

Hunter Hunted

It was an especially harsh summer harvest for the village folk living near the forested swathes of mountainous terrain that made up the uncharted wilderness beyond whatever mankind had already explored and conquered. With an unnatural cold blowing down from the vast mountaintops above making crop growth impossible alongside the knee high snow that would cake the ground after every night, the settlers were at their wits end, with some contemplating on returning to the safety of land closer to the Empire's capital after being convinced that something clearly didn't want them here.

The first indicator had been the chill and snowfall when there clearly hadn't been any when they'd first come across the fertile land. The second and by far most dangerous of all, had been the disappearances amongst the already small population of villagers. Kidnappers, wild beasts, gone astray in the depths of the forest, many speculations were had about the fate of these missing individuals, but one thing was certainly clear; something knew they were here and it wanted them all gone.

But of course, there was another side in the group that simply believed it all to be coincidence, that if they persevered, they would finally be able to settle and plow the lands for their own. Casting aside the superstitious folk, as they had come to label those who believed otherwise, and their doubts, with a handful of them packing up and making for home, the foolish endeavour of conquering the forces of nature free from their minds.

To those who still remained alongside their families and friends however, the fact still remained that they were sorely in need of food with what little fruits and wheat they had in stock now being rationed amongst their number.

"I've seen boar in the woods over yonder, fat and ripe with meat! If we could get a huntin' party together, we'll be eatin' well tonight!"

Those were the words Timothy, a farmhand, had spoken early on that cold morning with a glimmer of excitement in his eyes rousing the hearts of the other able bodied men that took hope in a steaming slice of meat on their plates that evening.

It didn't take much afterwards to get a small group of volunteers together, armed with swords, axes and spears and geared up in leather militia-esque armor in case something unexpected occurred. Thinking back to the disappearances that still went unresolved. If something or someone thought to sneak up on them, they'd be ready, setting off into the thick daunting grey woods with snow and foliage crunching in their wake as they dragged a heavy sled meant for the haul they hoped to find within the forest.

Unaware of the fate that awaited them all on the other side, and that none of them would ever be able to see the faces of those they left behind...

—

A few hours into the hunt, and the party had already gathered a hefty pile of animals ranging from the fabled boar in Timothy's tales to tender rabbits with which they could skin for warm pelt that could serve well as material for coats. Just a bit more and they'd have enough to keep everyone well fed for the next few weeks.

"Hah! These things make for some fancy trinke—"

That was when the first strike hit the group, silencing the loudmouth midway through his excited remarks about the armband he had fashioned for himself with a chipped tusk from a boar, falling face first onto the forest floor with a strange dart tipped with a radiant flair of multicolored feathers. It didn't take long for the others to break into panic and chaos, with some other guy struggling to lift Timothy's body to safety, unsure if he was still alive or not, before he too is struck with a dart, collapsing under Timothy's weight into a comatose state.

It didn't take long for the amateurs in the group to fall victim to the precise hail of darts with the veterans immediately taking off in the opposite direction they had come from after realizing that the attack was coming from all sides. They had been surrounded for a long time, maybe even from the moment they had set foot here. Add together the fact that most of the men had been left exhausted after chasing down animals and hauling the larger bodies around, and they were in no condition to fight.

While they were busy hunting animals and revelling in the excitement of having something to eat and supplies to utilize deep in the woods, something else had been following them in the shadows with the intent of reminding the hunting party of the dangers that had slipped their mind.

By the time the sun was beginning to crest back over the cruel mountaintops, the pained shouts and panicked cries of the rapidly dwindling ranks in the party as they fell one by one to their unseen foes had already died down, with one last man standing sprinting through the trees and staying relatively calm, pressing his back up against the trunks as he quickly darts from cover to cover, keeping his trusty axe slung on his back with the wicked head serving as cover for his exposed neckline.

A seasoned warrior who had once served in the Empire, *Bertolt* had been a part of the settlers moving out to the frontier with the intent of forgetting his past life of bloodshed and warfare. And he had hope in his heart that the pristine grasslands and overgrown forest untouched by man would be his refuge, free to live as he pleased away from a king that wanted him to shed blood in endless war.

