Switzerland, and I'd agreed. During my rehabilitation, the president had become a king under military rule. I didn't care. I just wanted to hide, to never be seen again. But again, I was arrested while attempting to board her private jet.

This time I was held at a military base. I was caught with facial recognition. My facial hair caused the agents to think I was a man. My aunt used her money and military connections to get my paperwork swapped. I was pulled out in the middle of the night, and sent to an Army base as a drafted recruit. I stayed in solitary confinement, with only training manuals to read, one hour of

exercise, two cold meals, and political propaganda tapes to occupy my time. I kept my breasts tightly rapped, and my body hair and uniform kept my femininity safe. After two months, the commandant took me to his office, and said I'd passed my basic training. I was being shipped out to a border outpost. He'd slipped me a letter from my aunt. This was the best I could do, my dear Gina. Hopefully, in time, we can be together again. He'd burned the short letter up, given me my assignment, had me escorted to pack my duffle, walked to a helicopter, and I was gone. My papers said I was a private first class, trained in surveillance, and was to be sent to Firebase 107 on the border of Canada. I'd report to my CO at USSA Post 8, supplied, and sent to my field assignment forthwith. And that's how I got here, Naqua.

He told me of his travels. His father's death. Then his continued travels up thru Canada and then back to this mountain range. As he'd said, he'd had many lovers thru the years. All were male. All anal. I'd given him his first oral sex. He'd not seeded and bred any of them. Just fucked them. Did it bother me? Knowing of his sexual encounters? No. Did it bother him of my promiscuous life. No. Sex was natural. But would his sexual encounters stop once we became lovers? Definitely. We caught a few trout, and he got me to try a bite raw, then we cooked the rest later that evening. He took me to see an eagle's nest, and their single baby. We tried tossing the fish head up into the nest, but the daddy got annoyed. Naqua could disappear in a second, something I found annoying after he'd done it several times. He said he'd teach me, as being seen was dangerous to Sasquatch. We ended up at his cave for lunch. He cooked my fish, and made a walnut salad with dandelion dressing, and the nicest grape wine I'd ever tasted. He liked the raw piece of fish better than the cooked.

We showed me his cooking pit, his den, then his bedroom. I felt so small in his fifteen foot long bed, but I couldn't trick him into laying down with me. He took me to an overlook above the lake, and he sucked my nipples, and stroked me till I came. We returned to the cabin, racing each other across the valley floor. He won easily. I took three steps for each of his long legged strides. I made a pumpkin pie, and boiled corn on the cob, made a spinach and walnut salad, and a sweet potato casserole. I dug up a bottle of wine, and we went up the fire tower to watch the sunset. It was there he told me he'd watched me since the first day I'd arrived. Yes, he thought I was pretty. He'd never seen a girl with a cock. He'd been captivated. He'd actually been hurrying to come see me the morning of the rock slide. No, he'd probably never come from hiding, so it was the rock slide that united us. I had him bend down to kiss him, and said I wanted him to make love to me right there. He lifted me, and I felt his cockhead at my love hole. He gave several jerks, and shots of cum coated my hole.

Then he pressed into me, and I felt his cock slip into me. It kept sliding in, and I screamed and screamed as his sheathed cock spread me and he began raising and lowering me onto his shaft. I felt his hairy cock being coated, then it felt so unbelievable. I giggled. I laughed as he began humping up into me as he lifted and dropped me. I felt his ballsack slapping my butt cheeks and I began cumming and cumming. He fucked me for hours, turning me around on his shaft, slow fucking me, speed fucking me. Cum poured from my hole, ran down my legs. He finally held me still, and he knotted. My breeding began. We stayed locked together till near dawn. Then he raised his head and howled. He sat down, holding me still, in his lap, till he unknotted. The wolves called back to him, and the sun came up as we fell asleep. I woke up, and he was still buried inside me. He was still sleeping, so I stayed still.

I knew I didn't want to go back into the cabin. My new life had begun as he bred me. I was scared. Not of Naqua. Not of becoming pregnant, or of having his son. Would this kind gentle giant stay in love with me? He sounded so sure of mating for life. I ran my fingers thru his long silky hair, and prayed for him, for us, and gave thanks to the great creator above. He woke me after noon, and he raised me up off his shaft. He licked my hole clean, then sat me on my feet. He stood, his head above the ten foot high gutter of the roundette. He picked me up and carried me down, and set me down. We walked to the cabin, and I sent my aunt a simple email. I wore your graduation gift. I hope to see

you again, someday. Goodbye. Naqua loaded up the bottles of wine remaining, a book of poems, my iron skillet and pots. Naqua thought since my disappearance would probably start an investigation and search parties, he suggested it'd be best to stage something.

I agreed. We decided to create a break-in, an assault. By a grizzly. I took great pleasure watching Naqua breaking the door in, trashing the inside, and scattering food everywhere. I drew blood into an IV bag, and sprayed it on the floor and walls, then on my butt and legs, and Naqua drug me into the woods, leaving a blood trail, just as a grizzly would do. We left the broken door open for the scavengers of the forest to further contaminate the crime scene, and we walked away from the cabin, away from my past, into the forest to our new life together. My message to my aunt was coded. Telling her Id wore her lingerie gift was to tell her Id met my soul mate. By only typing Goodbye, I was telling her it was forever. We'd pre-designated that lone single word as my way of telling her I was leaving, forever. I wasn't sad. I was happy. We gathered berries and nuts on our way to his home. Our home.

It was a cave, a spacious clean bachelor cave. I made him lunch, then made love to him on his fifteen foot long bed. He bred me again, just for good measure. From then on, he fucked me every morning and night. We hiked, took long walks, ran the ridges, sometimes with his wolf friends. I helped a wolf give birth as my own belly began to enlarge. Naqua taught me the wolf's language. He taught me French for our journey into Canada. We planned on leaving America, now in total war with itself, between states, the kings military, and now against our former NATO allies. Naqua stole two pack mules off some miners, and loaded them down. We left with two back packs of belongings and the loaded down pack mules that night. I didn't fear anything being with Naqua. Naqua knew this new country. It took us three days. He took me to a beautiful new cave high in the mountains.

The view was beautiful. It was getting cold at night, but I found I would have a natural winter coat of fur. My breasts grew fuller, my outer hair longer, now with underlying fur. Naquas cock did lengthen with our twice daily love making. His son began kicking, taking my breath away at times, and Naqua readied the birth by storing plenty of food stuff, and making him a basinette and crib. I made blankets from the deer and moose he and his wolf buddies hunted. I continued walking and running till it was time. I'd never felt such pain as I laid on my side holding my legs to my breasts, and our first born son came forth in its womb sack, tearing my love hole open. As Naqua cut the sack open, and smack its butt to bring it to life.

Our second son came out seconds later, and much easier. We had twins. Naqua was stunned. I wasn't. I held both babies as Naqua sewed my hole back. I was surprised my full breasts were now laden with milk. Naqua said it was because of his fertilizing. I thought it was our higher powers wonderful benevolence. Naqua named them Acu and Vachee after his birth father and father. Acu was dark haired and hazel eyed like Naqua. Vachee was brown haired and blue eyed like me, smaller than Acu. Naqua said the wolves would spread the news to others of his tribe to his relatives, and there would be jubilation across the country. In the Sasquatch tribe, due to there being no females, and very few living, the grandfather usually bred his son to continue their lineage. Naquas birth father was Acu, who raised him, and Vachee, Naquas grandfather, was his father as well. It was also common for cousins to mate, taking turns being birth fathers, thereby continuing their lineage.

