

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



In the pacific northwest a creature of myth and whispers lurked in the shadows, its fur a canvas painted with the very essence of the woods: deep greens and earthy browns blending into the murky night. Its eyes, twin embers of curiosity and hunger, followed the graceful dance of a young girl, Heather, as she ventured closer to the line where civilization ends and the wilderness begins

The sun had barely dipped below the horizon when the dense foliage of the forest grew eerily silent. Heather, an adventurous soul with a penchant for the unexplored, had stumbled into the heart of the woods with nothing but her curiosity to guide her. The air grew thick with the scent of damp earth and pine, and the shadows grew long, stretching like inky fingers across the forest floor. She had been warned about the whispers of the woods, the ancient legends that painted the trees with stories of a creature that didn't belong to the natural order. Yet, she had dismissed them as mere campfire lore.

The underbrush rustled, and the hairs on the back of her neck stood on end. She froze, her heart racing in her chest. The sound grew louder, and she could feel the ground vibrate beneath her feet. A shadowy figure emerged from the forest, she slowly turned around, a sudden spike of fear shot through her, but she tried to shake it off, telling herself it was just a trick of the moonlight light. It was then, as she rounded a bend in the path, that she saw it—a massive, shadowy figure lurking in the gloom, as she approached, the figure grew more distinct, and she could make out the outline of something tall, muscular, covered in hair.

Her eyes widening with terror as she saw a hulking figure emerge from the darkness. It was unlike anything she had ever encountered—a creature of myth, a creature of nightmares a creature that had eluded mankind for millennia—Sasquatch.

A creature of legend, standing tall and unyielding before her. Its fur was a mottled blend of browns and greens, a perfect camouflage against the backdrop of the woods. Its eyes burned with a primal hunger that sent a shiver down her spine.

Heather's breath caught in her throat, her heart a wild drum in her chest as she stared into the abyss of the creature's eyes—pools of darkness that seemed to hold the secrets of the forest within. Time seemed to slow as the beast took a step towards her, its footfall silent despite its size. Her heart hammered in her chest, her breathing quick and shallow. But before she could react, the creature was upon her, The creature's powerful arms shot out, its hand clamping over her mouth to stifle her scream and its arm wrapping around her waist, jerking her off her feet. She was hoisted into the air as if she were a ragdoll, Heather tried to scream, but the sound was muffled by the massive hand that clamped over her mouth.

Her legs kicked wildly, but to no avail; she was as powerless as a leaf caught in the jaws of a hurricane. The sasquatch's grip was firm, unyielding, and it was all she could do to draw a shallow breath through her nose, the scent of its fur overwhelming—a heady mix of pine resin and musk that filled her lungs and made her head spin. Her eyes watered, both from fear and the pressure of its hand, but she remained transfixed by the creature's gaze, unable to look away even as it bore into her soul.

The world tilted and blurred as she was dragged into the forest the sasquatch moving with an unnatural grace that belied its size. Each step it took was swift and sure, its powerful legs eating up the distance as if it were a mere stroll in a moonlit meadow. Heather could feel the ground tremble beneath its massive weight, the vibrations resonating through her own body like a bass note from a distant thunderclap. The forest closed in around them as it carried her deeper into the woods. The branches and leaves seeming to part in silent obeisance to the creature's dominion. The rain

continued its relentless descent, now a cold, stinging slap against her skin, mingling with the tears that streamed down her cheeks, her muffled screams swallowed by the shadows, her legs kicking wildly in a futile attempt to break free. The creature's strength was overwhelming, and she felt the world spin as it carried her deeper into the woods, away from the safety of civilization. The forest was dark, the trees closing in on her.

Her heart thudded in her chest, and she could feel the panic rising in her throat like bile. His grip was iron-tight, and she could feel the warmth of his breath on her neck. Panic flooded her veins as she realized the gravity of the situation—she was being abducted.

The sasquatch moved with a surprising grace for its size, navigating through the dense underbrush with ease, as if the forest was a second skin to it.

He threw her onto the ground, on a makeshift bed of leaves and moss in a small clearing, the impact jolting her bones. The underbrush of the forest scraped against her skin, leaving her palms stinging and knees bruised. She struggled to free herself, kicking and clawing at him, but his weight was too much. He pinned her down, his eyes, cold and emotionless, bore into hers, Heather's mind raced, trying to grasp the reality of the situation, but fear had taken hold, and she could only whimper as the creature lowered its head to hers. and she knew what it intended to do.