But here he was, on the run from an unknown, unseen enemy with his back against the wall and the hunting party devastated, he had lost track of the other men so he had to assume that he

was the last member alive. Timothy and the rest, he grits his teeth while thinking of them and what he would say to the others back at the village.



Taking one deep breath however, Bertolt stands still behind the trunk of a large tree, holding it in as he listens carefully; nothing. Nothing besides the steady blow of the wind against the foliage, no crack of leaves underfoot or branches being disturbed from up high. Taking the chance, Bertolt slips his head out from cover, inspecting the hillside he had run down from to find no one in pursuit, his comrades nowhere in sight. But this was a wasted trip. If he returned back to the main group without anything to show for it, the loss of the others would've been for nothing.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Bertolt slips out fully into the open before taking to a knee, crawling on his belly back up the hillside with his cape covering his exposed arms and the axe still protecting his neck, praying to the Gods for their blessings as he makes his way toward the abandoned cart the group had been hauling before the attack had scattered them. While he may have been a warrior, guerilla tactics like hiding in the trees and using primitive, yet effective weapons like

blow darts was unfamiliar territory for him. He was used to fighting in the open, weapons drawn against an enemy he could size up, not against shadows.

But he didn't let that hesitation hold him back, crawling on before realising something strange; the bodies of the men weren't there anymore. With their locations ingrained in Bertolt's photographic memory lying empty and spotless with the exception of weapons and gear lying discarded, as if their captors had no interest in anything but the men who wore them. But were they still alive? Incapacitated for torture or worse? He couldn't tell, not with the importance of the task at hand weighing on Bertolt's mind as he crested the hill, peering slowly back to where the cart lay unguarded, its stock lying untouched...

That was when he noticed one of the boars having been moved onto the floor, its hulking mass shifting with the soft sounds of a knife slicing through tough hide, flesh and bone, crawling

around the other side to see a strange individual crouched over on the forest floor, her lean athletic figure covered in oily tanned skin glistening in the dying sunlight, tribal markings of a design he'd never seen before scrawled all over her body.

Most striking of all however, was her hair; done up into a rough ponytail held together by red string and colored a bright cyan green with pointy ears reminiscent of the Elves with fleshy nubs that harkened back to the proud warrior race of Orcs. If Bertolt didn't know better he might've assumed her to be a half-breed of sorts.

But that wasn't what Bertolt was concerned about with his eyes struggling to keep away from the woman's more...appealing aspects, as he watched her dissect the boar with an expressionless look on her face as if she'd done this many times over already.

'What sort of people had their women dressed like harlots in a seditious brothel?' Were the words currently on the warrior's mind as he studied the young girl. She couldn't have been any older than 20 and yet all she had on her was a small strap of cloth for a top and a ridiculous string held up by ropes as they cinched around her sturdy hips while riding up tight between her firm ass cheeks, her privates clearly visible against the fabric with a lush bush of pubes running up the smooth incline beneath her hardened belly.

That was when she immediately rose to full height in the blink of an eye, the chiselled bone blade she had been using to cut apart the animal held tight in her grip, the lean ridge of her nose rising and falling like a dog catching the scent of prey in the wind as she scans her surroundings with those bright orange eyes of hers. Had she detected him? But he hadn't made a noise, he was sure of it.

Despite his own assurances however, Bertolt knew the jig was up the instant the girl's sights landed in his general direction before a wide smile breaks her stern demeanour, almost as if she was happy to see the outsider lying prone on



the ground watching her as she fingers her lips in excitement.

Bertolt was stunned. He barely had enough time to rise to his feet and get his weapon ready before the tribal warrior was upon him, swinging incredibly hard with enough force to send him back a few paces dangerously close toward the edge of the hill. Whatever training she had gone through had made her an extremely capable fighter despite her deceptively stunning body saying otherwise. But perhaps that too was a weapon meant to entice the eyes of her opponent while she went in for the kill.

"ANAN KRAH! KRAH!"

He had no idea what the strange girl was shouting in that gruff voice of hers nor did he know how to respond, and it wasn't as if he actually could with how close her weapon was from separating his head from his body.

But that was when his eyes gazed upon the familiar bangle constructed from rope dangling around her wrist with a shard of a boar's tusks hanging off of it. It was the trinket Timothy had been going on about before he was silenced with a dart to the neck. She had probably taken it off of him as a trophy of sorts.

