

READBEAST

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I am the one known as the Trickster. I am also called a thief, a scavenger, a devil and a killer. I am universally feared and loathed by all but others of my kind. I am none of these things, I am merely a survivor. To Humans such as yourself, I am known as Coyote. I have a name of my own, but no Human tongue could ever speak it. Though I am quite the same as my brothers and sisters, I have become very different from them, in that I have lived among Humans now for most of my life. It was not my choice to go and live with humans; I would much rather have continued my wild existence, relying on my strength and instincts to survive. It was completely by accident-or fate-that I came to experience such a drastic change in my life.

It was shortly after dusk during the cold season. A freshly fallen snow covered the tracks of my prey and mostly, though not completely obscured their scent. My pack, then eight strong, had not eaten in several days, and we were beginning to feel the effects of cold and hunger. Parts of a deer carcass left by Human hunters had been there far too long and picked over by too many other scavengers to yield much edible meat or hide. I wandered a short distance from the others to see if I could find some small prey, even a mouse, to ease my hunger. I was in luck! I spotted a rabbit beneath a snow-covered pine branch. It soon saw me as well, and leapt away in a zigzag path. It ran up an embankment toward the Humans' hard, wide path that their vehicles used. I had been told from the time that I was very young that the place was dangerous and must be avoided at all costs. But hunger and the excitement of the chase had gotten the better of me, and I continued to pursue my prey across the forbidden path.

To this day, I remain unsure of exactly what happened next, though I frequently relive the moment in my dreams and awake with a start. I remember a blinding light, a loud screeching sound, a thump and a vague sensation that I was flying-or falling. I felt myself smashing against the frozen ground; then blackness enveloped me. Some time later, I don't know how long, I was able to open my eyes only to find a Human standing over me. It appeared to be trying to push something under my body, then lifted me off the ground. All my instincts told me to run, that no good could come of being carried off by a Human. Even if I were to die a short time later, it would at least be a death with dignity, wild and free, without my hide becoming a wrapping for a stinking human body. All my efforts were futile; my shattered limbs were unable to even lift the weight of my broken body. I closed my eyes and hoped death would come quickly, before I had to suffer some unspeakable treatment at the hands of a Human.

Some sort of consciousness returned to me once again. Though my body was still wracked with pain and I was unable to move, I no longer felt cold. I was sure I was on my way to a better place. I managed to open my eyes, and found that I was surrounded by bright light, warmth, and some very odd sounds and smells. The human was still there. I felt a sharp sting in my foreleg, and immediately the strange world collapsed into a whirling blackness and the sound of a rushing river. My pain vanished, and a feeling of ease swept over me. Death had come to claim me at last.

I woke to find that I was not dead; in fact I was still in the same strange place. The Human was still there also. My pain had subsided to a dull ache; it was even bearable as long as I didn't try to move. I had pieces of wood attached to two of my legs and tied in place with some sort of wrapping. My fur was missing in several places, and there was a strong scent of my own blood. I tried to remove the strange things that were all over my body, but they had put something around my neck so I couldn't reach them. The Human came closer and began looking at me carefully. My experiences with Humans had been having rocks thrown at me, being shot at, or chased with dangerous-looking objects. Still, they had always fascinated me somehow. This one didn't seem threatening at all, and when I finally got a good scent, my nose told me she was female. She offered me some water and some strong-smelling meat. My hunger and thirst overcame my fear and

distrust, and I ate and drank a small amount.

Several days passed, and I began feeling stronger, but it was nearly a moon before I was strong enough to try much walking. The Human finally took away the sticks and the other things that were attached to me, and I felt much better. I was getting stronger each day, though the Human would not allow me out of my den. One morning, though, the Human came to my den and placed a band of animal hide around my neck. I struggled and tried to remove it by rolling until I began to hurt again. It would not come off, and it seemed as though I would damage myself far more trying to remove it than by leaving it on. I began to accept it as I had come to accept being handled by the Human and being kept in this place. The Human seemed to use the collar as a place to hold onto me and keep me from falling as I exercised my injured legs. The legs got stronger each day and after two moons or so, I was strong enough to walk and later run without pain. I had gained back the weight I lost from hunger and injury and my coat had grown back in better condition than I had ever seen it. At first I had been hoping to die; then I wished to escape from this place and return to my pack. Now, I had little desire to leave. This Human had treated me well and I had begun to grow fond of her.

