

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

It had always been this way. Even as a young girl, the night was the most comfortable, the most welcoming time of all. Its air was coolest, its smells were cleanest, its shadows were most intriguing. She loved the sound of all the animals scurrying about trying to survive, searching for mates, or just hurrying along on their unknown paths. When the moon was out, the light seemed beautiful, making lovely shades of dark gold in the forests. Even the rain caused a smell that excited her from her earliest memories.

When she first became a woman, the streams were the only water that could make her feel clean after her blood had slipped out of her body. Even the coldest mountain springs never chilled her, but rather stimulated her whole nervous system. Lying on the pine needles or leaves of the forest in the dark had always been her favorite bed. She never feared even the wildest animals, and they seemed to sense her kinship. The stars made her want to reach out for them in their density. The breeze was always the most exciting caress her skin could feel. The brush of leaves against her skin in the forest, or the rasp of sand on her feet in the desert all made her sure that there was perfection in the world.

She had always hunted for game. When she was only five, she caught a young rabbit. She had seen the cats eat the little animals, but couldn't bring herself to kill it, so she released it. Her father had taught her to hunt when she was barely eight, using a little twenty two rifle. She shot a racoon with her first bullet, and from then on drew praise from the older men who watched her skill at tracking, and at killing. It pleased her dad greatly.

She saw the men killing for the sake of it, but never felt the pleasure they seemed to get from such sport. From the beginning, she would eat whatever she killed. If she could not eat it, she would not hunt for it. She learned to cook early as a result, quickly gaining the skill to gut and skin the animals and birds so plentiful then. She would always eat the least cooked portions of the roasted carcasses, and was sure she could manage raw flesh if necessary. Whatever social mores kept most people from reflecting their savage roots, she never acquired.

Her face and body had always seemed to suit her character. Her hair was a tawny auburn, and curled freely. She had dark and prominent eyebrows, which made her large eyes seem wild. Her wide mouth and full lips gave her a fierce appearance from her youth. It was a beautiful face, but feral, seeming to reflect a savage nature. In truth, that was nearly accurate. She would have felt at home in the indian tribes that once inhabited Arizona.

She had always been strong. Living with her parents in the ranch at the foot of the mountains, she had loved doing the work of raising the horses, and feeding the livestock. As a result, her shoulders were broad and well developed, and she would have been described as chunky had there been the slightest bit of fat on her body. Strangely, she never developed an interest in riding, preferring to hike, and as she got older, to run through the desert and up the mountain trails. Her long legs were powerful with the physical exertion she enjoyed. She was a little too muscular to be described as having a good figure in the conventional sense, but she never cared.

Her mother had taken her to Phoenix when she was twelve and tried to make her feminine. They had cut her hair, straightened it, dressed her in dainty skirts and blouses, and bound her feet into heeled shoes. She had left the local high school and spent two months in the best finishing school available. She had tried, but one night during a thunderstorm, she had slipped out a window and walked out into the desert, knowing they would not look for her there. She stayed in the paths of sand heading

for home, spending three days. When she arrived, pleading to never return to the ballrooms, etiquette classes, and formal dining, her mother had taken one look at her tanned face and stubborn posture, and said to her father "Well, she's your child. It's your decision."

Her father had smiled at her, remembering the police who feared for her when she was not found quickly, knowing they did not know his not-so-little girl very well. She was not the least tired from her long walk, and he had never really been worried about her ability to take care of herself. "I don't think we're going to make a lady of you, Merry. Maybe we can make you a rancher, though." She always remembered that wish of his, and even after the accident which only his mother survived, and she sold the ranch, Merry studied husbandry in college.

As she stood in her stepfather's garden, the night comforted her sense of loss at the death of her mother. She was a year short of graduating, but didn't really feel she would miss it, and had gone to college mostly to satisfy her parent anyway. She thought she could probably get a job at the dude ranch where she had spent her summer vacations, and being in the mountains, she thought it would be a better life than the cold classrooms. She would have liked a little more freedom, but reality was intruding as it had six years ago.

She had blossomed into a spectacular looking woman, if unconventional in both dress and appearance. Her breasts had developed quickly at thirteen, and were always firm, with small, prominent nipples. She had run cross country throughout her adolescence. As a result, her compact, muscular body had simply acquired the curves which maturity brought, while retaining the tawny slimness of her youth. Her face was still the same, pretty but fierce. Her hair fell almost to her waist now, and she tied it into a loose ponytail. It still framed her face. She was a little short for the breadth of her shoulders. She was no cheerleader, but had always gotten plenty of attention from boys. She had made love freely from an early age, and was a demanding lover, insisting that boys give her pleasure when she slept with them. Her attitude toward sex was based on her experience with animals, and she never worried about gossip about her wild sensuality, knowing that the few boys who had been able to please her were just as fulfilled themselves.

The news about her mother had come this afternoon, and she had come here immediately. Her stepfather was devastated, having devoted himself to her, though Merry thought that mother had never really gotten over her dad. He was a wealthy man, but soft in his soul, and he had needed her mother's certainty. Merry liked him, but couldn't help comparing him to her memory of her father. He had discussed funeral arrangement sat dinner, and then gone upstairs to his room. Neither of his sons had gotten here yet, because they were both back east.

Though they had not been close, she would miss her mother. On the rare occasions when she had been uncertain of her feelings, or about how to act with boys, the rather regal lady had always been able to help, mostly by listening. They were vastly different people, but as her only parent, mother had tried to fill in for Dad. Merry felt she had gotten through her teenage years without any damage, and supposed that was all she could ask of her parents. Nonetheless, her heart was heavy.

"Meredith." It was her stepfather. "Yes sir." "Couldn't you call me David, or Father Morris, or something besides sir? I understand I'm just your step dad, but I'd like you to rely on me if ever you should need something." "Do you mind David? It suits you." What did she mean by that, he wondered. "That would be fine, Meredith. I was sitting upstairs feeling sorry for myself, and saw you standing here. I realized that I'm so lost in my own hurt I wasn't much solace to you. Plus there are some things about your mother's will you should know. ""David, I guess I just have to work out my grief in my own mind, and you shouldn't worry about me. My parents made me my own person, don't you think?"

Understatement of the decade, he mused. She was fiercely independent, to the point where it had worried her mother. "She's always been her father's child, Dave. Like a cowboy. I wish she could bring herself to share more of her thoughts with me. But part of me is so proud of herself confidence." She had never realized how sexy Meredith was, and how many men would rush to help her if they got the chance.

"Meredith, you're going to end up very well off in a financial sense. The proceeds from the ranch were in the market the last six years, and the fund has ended up doing better than anyone could have dreamed. I know money's not all that important to you, but it will permit you to be independent, and I think that is something you care about. Still, you have to decide what to do with your life. Your mother bought a cabin on two hundred acres up the mountain from your old ranch, and she wanted you to have that too. She was going to give it to you when you turned twenty one, as a surprise." Merry was the kind of woman who looked straight in your eyes when you talked to her, and he often thought she could read his mind. It was disconcerting, and a couple of his friends had admitted to him that she had shocked them with her candor at cocktail parties. They always blushed, and he guessed they had been secretly lusting for her. She had probably burst their bubbles. It was going to take someone special to handle her, he thought.

"Meredith, I know you don't need me. But I would hope you see that I want to help you as a sort of memory of your mother. So please don't exclude me from your life." She heard his voice choke, and took his hand. There was nothing she could say to relieve his sense of loss. But it was a relief to know that she would not have to make any quick decisions over money, and she thought she knew which property he was talking about.

It had been built by an architect as a second home, part of her Dad's original homestead. It was deep in the woods, and in a great setting. She had never been inside. It seemed to her it was near a stream, and had several rooms. She remembered passing it when she hiked, and thinking about what a great place to live it would be. There wasn't another house within twenty miles. Mother had known her better than she realized.

They stood quietly for a few minutes. She sensed his need for some response from her. "David, thank you for the good news. You were a good husband." She saw him wince, and hugged him as his breathing rasped. "I'll go up to visit the cabin as soon as the funeral is over. I think I know the place. It'll be perfect for me." He pulled away, and kissed her cheek wordlessly. Then she was alone again. But not lonely, for the night was around her.

Three days later, she pulled into the glade after two hours of driving, the last thirty minutes over a dirt road. The funeral had been at two, and she had left immediately afterwards. When she had told David she was going, his oldest son had leered "Why not stay, Merry. We haven't spent any time together." She had looked at him and answered "That's a game you're not ready for, Jack." His Dad had chuckled. No Yalie studs for her, he thought.

The house was rundown. It was two levels, one facing south, the other east. Glass walls gave clear views of the valley on one side, and the stream one hundred yards away on the other. She saw several spots on the roof where the tiles had blown off, and one gutter was hanging loose at the back. The wood siding had held up well, though. She didn't see any broken glass. Hefting two of the bags of groceries she had brought, she unlocked the front door.

Dust covered everything, but she had expected that. What pleased her was the view of the woods from the large living room to her left as she entered. There was a sectional sofa arranged to take advantage of it. She put the bags on the counter of the small kitchen to her right, then climbed the wide steps to the upstairs where a study with wide doors, and the master bedroom, faced behind her

to the desert. She opened the sliding glass door of the study, and a similar one in the bedroom. A king size mattress without bedding faced the windows. The view through the dirty glass was magnificent. The house was warm from the afternoon sun. She pulled off her light blazer. As she stood gazing at the desert in the distance, a sense of both isolation and freedom overwhelmed her.

She let her memories surface in her mind. Her father's strong physicality, her mother's conventional opinions, her own love of natural life. She loved animals in a way that she realized in college few others could. Their simple goals kept the pangs of self doubt from clouding their single minded search for simple pleasures. She had always resented civilized restrictions on her impulses. She had seen those often conflicting rules cause unhappiness in almost everyone she had met.

She had been fortunate to have her love of basics. Clothes were one of civilizations great enslavers. The frivolity of so many people's devotion to wearing "just the right thing" had amused her, but was another cause of her rejection of convention. Here, alone, in her own place, she should be able to make her own rules. Merry stripped off her shirt and jeans. Her white bra and brief panties were plenty. There was no one around to force her to cover her skin.

Downstairs, she opened both doors facing the woods, and felt air begin to move with the cross ventilation. Perfect, she mused. She could almost feel her skin's pores open. The thermostat had a cool as well as a heat setting, but she didn't turn either on. The musky smell was clearing out fast. She put the food away, pleased that the refrigerator started running as soon as she turned it on. She kicked off her shoes, and went back out to the car to get the last bag of groceries and blanket from the trunk. A startled deer ran away as she slammed the door. Oh what a wonderful setting, she thought.

She drank a beer and ate a sandwich as the sun slowly faded. She puttered around, dusting with rags she had found under the kitchen sink. I can scrub it all tomorrow, she decided. She wanted to luxuriate in her new home. Away from the maddening drone of cars, motors, TV, idle chatter about nothing. Alone with herself, and the comfort of the coming night. If someone had been watching, her gloriously voluptuous body in the light cotton underwear moving languidly around the house would have started a riot.

As the sun slid down, the shadows in the trees came alive. The sounds began to reach her, like a symphony. It had been too long since she had enjoyed this song. She turned no lights on, finding her eyes easily adjusting, and besides there was a moon. I'll need sheets, a broom, a mop, a bucket, and towels. Shit. No hot water and she had no idea where the tank was. Then she smiled. I have my stream. She got another beer out of the fridge.

By the time she had finished it, darkness had settled on the glade. Bright stars showed through the tops of the trees, and the moon's indirect light made a gorgeous scene outside the plate glass. I'm going to make them so clean that nothing will interfere with my view, she resolved. She felt no boredom, just the comfort of her surroundings, but she was a little bushed from the long day. She had found a ratty towel under the sink, and she picked it up and started to go outside.» Why bother with my bra and panties" she whispered to herself.

She reached behind her back to unstrap the binding cotton top. Her breasts hardly settled, but rounded out, the small, sensitive aureolapuckering. Her nipples seemed to harden with their freedom. Boys had always gone nuts for her tits, and she was always willing to have them suckle her, because they seemed connected to her pussy. She stripped off the panties, rubbing the untrimmed mass of pubic hair in a large triangle between her muscular legs. She dipped her hand into the furry slit briefly, feeling the nerves respond to her nudity. "This feels so good, so free" she murmured. "Might as well talk to myself, there's no one else. I don't want anyone else."