And as much as he despised attacking a woman, he had no qualms with going after one who didn't seem a lick afraid of being in the heat of battle. And he was sure that if he hesitated, she'd kill him without a second thought just like she had done with Timothy. Pushing back with all his might while letting out a battle cry as his opponent backs away with powerful kicks off the forest floor, her alluring eyes trained solely on him with a wicked glint in them, like a hunter playing with its prey.

Only, it was wishful thinking on Bertolt's part, for no matter how hard he swung or how much he thought he could whittle his opponent down in a battle of attrition, she never seemed to lose steam, crying out excitedly in animalistic screams and whoops as she deflects each blow from Bertolt's axe with her comparatively smaller weapon. Getting a few good hits in that he was sure would get infected if he didn't tend to them soon, considering it was still dripping with animal gore.

A combination of exhaustion, dehydration and blood loss from all the tiny nicks and cuts across his body would soon leave Bertolt on the defensive, no long swinging his axe as he uses both arms to support the heavy weapon, blocking the maddened girl with her strikes becoming harder and harder, the metal of Bertolt's axe screaming in protest.

"HEE HINKA, KRAH!"

With that last fanatical cry, the powerful girl disarms Bertolt with one final swing of her bone blade, smashing apart his weapon with the force of the blow sending the stunned man flying, knocking the air out of him as his back slams against a tree.

Dazed and weary, Bertolt can only lie still as the blurred silhouette of his attacker slips her weapon back into a leather scabbard secured tightly around her shapely thighs before making her way over to him with a sway to her step, giggling excitedly to herself as she crawls to her knees, grunting and presumably cussing in her own tongue as she fiddles with his armor and clothes before resorting to brute strength, simply shredding the heavy pieces of treated leather and firm cloth until he was left naked and humiliated before her.

But his angry gaze only seemed to fan the flames of lust burning in her eyes as he watches her run a sleek tongue over her fat pink lips, landing her firm derriere over his lap before undoing the clasps of her top, discarding the flimsy fabric as she does the same for the tiny strap of cloth around her hips, giggling the moment she catches Bertolt's unflinching gaze run down her nubile body; scouring her pert breasts tipped with hardened nipples and her luscious stomach, beneath which lay a dense forest of dark green hair crowning an eager snatch already leaking a healthy trail of lubricant down his thighs. A hazy cloud in her eyes as her breathing began to grow ragged and harsh, trails of steamy air filling the night sky with her pointy ears wagging like a puppy.

Bertolt didn't need to see further to know she was in heat, and he had been chosen to be her mate through a fight to the death. Except it seemed he had satisfied the unclear conditions needed to bed her with how she seemed much more docile than she had been earlier; screaming for blood with a razor made out of bone in her hands.

Except that erotic look on her face implied she was screaming for something else entirely as she lets out a needy moan, pushing her leaking pussy up against Bertolt's erect member as if she couldn't just mount him herself, wanting him to take the lead as her cocoa brown eyes begin to grow watery with crocodile tears.

'Beating down your partner into submission before getting him to take charge...you people are insane...' But even as he thought those words, his weary arms move to grasp ahold of her firm ass, given they weren't plump and neither was the rest of her muscled physique, but the smoothness of her skin as his rough fingers sank subtly into her firm body was enough to spur him to action, cradling her hips as he holds her up in his arms, feeling her resistance give way as he drops her onto his dick, feeling some resistance from how tight her pussy was before her grunts give way to a pleased scream, tossing her head back with Bertolt's dick now firmly squeezed into her snatch, abdominal muscles squeezing tight for dear life as the tribal girl's body convulsed in ecstasy, looking down at the tantalizing bulge of his member pressing up firmly against her stomach before eyeing the trail of crimson leaking alongside the rest of her juices.

The pair would go at it for what felt like hours, whatever plight or worries they might have had plaguing their minds long forgotten as they simply made out in the heat of the moment. With Bertolt's partner radiating a calming warmth that kept him going, the tired ache in his limbs numbed by the tribal warrior's sweet scent as she bobbed up and down off of Bertolt's member,

milking him for all his worth as he returns the favour, leaning in to nibble on an erect nipple atop her meager bosom, eliciting a cute cry of surprise as she lands a hard punch across his face. Apparently nipple biting wasn't a common practice during sex for these people.

