

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 its 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. Weve 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 dont 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...

Youre a fucking monster, baby. I love it.

So here we are, in the woods, at night, under the new moon, so its the darkest Ive 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 youre 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.

I have this bad habit of writing cheques that, it's not that I can't pay them, but, I only really have one form of currency with you, right? I'll have to pay it with my mouth and my pussy and my ass, if we have time. You always make time though... Fuck me and my stupid fucking mouth.

Taking in Monty's cock in a closer view now, I can see his whole shaft is mottled like a horse cock, and looks to have a velvety texture that seems more or less... velvety? In the various patches. The patch lines between the different colours would suggest, if you think about it, that they are from different.... I shudder and close my eyes to force the idea away. It looks... sanitary enough though? And I have a disgusting curiosity to find out how the different patches feel in a variety of ways.

I look up to catch your eyes and you can tell I've finally gotten into it. Ive always talked about the monsterfucking thing, almost as a joke? That's something that is pretty hard to deliver on, but... now there's one in front of me, and I can actually take the idea seriously.

Fuck yes I want to fuck a monster, are you kidding me?

I was imagining if things did go well, you were going to turn all evil and then we would just... not come back. I was pretty sure the whole idea was going to fail. I feel so bad for doubting you now, and I'm happy to put on a show for you, but I'm just a bit more excited to make it really good now, just for you.

I feel a shiver run up my spine as Monty takes that half step closer to me, and then you're beside me, stroking my cheek, and then running your hand into my hair, to get a firm grip on me and smiling at me as I lock eyes with you and open my mouth eagerly.

I let my tongue hang out, unsure how this is about to go, and then my mouth is stuffed, and I'm trying to adjust my jaw a bit wider. I can only stretch so far... and I have a lot more to accommodate, I know. Oh boy, this will be fun...

Monty thrusts the head of his cock slowly into my mouth, giving me a chance to lick at him and adapt to breathing through my nose. Up close he smells earthy and like

the forest and I can smell the trees as well, and you, as you help keep my head steady, taking in the show in front of you. I'm trying to work my lips open further, and I can't help but get a bit lost in the weird textures of the patches. I realize a lot of it feels and tastes like mushrooms, and I consider what it could taste like.

Mushroom is fine. I can work with mushroom.

As the head works in and out of my mouth, my lips pop on the ridge, making a weird smacking noise, and I feel a bit silly, but it feels so good and I'm loving the texture and the pain in my jaw every time he thrusts a little further into my mouth, as the swell starts to stretch my jaw more.

It feels like my jaw could pop, but it doesn't. Luckily, this monster of a cock seems to be a bit softer in general? Which helps when it comes to accommodating him, and when I realize I'm not at risk of needing medical attention, I close my eyes and let my head fall under your control, allowing you to work me up and down the monster shaft as Monty thrusts in a bit of a mindless way.

I moan around it as I get lost in all the sensations and I gasp for breath when you pull me all the way off now and then. I've been trying to focus on opening my throat up, but I'm starting to doubt I can get anywhere close to taking it all. You're already pushing my limit and we both know it.

But we persevere. That's the point isn't it? To find our limits and push them just to figure out where we end?

So we keep going and I keep trying to open my throat further and take him deeper and you're jerking me back and forth, more violently, keeping me pressed down for longer and longer as we work it into me. The drool and froth from my throat and the friction is dripping down my chin and onto my tits and down my chest. When you pull me off, I cough up more, but try to keep it on Monty's cock. No point in wasting good lube.

I've been using my hands for a bit to help me support the shaft but I stray my one hand to you, where I can see your bulge. I rub at you, and try to pull at your waistband.

You slap my hand away, pulling me off Monty's cock, letting me finally stop for a moment, gasping for breath and trying to wipe some of the drool away. But my eyes are filled with a weird lust and you don't even let me clean myself off much before your tongue is in my mouth and we're kissing deeply as Monty looms over us. Waiting.

As we taste each other, you pull me to my feet and pull me close to embrace me.

Your hands work down my body and they feel hot in the chill of the night air and I can feel you warm my skin a bit. I didn't even realize I was so cool.

Then your pushing me away a bit, and pulling me to bend over and your cock is in my mouth now and I'm back into the actions of sucking and licking. I'm familiar with you, and I know all the right things to do, and I get to work.

I've somehow forgotten about Monty entirely.