The moon cast a silver light through the canopy above, revealing the creature's monstrous form that was both terrifying and fascinating.

Heather's mind raced, trying to formulate a plan. She couldn't just lie there and accept her fate. With every ounce of strength she had, she bucked her body and managed to break his hold for a brief second. It was enough. She wriggled free and scrambled to her feet, adrenaline coursing through her like wildfire. She took off running, her legs moving on autopilot. The forest twisted and turned, but she didn't dare look back. All she could focus on was the loud thud of footsteps echoing behind her, growing closer.

Her heart felt like it would explode from her chest, and her lungs burned with the effort of breathing. The fear was a living, tangible thing that clung to her like a second skin. The creature was gaining on her, his heavy breaths a constant reminder of the horror that was chasing her. He was a predator, and she was the prey. The thought fueled her determination to escape. She pushed herself harder, her legs pumping, her arms swinging wildly by her sides.

As she burst out of the woods into a meadow, she caught a glimpse of the creature's face in the moonlight. The sight of him sent a fresh wave of terror crashing through her, and she stumbled, her legs threatening to give out.

But she couldn't stop. Not now. The meadow was eerily quiet, shrouded in darkness. She could hear the footsteps growing louder, his grunts of exertion as he closed the distance between them. Her eyes searched frantically for any sign of escape.

Then, she felt his hand grasp her ponytail, yanking her back with a pain that made her eyes water. She stumbled, her knees buckling, but she managed to stay upright as he swung her around to face him. His eyes were wild, a crazed glint reflecting the dim light. He was a monster, a nightmare made flesh, and she knew that she was in a fight for her life.

The creature was close now, too close, and she could see every detail of his face—the scar that sliced through one eyebrow, the sneer that twisted his lips.

He threw her down onto the ground, the impact knocking the wind out of her. For a moment, she lay

there, stunned and gasping, her vision swimming with stars.

With a sudden, brutal force, the sasquatch tore her clothing from her, with a savagery that mirrored the storm's own, the fabric shredding in the creature's hands as if it were paper, leaving her naked and exposed to the cool night air.

The cold air bit into her exposed flesh, leaving her trembling and vulnerable. Her eyes searched for an escape, for a glimpse of civilization, but she was surrounded by an impenetrable wall of green and brown, the sasquatch the only clear form in the blur of her panic.

She found the strength to fight again but it was a futile attempt to flee. The sasquatch was much stronger than her, his hands like vises around her wrists, holding her in place as she writhed and kicked

The sasquatch loomed over her, its chest rising and falling in a slow, deliberate rhythm that seemed to echo the pulse of the forest itself. Rainwater trickled down its fur, tracing a pattern of rivulets that gleamed in the weak light, beading on its taut, muscular flesh.

The creature was a blur of violence and malice, his movements swift and brutal as it forced himself on her. Its massive cock stood tall and thick, a testament to its primal instincts and an object of terrifying fascination for Heather

The creature's touch grew more insistent, its calloused hands exploring her trembling body with a hunger that was both alien and undeniable. Heather's own hands curled into fists at her sides, her nails digging into the soft moss as it mapped her curves and hollows, its touch as unyielding as the bark of the ancient trees that surrounded them. Each brush of its skin against hers sent a jolt of electricity through her body, a mix of fear and an unwelcome, primal excitement that had her breath trapped in her throat

With a feral snarl, it bent its massive form over her, its cock pressing against her thigh, leaving a trail of heat that seemed to brand her very soul.

The creature pushed her legs apart, its own arousal apparent. The creature's member was unlike anything she had ever seen—long, thick, and covered in a velvety fur that stood out starkly against her pale skin.

Heather's eyes widened in horror as it positioned itself between her legs, the weight of its body pinning her to the earth. She felt the bulbous head of its cock nudge against her, the velvety tip parting her folds, invaded her, conquering her in a way that no human ever could, despite her desperate attempts to clench herself shut. A scream built in her chest, a cacophony of terror and despair, but it was swallowed by the creature's hand.

Its breath was hot and sour, and she could feel its excitement as it began to rape her. She felt the intrusion as it penetrated her, ripping through her resistance without care. Heather's eyes watered with pain and fear. The creature's body pounding against hers with a sickening rhythm.