"Nyet! Hunah Fami, Krah!"

Again, he didn't know what the girl was saying so instead, he'd opted to keep going, only for her to wince as she struggled to get to her feet, grunting before letting loose a soft moan with a wet pop between her legs as she finally frees herself off Bertolt's member, leaking a trail of steamy hot spunk from the many loads he had coated her innards with earlier.

It was a strange way to say it, but Bertolt felt that if he died now, he strangely wouldn't have a problem with it. Considering how certain he was that his aggressor had been impregnated by him, a part of him would live on in a way, raised by flea bitten savages in an uncharted part of the world. Closing his eyes as he watched the girl slip on her discarded clothes while making sure whatever was left sloshing away in her womb remained so while redoing her underwear with a goofy grin on her face, running a hand over her belly as if she'd just gotten her fill of a hearty meal..

Before raising her foot high in the air with the heel facing downward, her brown eyes locked on him with no emotional attachment, giving one last good look at her snatch before sending it plummeting down in one swift motion, a dull crack followed by darkness as Bertolt falls unconscious.

—

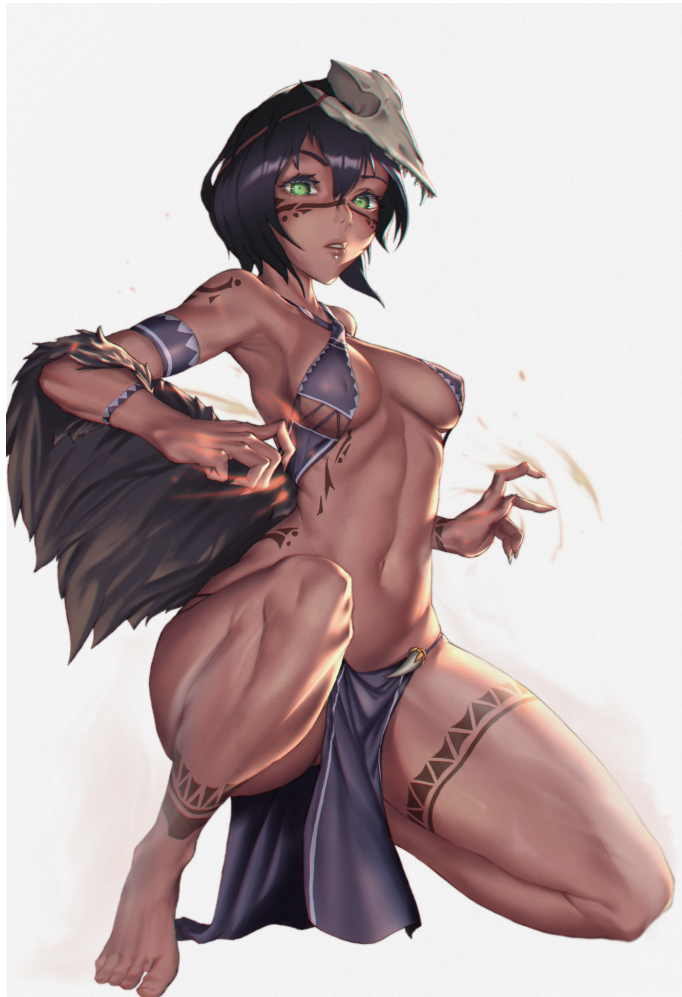
Coming to in a dark cave, the weary warrior awakens to find himself kneeling naked on what looked like a bed of dried twigs and leaves with his arms held up to the sides with firm sturdy rope. The unrelenting heat of twin fires on pedestal serving to warm him from the chill of the night.

He could barely turn his head with the sharp sting running from the top of his cranium down his spine threatening to send him back to sleep again, the bitter stench of what he could only assume to be medicine wafting off his own body telling him that for whatever reason, his captors had treated him of his wounds. Looking down at his bandage wrapped body coated in thick green paste.