The harsh winter had passed and the warm sun of spring came to the world. The Human no longer confined me to my den. It was still there for when I wished to retreat to it, but it was open for me to come and go as I pleased. The ground was soft and muddy and hurt my legs a bit if I slipped or sank into it, but the warm mud felt good on my feet. The area I could explore was surrounded by a fence. Fences had never been much of an obstacle for me before, but I didn't quite trust my legs enough yet to try and jump or climb over it. Also, I had grown accustomed to the plentiful and easy food here and did not wish to leave it. Perhaps I was becoming lazy. I knew there were other animals of all types here, I could hear and smell them. I had even seen some of them briefly. I expected that I would cross paths with some of them from time to time as I had in the wild, but the encounter with the Dog was totally unexpected.

My previous experiences with Dogs had never been good ones. Nearly all had involved being chased, or at least barked at which alerted the Humans. I once found a bitch in heat and had come close to mating with her, but as usual, the Humans shouted and threw rocks. I was not highly enough ranked in my pack to be allowed to mate, and I had often been told by my fellows that Dog-bitches were easy. That may be so, but the Humans are not. Though the Dog that stood before me now was not at all hostile, my nose told me instantly that it was male. I had seen this type of Dog before, usually guarding sheep. He had long hair in a striking black and white color pattern, with a bushy tail. I felt the hair on my back standing up and every fiber of my being told me to run. I knew from experience that if I ran, the Dog would most likely chase me. Without other pack members to give me the safety of numbers, I would likely be killed. I stood my ground. The Dog wasn't much larger than myself and he didn't appear threatening. In fact, he dropped to his elbows in a play-bow. I responded in kind.

The Dog spoke to me. "So, you're the new guy, eh?"

I was rather surprised that we were able to communicate. "Yes I suppose I am. My name is ____, but the Humans call me Coyote."

"The Humans call me Zip. It's the only name I've ever had." A sly expression came over his face. "You know what happens to new guys, don't you Coyote?"

I was well aware that Zip was speaking of establishing pack hierarchy. Because my kind tends not to form lasting packs, I have experienced the humiliation of being a new pack member more often than I care to. I am a lower ranking individual, so I have been mounted by my superiors many

times. I turned my posterior towards Zip, placed my tail between my legs and braced for the inevitable. I felt the familiar embarrassment of being mounted and having Zip's front legs gripping my waist. What I didn't expect, though, was having something warm and wet slip between my inner thigh and my ballsack. As Zip began thrusting against my lower belly, I realized that this was more than a pack initiation. He was trying to breed me like a bitch! I struggled to free myself but his grip was too strong. My attempts to escape his grip only seemed to excite him more and soon I felt-and smelled-hot jets of his seed splashing against my underside. Though I was beyond totally humiliated, I felt a peculiar stirring beneath me. I was getting an erection of my own! That was something that had only happened when I would scent where a female had marked, or when I would watch the Alpha pair of my pack breeding. Being mounted by a dominant male usually had the opposite effect.

About that time, I heard a door banging loudly and the Human shrieking.

"ZIP! You little horn-dog, leave him alone!" She pried Zip's forelegs from around my middle and lifted him off me. The Human held him up in front of her. Zip's fully erect and knotted penis still bobbed and dripped between his hindquarters. His condition was not lost on the Human. "Oh, my. I guess I've been a little too busy to take care of your needs, Sweetie!" She held Zip on his back and put her mouth on his maleness as though she were going to devour it. I could tell by the expression on Zip's face, though, that he was enjoying the Human's ministrations. It was the very same expression I knew well from watching the Alpha male breeding his mate. I felt my own knot stretching my sheath and my tip slowly sliding out.