Walking out the door, her bare feet welcoming the feel of grass and earth, her skin coming alive with the night air, she felt a little thrill at her nakedness. She realized this was the first time she had ever felt she could do more than stand nude on a balcony outside. It was almost sexual, as though the night was caressing her, stimulating her cuntal passage, sucking her breasts. She walked slowly into the grove of trees between the house and the stream. Now the ground was covered with leaves, but was easy to walk on. She let a few low leaves touch her, again feeling a tingle in her groin. She reached behind her head and pulled the elastic band which held her ponytail in place. Her hair immediately spread out, brushing at her waist. It spread almost to the width of her shoulders, covering her back. Completely nude, she thought "Look at me, don't you like my body?" A little gust of wind seemed to answer "Yes".

She came to the shallow water gurgling lazily down the hill. A couple of rocks made little eddies that she could see reflecting the moonlight. As she waded in, the cold water thrilled her as it always had, awakening her senses. She waded to a deep spot, and sank to her back, then ducked her head under, wiping her face of the city's grime, running her fingers through her hair. The water felt incredibly erotic, so cold it was jangling her nerve ends. She massaged her titties, feeling the thrills radiating to her pussy, the nipples stiffened, the flesh tingling. Then she put both hands to her mound, jutting prominently out from her hips. Her labia were fat and large. Boys who got that far had always commented on what a sexy twat she had.

As she rubbed herself, she realized how turned on she had become, and a finger found her clitoris. It was also large, and she had never hesitated to masturbate, lacking any acceptance of society's efforts to stigmatize such pleasure. It also kept her from being a slave to men and their cocks. Her two index fingers went inside the heavy lips, and pinched together on the little nub. A jolt went through her, and she squeezed again. "Ummmm, fuck me, night." Another gust of wind. She climbed out of the stream, and towed off, then lay on the matted leaves and began rubbing her hand up and down her slit, frictioning the love button hard. Then two fingers from her other hand dived in her hole, expanding it and making her clit jingle deliciously. "Aaagh, uumph, fuck."

She was out in the open, completely alone, and that added to the excitement she was causing in her cunt. She kept raising herself higher, celebrating her new home, her solitude, the sexy night. A light breeze kept her skin cool and alive, in her fevered mind the touch of the dark night air. She let herself cum, her cream gushing over her hand. She could smell the musk from it, and the thrills that shot through her body made her breathing heavy. She kept her fingers pulsing inside her, causing wave after wave of orgasm. A few boys had gotten her off better than her hand, but not many. She knew it was supposed to be best with another, but relied on her experience as in all things, and knew that only someone special could improve on this. She arched her hips and grinned at her pleasure.

Just as she began to come down, she heard a rustle in the woods, and a pair of yellow eyes appeared in the edge of the trees. She focused and saw a large grey wolf, red tongue hanging out, watching her intently. She had never been this close to one before, but felt no fear. If anything, his intense stare made her cunt tingle. She rolled over and got on her hands and knees, assuming his posture. How did she know it was a he, she wondered. But she was sure.

She listened for the low growl that might signal fear or anger, but heard only his rapid panting. Her breath was coming almost as fast from her climax, and the excitement of his nearness. Did he have a pack? Was it near here? She couldn't very well ask. The best thing to do was wait and not threaten. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders, starting to dry. Incredibly, she could feel cream leaking from her cunt. The wolf sniffed several times, still staring at her. Could he be smelling me creaming, she wondered. What an exciting thought.

A loud crack of a twig snapping broke the spell, and he turned and ran into the woods, up the mountain. The snap had come from behind her. She rose and faced that way, but heard only retreating shuffles. It sounded like a fox or a raccoon. There weren't any bears this far down, and she wondered why the wolf would have been frightened. Maybe just surprise.

She went back to the stream, staying longer, luxuriating in the cold water's touch. It was so sensually awakening, this whole sense of nakedness, of living in the forest, of returning to her primitive, animal roots. She wasn't the least bit tired now, and realized she felt like a run. She wondered if her old path was still there. Toweling off again, she walked back toward the house, and then to her right, searching for the worn trail through the brush. There it was, and didn't seem to be overgrown, as if it had been used. She tossed the towel back to the edge of the glade, and began to jog.

The path was easy to follow, and she knew it turned back about a mile from here. Her tits bounced as she ran, but she pulled her shoulders back, keeping the pert globes reasonably still. The friction of her thighs worked her pussy, but after ten minutes, she felt the high she always got from her pumping heart, and shook her head with pleasure. Her hair tossed about wildly, and she felt like a creature of the woods. She increased her pace, gasping with the exertion, but feeling the chemicals from her brain stimulating her. The liberating exercise was making her pussy cream, but she ran on, feeling an occasional pinch on her feet from needles or something on the trail. Before long, she would develop callus to make this easier. The two miles ended too quickly, and she vowed to explore for a longer track to use.

Merry ended up on the other side of her house, and could see the shape of it as she slowed to a walk, breathing hard, sweating a little, but enjoying the strain in her muscles, and the tautness of her whole body. She retrieved the towel, and returned to the stream, bathing once again. No wolf. Tiredness was now seeping into her, and she walked the hundred yards to home. She had hardly pulled the blanket over her bare skin when she was asleep.

Merry woke late, and spent the day in a trip to the store at the foot of the mountain, buying the various things she needed, then cleaning the house thoroughly. She finished about four, and took a nap. When she awakened, the first hint of night was starting, and she pulled off her shorts and halter. "Naked again" she marveled. She had talked quietly to herself all day, commenting on the pattern of dirt, muttering at the water heater, spending an hour making the plate glass windows sparkle, enjoying making an omelet for lunch. She felt at peace in a way she never had before. Anything seemed possible.

She decided to go for a long walk before dinner, using the light that was left to explore the area. She found several other trails, all looking used, but not recently. She was expert enough to be able to read any sign of humans, and there was none. Up the hill, she found an expanse of meadow that she thought was part of her property. Wolf spore hinted at a small pack. As she stood at the edge of the grassy field, she wondered if there were any eyes on her. She felt there were. Her nude body arched unconsciously, displaying herself wantonly. She squatted and peed on the trail toward home, marking her space. As she walked through the darkening forest, she saw a rabbit break cover and head unthinkingly into deeper brush. "Bad move" she whispered.

She began to track it, picking up a large stone from the edge of the path. It tried to hide in a hollowed tree, but she caught it just as it realized she had seen it, and she leaped on it, striking its head with the stone. She twisted its unconscious neck, killing it instantly. Carrying it home, she slit its throat and gutted it in the stream, then hung it by the back legs so the blood would drain. Some of the bloodstained her hands, and she licked it off. The taste was salty. She cupped her hands to catch the dripping liquid, and sipped it. Mmmm.

Merry cooked the rabbit over a fire in the old barbecue pit in the glade. She loved the smell of the roasting meat in the dark, the smoke heating her bare skin. Sipping a beer, she didn't eat until almost midnight, slicing off hunks of meat, and using the knife as her only implement, devoured half the feast. She ate some potato chips as a complement, and made a small salad. "I must start a garden". As she put out the fire and stored the remaining meat in the fridge, the light when she opened the door startling her eyes, she wondered at her mother's wisdom. "She might have been shocked by my dress, though." she giggled to herself.

She went down to the stream. Her intuition seemed to be blooming with her liberated living, and she knew the animal would come. The idea excited her. After she bathed in the stream, she didn't even bother with a towel, letting herself dry as she lay beside the water, luxuriating in the sounds around her. Then she heard the rustle of a bush. Without even looking, she rolled to hands and knees again, facing the noise. The yellow eyes stared at her.

He had come out in the open, standing not ten feet away from her. Looking closely, she saw he was young, lacking scars or the yellow teeth that suggested age. He was sniffing the air, and she spread her knees apart on the matted leaves, letting her cunt breathe. Her breasts were hanging, the nipples hard. Cream was flowing with anticipation at the thrills she expected. The smell of her musk seemed stronger than before. Her whole body was keening with the sense of being an animal, crouching here in the wild with this creature. The moonlight bathed the little glen they were making their own, throwing shadows that made her groan. When he heard her, he took a step toward her, and she groaned again in anticipation.

Come fuck me, she thought. Use my body for your animal lust. Make me like you, wild and free. He took another step. She rotated around to expose her behind to him, sensing the excitement her pussy musk was causing. Oh god, this was such a turn on. She waited for some touch, some sign that she was not just imagining this seduction. She seemed to feel her whole body tensing with sensual want. She wiggled her ass at him, still aware of his panting. She thought it was getting heavier.

The rasping on her pussy came out of nowhere. She had not heard his move, but it was his tongue, licking from the fat labia back to her puckered asshole. A shudder ran through her groin. The tongue went back down to her clitoris, tasting her cream. She heard snuffling, and twisted around to see him sniffing at her. All her senses began to concentrate on her cunt, waiting for his next contact. It came with the same rasping, starting from her tender membranes that the stiff licking touched, to her dripping tunnel. If he didn't know now, he never would, she thought. Merry twisted to her back, drawing her legs up to expose her entire bottom to this wild animal.

He stared at her as she opened herself to him, wanting more of the licking he had begun. Now she could see the tongue, hanging there, moving with his breathing. It reached out once again to her pussy, drawing up from the tender flesh below her hole, between the labia, up to the clit. Merry groaned with the tingling he caused. He began to lick harder, causing her to begin humping her hips. The tongue was lapping powerfully between her pussy lips, hitting her love button, making her gyrate and moan with lust. Her moaning did not seem to bother him, and the tongue kept working, spreading heat into her tummy.

He kept licking, beginning to sense that hitting her clit caused her the most pleasure, the most smell. Her mind began to spin out of control, heat surging through her, her hips bucking to his tongue. He was growling softly as he ate her out, his tongue beginning to enter the opening of her cuntal passage. The moonlight bathed them in soft gold, and his fur soothed her thighs. She felt lost in the passion building up in her, the sexy situation, the risk of giving herself to a wild thing. Her hands went to his head, smoothing spasmodically over the fur, and she pulled his head into her foaming pussy.

Merry was shaking her head, groaning loudly now, her legs on his back. Nothing kept the tongue from her membranes, the rough flesh stimulating her beyond her control. She started twisting and writhing, raising her head to stare at the wonderful animal who was the source of this erotic pleasure. She spoke out loud to him. "Oh you fantastic beast, get me, lick me, take me off. This is so good, so good. Oh that tongue. Eat me alive, devour me." He was trying to lick in her tunnel now, sensing its nerves, tasting its liquid. All the while, those yellow eyes never left hers.

She caught occasional glimpses of a red cock poking from under his belly. Each time she saw it, her tension rose, and it was becoming unbearably sweet. Her feet left his back and she used them to push her ass off the ground, bucking her hips at the maw raping her bottom. She could smell herself generating a heavy musk. Her moans echoed in the darkness. "I can't take any more, oh, oh, oh. Aaagh." Her orgasm was coming, the vibrating in her groin signaling release she was straining for. She would have died for it at that moment, as her groaning peaked to a howl of release.

Waves of sensation drove through her cunt as she climaxed powerfully, humping and bucking into the animal's maw. Her hips were off the ground, fucking into that wonderful feeling. Her mind was reeling with pictures of the wolf attacking her, chewing her flesh, ripping her apart. Then she began seeing them hunting together, blood flowing over their bodies as he snarled at her writhing. The jolts of electricity were filling her midsection, and she felt like a dam was bursting around her, bathing her in pleasure. Merry had become a frantic she beast, fighting for her release.

The wolf kept licking, even after she began to relax. As her hips rested on the forest floor, and her cream stopped flowing, he lifted his head in surprise, wondering what had happened to her wanton excitement. He began nudging at her pussy, and she realized he wanted her to move. He danced around a little, and she saw his prick sticking further out, its pointed head starting to poke at her skin. "You want to get off, don't you lover." She wondered if her now contracting that could take it, but the thought of that long red prick got her tingling again.

She rolled over to her hands and knees, and his tongue began to once again minister to her behind. But there was something else she felt, hot and wet, poking at her thighs. She looked back and saw him bucking his hips at her bottom while trying to continue to tongue her. Then he stopped licking, and his paws went around her waist. He's going to fuck me, she thought. I can get off again with him inside me. An animal's cock. Inside an animal. "Rape me, my bestial lover. Do whatever you want to me, I'm yours to use, my pussy is yours" she babbled in passionate surrender.

She felt the pointed member poking around her ass cheeks, wetting with each touch. She wished she could see it. Suddenly, it got closer to her hairy mound, touching her labial folds, pricking at her pubic hair. She dropped her face to the ground and reached back to spread her cunt to his inexperienced searching. The paws moved up to her chest, and she felt the tips of his claws nudging the soft flesh of her tits. The slight pain made her hotter.