Before sudden the shouts and screams of another man yelling his common tongue came bouncing down the rocky walls as if an airtight door somewhere had opened up, eventually seeing a small group consisting of the girl that had assaulted him earlier dragging in one of the other members of the hunting party he had assumed were gone and scattered alongside another, more mature lady dressed in extravagant silk with an impossible growth dangling between her legs, barely hidden by the flowing dress around her hips.

Dying a little on the inside at the idea of a woman sporting a pecker larger than his ever was, Bertolt could only watch in silence with the fatigue preventing him from moving, and it wasn't as if he even could with the sturdy rope holding him down. Helpless to stop them as they shoved the nude beaten body of Williams to the ground; the man he recognised as the ringleader of the hunting party who was at the forefront of the ambush from earlier.

"P-Please let me go! I've got a family back home! I don't wanna be like you! B-Bertolt?! Please! you've gotta-Agh!"



The women didn't give the poor man a chance to finish his sentence as the green haired one with horns stomps down hard on his chest while the other 'well-endowed' tribal who seemed to be the one in charge steps over, withdrawing a strange satchel made out of leaves and mud and shaking it over William, dousing the man in a liberal spray of brown fluids as Bertolt watches in shock when the man's spasming body begins to warp and shift under the hissing flow of the nauseating liquid as beach drop permeates his pale body, dyeing his skin in a familiar brown hue while his flesh and muscle rapidly contorts into new shapes and proportions.

"P-Please no! I..I'm not...n-not..."

By the time the choked cries of William fade away, the familiar sight of Bertolt's friend and fellow huntsman was already halfway gone with the drizzle of transfigurative fluids slowing to a crawl, with the head honcho tossing aside the emptied out satchel before taking a

knee, lifting the former William's head with little regard like a child playing with a toy, inspecting soft cheeks and silky lashes before sticking her tongue down the pouty lips William had been blessed with, forcing emotionless groans and feminine gasps of surprise from the lifeless figure in her arms as she begins to take on more and more of her captors traits; pasty white skin completely covered over in luscious chocolate, the solid physique of a man blended in with the dream figure every woman would envy complete with a pert set of tits and a tight snatch where a girthy cock once was, topped with the alluring visage of an exotic woman staring lifelessly into

her mistresses eyes as lines of drool ran down her cheeks, soft smacking noises emanating from the pair as tongues rolled around inside their mouths, parting with a wet pop as the leader barks orders at her minion, obeying without hesitation as she drags the still body of her new companion over to the middle of the room where bowls of paste were laid out alongside a variety of clothes and accessories.

By the time she was done marking William with her own set of tattoos and symbols along with dressing her up in a skimpy set of clothes made out of what looked like a combination of boar hide and raven feathers, the former leader of the hunting party had been reduced to yet another tribal female as her green eyes blink to life, muttering in that strange new tongue of hers as she rose to a squat while gripping the skull of what looked like an overgrown reptile, placing it firmly over her fluffy head of purple hair. Gazing at Bertolt with a look that told him the man he knew no longer existed beneath the beautiful babe radiating a dangerous aura as he watched her dainty fingers curl into claws, tipped with wicked nails he didn't want to test the capabilities of considering how he had fared against of their number earlier.

"Hmm? Denee Krah? Hah!"

There it was again, that one word consistently used whenever they seemed to speak of Bertolt and the others. From the looks of it, the new tribeswoman that had subsumed Williams seemed to take an advisor role as she walked up to the main lady, whispering something into her ears while keeping an eye on Bertolt. And if appearances decided hierarchy...then William, or whatever she called herself now, would be able to easily beat him down into submission despite lacking her sister's horns and floppy ears. Already looking more than eager to fight with how tense her shoulders were and the constant claw like posture her hands seemed frozen in.

But if these women could transform others into their kind...Bertolt's head begins to feel woozy after making a match with what he had seen earlier, his vision drifting over to Timothy's bangle still hanging off the wrist of the girl he had impregnated earlier who was now eyeing him up with a knowing look. It was because she had killed him before taking it off his corpse, it was because he had become her. A brainwashed, feminized Timothy made to think and act like those who had captured him. Thanking the gods for avoiding the hail of darts from earlier after realizing they might've been laced with that same brown liquid that had transformed William.