The sasquatch's thrust was violent and unrelenting, forcing her to accept its monstrous girth. The pain was unbearable, a white-hot knife that seemed to cleave her in two, and she screamed into the hand that still smothered her mouth.

Heather's body rebelled against the intrusion, muscles spasming in pain as it stretched her beyond what she thought possible. Each stroke was a hammer blow to her fragile humanity, a reminder of her insignificance in the face of this creature's primal need. Her cries were muffled by the rain, the

forest a silent witness to the brutal union of beast and woman. The creature's eyes gleamed in the moonlight, a silent, feral grin spreading across its face as it began to thrust, each movement sending shockwaves of agony through her body.

The creature's fur, now slick with rain and sweat, melded with her skin as it claimed her, each powerful thrust sending shockwaves through her body, leaving her trembling and violated.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as it claimed her, the rhythm of its hips a merciless piston that stole the very air from her lungs. She felt the ground beneath her tremble with each powerful stroke, the leaves and moss wet with the mix of her tears and sweat.

The pain grew sharper, more intense, as the sasquatch's rage grew with each plunge. It was as if the very earth itself were being torn apart by its relentless drive to breed. The sounds of their bodies colliding filled the clearing, a perverse symphony of brutal passion that echoed through the trees.

Heather's eyes squeezed shut, tears leaking from the corners as she tried to retreat into herself, to find a sanctuary from the horror of her reality. Her mind tried to detach from the pain, to retreat to a place where she could be safe, but it was impossible. Every nerve was on fire, every part of her being screamed for this to end. She could taste the bile rising in her throat, the metallic tang of fear in her mouth. Tears streamed down her face, mixing with the dirt from the forest and the saliva from its mouth. She was trapped in a nightmare she couldn't wake up from.

Yet, even in the depths of her despair, she could feel an unwelcome response building within her—a betrayal of her own flesh that sent a hot, pulsing ache through her core.

The sasquatch's weight crushed her, its hips grinding into hers with a ferocity that was inhuman. The pain was unbearable, a white-hot agony that spread through her core like a wildfire. She screamed, but it was a soundless plea, lost in the vacuum of her own despair. Her eyes searched the sky, the stars a mocking reminder of the vast, indifferent universe that allowed this to happen to her. The only thing she could do was endure, to hold onto the hope that this would be over soon.

Despite the horror, Heather's body began to respond, the pain melding with a primal need that she had never experienced before.

Her body, primal and instinctual, began to react to the creature's rough handling, her inner walls stretching to accommodate its monstrous girth, a traitorous wetness coating the beast's cock as it slammed into her with a ferocity that seemed to shake the very foundations of the world. Her muscles tightened around the creature's cock, and she found herself bucking her hips in time with its movements, her mind screaming for it to stop even as her body begged for more. The sasquatch seemed to sense her involuntary reactions, its pace increasing until she was lost in a nightmare of sensations that transcended pleasure and pain.

The sasquatch's growls grew deeper, more guttural, as it felt her body begin to yield to its will. Each thrust was a declaration of dominance, a claiming that went beyond the physical and into the very essence of her being.

The creature's fur brushed against her skin, leaving goosebumps in its wake, and she could feel the warmth of its breath on her face as it leaned closer. Its teeth grazed her neck, and she felt the sting of its canines puncture the tender flesh. The sudden influx of adrenaline brought her back to the present with a jolt, and she struggled against the powerful hands that held her down. The sasquatch grunted in response, its grip tightening as it plunged even deeper into her. Heather's nails dug into the soft earth, her back arching as it reached a spot within her that no human man ever had. The feeling was exquisite and terrifying, a sensation that seemed to resonate through her very soul.

Its hips slammed into her with a force that sent ripples of agony and arousal through her, the two sensations blurring together into a chaotic storm that threatened to consume her. Heather's fingers dug into the moss beneath her, her nails tearing through the soft layer to find purchase on the cold, unforgiving earth. Her legs, still bound by the creature's grip, quivered with the effort to push it away, but it was as if she were trying to hold back the tide with a single hand.

Each thrust was a new assault, a new violation that stole a piece of her soul. Her body, once a bastion of strength and vitality, was now a battleground, ravaged by this creature's brutal invasion. It was a beast, devoid of any semblance of humanity, taking what it wanted without regard for the life it destroyed. She could feel the warmth of her blood mingling with his sweat, the sticky mess of their unwanted union coating her skin.

