

I do not expect you to believe my story--I hardly believe it myself. But whether or not you judge my words to be little more than the result of fear (or even more base emotions), you must heed my warning: *do not go near those woods*. There is no way to describe the thing in there as anything less than a force, primal and monstrous. I can still feel its hunger, reaching out for another taste even after its last feast. And while the voraciousness of the thing fills me with a terror that makes the hand writing this shake uncontrollably, there is another fear; it is one I have tried to ignore, but that I find clawing at my consciousness more and more with each passing hour: Is it ever satisfied?

If you ask someone in the town of Antionette where the dirt road to the north leads, you will have a hard time getting an answer. Some would say it leads nowhere. It's not even a paved road anyway; just a relic from an era long past. As unhelpful as that explanation is, it's not altogether untrue. Some will not say anything about it at all, perhaps because any curiosity they had about its destination is stifled by the sidelong looks that other residents give, as if its existence is something they'd much rather forget. But if you ask the right person they will tell you that the road winds through the hills and trees, through dark places that light can barely touch. Sounds of nature that were once calming seem like the movements of something sinister that you're always too slow to catch a glimpse of, and that the road seems to fight whatever vehicle you take every inch of the way. But if you can beat back the feelings dread that overshadow you further with every passing second, eventually you will arrive in a small village by the name of Prévision.

Tucked away near mountains too old and untouched to have a proper name, Prévision is an anomaly in our modern age. It's almost completely untouched by trappings of the civilized world; phones are few and far between and cars are a rarity, not a luxury. As for electricity? Though a couple larger buildings and more well-to-do citizens have generators, candlelight is much more commonplace. It is a village stuck in the sort of past that many people these days may have forgotten even existed, but oddly enough this does not seem to be by choice. These are not people who hate the modern era. Far from it. Many were quite curious about some of the more technologically advanced items I brought on my visit (even if most became useless to me when I realized I would not have constant access to electricity) and wanted to learn more. And though there was no small amount of confusion present when I've answered locals' questions about the city I hail from, there was never a tone of prejudice against the outside world attached to their inquiries. No, it seemed much more like the modern era had simply never come. Time marched on everywhere but here, the small town stuck (or perhaps, trapped) in the time it was founded. And yet that is not even the oddest part about this place.

The forest road that led to Prévision tested a person's will, there was no doubt about that. There was something about the oppressive loneliness of the place that chipped away at your resolve, and it made me want to turn back towards more familiar places more than once along the way. But despite the gloom that the road was built upon, ultimately it was harmless. There was no difficulty in braving it besides the manifestations of my own mind, even if the road seemed to have a penchant for exacerbating them. The same could not be said for the woods that surrounded the mountains to the north, however.

Whereas people in Antionette wanted to sweep their northern neighbors under the rug, the

woods to the north of Prévision were something the townsfolk seemed terrified to even recognize the existence of in the first place. Any time I asked a question about the forest I was hushed immediately, as if the mere mention of the place would bring a terrible curse down upon us. And though I made no enemies for my place of origin, I made more than my fair share with my relentless questions about forest. The entire town has a powerful fear surrounding the place, but I was taken by an equally powerful curiosity, and I would have my answers. I did not get them from the townspeople who averted their gaze from the forest at every available opportunity, no matter how I asked or how I tried to bribe. So I decided one day that I would simply brave the woods myself to find out what secrets it contained, and why I was so drawn to it. To this day I do not know why I was so adamant about plumbing its depths, but I have a suspicion now, and I hope that I am wrong.

I wanted to get some help exploring the woods when I first decided on my expedition into its depths. I still suspected at the time that for all their caterwauling about the forest some youth must have gone in on a dare at some point, and knew it better than an outsider like me would. In addition, I have no shame in admitting I am not a feline of particularly fearful presence or strong stature. I am but a lanky feline gentleman, definitely on the side of tall, and with quite large paws for hands and feet to boot, but my sandy colored fur and perfectly coifed hair is not in the slightest bit intimidating. The fact that the main style of my clothing is plaid also does not lend itself to physical impressiveness. But the trend of unhelpful townsfolk stayed true, so after a day's worth of planning and amassing supplies, I went into the forest myself.