The Human placed Zip on his feet and lifted me instead. She reached between my hindquarters and I soon felt her fingers squeezing on my sheath. "You too? Hmm... It's coming up on coyote mating season. Maybe we'll give you a try." I could smell Zip's seed on her breath. She carried me into the building and stood me on top of my den. She then crouched down next to me and placed her mouth on me as she had done with Zip. Though I had never been bred before, my body knew what to do. I gripped her around the neck with my forelegs and began thrusting. Instinctively, I pushed forward until I felt my knot slip inside her mouth and begin to expand. I bred her mouth as if it were a bitch's vulva and tied with her as I expended my seed. When my sack was nearing empty, I felt compelled to turn as I had seen the Alpha male do and waited for my knot to shrink. When my penis slipped out of her and disappeared into my sheath, I turned back and cleaned her face. It was a very odd mating and my legs hurt somewhat from the gripping and thrusting, but I had a wonderful feeling over the rest of my body like I had never experienced before. I had just bred a Human... in the wrong end... and I had enjoyed it. A Human! My Human. My mate.

The Human held me close to her and rubbed her hands all over my body, paying particular attention to the parts that had been injured. Over the moons that I had been staying here, this was one of the things I had come to enjoy most. When she finished and placed me on the ground, I ran outside and scent-marked my territory in as many places as I could until my bladder was empty. Zip watched me with an amused expression. "You finally got your chance, eh, stud-boy?"

"I suppose I did. Do all humans like to be bred that way... in the mouth?"

"I don't think so, I've only done it with Lori. Too bad you and I are both small... the big guys get to do her the right way!"

I cocked my head at Zip. "The right way?"

"You know... the right end, in the pussy. I guess we're too small to give her what she needs back there, so we get her mouth."

I averted my eyes. "I'm a little ashamed to admit... that was my first time."

Zip snorted. "Don't feel bad, kid. When you live with Humans, you take it any way you can get it. It's not like they bring you bitches all the time unless you're somebody special."

"You mean, you have to be an Alpha."

"Something like that. Hey, if you get in a bad way sometime when she's not around, I'm told the inside of my sheath is really nice, and it feels so good to me that I'm willing to be your bitch if you'd like."

"Your sheath?" That was something that my old pack mates had whispered about, but I never found anyone willing to let me try it. "I'll let you know. I'd rather try that than have you splashing your seed over my underside."

Zip tossed his head and grinned. "Sorry about that, kid. I guess I got carried away when I was doing the dominance thing."

"Apology accepted." I glanced between Zip's thighs and bared a fang. "Try it again, though, and it might be some small parts of you that get carried away. Separately from the rest of you!" Zip's ears wilted a bit and his tail snapped between his legs.

As the spring wore on, the smells of bitches came wafting from inside Lori's building, from nearby Humans' houses, from everywhere. I could not see them, but I could certainly smell them and occasionally hear them calling. As hard as I tried, I could not get to any of them. At night, I sometimes heard other coyotes calling to their mates and imagined myself in their place. This only served to make my longing for a mate that much stronger. Out of frustration, I took Zip up on his offer many times. At any other time, he was my superior. He insisted on eating first, went through doors first and was always the first to investigate any intruding Humans or animals. When I would ask him to be my bitch, though, he would turn meekly onto his back and allow me to tie with his sheath and fill him with my seed. He seemed to take a perverse delight in the entire proceedings and would orgasm shortly after I did. While I did not particularly enjoy having Zip drench my sheath and ball-sack with his seed, the other sensations he provided very closely matched the descriptions that an alpha male had once given me when I asked him what it felt like to breed a bitch.

Late spring faded into early summer and my need for Zip's services faded as well. He returned to his silly but dominant position and I to my subordinate place. Zip would still sometimes persuade me to take advantage of him as his reproductive drive, unlike mine, knew no season. One sunny morning, we heard the unaccustomed sound of a car leaving the road and approaching our fenced area. We could see a Human and a Dog inside and as the rush of air from inside the vehicle swept over us it carried a delicious scent. The dog in the car was female, she looked similar to Zip-and she was in season! The other Human and the Dog got out of the car and walked towards the building. Lori came out and greeted them.

"Hiya, Lori! Think your boy's up to doing the deed today?"

"C'mon, Pam. That's sorta like askin' if he's still a dog!"

"Well, Sasha's ready if he is... she says, 'bring him on!' Hey, cool... where'd you get the 'yote?"

"I found him on the old Leesville Road back in January, hit by a car. I put him back together best I could and well, here he is!"

"Lori, it never ceases to amaze me what you can do with some poor critter you find busted up and near dead. Anyway, he seems to get on okay with Zip."