Naqua was one of the only Sasquatch that had mated me, a non-relative, a half woman, half man, and had twins as well. The boys were crawling the first week, walking by three weeks. Acu shot up from two feet in length at birth to four feet in two months. Our little Vachee, six inches shorter and five pounds lighter than Acu at birth, was three feet tall at two months. Naqua figured Acu would breed Vachee and they would be life partners. Both were smart, learning their fathers languages, how to forage and hunt. And so energetic. I lost my waist and firmed my belly chasing them around, keeping them well groomed and safe. Naqua wanted another son almost immediately, but I wanted

to wait till they were weaned, and old enough to not be chased after and watched constantly. When the boys celebrated their first birthday, Acu stood at five feet, Vachee only four feet one inch.

Acu was a smaller version of Naqua. Vachee, my sweet baby, had a more feminine look, like me. Full hips, slim waist, and even big areola nipples. I knew they were sexually active with the two nearby wolf packs and numerous red foxes. Acu constantly came home empty handed smelling of wolf and fox scent on his cock. Vachee, bless him, had become very popular with the local canines, smelling of cum on his well fucked love hole. I kept it from Naqua, fussing at Vachee to take time to clean himself properly before coming home. It was soon after their birthday that Acu and Naqua that brought home a elderly injured Sasquatch from a hunt. His name was Noel, over three hundred years old. He'd fell, and had suffered a broken back. I cared for him, having him share Vachees room so he could learn my doctoring. Vachee made me so proud. The elderly Noel, fatherless, took to Vachee, and they became close. As Noel took to crutches, and became mobile, he and Vachee took to long walks. I told Naqua I was afraid Vachee was too young to me mated, but Naqua said my worries were unfounded.

I was right, though. Noel held council with Naqua to seek permission to mate with Vachee due to age and still living in our home. Noel was the last of his tribe. He loved Vachee, and Vachee loved him. Vachee begged me to talk with his father. He was willing to risk death to mate with Noel. I prayed for guidance. An answer. Reading my diary, it came to me. Our twins birth proved that multiple impregnating and seperate wombs were made. Naqua was very adamant he wanted to breed me soon. Why not allow the elder Noah and Vachee to breed me at the same time, or close to the same time as Naqua. I'd be a sarogate for them. Either could fertilize and seed me with eggs, and the other could impregnate me. After much prayer, Naqua agreed. Naqua held counsel with them both. I knew Vachee would be disappointed, as we'd spoke often about him someday bringing a new life into the world. After much prayer, they returned to Naqua's counsel, and agreed. Vachee would contribute his youthful eggs and fertilizer, Noah would contribute his sperm.

Noah and I had decided Noah should breed me for two days, as before. According to my diary, It had taken a week for me to tell I was pregnant. So if, and only if, Noah's breeding was confirmed, then Vachee and Noah would breed me. Acu, our eldest, accepted it well. He had known his little brother had fallen in love with Noah. Acu had dreams of going on a quest to find his soul mate, just as his father Noah had done, and found me. He was attracted to larger, stronger males than boys like Vachee or myself. Acu even volunteered to take our two love birds on a two day adventure to give us some mating time alone. I told Noah that night, as laid on tip of him after our nightly romp, how proud I was of our boys, how well he'd raised them. I knew he'd been a little taken back when he realized his youngest was more of a birth father than the father, the head of his own clan. But he'd accepted it well. And now that we were going to have another son, with the blessing of our all powerful one above, his tribe would grow, with Noah as the family patriarch.

Noah had wiped his eyes and held me to him after I'd told him that. We'd spent most nights just like that, me laying on his massive body after our love making. I'd tell him of my day, the boys activities and shenanigans. It was our private time. Our alone time. He was a good man, a good father, a good provider, and a good lover. My big black stud. I looked in the still ponds reflection that next morning as I bathed with scented flora I'd gathered. I'd grown another two inches since I'd been bred. He said my body would change after becoming a Sasquatch father. Not just inside, but outside. My breasts were now a full D cup, my chest and hips wider. I'd kept my waist trim with dieting and exercise. I was covered in a silky, tannish brown hair and fur except around my eyes, lips, breasts, and the soles of my feet and palms. Even my cock was now covered in a short fur.

Vachee had come with me, wanting to look his best on his two day trip with his brother Acu and his future soal mate Noah. I clipped his hair around his eyes and lips, and brushed out the tangles of his

fine long hair. I knew he'd be sleeping with Acu and Noah tonight, and the next. I cautioned him to not let it go too far. Him getting pregnant by either of them would endanger him, and he'd disappoint Noah if it was Acu that bred him. He swore he'd not get drunk on honeysuckle wine and lose control. Any kind of wine. Or smoking weed. I smelled it on Acu all the time. Vachee and I trimmed our love hole hair for each other, then we'd went to pack for their two day trip. I saw Vachee pack both his wooden dildos, the long curved dildo and straight dildo. Good. Maybe if he's using those, he won't be getting bred. I talked with Acu and Noah separately before they departed.

They both swore to the all powerful one above that my Vachee would not be bred. I made them double swear. I knew men. All thru my junior high, high school, and college years, I'd sucked many cocks to keep from getting fucked. That's all men wanted to do. Sasquatch life was the same, except giving both oral or anal sex was the deterrent from being bred and impregnated. I fussed and made Acu and Noah go take a quick bath. No use Vachee cleaning up so nice and flagrantly and them both be dirty and smelly. Noah returned in time to see them off. I heated up his breakfast as he reminded them to watch out for helicopter and airplane traffic. Infra-red was not going to detect Sasquatch due to their built in heat and cooling camouflage, but a sharp eyed pilot or camera could still spot them. The uprisings and rioting was increasing in the human world, and the King had declared martial law, so military aircraft traffic had increased.

Try to stay in the forests. Try to keep the drinking in hand. I had to clear my throat a few times before he took my hint and sent Vachee out to check our garden so he could give Acu and Noah his sex talk. I giggled as he stumbled thru it. Vachee returned with a few carrots and turnips, and I kissed him goodbye. We waved goodbye. Noah had taken the time to bathe, and surprised me with freshly cut flowers. He seemed shy as we ate, like when we first met. I'd put fresh grass in our bed, and fresh blankets, expecting we'd just jump in the bed to breed, but Noah surprised me. We cleaned dishes, then Noah took my hand, and we walked to the creek. He led me upstream, giddy with excitement. He'd made us a lean-to next to a waterfall.

It was beautiful, shady, and romantic. Birds chirped, frogs croaked, crickets rubbed their legs, all seeking lovers as we kissed and made out. His big hands cupped my breasts, his lips sucked my nipples. His cock grew long and hard, and his pink tip began to show. He laid me down and raised my butt and began licking me, his long tongue bathing my nut sack then sliding up into my butt crack, probing to enter my tight sphinter. I loved his tongue. He tongue fucked me till my own cock was soaked in leaking precum. He moved me on my back, and got on all fours above me, his cock hanging to my lips as he swallowed my cock and balls and swirled his talented tongue around them. I licked his cockhead and pink tip, but he kept his cock hanging out of reach. I grabbed his long black hair to rise up, but he'd raise his hips to keep my mouth from taking him in. I whimpered and moaned, but he kept teasing me.

I began cumming, humping up into him, filling his mouth over and over. Not until my last thrust and I dropped onto the bedding did he give me his cock. I understood then. He wanted control. I gave it willingly. I opened wide and he gave me his cock till his ball sack hot my nose. Then he slow fucked my throat as he pulled my legs up and began tongue fucking my hole again. He filled me with his first load of cum, then I felt his long slimy canine cock begin extending further down my throat. Then he knotted, his canine cock began coating me with thick milky cream, full of his eggs and nutrients and protective jelly. His nose buried into my ass cheeks, his tongue now swirled deep inside, and cum poured from my cock. He didn't stop till his pink receded into his cock sheath. We laid side by side, touching and kissing, till he was ready. He guided my head to his ball sack, and a hand to his cock.