Then, in a rush, the point penetrated her tunnel, an inch or so at first, then she felt it surge all the way in. It was wider at the base than anywhere else, and stretched the mouth of her pussy, massaging her little love button. It caused an instant rising of her passion, sharp and sweet. The claws were all the way out, but just resting on her breasts, still causing little pinches. His cock began thrusting in and out frantically. He was growling louder now, and his tongue was licking the back of her neck through her mass of hair.

The fucking animal cock had her soaring again, and her hips bucked back to bury it deeper with each of his thrusts. His growling was getting louder, and his paws were gripping the sides of her chest tightly. The claws were still gently stinging. Heat was radiating out of her vagina into her tummy. Her breasts were squeezed into the dirt, forming pillows of soft flesh. The pointed prick was

now causing her nothing but pleasure, erotic zinging filling her. Amazingly, she realized she could cum again without even trying.

The wolf's thrusts became frenzied, opening her up, twitching at her clitoris, filling her body with ecstasy. Her head was shaking, and she growled in imitation of her lover. Her hands pushed herself off the ground a little, and more of his cock sunk into her. His tempo was impossibly fast. Then he froze, and howled with full voice. It must have been audible for miles. The surprise of the noise brought her off, the same release she had experienced from his tongue, but more powerful. Her skin felt like it was on fire, as she realized liquid was filling up her belly.

He was cumming in her, filling her tunnel with spunk. Wolf semen. Animal essence. Merry's head sunk to the ground, as waves of excitement coursed through her. The wolf stayed inside her, still stretching her cuntal opening and zinging her button. But he was starting to shrink, letting the fluid inside her leak out. She kept keening wildly, though her climax was ending as well. The sensation was being replaced by a sense of relief and completion, as she felt the furry underbelly on her back.

Then he slipped out of her cunt, backed off her, and sunk to the ground, licking his cock. "A little after fuck hugging would have been nice," she sighed. But he was following his instincts. His prick was still jutting from its sheath as he licked their juices off. She reached down to her own source of their mixed fluids, and tasted them. She reached out and touched his belly. He stopped licking, and stared at her, the yellow eyes unblinking. But he was not growling.

She crawled over to him, and moved her mouth toward his cock. "I wonder if he understands" she thought. She got close enough to lick the red pole, and she heard him make a little squeak of pleasure. Encouraged, she sucked it all into her mouth, savoring the ruddy tang of its surface. She felt his tongue licking at her belly, the closest thing he could reach. She thought his cock might get hard again, but instead it drew out of her mouth into its sheath. "Too soon, I guess."

She rolled to her back and stared at the stars. The wolf kept licking at her body, her stomach, her tits, and then up to her face. She opened her mouth and closed her lips around the rubbery member, but he growled and pulled away. "No kissing, either." Her mind savored this fantastic fuck, its power, its erotic risk, and she found it even more pleasant because she knew society would have condemned this act. She luxuriated in the relaxation in her muscles, the wetness of her cunt, the tingling in her skin as a gentle breeze touched her. He had stopped licking her, and was just staring.

"I'm going to call you Lupe," she whispered to her incredible new lover.

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## **Chapter Two**

As she bathed in the stream, Lupe standing guard, she imagined, she reflected on what was happening to her. It was a return to nature, to a savagery she had always felt in herself. But the extent of her adventure was astonishing, though as she lay in the cold water, she felt wonderful. Her body was refreshed, not feeling at all tired in spite of its being long after midnight. I'm getting nocturnal, she thought. She ran her fingers through her wet hair, pulling out tangles that had formed during her wild lovemaking. Moonlight glinted from the water's surface. She felt truly alive. To eat, to fuck. What more could anyone need.

"Let's go for a run, lover" she said to Lupe. She got out of the water and jogged to the path, then speeded up to see what he would do. He bounded ahead of her, then paused at a fork, hopping around. When he saw her slow down to a more sustainable speed he took a few steps back to her, then led her to the left. He's trying to lead me, she marveled. I wonder where.

They ran a new path, but one she had seen. It would be a five mile run, and that seemed just right to her stimulated body as the morphins began kicking in. He kept loping ahead, then stopping to wait for her, occasionally poking his nose at her cunt. When he did, she would stop and spread her legs, letting him stimulate her. The feelings he caused combined with her runner's high to create a fantastic euphoria. They ran on for an hour, and as she realized they were approaching her house, Lupe froze up ahead, his head low, staring into a thicket just ahead. "Oh my god, he wants to hunt" she whispered.

Stopping her jog, she stared into the darkness, breathing hard. There it was, a deer frozen by the smell of the wolf, hoping its stillness would save it. A thrill coursed through her. Lupe was staring intently at the animal. She slipped into the brush, circling around behind as quietly as she could, trying to keep her breathing quiet. She didn't think the deer had seen her, focused as it was on the wolf. She got within ten feet of it before it bolted away from her. It bounced as she chased it, heedless of scratches from the branches. Then it froze as it realized it was near the wolf, and she tackled its back legs, throwing it to the ground. A grey blur flashed through her vision, and the deer squealed as Lupe's fangs ripped the neck open.

She felt the deer urinating in its death throes, then a rattle from its lungs signaled a quick end. Her blood was boiling, the smells of her sweat, the deer's pee, and the blood gushing from its neck mixed with her euphoria. She scrambled to sink her head next to the wolf's, and drank of the blood with her lover. She felt the juices on her skin.

The wolf began to drag the prey up the mountain, following the path that led to the meadow. She started to follow him, but he growled menacingly at her. No humans will interfere with my pack's feeding, she guessed was the message. "Okay to fuck, but not to eat with, huh," she chuckled. Maybe he'll change after a while. Meantime, she smelled herself getting rank, and hurried back to the stream. She needed soap to clean herself properly. When she fell into bed, it was to a languid sense of satisfaction, and a thrilling, unfocused dream of tomorrow.

Gene Brooks was happy to be getting back to his wolves. It seemed to him that he had never been truly happy except in the vicarious participation in their lives that his first visit a year and a half ago had allowed. Life had twisted his mind brutally, and he was dimly aware that he was like a time bomb, just waiting to explode. The peace of the mountain, and the enjoyment of watching the two animals live their hard but simple lives was the most serene period he could remember. He had had to leave just after the cubs had been born, intending vaguely to try and find some way to improve their chances of surviving.

He had been dancing to other's tunes' all his life, and paying for their mistakes with suffering of his own. He had been orphaned at five, and moved from foster home to foster home, never feeling the affection he vaguely remembered from the shadowy figures of his parents. He had been told so many stories about them that he never knew what to believe. Years later, he had researched it enough to find out they had died from gunshot wounds. He was wild in his teenage years, starting with purse snatching, and ending with armed robbery of convenience stores. When the fuzz caught one of his friends, he enlisted in the army.

By that time he had acquired the handsome appearance that made girls easy lays. They never seemed to touch him deeply, as though he was afraid of affection. He was dimly aware that he might feel his mother had abandoned him, and used that psychobabble in the various interviews that had been necessary for him to get in Special Forces. They taught him all the killing arts, from hand to hand, to weapons. At first, he had thought it would make him a more successful criminal, but eventually he became fearful at the skills they had given him. His first real mission had been in Panama, overthrowing Noriega. They used fancy words like interdiction, but it amounted to brutal

elimination of anything that got in the way of their orders. He saw women and children shot, and young teenagers killed who were fighting because it was the best job they could get. His reaction had been horror at the unfairness of the effect of it all.

Eventually, he had been sent to kill a guy they said was really evil. He watched for three days, as the general fighting ended. He was a sleazy drug lord, fairly low on the totem pole. Gene watched him abuse women, sell dope to ten year olds, and when he finally caught him alone in the streets one night, he disobeyed his orders by slitting the man's throat shallowly, and letting him die very painfully. Gene watched him suffer for an hour. He got less pleasure from it than he expected.

They were starting to suspect his commitment after that, but sent him to a survival school, where he excelled. The battle with nature to survive was simple and necessary. It was not complicated. Even the long final week in a jungle in Mexico had been easy, and he was almost sorry to leave. Everyone else came out bitten and exhausted, but he was smiling, tanned, and well fed. He was the only one who had been able to eat insects.

They sent him to Vietnam with a platoon to search for POWs. He always suspected it was a set up to please parents, because they were ambushed the second day in. He escaped, and lived on the land for three months. He stayed in the high mountains, and it was surprisingly easy. He had considered just staying there forever, but eventually worked his way out. When he crossed the border to Cambodia, he had taken out an entire guard station, twelve young orientals. None was more than sixteen. He mustered out that fall.

By this time, he was reading voraciously, philosophy, history, but was limited in his math, so science was a problem. He took a night course, and ended up living with the pretty teacher. She pushed him all the way through calculus, and badgered him to take the college entrance exam. When he did amazingly well on it, he applied for a GI scholarship to the University of Arizona. The teacher was pissed off he was leaving LA, but he was tired of her anyway. Plus, he had cold cocked a guy who tried to mug him one night, and the old confusion between his anger and necessity had scared him.

He drifted to ecology because it seemed so right. Through all the conflicts with population growth, it was still noble to want to preserve the simple perfection of nature. He was amazed at how little even experienced teachers really knew about how survival of animals really worked at the individual level. Their theories were often silly, and he acquired a "Nature Boy" reputation. But the young coeds went gaga over him. He found himself more and more crude in his relationships, often abusing people when they had no clue about reality. Even as he caught himself doing it, the anger kept bubbling up.

He found a love of wolves on a field trip his junior year. They went to Yellowstone, and hiked up to watch the almost tame protected creatures. He identified with them in some strange way, but the range in the park was carefully controlled, and he sensed it was artificial. He got support from one professor for a field study of real animals in free range, and his background got him a five thousand dollar grant from a foundation. He spent the second half of that year in the mountains, reading everything he could, and watching the pair of greys.

The first night back at school, after the money ran out, he had been drinking in a bar, missing the mountain, and got in a fight with three football players who were pushing their weight around. They never landed a punch. One was lost to the team for the season, and he was thrown out of school, losing his scholarship. He finished the report on the greys, and his professor got him a job in a foundation devoted to endangered and near endangered species. He curbed his temper pretty well, and his report was published, with Gene as the co-author. It was good enough to get him another grant.

So here he was, making his second trip from his motorcycle to the camp he had selected with his gear. There was a house that had been unoccupied that looked used now, and he avoided it. The wolves' base was on the property that belonged to it, and he didn't need any interference. He camped well up the mountain, but within easy binocular sight of the meadow. He now had a telescope that could also take a video tape recorder. As he hiked, he looked forward to rejoining the lives of the animals.

Merry had picked up signs of a human two weeks after meeting Lupe. There were footprints on one of the most distant paths leading up. It was a big shoe, and she thought it must be a man. She had followed the trail until she saw the camp above the meadow, well off her property. "Shit". Now she had to be more careful, even though he seemed to be anxious to avoid contact. She was deeply disappointed with this interference with the idyllic life she was leading.

The wolf came every night. Lupe had become a skilled lover, and had learned to stimulate her in many ways. He let her touch him without fear. But he always left at dawn. She was sleeping away the days, usually rising about three in the afternoon. She had bought a twenty two rifle, and had plenty of pheasant and grouse to supplement the rabbit and deer meat. She walked around in her shorts and halter during the day, but spent the nights outside nude, fucking Lupe and running with him. She was stronger and faster than she had ever been in her life. She occasionally helped him hunt, but he never let her keep any of their victims.

The man could change things. She supposed he wouldn't roam at night, but even during the day he could interrupt her life. The discovery happened late one afternoon, and she had deer meat roasting slowly. She had a new idea about how to make love to her wolf tonight, and was looking forward to it. "Damn". Well, he wasn't going to stop her.

Lupe came at midnight as usual. She was lying in the stream, which was warming up with the oncoming summer. When she saw him, she began to whisper to him. "Ah, lover. Come for your evening fuck, you horny beast. I have a surprise for you tonight." She crawled out and wrapped her arms around his strong, furry body, wrestling him to his side. He growled with a tone that she had learned meant "I'll let you do this, but be careful." She wriggled her hips to his maw, laying her head on his hind paw, and her hands began rubbing his belly around his prick sheath. The pink tip poked out. His tongue lapped her bushy mound. She swung a leg over his shoulder, opening her bottom to him.