The trees of the forest reach toward the sky, intent on blocking whatever light they could from entering its dark depths. Entering it from ground level proved just as difficult, since the trees along the edge twist and fit so closely together it took a half an hour of walking along the perimeter before I could find a good point of ingress. The forest seemed just as keen as the locals at keeping me out of it, but I would not be so easily stopped, no matter how much I now wish I could have been.

It is hard, even after all this time I had to think on the experience, to describe the state of the forest from within. The moment I had walked in it felt like I was trapped, stuck in a place completely alien. Though I could reach my hand back through the hole in the trees I had climbed through and feel sunshine upon my paw without any trouble, looking around it seemed all too easy to forget a world outside the forest could even exist. Darkness, darkness was all around me. There were no shafts of light poking through the canopy, or small clearings where the trees' strength had failed. Though it was not pitch-black, the little light that had managed to illuminate the forest depths was weak and dispersed, the atmosphere all too eager to swallow it up. Every direction you looked everything would look the same only a few feet away, the trees sinking into darkness. It was a place that would be very easy to get lost in, but I was prepared, and every time I was about to leave the sight of my last marker another reflective ribbon was tied around the nearest tree I could reach. It was a slow and laborious process, but it was careful, and that was most important.

I do not know at which point I had lost track of my markers. I had been moving so carefully, and was always keeping an eye on the last checkpoint I created, but at some point time and perception seemed to slip away. Perhaps vision of the reflective ribbon was obscured by some trees, or that I got turned around without realizing it; to this day, I am not sure, and more recently I have

suspected more malicious and purposeful sabotage. But no matter the cause, I suddenly found myself unable to locate the last tree I marked. I kept myself calm, at first--I would not let something so trivial wrest control of my faculties away from me. I walked in slow, methodical circles spiralling ever outward from where I started, inspecting every tree carefully, but nothing was to be found. After a half an hour of walking outwards (and then walking a bit of a ways back in as well), the gravity of the situation became inescapable, and my veneer finally started to crack. I had no compass, and due to lack of sunlight there was no good indicator of the compass directions. I couldn't climb up the trees either, not that I didn't try. Without any other good solution, I walked in the direction I surmised to be south, and hoped for the best.

Hours passed in the span of seconds, with each moment spent without clear direction of my exit causing the muscles in my chest to tighten even more. At first, the darkness was oppressive, but easily kept at bay by my unerring confidence. Now, with sweat trickling down my brow and my breathing becoming uneven, I felt it reach out to me. It felt like its touch dragged across any stray limb, trying to yank me into its depths. Not only that, but I had not heard any sounds up until this point, I was sure of it. My ears strained the moment I had entered the thick treeline, just to make sure I would not be snuck up upon so easily. But now, *now*, it felt as if there was noise all around me, perhaps creatures shrouded by the darkness, or even the darkness itself, laughing at the foolish cat who had started to cry out for help. I could not even run in abject terror, the underbrush so thick the best I could do was constantly trip and crawl in whichever direction seemed best.

It was nighttime, it must have been, for it was completely black within the forest. Hidden against a large tree, I pulled out my flashlight, desperate for whatever security its light would provide. I was trying not to use it for the longest time, for even in my mindless scramble to escape I knew its battery power would be a precious resource I should only use when absolutely necessary. But now unable to see even a foot in front of my face, I had no choice. Not that it made a large difference, for the cone of light did not penetrate the darkness so much as it was swallowed up by it. The darkness of the forest trapped everything, and I was starting to truly become afraid that my fate would be no different. Eating an energy bar I had stored in my backpack, I carried on, still unsure of which direction would save me from my fate, but not content to sit still. Every time I did I felt the presence at my back once again, just waiting for that moment of weakness.

My watch and phone died, despite telling me they were both at full battery power before I entered the forest, so even if I knew it was quite late now, I had no idea how long I was in the forest anymore. Nothing looked the same, trees melted into each other even after a few steps away from them. Any time I thought I saw a sign of my own expedition I would be disappointed, the forest eager to destroy any hope I was foolish enough to display. What could I do, where could I go? I tried climbing any trees that seemed to give me purchase, but if the bark itself did not repel me, the canopy was impenetrable, leading to more than a few falls. After a cut across the cheek and a spill that surely bruised bone, I had to give up, limping back through the forest. I didn't have many options in the first place, and now it seemed like they had all run out.