I licked and stroked him as he laid back with his hands behind his head, watching me. He reached over and took a straw and chewed it, making me moan I was so horny. He just smiled as his ball sack

grew fuller and his cock swelled and grew longer. This was so different from our nightly fucks. I'd took the lead mostly, but now I was his bitch. I was his to breed. My love hole was wided open and his saliva leaked down my inner thighs. Our lean-to already smelled of his sex, his scent. When he was ready, he didn't pull me up on top. He put me on all fours, and took me from behind, lifting my butt to meet his cockhead. He shot a load of cum onto my hole, then speared into me, making me cry on as he rammed himself deeper.

I was his bitch, and he fucked me hard and deep till I was his whore, his slut. I began arching my back, meeting his thrusts. We came together over and over. Finally his balls began slapping my ball sack, and he long stroked me for hours. My body was soaked in sweat, my legs with cum. My own cum had covered my belly and tits as it dangled and flopped about as he'd fucked me. He began to speed up, and he lifted my ass higher, lifting my feet off the ground. He held his cum load for an hour before giving me his final load. I'd orgasm so much even my face was covered in cum. He gave my ass cheeks a firm spanking before extracting his cock and setting me back down. I slumped to the bedding and watched him go bathe himself under the waterfall, then sit on a boulder to sun himself. His long cock dangled between his spread legs. I was his. I rested, waited for him. He combed his long black hair, chewed his fingernails, took a long stick to scratch his back, then laid back and stroked his cock. I moaned, begging him to come back over. I wanted him, I needed him.

He got hard, his bog black furry cock stood straight up without his hand. He got up on his elbow and lazily smacked his cock from side to side. I began to whimper. He finally looked over, and got up, waded over toward me. He stopped to cup water in his hands, and brought it to me. I slumped it up, till it was gone. Then he lifted me up and kissed me gently. I love you, Gina. I nodded. I love you, Naqua, son of Acu, son of Nachee. He set me down, then laid back against the lean-to post, and guided my head to his cock. I took it in, bobbing my head, taking it down my throat. He held my hair and pushed and pulled hair, face fucking me till he came. Then he sent his canine cock out, and I felt it go deeper. He knotted, and he seemed to coat my entire belly with his both his cum and eggs. He unknotted, but again began to face fuck me. He filled me again, and knotted, repeating his fertilizing. After unknotted, he gently laid my head back on our bedding. He went and got me more water. He patted my head softly, and sat and put me on his lap and held me.

You've done so good Gina. Thank you, Naqua. I hope you understand why I've made love to you this way. Yes. I'm glad you did. You are my husband. My lover. Father of my children. Master of my home. My master. He hugged me. I needed to hear you say that, I needed you to know that. I know. I am yours. He lifted me onto his cock, and I squatted and began to take him in. He let me fuck his cock till he was halfway in before lifting me and standing. Then he held my hips and began raising and lowering me onto his shaft. My titties bounced up and down as he fucked me. I held my breasts, tossed my head back, arched my chest up, giving him my nipples to suck and nibble, his favorite thing to do. He bit them and held them as he fucked me, making me cry out, reminding me he was in control. He let it go, and said You're beautiful Gina. Gorgeous. You're mine. I came over and over on his belly as he tortured my nipples and slow fucked me.

He stopped long enough to spin me around on his cock, then held my butt with one arm, and he pinched and pulled on my nipples with his free hand as he began to fuck me furiously till he came again. He hugged me and kissed my head as he knotted and extended his canine cock to breed me. After he unknotted, he lifted me up to his shoulders, letting his cock slide out, then carried me to the creek. He lowered me slowly, and washed me with his hands. It was done. He held me in his lap, letting the sun dry us. He combed my hair with his fingers, then carried me over to our lean-to. He laid me down, then cuddled in behind me. I fell asleep immediately. It was dusk, the sun setting, when he woke me. He pointed to the basket I'd brought, and I got up to make our meal. I'd brought a clay bottle of wine, a tin of cheese he'd stolen from an army post long ago, berries, and corn and salmon patties. We ate by the creek, talking about the boys, wondering what they were doing. I

giggled when he said they could be fucking, instead of scolding him.

The more we drank, the more laughing and giggling we did. We stayed overnight, making love slowly, lazily. He bred me once more before we fell asleep. The next day, we broke camp. Naqua tore down the lean-to and removed all traces we'd been there, just to ensure a hunter or scout didn't find it. We were home by noon. Naqua surprised me by sending me off to bathe while he prepared our lunch. When I returned, I was very shocked to find an old set of my lingerie laying on the bed. A bra and panty. He had me put them on, and we pretended we were on our first dinner date in the cabin. He forgot I was naked, but it didn't matter. I didn't tell him. The bra was now way too small in the cup, tight around my chest, and the panty now stretched and tight as well, but it was fun. He'd made the same meal I'd made for him at the cabin. He'd even found a candle, and we had a wonderful meal. We took a long hike, and climbed a bluff, and Naqua took me to one of his old wolf's buddies cave where he used to party.

I knew it was probably where he'd fucked a few times, but I didn't say anything. I had my own secrets. I'd befriended a lost dog after just beginning my assignment at my old cabin. It'd got in my bed one night, and out of loneliness, and a degree of horniness, I'd licked his pink. The next night, I'd given him a good bath, and licked him again. I had surprised at how long he'd gotten. The next night, he'd mounted me, and I'd felt my first knotting. Zeb, the name I'd given him, fucked me regularly my first two weeks, whenever he wanted. Then he'd disappeared, took off, or got killed by wolves. Naqua didn't know about it, of course. But that was why I'd not been afraid of him. He'd reminded me of Zeb. Seeing Naqua had reminded me how good it'd felt to be loved, no matter how I looked. He started a fire with flint and lit a candle as I went and got fresh pines straw and ferns for bedding. He placed the candle on a ledge. I giggled when I saw notches cut into an exposed dead root on the cave wall.

Naqua looked so embarrassed, but fessed up, and pointed to a second set of notches where his wolf buddies recorded his conquests. He told me of their orgies, their individual conquests, their bets to see which could fuck a certain wolf, or fox. He pulled my panty off and placed me on all fours, facing the wall. He licked my hole as I studied the marks of each. Some are slanted, some are straight. Mmm, you taste so good, baby. I wiggled my ass, giggling. Slanted are fucks we shared, straight cuts are individual fucks. Oh. You were a stud. He stood me up on a ledge, had me bend over, and put his cock to my hole. The little slash below are mark? That's a fox. Your buddy has more of those. He held my hips and shoved his cockhead into me. Oohh! Naqua chuckled. Foxes weren't my thing. I saw two slashes under one. He shot a load of precum, then began pushing in. What's two slashes? A dog. My buddy found him. He slammed deeper, suddenly. Oh? Yeah, near your old army post. Oh. Yeah, he brought him here, fucked him good. Naqua began fucking me hard. Yeah, my buddy could speak a little dog. That's how I heard of you. Naqua held my hips tighter and fucked me furiously.

I knew then that my secret of being fucked and bred by Zeb wasn't a secret. Naqua knew before we met I was a slut. A whore. I wiped a tear away as he fucked me harder and faster. I came, and began meeting his thrusts. That's it Gina. Good girl. He blasted into me, then knotted and bred me. He unknotted, patted my hips. Take this arrowhead and add a notch for me. He handed me the arrowhead, and I cut a straight notch to his count. He took the arrowhead and reached over me to pick the candle up. He slowly moved it along his buddies scorecard of notches. He chuckled. After I met you, he got ahead. Then he moved. I felt his cock growing hard again. He sat the candle below his notches. Then he began slow fucking me as I stared at his notches. I saw what he wanted me to see. My fresh notch next to five not too old notches. The other notches were darker, aged.

I ran a finger over the fresh ones. He continued slow fucking me, running his hands on my back and hips, then reaching around to hold my hard cock. He began stroking me in rhythm to his fucking. I moaned, taking a hand to move to his hand on my cock. I love you, Gina. I know, I know, Naqua.