His head moved closer, and the tongue began tracing her cunt flesh. He had gotten good at eating her out, and his cock always got fully hard as he did it. Her smell was the stimulation he seemed to need to replace what a female wolf ovulating would produce. The pink member poked further out. Her arm pulled their bodies closer together, and her lips wrapped around his damp, growing prick. She let her mind stop its thinking, and abandoned herself to his muscular tongue tingling her twat, while she concentrated on the pleasure she wanted him to feel. It was working, because he was growing inside her mouth, the pointed tip all the way back to her throat now. His low growl of sexual desire was vibrating in her pussy.

There was a smell he got when he made love, a deepening of the furry scent he usually had. She supposed it was from his belly, because he did not sweat. It had become a stimulant for her, and she was amazed to feel herself wavering at the brink of cumming. He had learned that she often had several orgasms before he finished, and it worked out well, because he was once a night, no more, no less. Her hips bucked at his strong tongue, and she soared into ecstasy, waves of sensation rolling from her cunt. Her mouth sucked harder at his cock, and it went down her throat, forcing her to breathe noisily through her nose. Her leg over his shoulder pulled at his back, pulling the lapping jaws into her foaming box. Her body careened through its climax, her sweat adding anew odor.

She rolled to her back, suspecting he would want to fuck her mouth as she sensed her satisfaction. He went right with her, his hips beginning to surge into her wet lips glued to his member. He got it, she thought. He knows what to do. Oooh. His hind legs were spread as he pistoned into this new tunnel, wet but exciting. She arched back her head to make his access easier, feeling his tongue still lapping at her vibrating pussy. He had learned to penetrate into her vagina a couple of inches with his tongue, and was doing that now, then coming back out to her love button. The ardor she felt for him had her peaking again. God, I keep cumming and cumming, she gasped to herself.

It hit like a star burst, just as his hips began the accelerated thrusting that she recognized as the approach of his own orgasm. His growling was louder, as she vibrated with her soaring release. But doing it every night made him last longer. She couldn't tell if he was happy about that, but it was good for her. Her orgasm was flashing through her like lightning, and she arched into his body, luxuriating in the wonderful sensation. His hips were still fucking wildly, all the way down her throat, but she was able to breathe through her nose, and kept his cock freely penetrating her. It was wild and wonderful, filling her with excitement at her bestial abandon.

Her second cum eased, but she was still stimulated by his roaring fucking of her mouth and the pressure of his tongue in her box. She felt her passion slide down only a little, then begin to rise again. I've never enjoyed a man this much, she thought. Never cum so hard, so often, felt so good. She was growling as she sucked harder at his pistoning tool, wanting him to get off now, and knowing that it was close. She was writhing and twisting with this sensual coupling with her wolf lover.

His head lifted from her twat and he howled, as he often did. The sound got her off, its power creating a shock in her stomach that jumped down to her twat and started those waves of release once more. His spunk was pouring down her throat, as she swallowed convulsively. But it was too much, and she felt it leaking from her mouth as her own climax went on and on. She was growling and twisting at his underbelly, her arms wrapped tightly around his hips. His tongue returned to her cunt, sweetening her cum, as his jism dripped down her chin to her neck. Wild, wild, she rhapsodized.

His prick began to shrink, and she kept sucking. He had learned she liked cleaning it for him after he finished, and seemed to enjoy it too. He began licking not only her foaming pussy, but the hairy mound, then her belly and ass cheeks. She felt his mouth swabbing her asshole, which was spasming with the sexy feeling rolling through her. She took one hand from his hips and spread some of the creamy liquid on her neck to her tits, rubbing it into her nipples. Oh, what a lover, what a fantastic experience. She couldn't get over the pleasure of this sexplay that would offend society so much.

Lupe edged off her, as her hand petted him around the ears. He plumped down beside her, knowing she would want to climb in the stream. She was staring up at the stars, happy beyond any past experience. She kept petting him.» Lupe, my love, my wonderful partner. You're getting good at this. I hope you like it too." Her words seemed out of place in the cool little clearing that was their trysting place. Goddamn that man. Breaking her solitude, her free life. I have to find out more about him.

She bathed slowly, erotically enjoying the water on her bare skin, the soft moonlight that washed them. "Let's go take a look at this intruder," she murmured.

Gene realized there was something outside his tent when he heard one of his books rustle. He froze, wondering what to do. But he couldn't let some animal destroy them, or steal them. He turned out the lamp he had been reading by, and waited for his eyes to adjust to the dark. He had his army knife, and it was all he needed with any of the local animals. When he opened the tent flap, he saw

that the book on Ecology had been moved, but not taken. Straining, he heard movement down the trail he used, and picked up his binoculars. He moved over to his right to a place that would give him a good view of whatever was retreating.

He saw a flash of white, and trained the binoculars on it. A shock hit his belly. The image was fuzzy, but it was clearly a woman running, and a wolf right on her heels. He could vaguely make out naked breasts bouncing, and her white ass showed no sign of clothing. She had longhair that was like a mane, almost down to her waist. Christ, she's moving fast, he thought. The wolf pulled ahead of her, seeming to want to protect her. He guessed it was the young male, one of the pups he was sure. At a year and a half it was fully grown, and would be ferocious. But it clearly was her pet.

She must be the resident of that house. She must have come to check him out. Well, she had a right, he supposed. He was at least a neighbor, and she must wonder what he was doing. But running around nude, at two in the morning? And what effect was she having on the wolves? If they had become domesticated in some way, it screwed up his study of their habits. He'd have to go see her and explain what he was doing. He'd like to know a woman who could move as well as she was.

He kept watching, and the white figure slowed to a jog, heading down. The wolf broke off and into the meadow. She stopped and seemed to turn and look back at him. Looking back to see if he was following? Watching the wolf? Then she disappeared into the woods on a trail he hadn't known was there. He watched the wolf trot back toward the pack's lair, then lowered the binoculars. He had a sinking feeling his study of wolves was doomed by the domestication she had managed, but he wondered how she had done it. In his observations so far, the three animals were much better fed than they had been the last time he saw them, and he wondered if she was feeding them.

One way or another, she obviously loved the animals, and he was happy to think they could now be safe from the rancher in the valley. Unless they had already been raiding. No, all he had seen was rabbits and deer in his inspection of their prey burial site. He had to talk to the woman. She had the answers.

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Chapter Three

She saw him coming two hundred yards away, walking on the trail that would make him most visible. On purpose, she assumed, so as not to scare her. Merry wondered if he was mad that she had spied on his camp last night. What she had seen didn't tell her much, but it was not threatening. Ecology, and a telescope with a VCR. Observing something. Not her, from that spot. Maybe the wolves.

She had wakened a little early, because she had been shaken by giving herself away last night, though she was at a loss to know how. He must be very alert to have heard any sound from her stealthy investigation. Even Lupe had gone home early. She had not slept especially well, and felt her peaceful existence was threatened. But it was better that he come to see her, and get this out in the open.

He stopped just at the far end of her yard, still trying to be no threat. She was starting a deer loin roasting on the spit. Knowing he might come, she had jeans and a tee shirt on, and had put on a little makeup. "Hi. My name is Gene Brooks." "Meredith Hastings."

He was a great looking guy. Tall and lean, his jeans fit snugly to a well developed, broad shouldered body, a light plaid shirt with sleeves rolled up to his elbows making him look like an outdoorsman. His face was handsome and dark, and his look was wary. He's as nervous about me as I am about

him, she realized. "Come on in, can I offer you a glass of water." Her civility seemed to put him more at ease, and he walked closer.

Then she saw the look in his eyes, old before their time. He's been hurt. But there was also something out of control there. A dangerous man in some way. An interesting man. "Come on in the house" she said, surprised at the warmth in her voice. As they entered, she motioned him to the couch. She brought him a glass of water from the kitchen. "It's from that spring, I think it's pretty clean. The water flows out of the mountain, and there's nothing up there to screw it up." "I've been all the way to the top, and there really isn't. Unless something's happened in the last year."

She sat down on the other section of the sofa and waited for him to speak. He stared at her, as if trying to see inside her. She held his gaze without flinching. Finally, he began. "Look, I came up here doing a study of free range wolves a year and a half ago. This house was empty then. It took me this long to get back here to finish what I started. I didn't mean to interfere with you, I was just trying to avoid upsetting you." He looked away, breaking their eye contact for the first time. "I just wanted to study the wolves. You'd be surprised at how dumb a lot of the ideas academics have about them are. Or maybe you wouldn't. Anyway, a couple of things I saw were called impossible, and I wanted to prove what I said." He looked into her eyes again. "And I was worried about them. The range is getting squeezed, and I was afraid they'd have to raid the ranch down in the valley for food. When I left, there were three pups. There's just the one now. Have you seen the other two?" He let the question hang in the air.

She held his gaze as she wondered how to respond. She was feeling intrigued, a little flustered, but excited at human contact. It was pleasanter than she had expected. I guess I haven't gone completely wild, she decided. When she began, the words seemed to come in a rush.

"No, I've just seen the male and female, and the young one. My dad used to own that ranch, but they sold it when he died six years ago. My mom died three weeks ago, and it turned out she had bought this place to give me. I came up after the funeral, and haven't left. I suppose it's therapy, but I've never been happier in my life. You change things.» She was surprised that she said that last. "I don't want to offend you, but I was enjoying being so alone." He was smiling. "Yeah, that's one of the things that made me come back. Being up here is so natural." He ducked his head again. "I don't feel so angry at the world up here."

He stopped, and she said nothing. She looked at his downcast face. She got up and sat beside him. "Gene, you're not what I feared. Stay for dinner, and let's get to know each other. We both love the wolves." She put an arm around him. "You saw me last night. You know my little secret. One of them. It's funny, I don't mind. I thought I would." She put her hand in his thick black hair. It was clean and he smelled of soap. "I like being natural. And I feel like talking. I didn't realize how much I missed it."

Gene was taken completely by surprise at how young she was as he walked up to her home. Then, as her direct gaze and unflinching, frank appraisal of him showed her confidence, he realized she wasn't typical of any girls he had ever known. He was used to women being impressed with his looks, blushing when they first met him. But Meredith just took him in, and accepted him quickly. She was without doubt the most gorgeous female he had ever met.

Her trim body was full, and her face was wild. The long hair, held in a loose ponytail, curled like a mane. She moved with such lithe power that he felt instant desire walking into the house behind her. Then the way she reacted to their first ten minutes, so direct and unmannered, had him confused. He couldn't read her eyes. But he didn't feel the usual desire to make her a conquest. Somehow, he knew she couldn't be tamed. She was sexy beyond belief.

After she invited him for dinner, with the little physical gesture, she said "Let's have a beer, and I'll show you the rest of the house." They walked around, and she talked freely about why she loved the place, and her pleasure in seeming to be back home again, in this wilderness she had grown up with. From the bedroom, she pointed out a couple of trails she hadn't known about, and the one he had used. She seemed to have decided to trust him, and that confused him too. Women usually picked up on his lack of easy affection.

Then he began to spill his guts to her, talking about the army, his anger at the higher ups, his easy survival where others struggled. It poured out, and she asked questions of amazing perception. She thought the same way he did, from the ground up, wondering what the jungle floor was like, what animals lived there, what kind of plants grew, and how everything survived together. He found himself describing his fighting, the adrenaline rush that was always followed by regret, the part of his mind that was frustrated by the injustices. Her eyes always held his, and she neither sympathized nor criticized. He had never felt so comfortable with a woman. He began wondering what she thought of him.

He slowed down as they sat outside to eat. The meal she had prepared so casually was superb. She began to talk about the garden she was planning. He talked about what he had seen so far of the wolf pack, and then asked her about how she had gotten the young one so tame. "Oh, he isn't tame. He just likes me." "Do you think it'll change their habits?" "Well, I help Lupe hunt sometimes, but aside from that, I don't feed them or anything. I would if they needed it, though." They both relaxed and conversation seemed unnecessary. They were sitting at a card table with two lawn chairs facing the setting sun. He helped her clear the dishes.

As they finished, standing close together in the kitchen, she stared at him, then seemed to come to a decision. "Gene, now is the time of night I go native. Don't get the wrong idea." She pulled the tee shirt over her head, tossing it on the counter. She pushed the jeans down and off her feet, leaving the sandals she had been wearing on the tiles. She held his eyes as she stood before him, nude. "You can leave if you want. I don't want you to. I don't spend evenings in the house."

He was having trouble breathing. She was attractive dressed, but like this she was a carnal vision. Her tits were not oversize, but full and firm, jutting out from her chest. The nipples were small and brown. Her body's broad shoulders curved down to a narrow waist, then flared slightly to her trim hips. Her long legs were slim. Even standing still, muscle showed all over her, from her flat midsection to the thighs. Her pussy was hairy and large, protruding saucily. She licked her lips as he stared at her.