Except his thanks wouldn't matter much as he watches their leader approach him, withdrawing yet another satchel from beneath her robes as she stalks slowly up the steps, unable to help a wicked grin splitting her lips as she watches Bertolt struggle to free himself from his bindings to no avail. He knew it was useless, but he wasn't going to go down without a fight.

"Krah, sues dri la..."

Bertolt had ignored her soothing voice as it spoke those alien words, slamming his head down in a headbutt as she drew close, unfazed despite her two new underlings yelling in anger behind her for Bertolt's attack as she held her free hand up to stay their wrath. Showing no signs of

injury despite Bertolt's bruised and bleeding skull as he continues to bludgeon his captor the only way he can.

Until she downs the contents of the satchel in one go, interrupting Bertolt's rabid assault as she maneuvers her flexible body right at the moment where his head snaps downward, planting her warm lips against his as she slips her tongue into his mouth, feeling the cold sweet concoction run down his throat, leaning into her sloppy kiss as Bertolt begins his initiation into the tribe, with skin and flesh rippling under her soft hands and the lips connected to her already covered over in a smooth plump exterior with a coffee brown tint spreading over his face, Bertolt's eyes widen into half open pearls as tendrils of silky smooth hair run down his feminizing face, healing itself of its wounds.

Enraptured by his captors kiss, Bertolt's weary mind gives in to the transformation as a soft pleasant feeling fills his belly, a serpentine trail of cocoa brown skin spreading out and tracing a path through his body where the liquid had run down his throat with his transformation being much more violent and rapid than William and presumably Timothy before him; sculpted limbs slipping free of their bondage before falling limp by his side as bones snap and reform in an instant, a trashing torso bucking before two lovely melons bloom forth from a barren chest, a beauty mark atop her right breast jiggling wildly as wide set hips pop into existence with an audible crunch, forcefully spreading apart fattening legs to give the two onlookers a good view of a proud penis being inverted into a vagina; the large girthy thing floundering like a fish out of water before slipping quickly back into a dripping slit that had widened between her legs, pushing out her flat rear into a hearty ass as a soft moan leaks out from between the two womens lips. Dainty toes twitching in the afterglow of an intense orgasm that rocks the voluptuous tribeswoman that Bertolt had become as her partner separates from her, gently lifting her up in a bridal carry before turning back to the two other women in the room, falling silently to their knees the instant they catch sight of the platinum locks of hair pouring down from the head of their unconscious sister.

"Warriors...we have our Matriarch!"

The barely conscious mind of the bodacious female lying limp in the arms of the strange lady could barely register the fact that she now understood her words clearly, finding it harder and harder to stay awake as she reaches out a weary arm towards the two girls that had once been her friends, wincing abit as she saw them lower their heads further in reverence before her carrier intercepts her hand, gripping it gently and stroking at her palms softly, egging that sense of exhaustion on with how good it felt.

"Easy Matriarch...you will have plenty of time to interact with your subjects later, for now, it is time to rest, sleep so that you may govern with strength!"

She had barely heard the last few words before her mind slipped away completely...

—

A few weeks had passed since the hunting party sent out from the last few remaining settlers at the edge of the Empire's domain had failed to come back. Leaving the grieving families and last few able bodied men no choice but to pack up what little supplies and resources they had left to go back and warn others of their plight and the dangerous forests that lined the border.

But on the other side of the snow-covered capes and frosted over trees where the sun shone brightly over the treetops, a small village consisting of all female tribals called the **Raikans** lived in relative peace, coexisting with the ecosystem around them; taking only what they needed and giving back to the forest that had raised them so.

And ever since their success at chasing away the greedy humans that had encroached upon their land, the people had gained more than a handful of new devotees given form from the remnants of the humans that they had captured. Cleansing their bodies of all impurity and instilling in them a strong desire to give back all they had taken from the forest.

Most surprising of all however, was the tribe's discovery of a Matriarch amongst the humans; potential seeds just waiting to be nurtured into fertile women that would bless them with plentiful children, found only in the purest and just of hearts. And considering how low their natural chances were at having children, it was an occasion worth celebrating as one of the Alpha's in charge of the party responsible for erasing the threat the humans posed broke the news to the rest of the tribe before joining the new Matriarch in the solemn peace of their new hut in preparation of introducing her to the new life that awaited her.

