

The clearing where we decided to perform the ritual, was pretty nondescript as far as clearings go. Only 20 feet across at best, the mix of elder spruce trees and shrubs creating a dense curtain around us. One side of the clearing is pressed up against the side of a fairly dramatic mountain. The rocky face of it can just be seen through the more sparse sightlines. The shape of the mountain brings a current of air in, and the trees are always gently moving with the breeze. The air smells fresh, and clean, and distinctly of spruce trees. It has a bit of a chill just due to the time of year, but it's comfortable.

The kind of weather that makes you wonder if you need a sweater. Doesn't matter what you pick, you're wrong.

I'm a bit hesitant to be out here, if I'm honest with you. The pandemic has been a bit hard on both of us. You can only fuck so much before the days start to run together, and there's only so many new spots to fuck in our small apartment. It didn't take long for both of us to find some new hobbies to keep ourselves entertained.

So, we did the obvious stuff, right? You remember how I let you tie me up, and torture me with wax, working me over with your hands. Or that time, I forced you to eat me out for a full episode of my favorite show you hate so much. Trying out new positions, and a few new toys...

Well, you know. You were there after all. I still remember that time you came so hard... And most of the times when I came...

Anyway. You were there. I'll spare you

I think things started to get a little hard for me to stomach when, well, the bit of pain play was a lot of fun. Then the harder pain play was, even more fun. But I can get squeamish at some of your more extreme ideas. We've talked about it extensively, so you have always known where my lines are. And I'm so lucky to know you would never, really, hurt me. At least not in a heartbreaking kind of way.

That's why I was willing to give you the benefit of doubt when you brought this idea to the table. I'm painfully, deeply familiar with just how dark some of your fantasies are. I have my own dark fantasies. That's why we work so good in the bedroom, babe. You take as well as you give.

We're both kind of spooky freaks, in the best way though.

So, again, I was a bit hesitant, but I trust you, and I want to make you just as happy as you make me, when you try.

I can't fucking believe you want to watch me fuck an undead beast though.

That was... Frankly, I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. We both watch a lot of hentai, but it's just such an oddly specific thing, you know?

Has to be undead? Yup

Has to be a beast? For sure

Has to... fuck me? Yeah... that's kind of the whole point, babe?

You want to see me ruined, and it's not like you haven't been trying. We've been fucking a lot in the last year, our stamina is stellar. We almost need to take a tolerance break from fucking.

Fat chance, right babe? Almost fatter than your cock... almost... mmmm

What was I talking about again?

Right. The book. Okay. The book is the thing I'm really not into. I understand, I GET it, it's.... "Neat" I guess, but babe, I'm pretty sure it's bound in... humans... you know? It just gives me the worst creeps. I haven't had a good dream since you brought it home... I'm really not trying to be paranoid or ruin your fantasy but, it scares me... And you know I don't scare that easily..

I recognize that gleam in your eye though, and everytime you have had that look, the results have been... fantastic for me, if I'm being honest. We've discovered so many new buttons to press to turn each other on and warm each other up. You wouldn't ask me to do something you didn't think I could handle or at least get some enjoyment from at least. Even if it's just seeing you with that wry satisfied grin...

You're a fucking monster, baby. I love it.

So here we are, in the woods, at night, under the new moon, so it's the darkest I've ever seen when we shut our flashlights off, just to see. After our eyes adjust, we take a moment to appreciate the little chunk of the sky we can see. The stars really do look great when you aren't in the city.

I wasn't really sure what to wear, between the weather and your plans. You told me you would have more of an idea of what you would need from me when we got here, but you're pretty quiet as you flip open the book and start to prepare the space. We brought a bag of items and a couple blankets, because they always come in handy. You take the bag and I take the blankets, finding a small boulder to lean against while I watch you get to work.

I'm trying to keep myself amped up as I see you bring out a large jar of dirt, some candles, some things I don't even recognize. Some very shiny rocks I didn't know we owned. One is carved into the shape of a crow skull and I make a note to take a closer look at it when this is all over.