"Do what you want, Gene. I won't be offended if you don't join my way. But I'd like you to try it." She walked out the door, into the dusk. His blood was boiling. He took his clothes off. His prick was standing up hard. He reflexively put his hand down to cover himself as he walked out to join her. She smiled when she saw him hiding himself, and as he got to her, she reached down to take his hand away. She stared at his throbbing tool frankly. "I thought it would probably be big. I know I'm sexy looking. I wondered how to handle this all through dinner." She took a step to him, and stretched up to kiss his lips lightly. The head of his cock poked at her stomach. He heard her sigh. "You have a nice body. Let's go down to the stream."

She took his hand and they walked through the woods to the stream. She waded right in. He followed, feeling the shock of the cold water. He reclined beside her, unable to take his eyes from her tits poking above the water. When she ducked her head under, he did the same. A feeling of naturalness was beginning to take the place of shock. He stayed under, his mind returning to the many weeks of isolation he had endured. He lost himself in the feeling of well being this beautiful spot gave him. When he surfaced she was lying on her side beside him, watching him.» The look in your

eyes. The hurt and anger. Can this place take it away?" "I don't know" he quavered. She leaned over and pressed her mouth to his, her lips slightly open. He reached for her, but she pushed his arm away.

"I'm no virgin, Gene. And no shrinking violet either. You turn me on. But I don't want a jealous man, or a mental cripple." She rose and stood in front of him, wiping water off with her hands, making her tits move, her flesh ripple. "If we make love, you have to know that I'm a creature of these woods, and won't stop. You can't make me something else." She reached for him, and as he took her hand, pulled him out of the water. "Don't take me if you can't live with that. And promise me you'll try to heal your mind." She backed out of the stream, pulling him with her.

Out of the water, she pressed herself to him. She put her lips close to his ear, and breathed softly "In return, I can be all the woman you can handle. Day or night, any way you want it, anywhere you want it. I'll suck your cock, eat your cum, let you stick it in my ass, be naked for you all the time." His prick was jumping. "I know you can't make promises with your prick up. But when you're alone, remember what I've said. I'll know if you try to bullshit me."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and crushed her lips to his, their mouths opening, tongues swirling. His mind was whirling with desire for her. She pulled herself off the ground and wrapped her legs around his hips, beginning to growl into his mouth. His hands gripped her taut ass cheeks, pulling her furry cunt against his pelvis. Their kiss had him so excited he was shaking. He lowered her back to the ground. He could feel her grinding at him, almost snarling into his mouth with passion.

He tore his mouth from hers and started to lower his head toward her cunt. He could smell musk he thought must be her cream. She grabbed his head. "No, not this time. I'm already hot. You can smell me, can't you? Don't worry, I can get off quick. You don't have to work at it. I'm enjoying kissing you." She pulled him back on top of her, and wrapped her legs around him again. "Stick that big cock deep inside. Fill me up." She pushed her mouth to his, sucking hard. His member slipped into her without guidance, as though they had made love many times. He heard her groaning, felt the vibration.

He began thrusting slow but deep, amazed at her ability to take his whole tool so easily. He felt her tits pressing against his chest, and her legs pulled with each inward stroke. Suddenly, she threw her head back, gurgling "Cumming, oh cumming, lover. Oh fill me up. Ooooh." He had never had a woman get off so quickly, but her hips never stopped meeting his thrusts. Her head twisted with pleasure as he felt her cuntal contractions, but she kept bucking up at him as he drove into her moist box. The strength of her legs urging him on was amazing.

As she seemed to relax and complete her orgasm, she once again pressed her mouth to his. Her tongue stuck deep in his mouth as he sucked on it. Then he pushed his own deep between her lips, and she sucked at it noisily. She was still groaning throatily as they writhed together. His heat was rising fast. She was defeating his efforts to control his need, and he felt himself losing conscious control. But the pleasure was intense, as his pistoning prick pounded in and out of this gorgeous, aroused, animal woman. He lost himself in her body.

Merry sensed his abandonment of conscious thought. It was as though he had wanted to prove himself a good lover, and then realized that she didn't need such careful treatment. She had tried to show him that what she wanted was his unthinking passion, and he was finally getting the idea. She smiled with the pleasure of their faces kissing. Lupe couldn't do that. Gene's cock was bigger than the wolf's, too. She was feeling another climax coming as his throbbing flesh penetrated her so deliciously. He penetrated deeper than the wolf, and did not spread her opening as wide. The

pressure on her clitty was from the base of hassock, and felt better than Lupe.

Her next cum was close, and she began babbling. "Oh you're so big, so good, so hot in my pussy. Keep fucking, get me off, here I go again, cum with me lover, fill me up, oooh yeah, yeah." The sparks jumped out of her cunt again, zipping up to her tits, making her spasm convulsively against him. She felt herself contracting around his tool, and suddenly his spunk was shooting up inside her. He gave a long low moan of release, as his hips frantically pummeled her, making her climax sweet and longer than usual. "Good, good, good, neat, oooooooh. "She was licking at his ear as he began to slow down.

They cuddled on the leafy forest floor, the night cool around them. She studied his face lying there with closed eyes. Their lovemaking had calmed him a little. "Can you get it up again, Gene? Cause I have plenty of energy left." His eyes opened. "I got outside myself, Merry. I wasn't thinking. It's what you wanted, isn't it? How come you're so smart?" "I think I'm just uncomplicated. I don't buy society's shit. Take tonight. I wanted you, and I thought you probably wanted me. Why wait, why put it off. And there's something about you that makes me want to make you happy. I've been more selfish than that sometimes. «She smiled and leaned down to kiss him again, while her hand drifted to his slippery prick. It lurched up when she touched it. "Uh huh, thought so. You have some energy left too."

They made love again, slower now, more languidly, first sixty nining, letting their bodies heat up, then with her on top. She would pump at him sitting up, offering her tits to his mouth, his hands. Then she would lean down to suck at his lips, tonguing him, murmuring to him. "Oh Gene, it's so good, so lovely, you're so deep in me, it feels sooooo good. Thats it, get me that way, oh lover." She came again after a while, but he kept going, riding a passionate surf, wanting it to last forever. Her thick mane of auburn hair was all around them, and he abandoned himself again, as she started pumping toward her fourth orgasm. They came together, with him in a sitting position, her legs gripping his hips, grinding their pubic bones against each other. It was a long, wonderful climax for them both, strong and high. He spurted into her four times, making her gasp as the spunk leaked out into their humping groins.

They bathed afterwards, rubbing each other, not talking. Only after he had dressed and left did his mind begin to ask questions. She had whispered to him "Bring your things tomorrow, lover. Stay the night. We're having rabbit. And I'll show you how I hunt." How could this work, he wondered. She didn't seem to think about the future at all. He had understood that she had an independent income. How could he keep his study going and still spend the whole night awake with her? What did she ultimately want?

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## **Chapter Four**

When Lupe came that night, he wouldn't approach her. Even when she fingered herself to make her cream flow, and she could see him sniffing it, he just jumped around at the edge of the clearing. He kept sniffing at the ground, and she concluded he could smell Gene. He was excited, horny she guessed, but still stayed away from her. Finally, he started running down a path, then stopping to look at her, then running that way again. He wants me to follow him, she concluded.

He led her to a spot upstream, with deeper, thicker cover, still beside the water, but on the other side. He walked daintily through the very shallow ford, and she followed. As soon as she got to the clearing, he started licking at her pussy. She dropped to all fours, and he mounted her. Gene had drained much of her energy, and she relaxed as he pumped into her, nonetheless having a small

climax when he howled his release. Gene would be interested in that, she thought. He and I somehow violated his turf, and so he chose another spot.

She cleaned his cock in her ritual finish of their lovemaking, and couldn't see any evidence of disappointment in the wolf. How could I tell, she wondered. She didn't feel up to a run tonight. Her mind kept returning to the man. What would happen if Lupe met Gene? How would Gene feel if he knew what she was doing? She walked back to her stream and bathed, and Lupe did not follow. I am what I am, she thought, and Gene was going to have to accept that. Yet, she had to admit a wolf was unusual competition. She brought a beer down to the stream, and as she bathed sleepily, drank it slowly.

To the embracing night, she whispered "There's a lot of good, maybe some problems here. I'll follow my instincts until they do me wrong." A soft breeze seemed to give her approval. Her body felt vibrant. She had to admit the man fucked her better than the wolf, and he had his own wildness. And he had some need she seemed to want to fill, if she could.

He arrived the next day to find her in the kitchen. She wore a thong style white bikini bathing suit, as she prepared a rabbit for roasting. He could see little tufts of black hair at the edge of the thong. He murmured "Merry". "I heard you, Gene. But I wanted to see how you would be, what you would do. You passed the first test by not acting as though you owned me just 'cause you fucked me." She put down the knife she had been using and came to him, kissing him deeply. Both were surprised at the tingling they felt from being together. "Let me show you where you can put your things."

As he put a few clothes in the drawer, and his toiletries in the bathroom, she watched his movements with pleasure. He's not self conscious, she felt. Just pissed off. "Put something more comfortable on, and come downstairs." As she was finishing basting the rabbit, she heard his bare feet on the stairs, and looked to see him wearing just a jock strap. He grinned at her. "It's pretty functional. If you want to run, remember my plumbing's on the outside." She grinned. "You learn fast, sailor." She took the rabbit out to the spit, and he helped her start a fire. As they stood together watching the meat begin to cook, he moved behind her, pressing his hips to her ass, his chest to her back. His hands began roaming over her, dipping inside the bra, and cupping her furry box under the thong. She found herself responding to his touch with pleasure, pushing back to him.

She stepped forward, turned, and stripped off the tiny suit. "I love being naked, Gene. I'm amazed at how you turn me on. Take me, right here. right now, hard and savage." She dropped to her hands and knees beside the hearth, wiggling her ass at him. His mouth found her pussy from behind, wetting her down, tonguing her clit. He was good at it, and her cream began to flow. As her eyes closed, and she began to moan, she felt him feeding his cock into her, and start a slow, deep thrusting. His hands came around to her tits. He started murmuring in her ear.

"Merry, Merry, I want to ask you so much, but I can't think of anything but us together. I meant to be cool, restrained, but I wanted to fuck the minute I saw you today. Ooh, god, ooh." One hand left her breast and moved to her clitty, diddling it tenderly. She felt thrills starting to radiate, and began surging back to his cock. His member touched all her passage, and its friction kept her rising to new heights. She relaxed to the pleasure of their writhing bodies, so much like with Lupe, yet so much better. When her ass cheeks pushed at his groin, he sighed with urgent excitement. His head buried in her hair smelled soap, no perfume, just natural hints of the woods.

Gene's mind had gone dormant again, as he thrust into her from the back. He was starting to let himself go with the fantastic sensual freedom of their late afternoon nakedness, here in the open, grunting at each other with abandon. Her pussy seemed to caress all his cock, welcoming him, nurturing his spirit. Sex had never been so easy and uncomplicated before. She was bringing him

into her animal world, where things were simple. They were turned on to each other, so get off. No coy teasing, no affectation. Pure pleasure in the moment.

He realized that was always what he liked about being alone with nature. She had made a world that let the two of them be just that way, and challenged him to embrace it with her. As he felt climax approach, it was as though he was going to release not only his sexual tension, but the inhibitions of society. She had a head start on such a life, but in that moment, he knew abandoning himself to this existence was a gift to his soul, and that he could embrace it fully.

He growled with his release, opening his mouth and gripping her throat lightly with his lips, sucking flesh in, and nibbling with his teeth. He felt the thrills of completion as the spunk shot out into her. She was squealing with her own orgasm, twisting her head as he ate at her tender neck, while her hips squirmed violently back at him. "Gene, Gene" she gurgled. "Bite me, take me, wow." As his hips jumped in her jerkily, with the last drops oozing from his tool, he realized his heart was full of the rapture of this moment, and for the first time in years, there was no anger.

They waited for their cumming to subside, and walked to the stream, bathing and rubbing each other wordlessly. Finally he asked "Are you as amazed as I am with how natural we seem to be together? I know you've been living like this for weeks, but I've never felt this close to someone after twenty four hours." She looked at him with her characteristic directness. "I'm trying not to let you get to me, Gene. But no, I've never been this close to a man, no matter how long I've known him." She sighed and kissed him tenderly. "We're just animals, after all, and you seem to be getting in touch with that in yourself. Maybe I can show you the way, but you're walking the path."