It is hard to say what happened after that last memorable fall. Perhaps everything that came afterwards was a nightmare; I would surely prefer that to be the case. Or maybe I did see something,

did encounter some sort of beast, but sometime during the night lack of rest and the day's fears all mixed with reality into an impenetrable fog, obscuring the true events from me even now. But though I know not what actually happened and what still compels my body (with every new beat of my heart, I swear I can feel it), I do know what I saw and what I felt after another hour of wandering.

I wasn't sure if I was even moving forward anymore, no matter which direction "forward" was. Every time I took a step the scenery seemed completely different, and I couldn't find my own footsteps on the ground I was so sure I just came from. I had become so utterly and completely lost that I felt disoriented, unable to stay on my feet and even pretend to move toward a direction. The forest, the weakening shaft of light from my torch, the darkness, all of it spun around me, closing in. I was panicking, I must have been. My breath was caught in my throat, and my limbs tingled, but maybe the darkness was trying to pull the very air from my lungs too. My hands and knees gave way beneath me, and I remembered seeing a shape move before me before the darkness swallowed the last of the light. Intense fear was the last conscious thought that gripped me, but I am still thankful for that last merciful instance of true rest.

I woke up less than a half an hour later, though how I knew that I did not know. What I also did not know was how I could see the cave walls in front of me, if only just barely. And then, with a sinking realization, came the last question: how did I end up in the cave?

I looked around, but there was no answers, only cave walls. My backpack was gone, as was my flashlight. My clothes weren't entirely present either, more or less torn to shreds. The implications of this did not hit me immediately, but as my hand moved down across my front and I felt bare fur instead, I stiffened. How had I got here, what happened to me? Did I continue on after I fell to the ground, moving but not entirely conscious? It was not an explanation that made a lot of sense, but it was the only thing that made any at the moment. I mused about my situation, using these brief moments of safety to forget about the horrors of the dark forest. As I inspected my clothes again for clues, my hand brushed over my chest, and a little hiss of surprise shot from my nose. There was no cut or wound, thankfully, but my nipples were surprisingly hard and sensitive. As was my member, a fact I was not fully cognizant of at first, but now realize may be the reason for my slowness in coming to grips with my situation. This was even more baffling than my shredded clothes or current location, but at least that could be easily explained. My body behaving oddly in such irrational conditions was understandable, even if modesty made my cheeks flush when I realized my unfounded arousal was quite obvious. At least there was no one around to offend.

Unable to glean any more clues from just sitting there and inspecting myself, I finally began to explore the cave I found myself in. The small passage I awoke in had a sort of comfort to it that I found myself reluctant to leave, at least at first. The ability to see my surroundings, albeit poorly, was a luxury I did not want to go without once again. But I knew I could not stay here, and as nice as it was to have spacial awareness, not knowing where exactly I was was no more pleasant. So I moved along the cave walls carefully and found a corridor to my left, taking slow steps and looking in every direction as I did so. It was slow going, but every step I took made the light in the cave seem a little bit stronger.

I did not have to walk for very far before I reached another larger cave opening, and as I did,

caution was thrown to the wayside. The light in the cave suddenly made much more sense, since my flashlight was apparently still on and pointing in the direction from whence I came. Along with my light, there was my backpack, though it seemed to be in a condition akin to my clothing. Ripped to shreds and barely usable, one arm strap completely torn away. The contents were similarly strewn about. Water bottles, trail mix, and a change of clothes strewn across the cave floor, though they were more or less untouched. A welcome relief, as I was starting to feel hunger pains. Despite not knowing where I was (and most likely still trapped in the forest as well), I afforded myself to smile, if only for a second. Things were not looking as bad as they were a short time ago. Perhaps I would rest here for the night after exploring the cave a little further, and climb whatever hill I was currently inside of to get a better view in the morning. Then maybe I could leave this accursed forest and never return. A sensible plan I was sure, and it not only filled me with confidence, but made me feel a little foolish as well. The fact that I had been so afraid such a short time ago when there was nothing to actually *be* afraid of was filling me with no small amount of embarrassment. The forest was undeniably unnerving, and considering how easily someone could get lost, it's not surprising that it garnered the reputation that it did. But in the end, there was nothing to be afraid of, I thought to myself. I still cling to that last rational thought I had in that cave, as untrue as it may be.