Her body was a battleground, torn between the instinct to survive and the undeniable pleasure that was building within her. Her legs, which had been flailing, grew still, the world around her faded to a distant memory, and all that remained was the sasquatch's fur-covered body on top of hers, the heat of its breath, and the relentless pounding that was driving her to the brink of madness.

The rain continued to fall, mixing with her tears and the slickness of her own arousal as the beast took her with a ferocity that seemed to increase with every passing moment. The forest canopy above them became a blur as the creature's movements grew more frenzied, its hips pistoning into her with a force of raw nature. Heather's screams of protest were swallowed by the raindrops, each one a silent cry that dissipated into the vast, uncaring wilderness.

The creature's fur was a chaotic tapestry of sensations—coarse and soft, wet with rain and their mingled sweat, and smelling faintly of musk and pine. It was a scent that was at once repulsive and intoxicating, a scent that seemed to fill her very being. Heather felt the roughness of its fur graze against her sensitive nipples, sending a jolt of pleasure that seemed to shoot straight to her core. Her hands found their way into the fur, clutching fistfuls as if trying to anchor herself to reality.

Her body, so small and fragile in the face of such overwhelming power, began to shudder with the beginnings of an orgasm she never wanted, never asked for—a response that was as instinctual as the beast's need to breed.

The sasquatch's thrusts grew deeper, more demanding, as if it could sense the change in her, as if it knew she was on the brink of something she had never felt before. Its massive hands moved from her thighs to her hips, lifting her slightly to better meet its violent advance. Each impact sent shockwaves through her, the pain now intermingling with a desperate, animalistic need that coiled in her belly like a serpent poised to strike. Heather's fingernails raked the creature's back, leaving shallow furrows in its flesh, but it didn't flinch, didn't slow—it only drove into her harder, faster, its own need now a palpable force that seemed to fill the very air around them.

The sasquatch grunted with each penetration of his monstrous cock a gruesome symphony of lust and dominance. Its eyes never left hers, the sadistic gleam in them taunting her, feeding off her pain. The creature's breath was ragged and hot, its teeth bared in a snarl as he slammed into her over and over again, with its mammoth cock. Her body was no longer her own, a mere vessel for its mating desires. She felt as if she was being torn apart from the inside out, her very essence being ripped away with each sickening push.

The pain was a living entity, consuming her from within, leaving no room for thought or reason. She felt his hand tighten around her neck, his grip cutting off her air as he drove his cock into her with increasing ferocity. His eyes, those cold, empty pools of darkness, bore into her soul, stealing her will to fight. She was nothing but a toy to him, a sexual plaything to be used and discarded. The only

thing she could do was submit to the horror, to let the pain wash over her like a relentless tide.

With every brutal thrust, she felt the fabric of her being unraveling, her spirit fading into the void. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she gagged against his hand, her body desperately seeking escape from the torment. The creature let out a low, guttural sound that sent shivers down her spine. It was in control, and she was utterly powerless.

Her eyes, wide with a mix of horror and an undeniable, primal fascination, searched the creature's face for any sign of mercy, any glimmer of humanity, but found only the cold, unblinking stare of an animal in heat. Rain continued to pelt them both, plastering her hair to her face and turning the clearing into a slick, muddy battleground.

Her nails dug into the dirt, leaving deep grooves as she tried to find purchase, to push him away. Her eyes squeezed shut, but she could still see his monstrous form, a dark shadow looming over her, blocking out any semblance of hope. The metallic taste of fear and desperation coated her tongue as she bit back screams that would never escape.

The world around her grew fuzzy, the pain a never-ending crescendo that threatened to drown her. Each sickening thrust seemed to go on forever, his body a relentless force that she could not fight. He grunted and snarled above her, lost in his own twisted pleasure. Her mind reeled, trying to find some way to survive this, to keep the last shreds of herself intact. But all she felt was the unyielding pressure, the pain that was tearing her apart.

He was like a storm, violent and unpredictable, and she was the ground beneath him, taking the brunt of his fury. Her body was a battlefield, her soul the prize in his sights. Her eyes squeezed shut, she tried to focus on anything but the pain. The cool breeze whispered through the meadow, a sad, sweet caress against her hot, tear-stained cheeks. The scent of crushed flowers and damp earth filled her nostrils, a stark contrast to the stench of the beast and her own fear.