His hands tangled in her hair, letting his fingers move through the wet mass. They kissed again, without passion, and he realized that she was taking away his loneliness somehow. She giggled and jumped up energetically. "Let's go get a deer. I'm low. I'll show you how I do it."

They walked back to the house, and she went inside while he pulled on the supporter. When she came out, she had a large hunting knife, and was making a scabbard for it with braids in her hair. When she finished, the weapon rode on her back, cushioned by her mass of curls. She trotted onto the path, and they jogged easily together. "I get runner's high, Gene. It feels great. Do you?" "I've felt it Merry. I'm not sure I'm in good enough shape now, though." But to his surprise, after the first mile, he began to feel the euphoria, as he saw her smiling with the stimulation of their exertion. After another half mile, he grabbed her and kissed her urgently, wallowing in the sensual joy they were sharing. She grinned erotically as they stared at each other, chests heaving with the exercise. There was a question in her eyes.

"No, I just wanted to kiss you," he gasped. "I liked it, sailor" she breathed. He started jogging again, and she giggled as she caught up with him. Around one turn three miles further, they saw a deer run into the woods to their right. Merry stopped and watched it, waiting for her breathing to slow. She reached behind her head for the knife. Going down the path to the deer's point of entry, she squatted and urinated in several places, then retraced her steps. He watched wordlessly, seeing that she intended to circle the animal and trap it between the spot she had marked and her attacking direction.

As she started into the forest, moving with the lithe power he admired, he followed. She looped out about two hundred yards, then began moving back towards her trap. They both saw the deer at the same time, and froze. They were downwind, so their scent was carried away. She's good at this, he thought. She began closing in, almost silently. He stayed still. Suddenly, the deer saw her, and turned and ran back the way it had come, right into the marked trap. Merry gave chase, and he followed, admiring her fantastic body in full stride, leaping over obstacles, straining toward her kill.

The knife flashed in her left hand.

When the deer stopped, sensing the smell ahead, she lept on its shoulders, pulling it down, with her strong legs wrapped around its neck. As they fell together, the blade sliced its throat open, cutting the windpipe, and opening several major blood vessels. She held it down for the few moments before its struggles died out. As she heard the death rattle, a grin of triumph lit her face. Their eyes met as he approached. He felt mostly admiration at the prowess of her hunt, but also a certain tingle of lust for this constantly surprising woman, so fierce as she wrestled with the dying animal.

He wasn't really very shocked when she buried her head in the oozing throat, drinking the blood. He had done it before, in the jungle, because they had taught him about the nutritional value of it. Wordlessly, as she watched him intently, he knelt and joined her, tasting the thick, salty essence. After a few moments, as the flows lowed, they raised their heads, within inches of each other. Their mouths pressed together, sharing the fruits of her hunt. Adrenaline was combining with their euphoria, and the pleasure of the successful kill. They tumbled to the pine needles beside the carcass, writhing at each other in brutal passion.

Her hands went to the jock strap and pulled it off. His cock jerked up, fully hard. Without breaking the powerful kiss, she inserted him into her vaginal tunnel, and lying on top of him, began to grind her hips up and down. He could smell her musk, the odors of the dead animal, and their sweat mingling in a heady natural perfume. She was gasping into his mouth, as his heart raced with the incredible but sensual fucking.

After the noises of the killing, the quiet now was interrupted only by their grunting, moaning lovemaking. He was spinning into a vortex of pleasure, as he heard her growling with her pummeling of him. "Hunh,hunh, oooh, aagh." He was humping up at her with each of her thrusts, and part of his mind was screaming with desire for release, while another part marveled at her abandon, and his embracing of it all. His hands went into her hair, grabbling handfuls and pulling her face to his.

Again, she finished quickly and wildly. "Cummmmm, cumming, ooooooh." she squealed, her hips accelerating their pumping. He began his own climax, squirting jism frantically into her pussy. They kept humping, lengthening the powerful release, seeming to go on and on together. He was still feeling zings of sensation as he shot again and again. She was moaning with the contractions of her cuntal passage around his swollen member. She started licking at his face, tasting the blood again, and his salty sweat. His hands began rubbing her shoulders through the curly mane at her back.

She finally relaxed, staying on top of him, but stretching her legs out to press against his. She was licking at his neck now, and his hands were kneading her ass cheeks, feeling her muscles slowly unwind. There was no sound except their heavy breathing. He was softening, but she wriggled down to keep him inside her. They lay there for minutes, luxuriating in the intimacy that they were sharing. Suddenly, he heard a rustle of leaves to their left, and saw the yellow eyes of a wolf.

His heart jumped, and he looked around for the knife. She felt his movements and whispered "Keep still, darling." She crawled toward the animal. Gene heard no growl, but a little whine. She reached out and rubbed its neck. The wolf began licking her face. Then she rolled over to her back, and the animal's jaws went toward her hairy mound. Gene tensed again. But the animal just sniffed, then began licking. Then its head turned toward him.

"I think he's jealous, Gene. Please don't hurt him." The wolf stared at his rival. What's going on in his mind? What did she mean, jealous? The wolf put its head lower, and he recognized a sign of submission, trying to put him at ease. It took a step, and sniffed at his groin. He steeled himself to go



for the knife if he had to, but the animal just began licking at his chest, tasting the blood of the deer. He heard Merry whispering "He wants to make peace, I think. He must understand about human mating."

She crawled back to him, and put an arm around its shoulders. "Lupe, meet Gene." As the wolf licked him, she crawled around and swallowed the man's prick. She could taste their mixed juices, and it pulsed as she worked it around in her mouth, licking from the base to the still leaking head. Lupe turned from Gene, watched her for a moment, then returned to making friends with this new human.

An hour later, they were resting in the stream, the deer skinned and gutted, hanging in the yard. The rabbit was almost ready, and she was humming softly as they rubbed and rolled with each other in the cold, stimulating water. She nestled to him, with her hand on his soft pinus. "Lupe makes love to me too, Gene" she whispered. He felt shock, though he had been wondering if something like that was possible. But his cock jumped with the sexy picture of the animal mounting her, and she giggled when she felt it. "Now you know all my secrets, darling. And I'm not fighting my feeling for you anymore. You were wonderful tonight, and the look isn't there. You can come watch him fuck me tonight, if you want." She kissed him softly, cooing as her tongue worked at the inside of his mouth. "And if you can't handle it, leave tomorrow, and I won't blame you."

As she rose from the water, wiping water from her body with her hands, he watched her tawny butt, the heavy slit beneath, the pert, firm tits, nipples red and erect, her midsection rippling with her motions, the long legs so strong yet shapely, the gorgeous, fierce features in her face so attractive. The only thought he had was a deep need to be with her. She had been right; she was all the woman he could handle, and then some.

At dinner, she told him about the curious behavior Lupe had shown about where they met. "It's as though he understands, but won't do it in the same place if I've been there with you." "It must be something to do with territory. They're very private in mating. That's how I knew the Yellowstone wolves were fucked up, they would couple right out in the open." "I didn't know how he would act when he met you. I guess it's any friend of yours is a friend of mine." "How would you feel about my photographing you with Lupe? It's really curious behavior, and may explain why he hasn't left the pack yet." He smiled at her. "I'll cutoff your face." "Don't bother, lover. I'm not ashamed at all. It would turn me on if the whole world knew."

She was late to her tryst with her animal lover, but he was waiting. She let him lick her to a climax, knowing Gene was watching, and taking pictures. As he mounted her, she looked back to where she knew he was hiding, and grinned for the camera. Years later, the photo generated a great deal of interest among the University's professors, even though only the Doctoral committee saw the unretouched original. Although she said she wouldn't mind, he never allowed his thesis to be published.

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Chapter Five

She heard him leave on his motorcycle before noon the next day. She was surprised when she cried herself back to sleep, and he woke her about four with a deep kiss. She twisted around and pulled him onto the bed, laughing giddily. "I had to get some things. I want to try to salvage something from my study." He had brought back a timer for the VTR, and several rolls of ultra high speed film for his 35 MM camera. As they giggled and wrestled on the bed, she saw tiredness in his eyes. "Take a nap, darling. Pheasant tonight." She rolled away from him, thinking about the evening meal.

For two months, they lived the life both seemed to have been destined for. His analysis of the pack's behavior blended the original pair's life with the interplay of Lupe with them both. He would bound along on their night's explorations, and Gene saw the "My kill is mine, your's is your's" behavior Merry had described. Between the two humans, they began generating ideas they could test by seeing how far they could violate some of Lupe's taboos. They quickly found out that he would not attack them, but would whine painfully, and neither could ever go so far as to completely offend his trusting nature.

Gene lived on Merry's schedule. The last thing he did each night was to change the tape being made of several key locations in the meadow, watching their friend Lupe be as ferocious as any wild wolf when with his parents. But he seemed to lack the urge to leave and set up his own family. They were sure it was because of his relationship with Merry.

The pack respected her marked territory, and when he began to mark as well, they respected that too. They found out that the rancher had posted the edge of the woods against hunting, and that had let the pack's natural prey flourish. They wrote him a note and paid him a courtesy call, explaining their efforts to study the ecology. He was a nice man with good intentions, and was happy that his actions had kept the wolves away from his herds. He and Merry talked about familiar problems with the ranch, and she surprised him with helpful suggestions based on her education and her memories of her father's experience.

They watched the tapes and found no surprises. But they were able on some nights to get excellent pictures of the male and female. The female was again pregnant. The male was very protective, and chased them for several miles one night when he smelled them stalking her. He also seemed to demand more of Lupe, and as the female approached term, Lupe came less and less for Merry. Strangely, both man and woman were disappointed.

Gene came back from his weekly trip to the post office one day with a worried look. "We're going to have a visitor. She's, um, an old friend of mine who wants to test the water around here. I can't tell the professor no. He's been kind to me." "What kind of woman is she, Gene, aside from a former girlfriend?" He blushed, as she giggled. Some of his inhibitions just wouldn't go away. "You spied on me making love, I'd like to watch you." "Christ, you're a randy bitch, aren't you."

The night before Laura Billings was to arrive, Merry decided to show him just how randy she could be. They had explored early, finding little activity in the meadow, as the female was due very soon. After their meal, they were in the stream. She rolled to him and grabbed his cock. Her tongue went in his ear, making little suction, and she felt him get his mind off the pack. "There's a hole of mine you've never tried, darling. D'ya think ya'd like it." His jumping tool told her he would.

She splashed noisily out of the water, and plumped down on all fours. It was a very warm night, and neither felt the need to dry off. He grabbed her and flipped her over on her back, with her thighs on his shoulders as he knelt between her legs. He could see her whole bottom, and dived into the warm mass of hair and flesh. He nuzzled and growled, licking her clit, sticking his tongue deep in her tunnel, then slowly licking toward her butt hole. She was babbling "That's good, stud. Oh that mouth is nice, so sexy. Mmmm." His tongue found the puckered rim, and began wetting it. He felt her hips start to twist in pleasure.

They were experienced with each other now, and could read the little involuntary movements which signaled enjoyment. He had found she could often have two or three orgasms while he had one, and they sometimes made love three times a night. She marveled at the sexual stamina she had developed. "It just seems I can cum and cum up here, Gene. I don't know what's come over me." They were both physically active almost continually, and were in peak condition, which gave them

even more stamina. Her desire always triggered his, and they seemed to live in a loving, turned on frenzy.

This buggering was new, but he could almost predict her reactions. His thumb began diddling her clit as his mouth sought her anus, and she started her moaning rise toward fulfillment. His cock was erect with anticipation. She was creaming as he sucked at her bottom, and the odor made his cock even harder. His tongue buried in her ass, moving in and out as he tried to lubricate it. His thumb was still on her clitty, and he felt her begin a cum as he stroked both her holes. He could see her face grimacing with the approaching climax, and returned his lips to her cunt as she heaved wildly. She was always wild during their lovemaking, and groaned sexily. "I'm cumming already, Gene. Fuck me somewhere, hurry, please fuck my ass."

As he penetrated her tight rear end, hearing her squeal with pain and pleasure, he wondered if she was worried about Laura's visit. It would certainly interrupt their idyll, and he had a feeling it would be exciting for all of them. His rod began pushing in and out, and she was groaning throatily, her face showing both pleasure and a snarl of pain. He got a curious surge as she grimaced, but was losing himself in the tight rectum squeezing his needy prick.

She had replaced his thumb with two of her own fingers, and was pummeling her pussy as her face began registering a twisted frown of enjoyment. "It doesn't hurt anymore, its goood, goood, oh here I come, come with me darling." He watched the sexy vision of her face starting its rapturous gasp of climax as his cock spurted without any control from him. She was so tight, and so erotic twisting in front of him, his own orgasm was especially thrilling. He was pummeling madly, as his spurts filled her bowels. Merry was squealing with her release.