It took awhile, but after a brief fight between their new Matriarch who had awoken with a scream and the Alpha; Reena, she had laid things out for her simply; stating that she was in charge of her while explaining the Raikan's colorful history and the role they both played as members of the tribe, the silver haired beauty had warmed up to the idea, accepting Reena's offer of living a long peaceful life free from corruption and warfare out here amongst her new people. And so began the newly dubbed Elene's first day of living as a Raikan Matriarch.

It was a struggle for Elene, because unlike her converted sisters who had been fully hotwired into their new lives because their old selves could neither take the stress or be trusted their own free will, she still retained fragments of her male self that interfered with her new body's more elegant build, struggling to even walk straight, blushing at the sensation of her own thighs rubbing together while walking around dressed in barely anything at all. Saving her from more grief was the fact that she now seemed incapable of speaking anything besides the language of the Raikan people while giving her an innate understanding of certain phrases and terms.

Fiddling with straps and playing with the multitude of flashy accessories adorning her body, Elene had asked Renee sheepishly for the reason why she had to wear such revealing garbs.

"Sister Reena? D-Do I really have to wear these...clothes? It's so revealing!"

“Matriarchs are our key to our people’s culture, Elene, they wear these garbs to show their interest in obtaining the attention of an Alpha, the sooner you embrace that role, the better!”

But the worst part, at least to Elene, was the sex. Never expecting the day would come where she would find herself on the other side of the bed being rammed into from below as Reena had her way with her, forcing cute squeaks and high pitched cries of pleasure from the Matriarch as she bucked her hips and gripped the wooden struts for support, her brain whitening out everytime Renee’s enormous prick rammed against the entrance to her womb that seemed all the more eager to receive it’s first load of cum.

But Renee, a seasoned Alpha, stopped short of orgasm, claiming to a shocked and exasperated Elene that she wasn’t yet ready as she seemed about ready to brace herself for that hot load that never came, the lips of her snatch squeezing in anticipation. She had never felt such a desire before, but unlike the afterglow of sex as a man, the pang of need within her womb didn’t seem to subside at all.

“B-But why?! I was...so close...”

“You need to mature more Elene...show me how much of a warrior you are, and I will grant you what you desire...or you could simply run to another Alpha, i’m sure they’ll be happy to have you...but if you’re every bit the warrior that Teela tells me you are, then prove it to me!”

“Y-You promise?”

“Mm!”

After that night, Renee had stuck to her words, leaving Elene to fend for herself and not even giving her the slightest look whenever they crossed paths. It had left the Matriarch feeling stressed out and lustfully in need of sex as she continued practicing how best to move in her new body alongside taking up the bow and arrow seeing as how she could no longer swing an axe (*which the Raikans unsurprisingly didn’t have on hand*), before going to sleep at night wracked by terrible aches in her groin that spasmed with the need to feel Renee’s penis tucked up tightly inside of her. Her fingers wouldn’t do, and neither did the polished shaft made of wood she had carved for herself, but they did relieve her of some of that painful lust she built up over the days whenever she got too close or eyed up Renee and that delicious pecker of hers tenting her skirt.

It didn’t take long for word of Elene’s feats to spread amongst the people as she took part in hunting parties and gathering squads, even participating once in yet another hunt against the humans that had returned once more, demonstrating her prowess in battle as Bertolt the warrior that had survived within her. And along with that fame came unnecessary attention when one of the other Alpha’s and Reena’s rival; Illane, had confronted her one day,

“What’s Renee’s dog doing running around without her leash on? A Matriarch stays in bed, that’s the way it should be! You’re already leaking down there aren’t you girl? Come with me, and I’ll treat you better than that poor sack!”

And she wasn’t wrong either, for every second Elene stood there, the urge to crawl to her knees and beg for Illane to fuck her was beginning to overpower her mind, hazy green eyes struggling to resist her Matriarchal urges with her nipples erect and begging to be pinched, the passageway in her belly clenching in need with trickles of lubricant already running down her smooth thighs as she struggled to fight the overwhelming urge to accept Illane as her new Alpha. For while she had trained herself physically, her mental fortitude was in question.