Each time I added a notch, I felt so guilty. When you decided you'd breed with Noah and Vachee, I realized maybe you were needing more. I moaned. Naqua, I wanted to keep Vachee from breeding to soon. I know. But I saw your excitement, how passionate you became as we talked about your breeding with them. The light in your eyes. I nodded. I'm sorry Naqua. Don't be, Gina. I understand how you felt. Remember, I've lived a single life, enjoyed many lovers before I met you.

He moved his hand to put it on mine as I continued stroking myself. Gina, are you mad? About the others. No, no. Are you.. disappointed.. in me? For not telling about.. Zeb? The dog. No, no. I didn't want you to think of me as a slut. Oh no, sweetheart. He quickened his rhythm. You're not a slut. I'd never think of you that way. I began stroking myself faster. You want to watch me being fucked by your wolf buddy? Yes. Am I your slut? Yes. He began pounding me. You knew I was.. cheating? I nodded, groaning. I .. smelled.. them. You didn't say anything. I.. oh fuck.. fuck.. I knew... when.. we..had to.. had to.. oh fuck me, fuck me..What Gina? Had to what? Stop, stop fucking.. twice a day... you'd need... more... ass.. oh fuck... harder, harder.

I began humping back into him. We orgasmed together. He patted my ass cheek. He knotted, and again he bred me up my ass with his wolf cock. He licked my head and back tenderly while he unknotted. He withdrew, and blew out the candle. He fell asleep quickly, cupping my breast, his cock semi hard against my back. I felt safe as always, but now more so. My insecurities about him leaving me were gone. Ever since I'd had to stop making love to him twice a day, and started smelling his lovers on his cock, the scents he used to try to hide his other lovers, I'd thought he leave me. Now I knew he loved me. I could share my own hidden desires with him. Now we could be open and honest with each other.

That's why he made me his bitch this morning, once again, and brought me here to his love den. I snuggled into him and fell asleep. He left in my deep slumber to catch me a trout and gather some firewood, and I smelled baking fish when I woke. He'd evidently had some jugs of wine hid away. We went to a nearby creek and washed, then returned to his love nest to eat. When the boys are at home, we'll come here if we have company. I don't want them knowing. Yes, Naqua. Thank you. It was settled. He had me take him orally to fertilize and coat more eggs, then we sat watching the fire die out. It was dark when we returned home. I made love to him, mounting him to squat fuck his cock as he reached up and played with my titties. I made him his favorite salad and vegetarian stew, and I had wine and a tin of cheese. We went to our waterfall and swam and splashed and played Marco polo, dived for crayfish, and made love under the waterfall.

I'd brought my brush and homemade scented soap, and we bathed as the crayfish cooked. He bred me one more time beside the creek before we went back home. The boys and Noah returned before noon the next day. Vachee looked well fucked, his ass hole almost round, like mine. Noah was tired and had a hangover, and went to lie down, and Vachee followed him. I made Acu and Naqua lunch, and Acu told us about their camping trip. Naqua and I knew it was the sanitized version, but we were glad to hear that one of Acu's wolf bitches had went along. They'd ate fresh deer, found some fermented blackberries to brew up a batch of wine. They went north, crossing the border into Canada. They'd listened to a farmers radio, and heard Russia and North Korean troops were now assisting the King to quell uprisings in major cities. Some government officials were shot for trying to overthrow the King.

Several top officials and oligarchs were missing. That got me worried about my aunt, but I didn't say anything. Naqua patted my knee under the table. Vachee joined us, fresh cum on his mouth hair. I gave him a kiss, whispered to wipe his mouth as I got up to fix him a plate. I thought of my aunt. I'd not returned to the cabin to send her a radio message as I'd planned. She'd saved my life, getting me out of prison, getting me forged documents and assigned to the outpost. I'd told her about Zeb in code. As usual, she'd not judged me, just was happy I'd found love. Maybe I could ask Naqua to take

me back to the outpost, see if it was occupied. If it wasn't, then maybe get in to send her a message. I served Vachee his lunch and a large glass of water. Naqua had rolled a couple of marijuana and tobacco sticks, and he and Acu went outside to smoke. I held Vachee's chin and tongue kissed him, tasting his mouth.

Fresh cum from Noah, older cum from Acu and Noah, but no breeding cum or eggs. What was that for? Just missed you, baby. Did you and pop have a nice time? I giggled. Yes, very much so. You and Noah? Oh yes mother. We chatted, gossiped, and giggled and laughed about our men. Vachee wanted to try on my bra and panty, but I'd left them at the cave. Maybe another day. Promise? Yes, honey. I've seen pictures of the female humans, in bras and panties, and sheer clothing. You have? Yes, in magazines that Acu brought back from his trips. Human men must find it attractive. Sexy. Yes, very much so. Mother, tell me about your life. Please. Maybe sometime. Please mother. Noah says a boy girl like you is rare. Very rare.

I put my bowl down. Finish eating, Vachee. Maybe we should go for a foraging trip? Yes ma'am. I cleaned bowls and cups, put up our food stuff, and went and took my diary from its hiding spot, and put it in a gathering basket, and put a small cleaning rag over it. We went out and found Acu and Naqua throwing horseshoes and drinking wine, getting drunk. Naqua gave me a kiss, Acu and Vachee traded punches, cursed at each other about who was better at the silly game, and we left. I took him to my favorite meadow, and I sat and dug for wild roots. This is my diary since I was sent to the army outpost where I met your father. Vachee, I thought you should read it, but it's not for anyone else. You understand? Yes.

I keep a diary? You do? Yes. So you know the importance of keeping it secret. Oh yes mother. I'm only sharing this with you now because you are following my path, of being what our great creator didn't make us to be. Oh mother. He made you as he saw fit, and guided your steps, just as he does every living thing. If not, then Acu and I wouldn't be here. I teared up, and had to wait before I answered. Thank you, my darling sweet boy. I needed to hear that. I cleared my throat. Now, before you start, let me tell you briefly of my life before I came here. I held his hands. I was a boy, a normal boy. I had a birth mother and father, like all humans. But I knew growing up I was so different from the other boys.

My parents loved me as I was. I felt so loved. But then they were killed in an accident. Oh no! How terrible! Well, our great creator was watching and took them quickly, and then watched over me, sending my aunt to take care of me. Your aunt? A little ant. No honey, a woman that is a sister to a child's father or mother. In this case, my mother's sister. Oh, ok. She is very wealthy, very powerful. Humans value owning things, having control of people. I know that mother. I'm sorry honey. Anyway, she sent me to top schools, all boys schools. She visited often, and I spent my free time in her home. As I grew, she saw I preferred boys, more than girls. In the human world, that was mostly taboo. But she accepted me as I was.

Back then, young boys liked pretty and sexy girls, so I began wanting to be more feminine. Do you understand? Oh yes mother. Noah has taught me so much about the human world. He has? Oh yes. He was a freak show attraction in a Russian circus as a child. The Great Wolf Boy. Oh? Yes, mother, he's had such an amazing life. Honey, he, um, lived with humans? Yes, when he was a baby. He doesn't like humans, does he? Oh no, mother. They killed his father, and treated him very badly. Well, except for one man. OK. Vachee, we've told you how humans are monsters, killers...Yes, yes. I know. Vachee, I'm telling you males of the human race are monsters. Never ever think even one is harmless, or helpful. Oh mother, you yourself loved human males. Yes, but each one was nice only because they wanted sex from me. Some were extremely cruel and mean. I was nothing once they got what they wanted.