It's a nasty trick you play on me then. You're slamming into the back of my throat, almost with ease after Monty's package, but you're still more than enough to choke on, and it's when you have me swallowing you deep, that Monty thrusts into me, hard, deep, and roughly. I'm screaming into you and fighting against your hips to get free, the shock of the surprise making me jerk in an instinctive way. The smartest thing to do is to let me scream freely, and you do, gripping my arms to support me as I let out a slightly less ragged scream, but still....

It becomes a sob as Monty backs himself out of me, and then a shriek as he shoves into me again. You're helping me stand and letting me lean into you a bit as I try to accommodate the abomination that's starting to speed up and plow into me. It doesn't take long for me to cum, so full and getting fuller, I squeeze down on the swell of his cock and babble through it, overwhelmed by everything. I can feel clawed hands of some kind on my hips and he's starting to pull me against him as he goes deeper, and you slowly move to pull back from me a bit.

I let out a small moan of fear and cling to you, struggling to keep myself upright and you let me grab onto your hips for support again, and then you're pulling my mouth onto your cock again, and I'm sucking on you, letting out moans and sobs and gasps as I'm thrust between the both of you. My pussy is making the sloppiest wet sounds and at a certain point, I feel myself release and squirt from the brutality of one hard thrust from Monty, and I bury your cock into the back of my throat as I try to hide my face in your pelvis from the ecstasy of it all. I'm making horrible gagging noises though, and it doesn't take long for me to pull off you to cough and gasp for air, moaning as your pet monster keeps thrusting into me at a solid, brutal pace, tearing into me a bit as he goes.

I have tears streaming down my cheeks from the gagging and tear inducing orgasms. As you support me with one arm, you wipe the tears away with the other hand, caressing my cheeks, and you pull my chin up so I can meet your eyes. I sob at the intensity of it and melt into you as another brutal orgasm rips through me. Then you're telling me how hot I look, and how I'm doing such a good job, you knew I would be able to handle it. You say you love the sounds I'm making and you're brushing my hair back from my face before kissing me again, forcing the angle of my body to change and I'm gasping and whining at the new sensations and points of

contact that he's making as he thrusts into me.

It feels like I will be split in two as he keeps jamming into me. It's past the point where I can comfortably stretch to accommodate him without a bit of pain and every thrust is forcing me to let out yelps of pain that turn in to moans of pleasure as he pulls out and the ridge of the head of his cock ribs over all of the most sensitive points in my cunt as I quiver around him, not sure how much more I can take of the brutal assault on my body.

If feels like he might hit my lungs, the cock is rearranging me in such an extreme way.

Sore is... the worst way to describe how I'm going to feel. Maybe... obliterated is closer?

You're still supporting me and holding me tight as I scream out another orgasm, your hands wandering over my tits and body. You make soothing noises as you watch intently, and I let one hand wrap around your cock to stroke you. Maybe it all ends when you cum?

Then Monty is pulling out of me and the intensity of the emptiness makes me moan and drop to my knees again, unable to stop my body from shaking. I'm not sure when I'll be able to feel normal again, the stretching has been so hard on me.

You join me on the ground then, pulling me tight and kissing me hard and passionately before letting me return to gasping from the experience.

Don't get me wrong, I'm feeling amazing. In a torn up, overwhelmed, messy way. My body is covered in sweat, and my pussy feels like its... swampy with the wet. I'm swollen and sensitive from the brutality of it all and I can feel my wet all down my legs and up my ass crack. I would be embarrassed if I wasn't still dealing with an occasional tremor running through my body from the ecstasy of it all.

You caress my head and run your hands down my body, giving me time to collect myself while you comfort my body. The claws of your creation have left some long scratches on my stomach and hips and my back and ass as well. Really big hands, kind of gnarly scratches, I haven't even registered the pain yet. Lucky they haven't drawn blood, more just scratched off the top few layers of skin I suppose.. Like a rug burn, really. You run your fingers over them gently, soothing them.

You get up quickly to grab one of the blankets and then lay it on the ground in front of me before holding a hand out to help me crawl off the forest litter.

The soles of my feet feel ripped up and my knees are feeling roughed up as well. I

cringe a bit as I crawl onto the blanket and give you a tired smile, before letting out a tiny plea as I flop down onto my side.

Have I done everything right, baby?

Are you happy?

Can I be done now, babe? I'm so tired...

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You give me a wicked smile, shaking your head and I let out a moan of desperation as you sit down beside me, setting a water bottle close to me. I grab it immediately and press the cold bottle to my pussy. It's starting to swell a bit and the cold bottle is a shock, but also a bit of relief. I gasp and look back to you, hoping you will tell me what the next step is. It doesn't take long for my eyes to move to Monty as he stands behind you. I'm scared of what's coming next.