I picked up my flashlight with the intent on exploring the cave back to front to make sure I would be able to rest there safely. As soon as I turned it towards the direction I had not yet explored, I had my answer. Hulking, powerful, indescribable, a mass of flesh and fur laid down before me. I entertained thoughts of running for only the briefest of moments, for no sooner had my light fallen upon its body did the creature begin to stir. Laying down, it looked much bigger than me, but as it stood up it filled the entire cave, and I saw that I was hardly half its size. I felt myself shiver, and no longer just from the cold.

The head shape implied its origin to be canine, but the thing was far too large and bestial to be classified in such a way. To identify it at all via our (obviously lacking) understandings of biology would be foolish. From its mouth came puddles of drool, the sounds of each drip so great they managed to eclipse the great, heaving breath that escaped from the beast's large nose and teeth. Eyes that managed to look hungrier than the salivating mouth dined on my shivering, fearful shape, the gaze almost having a kind of heat to it--Loathed as I am to admit it, had circumstances been different, the sensation would almost be something approaching pleasant. Every time I moved or breathed, those big ears would give a flick. Whether consciously or not, the creature was watching me with an intensity unmatched, and as gripped by fear as I was, I still could see that movement would be useless, if not deadly. Its paws, both the fore and back, were as big as my torso, and both were tipped with hideous claws that flexed every time I had begun to forget my fear of them. The beast was covered in dirty brown-ish black fur from its head to its feet, though as I became cognizant of my own sniffing I realized its odor was far less objectionable than I would expect. To be frank, I found myself snorting it. Finally, and I must admit from shock alone I found my eyes drawn there for far longer than I would care to say, the beast's gonads were just as monstrously large as the rest of it. A pair of testicles (each bigger than my fist, mind you), hung pendulously in their thickly furred sac, swaying back and forth below a sheath so large even while it was unaroused I feared what multitudes may contain. How long I

stood in silence before the beast, I do not know. I wanted desperately to run, to hide, to get away from the thing that licked its chops as it surveyed with the unmistakable eye of a predator. But even a single reflexive twitch from my body elicited a deep and foreboding growl from the beast, and if it was as strong and fast as it looked, I knew there was no hope for outmaneuvering it, especially in so small a space.

Eventually, it moved its hulking mass right toward me, moving so easily despite its size. Every nerve and muscle in my body was so tense I felt as if they could snap at any moment, and despite my awareness of the situation I was in, they did. Seeing that large paw move towards me, I bolted. I began to move in the opposite direction, dropping my backpack and flashlight in the process, anything to let me move faster, fast and away from the thing. But I hardly made a second step before my hopes were crushed, and a paw crashed into my side, knocking me to the ground in a second. I couldn't tell if I had been badly injured, but I must have surely hit my head, for the whole room began to spin, just like it had in the forest. Above me, the creature stood, that insurmountably large ballsac even bigger from the ground--It looked like it alone could smother me. I was moving away again before I even regained feeling in my limbs, but both paws reached toward me, picking me up as though I was nothing more than a doll. I was sure that this was the end, that it would crush my head between its massive jaws, or snap my neck, or subject me to some other manner of hideous destruction. However, his creature's hunger was not so simple. Rather than throw me down its throat or tear apart my head, I was launched face first into its chest. I struggled and yelled, but now I see that as soon as I was against its chest, my fate was sealed.

I do not recall when the sensation first pierced the through the armor of fear I had created for myself. But I remember what it felt like, oh yes. It was warmth, pure and simple. Not that it was just very hot, temperature-wise, or that I had started sweating or something similar; no, this was the very epitome of the word. It was a feeling that blossomed out from my chest, and spread itself throughout every inch of my body. It was not what stopped my initial struggles, surprisingly enough. No, becoming aware of the feeling is what sent me into a state of shock and fascination, too focused on this intense pleasure moving through my body. It felt like sinking into a warm bath, but without the water.