The creature's fur, now matted and heavy with water, clung to her skin, leaving a trail of cold, wet fur in its wake as it pulled back for another brutal plunge. Her large gleaming breasts, bared and exposed, bounced with the force of its thrusts, the tips tingling with cold and the beginnings of something darker, something she didn't dare acknowledge.

The creature's grunts grew louder, more insistent, as it neared its climax. Heather's own body, traitorous and responsive, began to pulse with each powerful stroke, her core clenching and releasing around the intrusion in a desperate attempt to find some semblance of control. The rain had soaked her to the bone, making her skin slick and sensitive, the cold water amplifying every sensation—the roughness of the moss beneath her, the heat of the creature's breath against her neck, the relentless pounding of the beast's cock inside her. The world narrowed to the two of them, to the ancient dance of predator and prey, the storm around them a cacophony that matched the tempest raging within her own body.

The sasquatch's hips slammed into hers with a force that would have been bruising if not for the bed of leaves that cushioned their union. She could feel the creature's muscles rippling above her, the power of its movements a stark reminder of the primal instinct that had taken hold of it. The pain was still there, but it had morphed into something else—a searing, intense pleasure that was building with each thrust. Her body began to betray her, her hips moving in sync with the creature's, her inner walls tightening around it, urging it deeper. She could feel it swelling within her, filling her completely, and she knew that she was close to the precipice.

The creature's movements grew more erratic, his breathing ragged and desperate. His hands



roamed her body, squeezing and pinching with a vicious glee. She felt the heat of his climax building, the culmination of his depravity, and she knew she was reaching the end of her strength. But she couldn't let go. Not yet.

The moment of no return was upon her, the precipice of an orgasm that she had not wanted, but now craved with a fierce, desperate hunger.

Her eyes snapped open, and she stared into the creature's gaze. Heather's own eyes widened in realization, her body responding with a sudden, overwhelming orgasm that sent her spiraling into the dark depths of ecstasy.

Her body, so thoroughly claimed by the beast, was no longer her own—it was a vessel for the sasquatch's seed, a conduit for the continuation of a lineage that predated civilization itself. She felt her muscles tense, her back arch, and her mouth open in a silent scream as the creature's hips slammed into hers one final time, holding her in place as it unleashed its hot, thick semen deep within her womb.

The sasquatch roared in triumph, its grip tightened, nails digging into her flesh, as it emptied itself into her, filling her with a warmth that was as terrifying as it was exhilarating. Its body convulsing, with a final, violent thrust, the sasquatch spilled more of its hot seed inside her, filling her with a warm, sickening liquid that made her stomach churn. Heather felt the warmth flood her. The feeling of his climax was like a knife twisting in her gut, a visceral reminder of the violation she'd suffered. She felt him shudder against her, his grip loosening slightly, and she knew he was done. But it was far from over.

The sasquatch's roar of triumph was a sound that would echo in her nightmares for the rest of her life, a raw, primal shout that seemed to shake the very trees.

Heather's body responded in kind, her own climax ripping through her like a bolt of lightning, leaving her trembling and spent beneath the creature's weight.

The creature's grip on her loosened, and she collapsed onto the makeshift bed, her body trembling with the aftershocks of pleasure and fear.

As the storm began to abate, the sasquatch withdrew, the creature pulled out of her with a wet sound, and she felt the emptiness acutely, almost craving the fullness it had provided, leaving her cold, bruised, and utterly changed.

It hovered over her for a moment, panting heavily, before it too collapsed beside her, the weight of its body pressing her into the ground. Heather lay there, panting and trembling, the sticky warmth of the sasquatch's semen slowly seeping from her violated core. She couldn't believe what had just happened, but the evidence was all too real, coating her thighs and mixing with the blood from her assaulted pussy.

The creature lay there for a moment, its breathing gradually returning to normal. Then, with surprising speed and grace, it stood up, its fur glistening with the sheen of perspiration. It looked down at her, its eyes no longer filled with the hunger that had driven it to claim her so brutally. There was something in its gaze that she couldn't quite place—regret, perhaps? But she knew better than to hope for mercy from a creature of such primal instincts.

The rain had washed the evidence of their coupling from its fur, leaving it gleaming and unblemished, while she lay there, a tattered mess, her body still quivering from the intensity of what had just occurred.



The creature stood, towering over her, and for the first time, she saw the hint of something almost human in its gaze—a flicker of something that might have been satisfaction, or perhaps even a twisted kind of affection.