As they both began to relax, she opened her eyes and gazed at him. "Oh lover, that was good. I never had it that way, but it was different. I could get used to that." She smiled seductively. "Laura may be different, but your little night creature is still gonna be here when she's gone. And I'm still gonna want that cock."

The woman who emerged from the small sports car was as different from Merry and the new Gene as could be imagined. She had strawberry blonde hair that floated like cotton candy around her face. Her features were beautiful, with large eyes, a small, turned up nose, and a wide, sexy mouth. Perfumed and heavily made up, she had large breasts, and dressed to show them off blatantly. Today she was wearing an opaque blouse which hinted at her white skin, and she wore no bra. The round, full globes quivered as she walked toward them.

Her waist was tiny, and made her full hips seem broader than they really were. Her long legs, in tight jeans, took small, mincing steps, making her wiggle lasciviously. The overall effect was voluptuous and feminine. Gene remembered her passion in bed, and felt she might be able to handle the kind of life they were leading if she weren't rushed. Merry whispered "Some professor."

Laura had been excited when her letter had been answered with an invitation to stay at this house, looking forward to a place so rustic and woodsy. She had always regretted her short affair with Gene did not go further, and had hoped this visit might restart things with the handsome soldier. She had dressed to kill today, but as she approached the couple waiting outside the cabin door, she saw the change in him. Though he was not touching the girl, their body language, and his contented smile told her he was taken. As she tried to suppress her disappointment, she held out her hand to the gorgeous, wild looking woman.

"Hi, I'm Laura. You must be Merry." "Hello, Laura." She turned to Gene, and kissed him briefly on the cheek. "How are you, soldier?" He grinned, and answered with a hoarse rasp, "You wouldn't

believe it, Laura." She stepped back, and glanced at Merry. "Yes I would. The change is obvious, and the reason is too." She found herself staring at the girl, and her stomach tensed with excitement. There was a hint of primitive feeling that surrounded the two, both dressed very simply in shorts and tee shirts. Their sexual nature was obvious.

Laura had always enjoyed indulging her erotic inclinations. She was tenured, so gossip represented no threat to her career, and her research was high quality and cutting edge. Her beauty allowed her to pick and choose partners, which she did with frequency and daring. As a result, she had a sixth sense about people's attraction to her, and she was feeling that this couple was interested. The situation promised very different experiences, and the tingling in her stomach spread. She wasn't seducing either; they were seducing her. It was awfully stimulating.

She held the girl's eyes. "This is the perfect place for testing stream recovery phenomena, Merry. I'm afraid there aren't many near the University anymore." She looked up at the house, fitting this natural spot so well, and remarked "Your home is neat. I'm really looking forward to being here." "Come look around, Laura, and Gene will get your bags." As she took Laura's hand, a spark seemed to pass between them.

The letter had asked her to arrive late in the afternoon, and a deer loin was roasting on a spit to the right of the door. As they walked around, Laura kept staring at the fantastically well developed figure leading her. Merry seemed to be in terrific shape, and her movements were lithe and tawny. "Can I ask why you wanted me to come late." Merry turned and smiled. "We've gotten in the habit of staying awake most of the night. You don't have to." The room they were standing in had a convertible couch already made into a bed. "Gene and I sleep right next to you, but we don't make any noise. Dinner will be ready in about an hour. Change if you want, and come down for a beer."

Laura decided to change to a halter and shorts, enjoying the clean air of the mountains. She took off the heeled boots she had worn for the trip, and slipped a pair of sandals on. Her full, lush body showed to advantage in the outfit. She felt disappointed that Gene was not going to be available, but still felt a tingle of excitement as she returned to the living room.

The conversation that night centered around her research into water recovery from pollution shocks, and Gene's study of wolves. Laura knew enough about the subject to be amazed at some of his ideas, but he assured her he was documenting them carefully. The change in his whole demeanor was amazing. He was so relaxed and direct. He had been an angry, difficult person when she had known him, and often scared her with his temper. The girl was equally straightforward, and seemed totally at ease. An aura of relaxed naturalness suffused the evening.

They ate a truly amazing dinner outside, facing the setting sun, and she felt very comfortable. The trip had tired her, so she went up to bed not long after a berry shortcake that would require some exercise to work off. As she drifted off to sleep, it was with a surprising sense of well being for a new place.

She jumped awake several hours later, though she wasn't sure of the time. The moon was shining in through the window. She had forgotten to pull the drapes. Wearing only her short nightie, she walked to the sliding doors, and heard movement outside. She slid open the glass, and stepped onto the porch outside. The air felt wonderful on her skin. Going to the edge, she looked down to see Gene and Merry looking up at her.

Merry was completely nude, and her hair was released from the clasp that she had been wearing. Gene had on a jock strap. Blood was dripping from one of the two rabbits hanging from the limb of a nearby tree. Both had some on their bodies. Laura's mind whirled. "Did we wake you, Laura?"

asked the girl. "Uh, no, I don't think so." The two women's eyes were locked, and the blonde felt an invitation in the look. Obviously, they had gone hunting. "We're going down to the stream. Come if you want."

The two turned and walked toward the far edge of the woods. Gene tossed the jock strap on the porch of the living room as they passed it. When they reached the edge, they turned and watched Laura, who's stomach was jingling with surprise. The implications of what they were doing were both unusual and sexy. Those two gorgeous people running around hunting in these forests naked, she thought. She found it a sensual idea.

Merry watched the blonde, wondering what she would do. They had talked about trying to ease her into their natural ways gradually, but hadn't counted on waking her up. The attraction she had felt between them had been a surprise, one she hoped might now go further. Laura turned and went into the study. Gene whispered "Let's wait a moment. I saw the look on her face."

Just then, the front door opened, and the lush body appeared in the moonlight. Naked, Laura was a vision of soft sensuality. Her full breasts hardly sagged, and large pale nipples pushed up saucily. Her skin was startlingly white, and the slim waist emphasized her full hips. Her long legs moved with those small, mincing steps, erotically swinging her body. There was no muscle to interrupt the impression of voluptuous eroticism as she walked toward them. Her cuntal mound had a small patch of wispy red hair. She stopped in front of them.

Merry followed her instinct. She stepped forward and pressed herself to Laura, kissing her gently. She tasted sweet, and perfume lingered in the reddish blonde hair. Her softness seemed to welcome the caress of their pillowing tits, and the almost hairless pussy pushed at the furry black mound so near. The intensity of their kiss increased as they opened their mouths, and tongues swirled and dueled. Merry pulled her face back, staring greedily at the captivated visitor. "Let's go down to the stream" she whispered.

The blonde walked between the two lean lovers, and the three wrapped arms around each other as their bodies rubbed. Laura realized she was drifting into their seduction, without control of herself. All she felt was wonderful anticipation. She heard Gene whisper "She's into it, Merry. We didn't have to worry." The answer was accompanied by a hand cupping the full breast of the opulent newcomer. "I can see that, darling." They had hardly kissed or touched, but the blonde's pussy was creaming.

They all waded into the running water, and Laura gasped at its cold. «Let it caress you, it'll turn you on" whispered Gene. As they lay down, feeling her whole body crying at the sting of the cold, she felt the funny sort of stimulation he meant. She closed her eyes and groaned with part pleasure, part pain. They were all rolling against each other, and she felt hands on her body, at her cunt, on her breasts. One of hers found Merry's hairy pussy, marveling at the fat labia covered with fur. She could feel Gene's cock on her leg. She gave herself to the powerful sensuality of the moment. Time passed as they lolled together, until Laura groaned "Aren't you going to fuck me?"

They rose from the water, and the warm night air felt fantastic on her wet skin. The voluptuous blonde walked ahead of them to the forest floor and lay down, one knee raised, with her arms above her head. She was offering herself to them. There was a look of fierce desire on her new lovers' faces, and she felt her own want rising. The girl knelt between her legs, pushing them apart with her hands. The mane of wet hair fell over one shoulder as her mouth surrounded Laura's pink bottom. She felt the tongue sink into her tunnel, as suction pulled her lit up. Then it was being tickled, and her full hips began squirming. Gene was kneeling beside her head, and she reached for his semi hard prick. Pulling it toward her mouth, she opened her lips to the head. It sunk further in,

as she sucked hungrily, and groaned as the jolts in her pussy began radiating into her whole body.

The mouth kept sucking and licking, as she heaved to it. Her passion made her eat the wonderful meat in her own mouth even more vigorously, and low moans were coming from them all. Laura could have let this go forever, as she luxuriated in the sexy situation. But Gene whispered «Wait. Lets make this first time perfect.” He scrambled down to replace Merry between the lush pale legs of their new conquest, and guided her hips over Laura’s face. He rubbed the head of his tool against the foaming wet cunt as Laura stared up into the fat hairy mound above her that was sinking toward her mouth. She was vibrating with excitement as she tasted the wild, animal musk, licking frantically for more. The tawny odor was filling her with desire, while her vaginal tunnel slowly filled with the large cock sinking into her.

As she licked and sucked, she realized she heard frenzied groaning, and felt Merry’s bottom grinding at her. The girl was cumming, cream flowing into the hungry mouth eating her body. God this woman is sexy, Laura thought. Gene’s thrusting prick was raising her fast. She wanted this to go on forever. Her mind was filled with lust for both these amazingly uninhibited lovers, different possible sexual acts flashing through her mind. Her hips were bucking into his, seeking fulfillment. She didn’t remember him being such a thoughtful man during sex.

The fury of their lovemaking rose, as the cool night air made their couplings seem pure and sweet. It became mindless thrill seeking for them all. No thought of convention interfered with the wild abandon of their natural desires. Laura wasn’t consciously comparing, but had never fucked with such animal lust. Her opulent body was instinctively trying to please her lovers, and herself. She strained at the bodies using her, and being used.

Her hands reached up to cover the two on her breasts, urging them to knead them more energetically, pinching her nipples. The furry cunt at her mouth was grinding again, and Laura lost control as her climax signaled its approach in her spasming hips, and groaning tonguing of the hole above her. She felt she was being squeezed through a blossoming fire of delight, as zinging jolts radiated from her pussy, filling her lush flesh. Gene’s cock was pistoning hard, twitching her clit at each stroke.

Suddenly, she exploded in sensual fire, raising her legs to bring his tool down to her ovaries, feeling her clit sending fires out in her groin, gasping into the spasming pussy at her mouth. She twisted and writhed, unaware of the lurid picture her movements made for her two partners, each of whom was gasping with release. Waves of sensation rolled through her, the odors of her cum mixing with Merry’s, the contracting cunt squeezing her tongue. Liquid was gushing into her tunnel, adding to her sense of being completely filled.

It was a cum that kept going incredibly, washing her body in release. Gene was still pumping slowly, maintaining the pressure on her clitty, as she felt herself starting to come down. She sighed as Merry rose, twisted around, and kissed her deeply, her tongue seeking to share the juice from her own climax. Gene’s hand was massaging her tummy as her hips came to rest. The hands were still kneading her breasts, as the tingling in her nipples gradually subsided. She was mewling with pleasure as the cock left her, and the two cuddled to her body.

Laura was dazed by her incredible passion. At that moment, she felt they had gotten her off better than ever before, and what surprised her was the energy she still felt. She sighed with disappointment as Gene left to go up to his camp, and Merry went into the woods. Alone, she began rubbing her body. The warm air, the moonlight, and the sound of the stream made her continue to tingle.

When neither Gene nor Merry came back after a few minutes, she rose and walked back toward the house. She was still turned on, wandering through the moonlight, finding the path in the woods, slowly losing herself in the warm air, luxuriating in the sensual power of the night. She would take a few steps down the path, then stop to listen to the soft rustle of the wind, and the little noises in the forest. Her nakedness seemed so natural. Her hands rubbed her flesh, keeping her keening tension high. Pale light would mottle the trees and bushes, creating a changing interplay of dark green and black. She felt herself breathing, and brushing against leaves would zing her body. She wanted more.

Returning to the house, she came to the tree where the two rabbits were hanging. Only one had been killed, blood drying on its fur. The other was still twitching, and she remembered the blood on her two lovers. A shiver of lust ran through her. She reached out to touch the fur on the ungutted animal.