I was still in control of my body at this point, though no longer fully. The warmth from this creature's body moved slowly, but it's arms closed around be in something reminiscent of a hug, and warmth spread from there as well. I could move, I felt myself do so several times (but in ways not so conducive to escape), but whether the warmth made my muscles too limp or simply because I did not *want* to, I did not. I could tell this creature was doing something to me, that it was putting just as much of a hold upon my mind as my body. I did not care. The weight from all the fear I felt for the last day was lifted. All the stress that I endured melted away from the unrelenting tide of warmth. Every breath out pulled more of the tension from my body, pushing it into the furred chest of the creature. Every breath in was deep and rich, spiced up by the creature's scent, and only making me feel heavier. I vaguely remember pulling my head away for a moment, not content to let my entire consciousness be so easily overtaken by the drug that was the creature's presence. But a massive paw quashed any physical rebellion, because soon the warmth was pushing through the back of my head as well, and every breath was nothing more than delivery for more of the creature's musk into my lungs.

The scent was overpowering, and though I hardly noticed it at first, now so close and so constant, it was inescapable. It was so hard to define at first, and my brain was in no position to do any odor sleuthing, but all I could tell that was that it smelled so, so good. It made my arms and legs tingly, and my member, soft a moment ago because I do not find fear particularly arousing, had once again sprung to life. I sank into the beast's chest, or maybe we both sank into the ground. I felt horizontal, but everything was getting hard to define. All that was clear was that I was pressed against the creature, and I would not stop being so. I didn't want to stop being so. It was the center of the universe, and I was a worthless feline orbiting around its powerful, perfect furry form. These were the thoughts that tried to push my own away, though how they took root so fast and so powerfully I cannot say. I was still in control of my body, I was sure of it. Every movement felt purposeful, but if so, why were my hands dragging over its fur? Why was I rubbing my feline face against that thickly furred chest, mewly needily like a kitten? Why, why were my paws cupping those heavy orbs between its legs, bouncing them, enjoying their weight against my body? They pulsed and shifted, and I gasped out in joy. I was out of control, or perhaps in the beast's control, I could deny it no longer. But it felt so good. Safety was my last concern now, I just needed to be here. With this creature, feeling its hot breath washing over my head and the top of my back. I needed it, I need it. I remember a particularly strong shiver as it heaved a great, heavy breath over me, and that is when my body was truly no longer my own. That is also when I no longer cared.

The beast had no language to bark orders at me with, but my body still obeyed its commands. I sat up, much to my own dismay (not that I was really capable of truly feeling any emotion non-euphoric in nature), but was happy to find myself soon seated on a place of incredible warmth. It caressed my backside, slid in between my cheeks. My tail suddenly had a dexterity to it that I had never before been able to coax from the appendage myself, and the slickly furred thing was now caressing the creature's balls. Reaching up to sniff the tip as I write this, yes, yes I can still smell it. Faint but present, days later. Scent and warmth swirled all around me, and now I was fumbling at the shredded remains of my clothes. The beast's compulsion moved my hand's clumsily about, trying to undo the buttons of my shirt, and all I could do was watch, but I did so happily. The only way to truly experience the beast's warmth and all the pleasure that it brought was to be completely vulnerable before it; that was not something I simply knew, but rather a truth that could not be denied. The pants were more difficult. I don't actually remember how exactly they were removed, but soon my entire body dangled nakedly before the beast, and I was much happier for it.

My front was against the creature's again, and I was grinding against its fur (so plush, so thick, my god it felt heavenly) like a hopeless animal. My member was the only part of me not limp or weak, and it felt like all energy there could be in my body was concentrated there. I could only think of, or perhaps with, my dick. Every time the sensitive flesh brushed against the beast's fur I swear I could feel every fiber. I did not think I was the kind of person who created a lot of precum, but the monster's front was sticky and wet almost immediately after my clothes were removed, and those big paws were soon hefting me off. I did not resist, even as it licked its chops and stared me down. How could anyone resist such mind-numbing pleasure? I still see that hungry gaze when I close my eyes--I try not to shiver.

My back was on the ground, but that was alright. The beast's paws were holding down my torso and arms entirely, like a blanket. Their warmth made up for the firmness of the floor. Those paws were so heavy and strong. They were just firm enough to give the most pleasant sensation of pressure upon my upper body. Despite its obviously malicious intentions, the warmth and comfort that the beast provided had me under its power, and there is nowhere I would rather be. No place I would rather have been at the time, I mean. So I assure you that when I began to gasp and wail and squirm, it was from pleasure, and not from further attempts to escape.