For a moment, he simply stared at her, his expression a twisted mix of triumph and contempt. With a final, lingering look, and a snarl, it turned and sprinted off disappearing into the shadows of the forest, Heather watched it disappear into the woods, leaving her there, alone and broken, with her shattered dignity and the dawning realization of what had been taken from her.

Her mind racing with a tumult of emotions. She lay on the cold ground, trembling and sobbing, the reality of what had just happened crashing down upon her.

The aftermath was a blur of pain and confusion. Her body, now a battleground for the most primal of instincts, felt both used and alive in a way she had never experienced. The rain, now a gentle patter, seemed to weep for her as she lay there, the forest's silent witness to the unspeakable act that had just transpired. The sasquatch had not only claimed her body but had also left a piece of itself inside her, a legacy she would carry with her, forever entwined with the creature of the woods.

Heather's thoughts swirled in a tornado of fear and disgust, the reality of her situation slowly sinking in. She had been raped by a creature of myth, a beast that should not have been able to touch her, let alone claim her in such a brutal, savage way. Yet, as she lay there, her body still trembling from the onslaught, she couldn't deny the way her inner muscles continued to clench around the emptiness left behind. The creature's seed was a foreign invader, a claim on her very soul that she would never be able to shake.

The silence of the woods grew oppressive, and she became aware of the distant howling that had been a constant backdrop to their coupling. The other sasquatch, drawn by the scent of their mating, had gathered around the clearing, their mournful cries a haunting serenade to the brutal act that had just transpired. Heather's breath caught in her throat as she realized she was not alone.

Trembling, she pushed herself up onto her elbows, her body bruised and battered from the encounter. Her eyes searched the shadows, and she made out the form of a younger sasquatch, its fur a darker, almost black color that made it blend seamlessly into the night. It was smaller than the one that had just raped her, but no less terrifying. Its eyes gleamed with a hunger that mirrored its elder's, and she knew that she was in no condition to fight off another attack.

The young creature approached with a predatory grace, its steps silent on the forest floor. Heather's body stiffened, bracing for the pain that she knew was coming. But as it drew closer, she saw something in its gaze that was different—a curiosity, a hesitation. It reached out a furry hand and gently touched her cheek, and she flinched at the contact, expecting another violent onslaught. Instead, it traced her jawline with a tenderness that seemed almost human. The juxtaposition of the creature's fierce exterior and gentle touch was surreal, and she found herself unable to look away.

The younger sasquatch's touch grew bolder, its hand moving to her chest, caressing her bruised and sensitive breasts. Heather gritted her teeth, trying to push down the moan that threatened to escape her lips. She didn't want to give it the satisfaction of knowing she was responding, but the creature's touch had a strange power over her, igniting a fire in her belly that she had thought was snuffed out by fear. It was as if the creature could sense her inner turmoil, and it grew more insistent, its furry hand sliding down her stomach to the juncture of her thighs.

Her eyes widened in horror as the younger sasquatch leaned in, its nose twitching as it caught the scent of her arousal. It took in a deep breath, its nostrils flaring, and she could feel its hot breath

against her skin. It was a sensation that was at once repulsive and arousing, and she felt the muscles in her abdomen clench in anticipation. The creature's eyes grew dark with lust, and she knew that it was going to claim her, too.

It wasted no time, its large fur-covered erection already standing at attention. The younger sasquatch positioned itself between her legs, its gaze never leaving hers as it began to rub the head of its cock against her swollen folds. Heather bit her lip, the sensation surprisingly erotic despite the fear that still held her in its icy grip. It was as if her body had been hijacked by instinct, responding to the creature's advances even as her mind screamed for her to fight back.

With a grace that belied its size, the younger sasquatch pushed into her with a animalistic grunt, the fur around its member brushing her clit with every stroke. The sensation was overwhelming, and she couldn't help the whimpers that escaped her as the young sasquatch filled her completely. The pain was less intense this time, replaced by a strange, almost welcoming warmth that seemed to emanate from her very core. Each movement sent waves of pleasure rippling through her body, and she felt her walls clench around it, trying to hold onto the feeling.