But then you met father. Yes. But he's a Sasquatch. Born into a great tribe, from the loins of the powerful and mighty creator. But he created humans, man and woman. Yes, and they turned their back on him. Over and over. They are doing it now. Yes, Noah says it's happened many times in many countries since he's been born. Honey, I know you think highly of Noah. I love him. Honey, he's the only Sasquatch you've ever met, other than your father and Acu. And you. I'm a half breed. No you're not. Noah says the great creator saw fit to recreate you twice. Once in your human life, as a male to a female. The second time from a human female to a Sasquatch. I stopped digging, and looked at him. That is very kind. But.. Vachee, there are not and female Sasquatch. I misspoke mother. The second time from a human female to a Sasquatch Father. I sighed. Why are you in denial, mother? I sighed. Maybe because.. because all my human life I became a Trans female to make my life.. different. Different from the other boys.

The stronger, tougher, bigger, faster boys. The meaner boys. Vacheron held my hand. No, mother, you became what you wanted. A loving, caring, thoughtful, forgiving person. A female. He patted my hand. Now, in junior high you met your first lover? A real lover, not just an encounter? I giggled yes. A chemistry teacher. My track and cross country coach. I fell I'm love with him, and running. I've told you about him. Yes. I got so good, I got a scholarship to an ivy league... a very well know college. There you met your next lover? I sighed. Yes, I thought my soul mate. I became, with my aunts support, and money, a very.. um, beautiful girl. I'd been taking drugs since I was ten to change my body chemistry, hormones and estrogen. I took both in large doses. Features I had that weren't feminine, like my cheek bones, my Adam's apple, I got surgically corrected.

I'd quit dating every boy that like me, but then men, older men, began coming to me, threatening me, my new life, so I laid with them. Then, finally, the life as everyone knew it changed. An evilness swept the country, led by a man claiming to be a messiah, a god. Oh mother, I know about all that. I nodded. Well, you know then that I was swept up as a threat to the people, imprisoned. What I had to do to survive... Vachee, I became mean, hard. My medications were taken away. Drugs were given to me to cure me. Testosterone, to make my manly side to come back. But worse were drugs that were untested, unsafe. My smooth skin became hairy. But mother, my gosh, you're so much more beautiful now. He shivered.

Why would you want to be.. hairless? I giggled. I was a human, Vachee. Not a Sasquatch. But mother, look at all the other creatures on the land. Most have fur, or hair, or feathers, or scales. Humans are the scariest, the most ridiculous looking. I giggled. Oh, I agree, now. But all my life, I grew up trying to look like what men wanted and desired. Then, right when I began to reach that goal, it was not only taken away, but then totally altered. I hated myself, my looks. I wanted to die. But, my aunt kept me alive. With hope. And money. She paid to have me moved an upscale prison. Sent in real doctors to make me healthy. Paid to get me out, for a new identity, and finally, what I wanted most, to get me away from everybody. That's how I came to be at the cabin. I got up and stretched. I'm going to another spot. You go find a nice spot, and read my diary.

Read quickly. We'll need to be getting back before dark. I left Vachee and kept digging around, looking for the roots I needed to add to my medicines. I'd found the elusive roots here before. When heated, tiny particles crystallized, and were necessary for estrogen. I'd studied chemistry for eight years, since high school. At first to impress the very handsome chemistry teacher. But then he'd shared his love and devotion to the science, the craft, the art of chemistry. I'd made many medicines since I'd become Naquas lover and moved here. Not just for my myself, but for my family. Vachee had become a good medic. Both my boys, and Naqua, were fast learners. They learned what took me my entire life, seemingly to absorb and instantly understand, and remember. I'd thought it was the simple life of the Sasquatch, in Naquas case. But both our boys were talking English and thru mental telepathy as the Saquatch communicated, they were reading and writing in English, German, and French. Naqua said the Sasquatch he'd met, all were very bright and intelligent.

I thought they used their minds to absorb and retain knowledge because they didn't have their brain filled with hate, greed, and all the other unhealthy habits of humans. I wasn't having any luck finding the roots, so I went berry picking. Then I became nauseous and threw up. Morning sickness, so soon? I knelt and prayed and gave thanks, if it was so. I went to the creek and drank water, then spied a nice rainbow, so I caught it. I made a fire, and found green leaves to wrap and cook it in. I added some of the berries, and soon it was cooking in the embers nicely. I was picking greens when I heard the bear approaching. I growled a warning, and Vachee came running thru the brush. He already had a huge rock and broken limb in his hands. He's after our lunch, Vachee. I smell it cooking, mother. Let him have it. No. I'm hungry. I can catch another. Where's my diary?

I left it in the meadow. Go get it. But.. now, Vachee.. I waited long enough for him to leave before I ran to intercept the bear. I smelled and heard him, and figured out his path, unchanged, toward my fire pit and cooking salmon. I made the whip trap quickly, and gave the lumbering giant another warning before setting it, but it returned a short rebuff, so I set the trap, and retreated back to where I'd been. Naqua had showed me how to make the lethal trap, but I'd not cut the young saplings limbs into lethal spikes. Vachee returned. He's getting closer. I nodded. Just wait, honey. We heard the whoosh of the sapling and the startled yelp and of the bear, then it's retreat, crashing thru the underbrush, whimpering and whining. It faded away. Mother, did you make a whip? Yes. But it didn't kill it. No Vachee. I just wanted to scare it. But it would have made a nice rug, or coat. We have those Vachee. It was just hungry. It meant us no harm. But mother.. Vachee.. I took his hand and put it on my belly. It was a female, and pregnant. Mother! Yes, Vachee. I believe we've been blessed. Just as the bear? Yes Vachee. Let's go eat. We talked about life, and the taking of life. Sasquatch killed for food and for survival. Humans killed just to kill. For selfish gain. Money. Property. Power. I'd reminded Vachee a life lesson. He would pass it on to his son.

After our meal, I fell asleep on his lap as he finished reading my diary. I had my vision during my restful nap. I would have twins again. Two baby versions of my Naqua. The third would be Noah's and Vachee's baby. He was smaller, with bare skin on his chest, bottom, and on some of his face, with reddish blonde hair. I slept peacefully feeling my hair being gently rubbed and combed. I awoke to Vachee running my hair thru his fingers, looking down at me. I smelled his scent, and rolled over toward his crotch. You're so beautiful mother. As are you, my son. Did you finish reading? Yes mother. He put a kiss on his finger and put it to my lips. I know you better, understand how much you've went thru, how many challenges you've took on, how much you've sacrificed. You'll be a father soon, Vachee.. you too will go thru the same same challenges and sacrifices. Vachee... I had a vision. Yes? I nodded, moving my hand to his slim, long, hard erection. I saw my next labor and delivery. Oh Vachee... I moved up from his thigh, holding his cock out of the way to put my ear to his belly. My vision was right. Yes, Vachee, my beautiful son, I will have twins again, and your first born as well.

I began to stroke him slowly. Oh wonderful mother. Were they healthy? Yes, but Vachee, I saw more. You were holding a dark silverback to your breast, smiling as Noah was lifting your second son. What mother? I dont understand. I patted his belly. Noah has bred you, Vachee. You are with child. Tears poured from his eyes. Oh, mother. His hands moved to his belly. Oh mother, I'm sorry I disobeyed you. I rose to take his cock into my mouth. No Vachee, you looked healthy in my vision. My fears were unfounded. His hands rubbed his growing fetus inside him as I bobbed up and down on his cock. You will give birth to Noah's boy, then I will give birth your second boy. He nodded, as his young youthful cock began to swell. I cupped his ball sack and raised up to verbally speak. Your second will be a more feminine boy, looking more like you.. and myself. A girl? No, no, a boy, but far more beautiful than either of us. He squealed with delight. I believe he will be very special.