Part of me quietly hopes it's all... garbage? The book gives me chills and has the weirdest aura to it, and I find myself shaking my head to remind myself I'm being silly. It's just a book. With... a weirdly soft cover, that's always weirdly warm to the touch, and sometimes, feels like it might have a heartbeat?

It might be the darkness getting to me, I'm a bit of a baby when it comes to the dark, and you know that.

The woods have come alive in the short time we have been out here, with the sounds of owls and small mammals. Busy insects have a unique sound if you listen for it at night. I'm listening for them.

And then I hear a strange high pitch, guttural screaming from the darkness as you light the first candle, your setup completed. I feel my blood run cold and a sharp tingle runs up my spine as it rings out. Your head jerks up at the scream too and then you glance at me and smile reassuringly. "Kind of sounds like a bobcat? Huh?"

I have to be honest, with the candle light illuminating you from below in the darkness, you look terrifying. And that look that I can usually find, is different tonight. Hungry in a different kind of way I haven't seen before.

You grin wider and I'm reminded of a wolf from fairy tales. It's not hard to miss, I'm scared. "Babe, don't worry. I'm going to make you something way scarier than a bobcat".

I know, you know that laugh isn't reassuring in any sort of way and I'm suddenly more annoyed with you than afraid. I'm doing this for you. I would think you would at least be grateful. It's a 20 minute walk back to the car in the dark when none of this works and you hopefully get it out of your system. I hate that you're enjoying my uncomfortable responses as you play on my anxieties.

I'm assuming after some hand waving and rough latin, you'll pretend you are the monster you keep threatening me with and this is secretly some messed up setup you cooked up to make it exciting. It wouldn't be the first time and we both know it. I'm excited for you, don't get me wrong. Anytime you set something up, I'm dripping. You're good at keeping me excited, babe.

That's why I tolerated the walk in.

That's why I take my sweater off, too hot by the way, and my comfy lined leggings when you ask me to. The night air is a bit cooler than I expected and my skin prickles under it as I shiver. The hair on the back of my neck has been on end since the animal scream, but I feel myself relax a bit as you slip your hand behind my head to pull me close to kiss me and steal my breath away just a bit. You love doing that.

"Stand in the middle of the circle for me, okay babe?"

I'm a bit distracted from the kiss so I just take a deep breath and then nod and do as I'm told. I'm sure we will be fucking soon enough and I make a mental note to tell you to grab a blanket when it happens. For comfort of course.

The needles from the trees are already digging into the soles of my feet and I know they will rip my back up if it comes to that. Hate the scratched back aftercare if I'm honest. It's hard to wear a nice top when your back is... well... ugh, cringe.

So blanket. For Comfort.

I position myself in the middle of the circle of candles and rocks and dirt and other items? I'm not worried about it. We're finally at the good part and I am ready for it. My cunt is uncomfortable and wet in anticipation and the cold air has made my nipples hard and sensitive while I wait for you.

I wrap my arms around my tits to keep warm while you begin to chant, and from the little latin I know, it doesn't sound like latin.

I want to say it got spooky and scary immediately. How cool would it have been if it was like the movies where the wind rises up and howls and the candles flare. Some real fantasy nerd shit you know? I want to make a joke that you failed your skill roll and only hold it back because you're still very into the chanting and I want you to get the full experience if I'm honest. We've all had that really weird thing that just feels so dumb and foolish.

Remember the pie incident? Sorry, again. My bad.

But I want you to make the most of it. I'm excited for you to come for me once you're done talking.

A more attentive person might have noticed the smell as it crept in from the edges of the clearing, a deep, ground kind of smell, like, a really rich compost. A less stupid person would have noticed how the wind had stopped and the woods slowly became quiet.

Although, the bobcat screams again and I suddenly notice the silence and the earth smell and looking at you, your face has changed in a way that's hard to explain. Malevolent isn't right. Calculated though... like your staring right into everything you lay your eyes on and perceiving it in the most practical of ways. I think I've seen it once or twice while you've set up board games. It's hard to explain.

It's then that I notice the ground outside of the circle is almost writhing. This is another thing that is hard to explain, because, its not the ground so much? It looks like small animals are moving in the grass, like rats, but not rats. Rats make more noise.