You follow my eyes and let out a soft chuckle, then Monty is moving toward us, and around me and then sitting down behind me, so I'm almost cradled in his lap. I can't help but notice his member is still wet and turgid. You're pulling my legs then, so I have to lean back into Monty's lap. My eyes are locked on yours as you climb onto me and then kiss me hard and deep, exploring my mouth and letting me do the same to you. You're pulling my legs apart then, and breaking away from me, that wicked look still in your eyes.

As you get into position, I feel you take the water bottle from my hot, traumatized cunt and motion to ask if I want to drink it. I do, and quickly. My throat feels raw and ragged from all the abuse and screams and the water is a welcomed change. Something about the crisp night air has made it less painful in general, but still. I'm going to be hoarse for the next few days.

Then you're leaning down into my ear, biting at my neck a bit before quietly growling into my ear "Maybe you need to clean up your mess, babe?" and as you pull back a bit, you give a small nod to Monty's cock that's resting just above my shoulder. I nod to you in an eager way and start to lick the monster cock clean slowly and with a commitment to the craft.

I try to roll a bit into a more comfortable position and you're jerking me back to how you had me and I give in to you. I'm a bit busy, love. Have me however you want me.

Which is a sentiment I immediately regret as you shove your cock into my poor swollen pussy and I let out an aching moan into the cock under my tongue.

My pussy lips are cold and a bit numb, so I missed when you tapped me with your cock. Have I mentioned my pussy is throbbing? From the monster cock?

I didn't miss when you glided in though, pushing into my swollen, sopping cunt. I'm so swollen it feels painfully tight and I'm shuddering out another orgasm as you begin to slowly thrust into me. My mouth is busy on Monty's cock, and it will take a while to get him clean so I let out my gasps and whines of bliss and pain out around him, as you drive the pain and bliss deep into me and I'm squirming against you, hoping you will stop moving for a moment so I can just flex around you and feel that deep fullness that's tainted with a sweet, deep pain. When I wrap my legs around your hips and pull you close, you understand and keep still, deep inside me, as I clench and grind onto you. I can feel you flex your cock a couple of times and then I'm cumming again.

I feel your teeth on my neck then and my throat is full of monster cock and I'm gagging a bit as you let out a grunt and growl into my ear, hissing "It's so hot babe. I'm fucking your messy, puffy, pussy and it's so hot." and then your pace goes up a couple beats and it's a whole new round of cock sucking and trying to hold together despite the orgasms that keep hitting to the point of overwhelming me again and I'm shaking, sore mess as you pound into me, growling and telling me all of your most nasty ideas of what else we could do with Monty, seeing as this went so well. And I'm crying out my agreement to everything. I'm not even sure if I caught it all. I almost certainly didn't. But I agree to it all between licking at the massive cock that's ruined me, and gasping as you slam into me over and over again as you ruin me all over again.

It might be when I start screaming for it to end that you finally go over the edge and you're pouring deep into me, our hips pressed together hard as you climax. Your letting out those animalistic noises men make when they cum. And then I let out a small shriek as Monty throws his head back to let out his own bellow.

Perhaps a mental link?

He doesn't cum. And as I reflect back, I'm thankful he didn't. I'm not sure... I don't think it would be appetizing if he did.

But you're cumming inside me and I can feel your cock throb as you shoot in, my pussy doing its best to clench down on you despite the aching, trying to drain you with the suction of my cunt.

You groan into my neck again and then melt down on top of me, kissing me again and showering me with praise as you pull me into your chest and adjust us so you can lean against Monty's massive leg. You're nuzzling into my neck and I can barely focus on everything your saying to me, but I hear that, it was exactly how you dreamed it, and how fucking hot it was, we should have brought a camera.

Something about letting Monty be our own personal cryptid, before I start to you shaking me awake. We're still curled up in between Monty's legs and I realize you had grabbed the blanket to cover us over and we must have slept like that, for the rest of the night.

My cunt is still painfully tender, but I smile and let out a happy moan as you pull me into a tight hug and kiss me on the forehead, then on the lips.

We make a bit of idle chit chat before we finally get up and start to gather our things. As we get ready to leave the clearing, I give you a questioning look and glance at Monty.

You don't need to say a single thing. I can tell from the slow creep of your wolfish smile, this isn't the last time we will see Monty.