"More than you know, Pam. I'm beginning to think they're gay lovers."

"That so? Well, I hope Zip still likes girls enough to give Sasha a few of his 'little soldiers.'"

"This is Zip we're talkin' about, right?"

"I hear ya, Lori. Just put that coyote in a crate or someplace."

"Wouldn't that be quite the mix, coyote and Border collie?"

"Yeah. They'd have to be pretty cool looking pups. Not much of a sheep dog, though... CHOMP!"

Lori held my collar while the other woman opened the gate to let Zip out. He and Sasha played for a short time, then got right down to business. As usual, I looked on longingly as the alpha pair mated. Between watching the two dogs and breathing in the intoxicating scent of an in-season bitch, I felt my own knot stretching my sheath, even though my season was long past. I was somewhat startled by some new scents. The two Human females had the distinct smell of arousal. Were they in heat also? I hadn't noticed it earlier, though I'm sure I would have. Possibly they were experiencing some off-season

excitement, as was I. I sat on my haunches to enjoy the rest of the show. Zip and Sasha stayed tied for as long a time as I'd ever seen, then separated with a wet popping sound. Zip cleaned himself while Sasha did an orgasm dance.

The other Human put Sasha back into the car and drove off. Zip rested, panting, in a shady spot under a tree. Lori opened the gate, picked me up and headed towards the house. Not the building where my den was, the house! She still had that odd smell about her, though now it was even stronger. She led me into a room where I had not been before and began removing the wrappings from her body. Though I was apprehensive at first, not knowing what was happening, it eventually occurred to me that she wanted me to mate with her. It was off season, but watching and especially smelling Zip and Sasha had me excited

and aroused enough that I could at least go through the motions. I prepared to mate with her mouth as I had done several times before, but she continued to remove her body wrappings. She presented herself to me for mounting, but try as I might, I could not seem to get in the right position to penetrate her. I now knew what Zip meant when he said we were too small.

I had never been with a female of any species, other than the one time I had managed a few licks at a dog bitch. I decided to try that with Lori. Her scent was nearly overwhelming, but I let my tongue go to work on her. That was good for a short time until my penis developed a mind of its own and decided to take control of my mind and body. Again, I tried mounting her, but without success. She finally gathered up a large stack of papers and sat on them. She leaned her back against a bed and coaxed me to try mounting again. It all looked very strange to me, but my penis was still in control and it ordered my body to mount. Somehow, perhaps with her help, I found myself buried up to my balls in her. There was room enough in there for me, Zip and a couple of friends, but she squeezed down on me. I wanted to wrap my front legs around her middle, but they were still healing and wouldn't bend that far. It was somewhat awkward, but I placed my paws on her stomach and began thrusting for all I was worth. I felt my knot expanding inside her and though it was still somewhat of a loose fit, I no longer had the feeling that I would fall out. A shudder passed through my entire body and I began to fill her with my seed. She folded my front legs under me and held me close to her body. I could feel some contractions deep inside of her pushing and pulling on my penis, causing

a fresh flow of my seed. We stayed coupled until long after my seed was spent and my knot had disappeared. Once we separated, she cleaned me with her tongue as though she were one of my kind.

Lori did not return me to my den that night. She allowed me to stay in the house, and even to sleep in her bed. I had to share it with Zip as well, but I have become accustomed to that. I had learned during previous visits indoors that Humans consider the entire house to be their den and no scent marking is allowed. Of course, Zip confirmed that. Lori and I mated twice more over the next few days and though I enjoyed the sensation, it was getting to the point that I had no more seed and I was unable to tie with her. Such is the way with my kind through the summer; I will have to leave her to Zip until next Spring.

I have resigned myself to the fact that my legs will no longer carry me at speed over long distances. My ribs and spine are no longer supple enough to allow me the leaps I would need to capture my prey. Though I am not in pain, the limitations my injuries have placed on me have stripped this Trickster of the speed and agility I would need to be a successful predator. I have little choice but to spend the rest of my days at the mercy of Humans. Like all of my kind, though, I am a survivor. I shall do whatever is necessary to remain in this World. If that means acting as a mate to a Human female and her silly Dog
for as long as they'll have me, so be it!