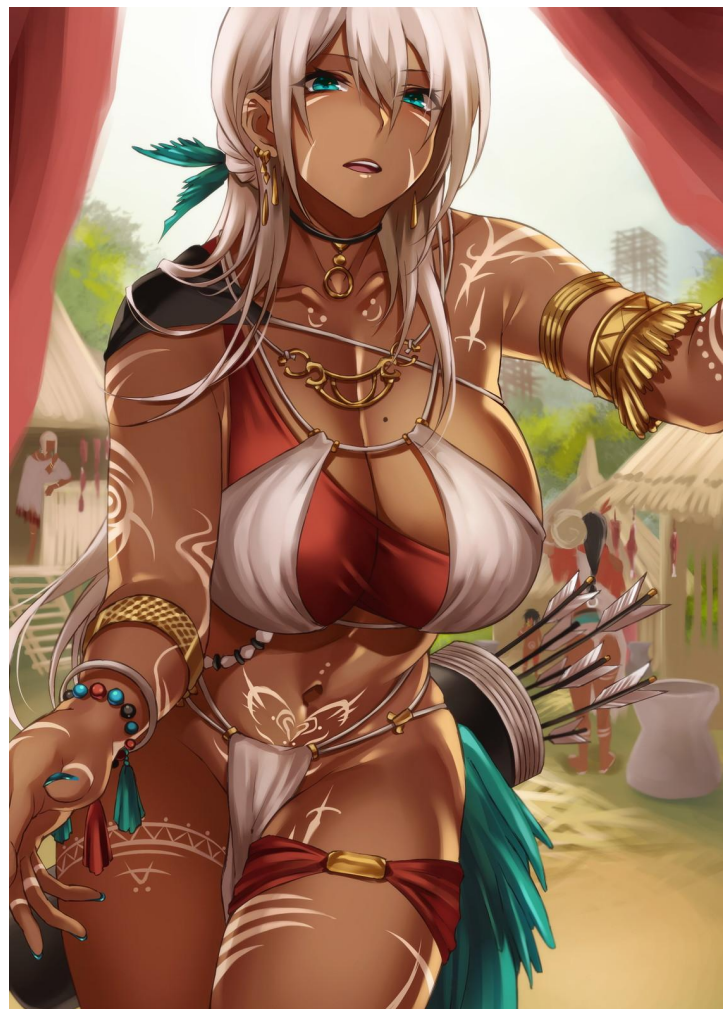
But she still had a promise to keep, and a loveable face to punch once she had done so. Although she only knew Illane for a few days, Elene had every intention to do more once she had reunited with her in coitus. And so, with clenched fists tightening into a ball with her knuckles going white, Elene twists her body in that same practiced maneuver she had seen Teela, formerly Timothy, do to her, enticing the prude Alpha with a show of her leaking snatch before slamming down hard on her skull with the heel of her foot. Pushing off the momentum to send herself flying before landing with all her might on Illane’s head, plating it firmly into the mud.

With weeks of running across the forest floor, Elene’s legs were lined with more muscle than most Alpha’s in the village, and that had been what gave her the extra oomph needed to send Illane to dreamland, at least for the moment.

Wasting no time as she spots a familiar face retreating back into her hut, Elene stomps over towards her target, leaving the stunned crowd of Raikan’s behind as she pushes open the curtain leading inside. The familiar figure of Reena already seated and ready on the bed with a smile on her face.

“Sister Reena! I’ve kept my word...now do your part and fuck me!”

“Oh you’ve done more than that dear! A Matriarch taking down an



Alpha? Goddess! Illane will be ashamed for years to come! Now come to me my love, you've more than proven yourself!"

It was said by the Raikan's that the moans of the new Matriarch never ceased for even a second on that day, remaining locked in coitus together for five whole days before Elene had emerged from the tent pregnant in the arms of Renee with the intent of remaining together from then on, an unusual custom taken from the person she once was, bearing many lively children that took after their mother's vigor and their father's wise benevolence for years to come.

And through it all, it was said that the couple never once broke their smiles when in each other's company, bringing joy to the Raikan's and becoming a proud staple in their people's history

In a way; Elene's dream had come true, and she now had a family to care for in a tiny world free of war and bloodshed, far from civilization. But she was happy, and to her, that was all she needed...

THE END