With the darkness it's quite hard to see, and the ring of candles makes it even harder for me to see into the darkness. Fucking new moon creepy ass bullshit from a fucking bullshit creepy ass book. I'm trying to remember where you said you got it from.

I feel sick to my stomach and find myself sinking to my knees at the sheer terror of it. I don't feel chilled anymore, probably because my blood is running cold. I watch the scene come together in front of me and let out a low moan of fear as *IT* starts to form.

The... lumps? Mounds? Animals? Things? I don't even know. If I could see better I could

explain better, but anyway, they wriggle across the ground to start to form a shapeless mass. They gather and through the candle light I can see a few more details, but it still doesn't make sense in my mind. I see a deer skull and hunks of fur and bones? Bark? Horns and branches? Some of it looks sludgy and I think if I wasn't so fascinated by the horror of it, I would be sick to my stomach due to the sound of it.

A squelching. That's the only way to describe it. But, there's a lot going on. I'm struggling to take in all the details.

Dumb girl problems.

I'm trapped in the theatre of it all, a bit mesmerized honestly.

You are still chanting, but it's getting softer and there is a familiar light in your eyes again. As the... creature? takes its full form, you finish your chanting and close the book, appraising your work before looking back to me with an excited grin.

I slump on the ground, still in the circle you created and a bit dazed by what I'm looking at. My eyes dart from you to the creature, and I finally start to process what is standing in front of me, beside you.

I want to say it's almost humanoid? In a rough way. It's at least a head taller than you, and a foot wider at the shoulders by my poor, dumb estimate. It's torso is thick, as are its arms. Its hips are... like, he doesn't skip the gym? He's kind of a thick thing in a monster sort of way. The thing that really makes him, almost regal in a way, is that his head is topped with at least three different mismatched sets of antlers in a massive crown that runs down half its back to add to the bulk of its considerable form. It's face itself, is the moose skull, it's wrapped in fur around the edges where it meets the neck and there is a dull purple light deep in the dark hollows of the eyeholes. It has a rough mane of fur around its neck and down its chest, where its hide becomes shorter. As it steps into the candle light, his hooves rustling the needles and ground cover, I can see its hide is patched together from a variety of hides. I don't even want to begin to name them all, but clearly the mane is made of a dense, canine type fur, and the rest of the body seems to be more of a deer pelt.

It's all skins, I realize, patched together to cover it's form. I gasp as I can take in more details, the whole body seems to be patched together in small chunks, but furry nonetheless and from a distance you could never tell. Lucky for me, he steps closer, into the circle and I scramble back a bit before looking over to you, with a shit eating grin on your face. I can see the bulge in your pants from where I am sitting, stunned.

"So, my buddy found this book at a flea market and it has some pretty neat things in it? I, uh, I think this thing is pretty neat? I'm going to call him Monty, I think. Monty Monster. Cute, hey?"

You pause to let me speak, but I just gape and find my eyes darting you to meet yours then back to this thing.

"It's just some low level necromancy, babe. Basically, I used some magic to gather up a bunch of... material? Is that what you would call it? Basically old body parts. I thought it was going to be full limbs though!"

You laugh at the thought and Monty takes another step toward me. I finally break from the fear and let out a low shuddering moan and then take a slow breath in to calm my panic. As fucked up as this all is, I trust you? And you seem ecstatic. I haven't seen this much excitement in your eyes since.. Well.. a couple weeks ago, but that's not the point. When I see it, I know things are about to get messy

As I take the rest of this beast in, you're going on about all the thoughtful considerations you put into the creation of this thing. How he's designed for stamina, and how the antlers give me lots of places to grab onto, if it comes to that. You look really proud of yourself when you describe the intentions you put into designing the cock.

Monty takes another step to me, and I can finally see it in the candle light. It's large. A chungus really, if you will, with a swell part of the way down, in the middle of the shaft. It's awfully long and I cringe internally thinking about how it's going to rearrange my insides. I can't help but register that it's also considerably thicker than anything... Well, I guess a baseball bat is thicker? But not by much. Maybe an inch if that. I can't think of anything to do besides shift onto my knees as Monty finally stands before me, about a foot away, and it finally clicks.

I understand that shit eating grin on your face now.

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