I bent to lick his cothead of his precum. But Vachee, you must keep my vision, your pregnancy, a secret till after I am bred by Noah and you the next two days. But to be sure you are the father of

your second son, I think you must fertilize and give me eggs, and breed me, today, before I am bred by you and Noah. I don't understand mother. Vachee, Our mighty father above is blessing us both two fold. If Noah or Naqua find out you are with child, then there will be no reason for our breeding tomorrow. There will be no second child. I moved back to inhale his cock, and spoke telepathically as he entered down my throat. Your cum is so sweet, my son. Thank you mother. Please, you will call me Gina from now on. Why.. Gina? You have become a father now. You will treat me as an equal, and your father Naqua as your tribal leader, your lover Noah as your life long partner.

Yes, yes, Gina, I understand. You are right. He put his hand on my head. Gina, I've never done this before. I will guide you thru it. It will happen naturally as our creator intended. Yes, Gina. His cock knotted, and his canine cock began extending further into my throat. Thats it, Vachee, fill me with your eggs and fertilizer. Yes, that's it my son. He began to pour his jelly thick cum and eggs into me as I massaged his ball sack. Empty your eggs, Vachee. Thats it. He grunted and moaned as he held my head and began to coat and rapidly fill my belly. He was young and virile, and jerked my hair in his excitement. He finished, retracting his dog cock, and laid his head back, exhausted, panting. He unknotted, and I took his now very sensitive cock sleeve out.

I moved up beside him, cuddling him to me. You did very well, Vachee. I did? I giggled. Yes. You filled me in one load what took your father twice to do. Really? Yes. Your young and virile, Vachee. You could breed many children in the coming years. But I'd prefer to be bred. I know, my beautiful young man. And you will, with our great creators blessing. Gina, won't Noah be upset, seeing our boy? Him looking so.. different from his first born? Or Naqua at you? I giggled, reaching over to rub his belly. No Vachee. In the next two days of breeding, you will not only feed me your eggs and jelly fertilizer, but in our threesomes, you will breed me with your sperm as well. And Noah and Vaqua will understand? I giggled. Yes. Look at you now. Your pregnant! Accidents happen. He giggled. It wasn't on purpose Gina. Noah and Acu were so horny. We laughed and giggled as she told me of their two day love fest. There had been a wolf for the first few hours, but he'd had to return to his pack. Vachee drank to much, and just let them be in control.

His limp cock straightened, and I kissed and licked his neck playfully as he recounted his lovely camping trip with the evidently still virile Noah, and his horny bigger twin brother. Precum coated his cockhead, then ran down his furry sheathed cock sleeve. I love how you've trimmed your penis and balls, Vachee. Thank you mother... I mean Gina.

I giggled. Don't worry Vachee. We soon will be even closer than we are now, raising our boys together. A troubled look appeared in his face. Gina, what if Noah wants to return to his clan, his forests, his home? I giggled, giving his ear my tongue. Vachee, you and I will just have to keep him happy right here. He giggled as I got up, moved to a fallen tree, bent and laid across it, giving his shorter frame the proper height to fuck and breed me standing. I wiggled my ass playfully, and he left up to come behind me. I've never done this Gina. His hands trembled as I put them on my hips. I'll guide you, but nature will take over. Would you lead us in prayer first? Yes. I closed my eyes. Mighty creator, bless us as we join together. Bless this breeding. His cockhead squirted coating gel to my love hole, and he began to press into me.

I spread my legs, let his hands go. That's right, Vachee. Push hard. His cockhead spread me and popped in. Oooh, excellent Vachee. You feel so good. He shot more gel into me, coating my rectum. Yes, yes. He began to hump into me, sliding his long slim cock deeper with each thrusts. Oooh, yes. Yes. Hold me tighter. His hands gripped my hips. My hardon pressed into the tree bark. He began longer strokes. Very nice. Oooh yes. Yes , yes, yes. He came quickly, urgently. That's it, Vachee. Faster, harder. Oooh, oooh, I'm cumming. I shot a few long squirts to give him confidence. Rest now. His reached behind me, laying my weight on the log, and held his hands so he wouldn't pull out. Vachee? Be honest. Have you thought of me as.. II don't know.. of having a nice ass? Oh

mother... Gina! I've always admired your ass. I mean, ever since I reached puberty. I wiggled my ass. He thickened. Really? You're not just making me feel good? Gina, I've stroked off so many times just thinking of your ass. I giggled.

Oh, Vachee, thank you for saying that. Ive..I've never seen an adult Sasquatch, other than your father's, and then Noah's. Of course, yours is far sexier than mine. He giggled. I wish, but thank you for saying that. He pressed into me. Then out and in. Gina, maybe I shouldn't say this, but you're the only Sasquatch I've wanted to fuck. I giggled. Oh, Vachee, you make me feel so much better, so much sexier. I removed my hands and he held my hips as he began pounding me. I laid limply over the log, letting him fuck me with abandon. I knew he needed to build up his confidence, as well as his testosterone level. Being more effeminate his entire life, never using his cock, being a bitch to his brother, a cuckold to Noah, and maybe even his father, his hormone and estrogen levels far exceeded his level of testosterone. Oooh, oooh, fuck, fuck. Yes Vachee. He slapped my ass cheek. Mmm, yes Vachee. He kept getting faster, building up his cum load.

I was impressed. I orgasmed as he began pulling my hips to him as he thrusts in. Yes. Yes. Yes. He began cumming as my sphincter tightened as I came. He gave me ten good cum bursts before he slowed. But he started to slow fuck me instead of stopping. I wiped tears from my eyes. I was so proud of him. Did I hurt you, Gina? Oh no, no. These are tears of joy. You're such a wonderful lover Vachee. My cock.. it feels good? Of course, silly. It's not too.. short? Thin? Oh Vachee, heavens no. You've felt wolf and fox cock, I assume. He giggled. They're so much smaller and slimmer than Acu, or Noah's, or Naquas. But they gave you pleasure, didn't they? Yes, yes they did. See? It isn't just size. And Vachee, you've seen Acus and Naquas cock grow in length and girth. Probably even Noahs in the five months he been fucking you. Yes. Well, as you use your cock more, it will grow, too. Really? I giggled. Definitely. Gina, you put yourself over this log to submit to me? Yes, to give myself to you. Can we change positions?

Why yes Vachee. You are now in control. I'm kind of afraid to take my cock out. Why? Well, sometimes when Noah takes his cock out, he loses his erection. That's just his age Vachee. He blames it on me. Oh Vachee, that is his way of not admitting he's getting old, less virile. Remember my college professor I wrote of, in my diary? Yes. He would go soft after one fuck more often than not. No way! Yes, he blamed me, of course. Gina, he sounds horrible. He was human. Blaming others for their own faults and limitations. But even Sasquatch men do that. Pull out, Vachee. You're very hard. He extracted himself, and I stood. I took his hand and he led me to the deep grass in the meadow. Gina, I faticised often of you lying on your back, seeing your breasts as I fucked you. I giggled, and laid down on my back. I raised my legs, and he took my ankles as he went to his knees. He lifted me till his cockhead met my love hole, then held me in place as he gave a sudden push, and speared into me. I put my legs over his shoulders, and began to pinch my nipples as he began to fuck me. You're so beautiful Gina. I reached down and began to stroke my cock as he went deeper into me.

I cupped my breast, pulling it upward, and stretched my neck to lick my nipple. He began to pound me harder. I giggled. Turn you on? Yes. Yes. I ran my tongue around my areola, then sucked my nipple in. He giggled. I removed my hand and held my nipple in my teeth, crying out in pain. I reached up and flicked his nipple. He groaned, leaning forward to let me have access, and I cupped his tiny breast, then ran a finger in a circle around his areola. I let my nipple go, and my breast flopped back in place. I pinched his nipple. His ball sack slapped into my butt. He began moaning. I twisted his nipple lightly. Harder, he gasped. I twisted it hard, then reached over to his other nipple, and pinched and twisted it. His areolas and nipples swelled, and he began to grown. I stroked my cock faster. I flicked his nipples and gave them another twist, then began taking turns on my own tits as I felt him begin to shoot his third orgasm into me. My own cock began to squirt, and I let it go, using both hands to abuse my nipples.