The creature grunted and growled as it's hips moved with a fluidity that seemed almost hypnotic, its fur gliding against her skin as it took her in a rhythm that was both fierce and gentle. Heather's body, still trembling from the previous encounter, began to respond, her hips rising to meet its every thrust. She felt the blood rushing to her cheeks, the heat of embarrassment mixing with the fire that burned in her loins. Her voluptuous breasts bounced with every impact, the nipples hardening into tight peaks that begged for attention. The sasquatch seemed to notice, it growled in approval, the sound rumbling through her chest, and she felt the vibrations resonate through her bones. Its free hand moving to cup and squeeze, sending bolts of pleasure directly to her core.

The younger sasquatch's cock was smaller but no less potent than its elder's, it was still an impressive size as it hit a spot deep within her that made her toes curl and her eyes roll back in her head. It was as if her body had been made for this, for the brutal, animalistic mating that she had always read about. The creature's fur was a delicious abrasion against her sensitive skin, setting it alight with sensation. Each stroke of his big cock sent sparks of pleasure through her, making her forget the horror of what was happening.

The younger sasquatch's movements grew more urgent, its breath coming in ragged pants as it approached its climax. Heather's own breathing grew erratic, her chest heaving as she felt the beginnings of another orgasm building. She didn't want this, didn't want to be used by this creature, but her body had other plans. The creature's fur was now matted with sweat and juices, and she could feel the sticky mess of their coupling as it slammed its cock into her, filling her over and over.

The creature's fur brushed against her clit with each stroke, sending a jolt of pleasure through her that was almost painful in its intensity. Her nails dug into the creature's back, her legs tightening around its waist as she felt the pressure build. She didn't want to give in to the pleasure, didn't want to enjoy this, but her body had a will of its own. The creature's hand moved from her breast to her throat, gripping it gently but firmly, and she felt the first stirrings of fear mingling with her arousal.

The sasquatch's cock began to swell inside her, stretching her to the point of pain. Heather whimpered, her eyes wide with a mix of fear and something else—desire. The creature's movements grew more deliberate, its cock pushing and retreating, filling her completely before pulling almost all the way out, only to slam back in again. The sensation was like nothing she had ever felt before, a mix of agony and ecstasy that had her teetering on the edge. Her walls clenched around it, trying to keep it inside her, to keep feeling the fullness that seemed to reach the very core of her being.

As the creature neared its peak, its grunting grew louder, its grip on her neck tightened, the pressure increasing until she could feel the throb of her own pulse in her ears. She could feel its cock swelling with the release of its semen building, the pressure within her mounting as it readied to fill her once more. Heather's body responded, her muscles tightening around the creature's shaft, eager for the release that it promised. The sasquatch howled, the sound echoing through the clearing, as it reached its climax, spilling its hot seed deep within her womb. The creature's cock grew even larger, locking them together in an intimate embrace that she knew was not meant for human and beast.

The feeling of the creature's cock inside her and being so completely filled with its cum was overwhelming, and Heather felt her body convulse around the creature, her own orgasm crashing over her like a wave. The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain, and she screamed, the sound muffled by the creature's furry hand still clamped over her mouth. Her eyes squeezed shut, she rode the crest of ecstasy, her body trembling with the force of it. The sasquatch's cock throbbed with each pulse of its release of cum into her womb, sending waves of pleasure that seemed to resonate through her very soul.

The creature's seed filled her, the warmth spreading through her core, a stark contrast to the chill that had settled over her skin. Heather felt her body contract around the swollen cock, trying to draw more of the warmth from the creature's thick member. The sasquatch's hand loosened, and she took a deep, gasping breath, her chest heaving with the effort. The creature's eyes searched hers, and she could see the confusion and curiosity in their depths. It was as if the creature was surprised by her response, by the way her body had eagerly accepted its seed.

Slowly, the younger sasquatch pulled out of her, its cock retreating with a pop that made her wince. The creature pulled away, his breathing ragged and his chest heaving. The sudden emptiness was almost painful, and she felt a trickle of their combined release slip down her thigh. The creature stepped back, its fur-covered member glistening in the moonlight, still partially erect. It studied her for a moment, its breathing still heavy from the exertion. Heather lay there, panting, her body a map of bruises and bite marks that would serve as a constant reminder of this night.

Without a sound, the younger sasquatch turned and disappeared into the woods, leaving her alone once more with the echo of its howl. Heather's legs felt like jelly, her body trembling with the aftershocks of pleasure and fear. She tried to sit up, her muscles protesting the movement, but she managed, her eyes searching the shadows for any sign of the creature. It was gone, leaving only the rustling of leaves in its wake.