And what a pleasure it was. I would have thought that the warmth I felt before was the epitome of relaxation, of release. Perhaps it was, but there was another warmth the beast had to bear, and it was even stronger. I felt the creature's entire muzzle close around my aching crotch, and there was a fire lit within me. Even if I had wanted to move my body a moment ago (And why would I?), I would not have been able to. Warmth soothed and spellbound me, and my body had no strength or energy, save for my genitals. But now energy seemed to spring forth from them, and as the beast sucked greedily at my member I found my body thrusting uncontrollably. It sucked and licked with no grace or subtlety, its huge snout swallowing up able (and sometimes going so far as) to take in the entirety of my crotch into its mouth at once. My member was knocked to and fro by the greedy tongue from inside its wet, hot prison. Though this was not the movements of an experienced and generous lover, it knew exactly what it wanted, and my body did not fight its demand. Back and forth those furred lips would move, the large flat tongue bathing my member in its sticky embrace. It felt like the whole of my member was wrapped up in the beast's tongue at times, constricting and squeezing like a snake. My own large feline snout was constantly on the move as a result, something that sounded like begging escaping it. Though my eyes were often screwed shut, my face never really leaving its expression of pained pleasure, when I opened my eyes, I could see it in the distance, the beast's member, hefting and bouncing. Whether it was actually enjoying itself in a way similar to me I do not know, but with each bounce of its massive girth and furry balls being as hypnotic and arousing as it was, I must wonder if the reason it became so aroused was for no reason other than to help keep me secured in my own excited state.

The thrusting continued for only a half a minute or so before I orgasmed, more cum produced than I ever had before. I could not see it, but I clearly felt it--My member throbbing as jet after jet of cum shot itself onto the creature's waiting tongue. I came and came, all the seed of my loins somehow managing to fill up the beast's hungry maw, swirling around inside for a moment before the sucking began. The creature sucked it all down in a manner reminiscent of a vacuum and more moans, both surprised and pleased, issued from my mouth as waves of hot air and saliva pulled at my twitching penis. I came until my body could not work for the creature's appetite any longer, last little shot of cum plopping on the tip of the creature's snout. Its tongue flicked out in a second, not a drop of my ejaculation wasted. The relaxation that came from the creature's ever present warmth overtook my senses, I was fading, fading into the darkness. There was a smile on my face as sleep slowly constricted my consciousness away. My eyelids could not stay open, and I fell into a deep sleep. For a little over a minute.

I was foolish to think the beast was sated by one taste, but of course its appetite could not be



so easily quelled. My eyes shot open and I looked down in sleepy confusion as I realized that my hips had begun to thrust once more, if in a slightly weaker fashion. It did not hurt, and it was still very pleasurable, but the waves of tiredness from my first orgasm had not disbursed, and my mind was begging me to give in, though my body would not obey. I continued to thrust, though I never once left the beast's moist maw. Its even tongue slid out on occasion to tease at my own balls, surely to coax more of its sustenance from them. Lapping across the tip of my member, dragging along the underside, and constantly swirling around, the tongue would not let me fall from the heights of pleasure for even a moment. My member was sandwiched between the roof of its mouth and its tortuous tongue for a brief moment, the warm pleasure surrounding my member too much. After a few minutes of stimulation, I came again.

Tiredness did not slowly creep over me this time. I sunk into it like I was dropped into luxurious bath, my senses swallowed up in a moment by the peace that it offered. As the top of my head finally fell beneath its surface as well, comfortable, dreamless darkness greeted me. I sank into my place in the universe, where I belonged. But once again, my respite did not last long.

My moans were weak, as was my thrusting this time, but neither compulsion could be resisted. The creature was unrelenting in its pursuit of my fluids, and by then I was afraid it may never stop, even if I had no more to give. It was almost like torture, the creature constantly denying me the rest my mind begged for. The afterglow of the experience push, push, pushed against my mind, but it did not win. It just struggled with the beast's hold, always losing out to my need to give the creature what it wanted, no. Demanded. I had to obey. I had to cum, cum for the beast. Briefly I yanked out by reflex this time, sticky white fluid depositing itself on the bridge of the creature's nose, but after a hungry snarl it dove back onto my member and did not let another drop touch air that wasn't hot from the creature's desire. As my third orgasm was extracted by the creature's vacuous muzzle, I did not slip, whether fast or slow, into sleep. I was dead to the world the moment my member gave its last pitiful shot, and though I was unconscious I savored every second of the release. Those few, precious seconds.