His eyes never looked away. It took twenty deep thrusts before he was empty. He leaned over, putting his weight on my legs, gasping. I giggled, pulling my breasts up to give my nipples a tongue swirly and kiss. He knotted, and I felt his dog cock extending. I let my head rest on the ground as he began breeding into me. I prayed his sperm would travel swiftly to his awaiting eggs, and one would give us our son. His panting grew to regular rhythmic breathing. Vachee, you did wonderfully. I hope I did. Oh, you were incredible. My fantasies weren't even near as good as what you just did. You've fantasised about me? Yes Vachee, of course. Have you ever fantasised of fucking.. making love.. to me? Yes. Will you, some day? Yes, when your father approves. Of course. I felt him unknot. Did this compare to one of your fantasies? Oh yes, far better. He pulled out and I took my legs off his shoulders. He rose, holding his hands out to help me rise. It was near dusk. Come Vachee, let us bathe our cleanse our scents from each other. We must be heading back.

He held my hand to the creek. We washed our bodies vigorously, and I rubbed honeysuckle vines and flowers over his crotch and cock sheath, then gave my hole a vigorous rubdown. I grabbed my diary and basket and we headed home. Our men were still passed out, snoring away. We went to the kitchen and began preparing dinner together. Vachee went to his room to check on Noah. He's still sleeping. Don't be nervous Vachee. Want some wine? Oh yes, please. Oh, call me father now that we're not alone. And remember to keep my pregnancy a secret so I can surprise Naqua. He nodded, and emptied his wine cup. I patted his shoulders. We'll play a nice game of chess, or do our nails after the men eat. That usually calms me. OK, father. More wine. Oh yes. He loosened up as we cooked a wonderful meal. I made Naqua and Acu dunk their heads in our rain barrel and dry off before coming in. Vachee stirred Noah awake. Dinner went smoothly. Naqua and Acu were quiet, nursing their hangover. Noah regaled us with a Civil War story. He could tell some doozies.

Vachee hung on his every word. The men went out to smoke cherute blunts while we did dishes. Vachee seemed relaxed, and tipsy. Noah fed his pet crow, then retreated to the den to re-read an old World War I book. It'd be tomorrow's story, probably to make into his own story to tell Vachee and I after our planned threesome. Naqua and Acu fell asleep on the den floor. Vachee and I clipped and buffed our nails, then played chess. We made berry filled paeneas and took them out to cool for our trip. I made Naqua and Acu some salads and boiled some veggies to eat while we were gone. When all was done, I went to bed. Naqua was snoring soundly. I laid beside him, thinking of how Vachee had not corrected me when I mentioned Acu, Noah, and Naqua had been fucking him. So Naqua hadn't lied. He'd just not told me. I was disappointed, but not shocked. Vachee had a very nice ass. And she could walk so seductively. I grew hard, but didn't stroke myself. I'd never fucked any man, human or Sasquatch. But it excited me to think of fucking my sweet son Vachee.

I'd no longer have to go without cock or stroke myself when Naqua was away now that Vachee was my lover. Noah would become my next. Acu would certainly come to me soon enough. Why go looking for tail when you have Vachee and myself in your own den. I fell asleep and dreamed of him. Acu was rough. Not tender like his father. He spanked, nibbled, chewed and bit my ass. Pinched, twisted, bit and pulled on my nipples. He never slow fucked me. Fast, hard, and deep. I was his bitch as well as Naquas. I woke up cumming. I slipped out of bed, holding my cock sheath tight, and tiptoed quickly away to the kitchen. I released my cock, letting it squirt into a bowl. I heard Acu laugh. I turned, and he held his cock as he watched me hump my cum into the bowl. Late night snack? I giggled. Sshhhh. Be quiet. And no, Acu.. I just.. had a wet dream. He stroked himself. Of who? I shook my head. Tell me. Father? No. Vachee? No. Of course not. Not Noah? No. He chuckled. That leaves... me? He took the bowl and drank it till it was empty, then sat it down.

He took me outside, and pushed on my shoulders till I knelt. I opened my mouth to take his cockhead. He held my hair and began to face fuck me. I gagged until I was able to take him down my throat. He pushed and pulled my head as he thrusts into me. He came, then pulled out then slapped his cock on my face. He chuckled as he walked away. Naqua shook me awake. Gina, you were having

a nightmare. I looked at him in the dark, my heart racing. I felt my face. It was dry. Not wet from Acu's cock slapping. No, no, I don't think so. You were moaning. Was I? I giggled. I took his hand and put it on my belly. Maybe it's morning sickness coming on. He sat up. You're pregnant? Yes, Naqua. Oh honey. He leaned in and kissed me. Are you sure? Yes. He moved to get between my legs. Naqua, wait.. you promised Vachee and Noah. He groaned and laid back, pounding his head on the mattress. I scooted down to grab his cock. It's ok, sweetie. I'll take care of you. I got between his legs and immediately smelled a fox scent.

I didn't hesitate. I took him in, and bobbed on him a while before taking him down my throat. I slow sucked him in long up and down motion till he began to moan, then I sped up till he began to tensing up to cum. I pulled him out and gripped his cock with both hands, stroking him faster and faster and he began shooting like a giezure. That's it baby. I stroked him till he quit, then got a sheepskin to wipe and clean him up. I licked his hairy cock clean and gave his cockhead a quick kiss. He pulled me up, and rolled over to cradle me in his arms. I snuggled into him, as he kissed my head softly and told me he loved me. I kissed his arm, snuggled into him, and fell asleep. I woke at dawn, and took began a huge pot of green leaf tea on the outdoor pit. I went down to our cold room deep inside the cave, and took a few jars of jars of vegetables and roots, a jar of honey, and hid my diary. I added the honey to the tea, and then began a huge pot of stew on the indoor pit. I went outside and found the carcass of the abused fox where Naqua and Acu had tossed it. I removed its scent glands, and carefully strained its foul and toxic contents into a deer skinned pouch, then threw the remains off the bluff.

I returned home, and poured a few drops into the boiling green tea. I went down to the cold room and hid the deer pouch. The cave quickly started smelling like fresh made stew. I went outside and began stirring the green tea, mixing the honey in really good. I was able to fill four gallons in crocks. Green tea was Naquas favorite of drinks. It made him more virile, he said. Acu and Vachee hated it. I set a crock on the counter, then put the other three on the kitchen ledges. I hummed as I took our dirty floor rugs outside, and began to beat the dust and dirt out. I took so much anger out on the rugs, I had to sit. I went in, swept the floors, then put the rugs and skins back in place. Naqua woke, and came to me smiling. I giggled as he picked me up and twirled me around. Oh stop it, Naqua. You'll get me nascious. Sweetheart, you're wonderful. The best thing that ever happened to me.

I smiled as he set me down. What would you like for breakfast honey. Oh, just a few flapjacks. I brought up honey. Oh good. And I made you a new batch of green tea. Just the way you like it, lots of honey. Mmm. I went and heated up the cooking stove, and let the skillet heat up, made wheat batter, and poured four round flapjacks. I put them on a plate and filled a mug with tea. I put the honey jar beside his plate. I made another batch of flapjacks, and he ate them. I refilled his green tea. Acu came in, then Vachee and Noah, and I stayed busy making flapjacks all morning. I poured Acu a cup of honeysuckle juice, his favorite, and Noah a tall cup of apple cider, and kissed his gray head. Get you going this morning, mister. He chuckled, and took a long sip. That took care of that. I sat beside Vachee and we discussed what all we needed to pack for our getaway love fest. Naqua stood, and made the announcement that I was pregnant. We toasted and Vachee acted surprised like a born actress. We finished eating, and Noah went to the bear skin rug, patting his belly, and took a nap, and Acu and Naqua made ready to go foraging.

I gave Naqua a list of things we were needing, and Vachee and I cleaned up, then began packing. By ten, we were ready. I kissed Naqua a long deep kiss goodbye, and Acu a bosomy hug, and peck, and told him to be good and take care of his father. We had to shake Noah awake. He took charge, getting his walking stick and barking out instructions to Naqua and Acu. They patronized him, saluting, then kept doing what they were doing. Vachee grabbed the heavier of our deer skin backpacks, and I carried the other. I enjoyed following Vachee, watching his hips swaying, his tight round butt cheeks and puckered love hole exposed by his careful hair trimming. He wouldn't be bred

this year, but he was definitely getting fucked. My cock dripped precum before we traveled a mile. Noah got lost, so we had to search for his mythical cave. We finally found his trail markings, and he followed them to a deep ravine. He moved a huge boulder and we went in. He lit an old torch, pulled the boulder back in place, and we followed him downward. I actually was in awe.

The cavern we came to seemed to be endless. The walls glittered in golden specks. As he lit more torches, the room seemed to glow. And when I saw the sandy beach around an underground lake, I squealed with delight. Noah gave Vachee and I a grand tour. He selected our camp site on the far side of the lake, and he pulled out jugs of wine from hidden shelves on the wall. He sat back and drank and told us how he'd discovered the cavern while hiding from Indians in the Gold Rush days while we made camp. We made a huge bed with the skins we'd rolled, and I gathered wood chips and dry grass and made a small fire as Vachee and Noah took a swim. I joined them, first tentatively kissing Noah, then Vachee. We took turns climbing up on him so he could lift us, then toss us high into the air to splash down into the water. He took turns pulling us to him and tonguing us, and cupping our breasts, sucking our nipples. He led us out to our bedding, and Vachee sucked him as I squatted over his face so he could tongue my hole. His tongue was long, and he loved my scent and my tasty hole.

I watched Vachee expertly suck his gray and white furry cock sheath, his beautiful silky brown hair shining and hid small little titties glistening in the golden light reflecting off the walls. Noah was evidently very experienced in threescore, moving me to suck him, then laying back and setting Vachee on his mouth to tongue her hole. Then he moved us to suck and lick his ball sack and shaft as he fingered our holes. He had us kiss and make out as we stroked him. He had me sit on Vachee face as he sucked her, then had us swap. He fucked Vachee first, as Vachee sucked me. Then he swapped us, and I felt him for the first time. I didn't realize how big he was, or how long he could last. Now I understood how Vachee could be so enamored with this old guy. Vachee came down my throat, and I held her butt, and she knotted and gave me her eggs. Noah wore down before he came, but I lid him down and rode his cock, working my sphincter muscles till he came. He knotted, and bred me with equally thick dog cock. He was breathing hard long after he unknotted. Vachee and I sucked eachothers cocks beside him till he fell asleep. Then I moved her around and mounted her. I coated her, then pressed into his tight pouty hole. It felt incredible. I squirted precum to coat him well before I fucked him. My first piece of ass, Vachee, my beautiful son. I made sure he enjoyed it as much as I did. S

he came three times before Noah stirred. I finished quickly, releasing my first load into another. We pretended to be sleeping as Noah got up to get another jug. I stayed hard, hoping he'd go back to sleep, but he kicked at us till we pretended to wake up. I pulled out, giving Vachee a kiss, and went to him. He pointed to his cock, so I began to suck him. It took a while, but he finally got stiff, and I rode him Vachee made supper. He knotted, and bred me again, so it was worth his interruption. We ate, and drank his wine to excess till he passed out. Vachee begged me to fuck him again, and I gladly complied. I put him on his back so we could see each other, and I could suck his beautiful tits and kiss him as I made love to him. He cried afterward. He'd never been made love to so gently before. He bred me orally and anally twice before Noah woke. We took turns sucking and fucking him, till he got tired and his cock grew limp. He told us to fuck eachother while he watched. He kept drinking, and told Vachee to breed me.

I lightly protested. He drunkenly slurred Vachee was too young to be able to breed, So we got what we needed. His approval, his demand for me to be bred by Vachee. From that point on, we bred openly as he rested and drank. His excessive drinking, brought out his darker and cruel side. Vachee was shocked, having never seen him this way. He brought out a wood paddle from one of his hiding spots on the high ledges, and bent us over his knees to paddle as we licked and sucked his cock. He had us paddle each other. Hearing our cries and whimpers excited him. He fucked us brutally at

times. Thankfully, he came quickly, drank more, then would pass out. I began to feel nauseous again, so as he slept, I took a walk around the lake to find a place to vomit, and to empty my bowels. In one of the darker sections of the cavern, I found a depression in the sand along the wall, so I dug a deeper hole into it. From the light of a torch, I was pieces of bone, what I thought were remnants of meals long ago. Then I uncovered a skull. I began puking. My arms began shaking as my projectile vomiting kept clearing more of the skull.

It's white bone glistening with my rejected cum and wine and bile. I finally emptied myself, and sat back from the hole. I looked back over to where Noah and Vachee were, and saw he was still asleep, and Vachee was in the shallow water bathing. My torch had fallen over and was almost extinguished, so I sat it back up, blowing on it to get it burning bright. I had to force myself to look closer. The skull was large. Too large to be human. It was Sasquatch. I found a leg bone my vomit had uncovered. I used it to poke in the sand. I uncovered a pelvic bone. But it was too small to belong with the skull. I began to dig wider, and soon found another skull. Then another. I looked back across the unground lake and saw Vachee now tending our fire pit, and Noah still lying on his chest, still asleep. The skull was small, but had the large forehead and huge jawbone of a Sasquatch.

I dug feverishly, widening the hole, finding various bones. I decided I'd better cover everything back up, and get back to Vachee. I filled in the hole, made the look smooth. I moved a little further down, made a hole, and cleared my bowels. I covered it, but made sure that if Noah came over, he'd see where I'd relieved myself. I got on my knees and cleared my footprints leading to the first depression, and retraced my path back towards our camp. I stopped to bathe, and gargle and clean my teeth, then went and rejoined Vachee. He could tell I was ill. I smiled. Morning sickness, Vachee, that's all. I decided we should take a walk, but I left the torch as I led Vachee in the other direction around the lake.

I held his hand as we walked the sandy beach. I found a good place to sit, and I held him to me. He began crying, upset how different Noah had become, how vulgar, how mean and vicious and fowl spoken, how violent his paddling and last fucking had been. I stroked his long luxurious hair as I whispered to calm him. He was young. Excessive drinking brought out the worst in men. We'd try to cut him back on the drinking after he woke. Get him talking and bragging about his youth, his accomplishments, make him feel big and strong.

But yes, it was hard to see the bad side of a man you look up to and admire, and love. He could see him still prone and sleeping from our vantage point, so we laid back and kissed and cuddled, and petted and brushed each other. I sucked his nipples, seeing his breasts smell under my attention, then kissed and licked down to his furry cock, and took him in. I took my time, only taking it in my mouth, letting him build a good cum load before taking him down my throat. I remembered my vision. Noah wasn't in it. Or Naqua. Just Acu holding twins, Vachee and her baby, and myself holding mine and Vachees love child. I'd been so focused on who was in my vision than who wasn't in my vision. Maybe Naqua and Noah were out foraging? M

aybe something was going to happen to them? Vachee began moaning, so I took him down my throat and increased my rhythm and he began cumming. He knotted and bred me as he rubbed my head softly. I let him rest, and continued along the shore line. I saw more depressions, and more skulls. Mostly of humans, but two young Sasquatch. Noah was a cannibal. Above each depression I found up on the cave walls little momentos. Trophies. I returned to Vachee knowing what I had to do, and do alone. Noah would never know his first love, his future soul mate, the father of their future son, was a cannibal.

The End