My brain was still confused due to grogginess, but a terrifying sense of familiarity had begun to settle in me as I awoke the third time. I could not even beg it to release me from this pleasurable prison, my mouth was devoted to wanton drooling and breathless moaning. It took so much longer now for the beast to extract its meal from my member, and I thought that surely, I must not have any more to give. But the beast's hunger was so great it overpowered my body's natural workings, and more cum was given, coating the inside of that tremendous mouth.

This continued for hours, I think. It is hard for me to say how long, for it would take longer and longer for me to awaken, and far longer coaxing was needed to milk my member every time. Eventually I stopped thrusting, for there was no strength in me for the creature to summon anymore, even with its hypnotic power. Yet still, there was pleasure. Every orgasm, if weak, gave another wave, the task of offering tribute to the beast controlling me completed. After the umpteenth orgasm I stopped waking up altogether, caught in a reality between the realms of consciousness and sleep, constantly sinking, sinking, but never finally hitting the ground.

The sinking stopped, and stood up. Jumped, rather. I looked around in a stupor, only able to

see outlines in the dimming light of my flashlight. I was naked, I was suddenly cold, and my clothes were nowhere to be seen. My brain had not yet aligned with my body, and I was quite close to wondering aloud where I was. But I froze when I heard the heavy breaths behind me. My ear twitched, every strand of fur standing on end. The night came crashing back with the ferocity of a hurricane, and I could not for the life of me discern whether the sounds behind me were thoughtful movements or just shifting in sleep. I did not dare turn and see the creature, lest I be beckoned back into its grasp. So I ran.

I ran and I never stopped. I did not see the creature from the time that last bit of consciousness left me, and I did not intend to see it again. I tripped and I bumped into trees constantly after I broke forth from the mouth of the cave, but I did not stop the whole time. I could barely see anything, and only when it was no more than a foot in front of me. Sharp pain sparked across each area of my flesh, trying to trick me into giving away my position with yowls of pain, in case the creature was in pursuit. But I ran in silence, enduring the pain and cutting as straight a path as I could forth through the forest. I had no idea where I was headed, but I would not stop, could not stop, until I escaped. I knew there would not be another chance.

I do not know how, but at some point I broke through the barrier of the forest. Morning light from the sun washed over me with a sudden fierceness, and though my still irrational mind feared blindness, I was still able to recognize what the sudden brightness that robbed me of my vision must have meant. But I did not stop running, even then. Blindly stumbling from the forest, tripping and calling out for help, I eventually collapsed in the warm sunlight. Some time later, I awoke in the town's only clinic.

I fear it may be too late for me. Whenever I eat, the scents and tastes of the meal are woefully weak. They carry none of the some power or intoxication that *that* scent had. I am bound tightly in a gown and in covers on the bed, and yet I still shiver. The covers on this bed do not have that perfect thickness. They are itchy and nowhere near soft enough. They do no caress my every inch; they hardly feel like they cover me at all. When I shut my eyes I see the beast's face, licking its chops. I no longer flinch at the sight. In fact, now it is a fight to keep my eyes open, knowing that the visions of that night are trying to pull me back with every heaving, feral movement. And then there is my member, always aching, constantly yearning. No matter how I rub or squeeze, no matter how I try to pleasure myself, I am unsatisfied. My now sagging and bloated balls beg for more, the pinnacle of pleasure. I need warmth.

If you are reading this, I am already gone. I have given myself back to the beast, realizing that I had never truly left its clutches. Its terrible pull has been dragging me back the second I extricated myself, and I can resist no longer. But even though my body will now belong to that wonderful creature, please, please heed my original warning, even as the pleasure overrides my senses. You must not, you must not... I shut my eyes, and see the beast looking back. It's eyes beckon me. Oh, those paws along my chest, I can almost feel them again. That tongue, so large and forceful, taking everything I had and forcing me to make more. A pleasure I could never understand, and that you could never either. *Unless you go to those woods.*