Suddenly she felt hands on her breasts, and Merry whispered "We like to drink the blood, Laura. We're all animals, and it gets us excited, and nourishes us." One hand dipped into her crotch, a finger touching the clitty. Lips sucked at her neck. "Would you like to share our ritual? «The civilized, sensual woman felt the primitive urge to embrace their world, and murmured "It's so sexy, so raw. Yes, yes, everything."

The hands left her body, and the tawny girl used the knife to slit the throat of the small rabbit. As if in a trance, Laura pressed her open mouth to the deep slash, sucking warm nectar, feeling it wet her face, and drip down her neck to her titties. She was vibrating with the sensual pleasure of this brutal act. Merry rubbed her face in the liquid, smearing herself. Then she slowly moved her face to Laura's, kissing the blood smeared mouth. The blonde was moaning with excitement, and pressed her body to the slim girl. Visions of Merry as a primitive priestess danced in her mind.

They fell to the grass, mouths sucking, tongues dueling, tasting the salty sourness, erotic sensation coursing through their bodies. Their two cunts were humping at each other, as they groaned with the urgent need for release. Laura was dimly aware of her lover groaning with a climax, but mindlessly kept twitching at the hairy mound surging at her splayed twat. She kept rising in heat, as their spasming pubic bones bumped frantically. Their breasts were pillowing together, both feeling their hard nipples. The sensitivity of her body amazed the now groaning blonde vixen.

Merry broke their embrace, and rose briefly, as the two gazed at each other, gasping with need. The vision of each of the different but gorgeous females stimulated the urgency of their coupling, here in the moonlight, smeared in blood, acting out their deepest animal urges. Then, Merry twisted around to wrap her lips around the pale pussy with its wispy red hair, while her own heavy mound pressed to the red mouth with its panting want. They concentrated on the clits stiffened by their passion, sucking and licking, moaning wildly. As they writhed at each other, both were lost in the moment, striving for completion.

Gene came back just as Merry orgasmed in frenzied twisting against Laura's mouth, spread wide to eat the cream flowing freely from the auburn vaginal passage contracting in release. He felt his cock stiffen with the sight of the two clutched together. As she writhed in climax, Merry looked up to see him staring at the erotic picture they made in the pale moonlight. She smiled with pleasure for herself, then rose from the opulent body beneath her. The blonde groaned with her unfinished need roiling her body.

"Finish her, darling. Let me watch you fuck her." Gene pressed himself to Merry, kissing her passionately, then dropped to his knees over the voluptuous softness groaning on the grass. Laura sighed as she felt him sucking at her full breasts, licking the nipples wetly. Her puss bucked at his

stomach, seeking his prick. He pushed two fingers into the steaming moistness of her cunt, massaging the nerve tissue swelled with blood. She smelled of the woods, her perfume, and the rabbit's essence. His face in her tit seemed surrounded in flesh.

Merry was kneeling beside them, watching as Gene reluctantly gave up the succulent mounds and kissed Laura, mouth open in excitement, and guided his thick member into the creaming hole already wide to him. He drove to its full depth, as a moan escaped her throat. He began a slow fucking motion, coming halfway out with each stroke, but the writhing woman under him wrapped her legs around his hips and increased the tempo of his thrusts. Her mouth muffled by the lean handsome man, she mumbled "Make me come, Gene. Please, oh get me off. Oooh, yeah like that. Hurry, hurry."

Laura was vibrating frantically, full of the cock pummeling her bucking twat. Her eyes were closed as she frowned with concentration on her clit starting to zing with nearing satisfaction. She felt the pleasure of their conquest of her being, as she gave herself to wild humping up to the male meat goring her. Her feeling of being their sex toy was a surrender of startling change from her civilized life, and the freedom made her soar into a fantastic red haze of orgasmic thrills. Climax raged from her cunt outward, filling her completely. She groaned as she felt his jism spitting in her welcoming vagina, as her cuntal muscles contracted around him. She threw back her head with her surging release of tension, still bucking her hips.

Her head was rolling back and forth with her pleasure, and even as the jingling calmed, she was stuporous, floating in a sexual pool. She felt herself lifted and carried to her bed, where two mouths kissed her. As she began drifting into sleep, Merry whispered "Welcome, Laura." The buxom woman fell asleep with one hand at her breast, the other in her sopping pussy, groaning softly. Her lovers watched the sensual beauty with anticipation of more sexual adventure.

The strawberry blonde never ran with them, or hunted. She conducted her experiments, hiking up the mountain to throw non-toxic marking chemicals in the stream, her instruments testing the speed with which they were diluted and neutralized by the natural processes operating on the downstream water. At night, they indulged in erotic sex play, and Laura found herself luxuriating in the freedom and daring of it. She didn't stay up all night. There was no jealousy between Merry and Gene, as though their relationship encouraged sexual adventure.

They quickly discovered that Laura did not have multiple orgasms close together, but as the mountain, their constant nudity, and the sensual atmosphere pervaded her, she wanted two or three fucks each night. They accommodated her happily, luxuriating in her soft, dreamy seeking of constant stimulation. Her full, ripe curves, pale and cushioning skin, and willing accommodation of every kind of act were erotic additions to their life. She often asked one or both to make love to her as she went to bed at one or two in the morning.

Merry loved the novelty of watching Gene fuck the sensuous blonde. Somehow, she seemed to participate in Laura's orgasms, often diddling herself to release. The first time she just watched them, but later liked to press herself to whichever was on top, getting herself off with them. The woman to woman enjoyment was new to her, but she found it novel and exciting.

"I've never been this horny in my life" Laura told them one evening. «It's as though I just want to cum all the time." Merry told her how similar her own feelings were. "I think it's our natural instinct freed in this environment."

Often after their first evening coupling and dinner, the girl would leave them, and return a little later. On the fourth night, as she and Gene lolled in the water, she didn't come back. He whispered

"Let's go watch them, Laura." She didn't understand that, but followed him several hundred yards through the woods. He led her to a spot downwind from the stream and pointed to a clearing on the other side. As her eyes focused, she saw Merry with one of the wolves between her legs. Gene handed her the binoculars.

My god, they're making love, she thought. She could see the wolf licking at the girl's groin, and the wriggling of Merry's body showed her pleasure. She looked at Gene and started to speak, but he signaled her to be quiet with a finger to his lips. Raising the binoculars again, she saw Merry had now gotten on all fours, and the wolf was on top of her, its hips bucking at her ass. Laura felt cream start in her slit with the sexy animal act she was witnessing. Since Lupe had not come for several days, it was over fast, and a thrill shot through her as she heard the animal howl with triumph as it came. With her angle, the girl's face showed her own release.

Laura fell to the ground and grabbed Gene's cock, pulling it into her. He began pumping, as the exciting act she had just witnessed drove her passion quickly to a peak. They came together, her head shaking with a sharp climax he broadened by shooting hotly onto her stomach, and rubbing the spunk into her skin. Merry and the wolf were still lying in the clearing, as the two watchers stole quietly away.

"I can't go to sleep now. I have to talk to her. Do you think the wolf would do me too?" Gene smiled as he marveled at the power this place seemed to have to make anything possible. This soft, delectable, gorgeous professor wanted to get fucked by a wolf. He wondered what Merry would feel. He kissed her pouty red lips, feeling her lust. "It's the wolf's call, actually."

The next night, both Merry and Laura went to Lupe's glen, but he didn't show up. The next night he did, to find two female pussy's, already fragrant, waiting together. Laura was on top, pressing her lush curves against the firm muscles below, and grinding her hips into the auburn haired girl's pelvis. Laura's eyes opened in shock when she saw the wolf, even though it was what she wanted. Merry held her tight, murmuring "Just hold still, lover. He'll decide what he wants to do."

The wolf was sniffing rapidly, sorting out the odors. He stepped tentatively around to snuffle at both female behinds, separating the familiar from the new, perfumed, but still stimulating other. He began licking at Merry, then up to Laura. Merry wriggled up under Laura, leaving only the wispy blonde for him. He seemed to accept it, and increased the speed of his rasping tongue. Laura was overcome with the rasping stimulation the expert licking was producing, thrills shooting into her groin. "God, its fantastic" she moaned. Her head sank down to Merry's stomach, and her tongue went out to taste the skin of the tawny, animal woman.

Feeling her licking, Merry wriggled her cunt to Laura's mouth, and watched the blonde head sink into her slit. Groans were vibrating as the wolf drove its tongue deeper into the new tunnel, savoring the different but equally exciting odor. He licked on and on, but this pussy did not spasm as fast as the other. Finally, excited by the smells, Lupe jumped on the new pale back, and drove his pointed prick deep in the foaming tunnel he had so freely lubricated. He could see Merry, eyes half closed in passion, writhing at the red blonde mouth. She was orgasming as, for the first time, she watched the wolf's face during his fucking.

He lasted a little longer than the night before last, and his head gradually raised as his completion approached. Just as Laura screamed her release, the wolf stretched his maw to the dark sky, and howled his conquest to the world. The blonde babbled ecstatically "He's filling me up, coming in me. Ohh, it's so good, what a cum, oh Merry." As the wolf pulled himself off her and waited, Laura imitated what she had seen, and cleaned the bright red tool, licking and sucking, until it retreated into its sheath. Then she lay back as the wolf tongued her body.

Laura made arrangements to stay another week, lost in the incredible but wonderful erotic life they were leading. She wore a bikini while she was alone, but stripped as soon as her lovers awakened, and they began the evenings' orgiastic adventure. She met the wolf each night it came, since Merry had urged her to enjoy Lupe while she could. Gene made a tape of their lovemaking, and years later, Laura realized her smile of happiness was never the same in civilized life.

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## Chapter Six

Joe Tall trees jogged across the meadow, listening for the sounds of animals. His moccasins made him almost silent, as he moved efficiently in the dark. The hiking party he had left sleeping an hour ago was taking the deluxe tour, but there hadn't been any interest from the women. Usually there was at least one who wanted to get it on with him, but this group was older, and very inhibited. Even the power of the natural world on this mountain hadn't loosened them up.

Joe loved scouting like this at night. He wore his light buckskin pants, and once he got into his high, could go on his jog for a couple of hours. This ten day deal that ended up two hundred miles from Phoenix gave him lots of exercise, and a chance to get familiar with the whole area again. This was the first time he had been this far south this year, and he was looking for the wolves, since the people would want to see them tomorrow.

As he ran, his mind wandered to this funny existence he had stumbled into. Because he looked like an Indian, and a handsome one at that, it had ended up a good way to make a living. It suited his love for nature, and he had been doing it for ten years. His half breed mother was a little annoyed that he took advantage of his native appearance, but she liked the money, and he had learned a lot from the many trips.

He never felt badly about taking advantage of the girls on these tours. The clean mountain air was an aphrodisiac to most of them, and he particularly liked the young ones that were in good shape. Even when he knew they were one or two night stands, he loved them at the time. They would always be coy for a day or so, but then ask if they could go out with him on his nightly scout. They always stripped to just a thong or a bikini bottom as soon as they were out of sight of the other campers, fantasizing about being "maidens in the night", as one put it. Sometimes they would run with him awhile, but they all eventually pulled him to the forest floor.

He felt he gave them their money's worth, though he was always cautious about letting them see the size of his cock too quickly. Once he had them stoked up and squirming, he would show them the outsize member, but they were too excited by then to do anything but try to eat it. He would usually be able to make them cum at least twice, and they all loved making noise in the dark. Occasionally, they might try to get him to date them after the tour was over, but he always smiled and made an excuse. He'd tell them "It would never be the same." It wasn't a lie.

His mom was right. It was an aimless existence, but he couldn't imagine liking any income producing effort as much as he liked this. She kept badgering him to marry a "nice" girl, but her definition of that was an Indian. Christ, his real last name was Patel. Even supporting both of them, he was putting money away. Why change anything?

A low growl penetrated his thoughts. "Shit". He stopped, trying to breathe lightly. A big grey wolf was fifty feet down the little path he had been following. He could see the bared fangs. He backed up, but the wolf matched his steps. What did the old Indians say? Get down on your hands and knees and get your head low. No way. If he was going to have to run, he wanted as much of a head start as

he could get. He looked around for a stick or something. He was big and strong, and in good shape. He hadn't done anything wrong.

A voice, female he thought, came out of the darkness. "You violated their territory. Keep your eyes on his, and side step over to the woods. Lupe, Lupe." The wolf looked around for the source of the words. Then he looked back as Joe sidestepped. It was only ten feet to the first tree, and he made it while the animal just stood there. He was shaking a little. A hand touched his arm.

A dark woman was standing behind him. He hadn't heard her come up. She was bare ass naked, and gorgeous. Long hair flowed down her back, and she was trim and muscular. Her tits were pert and full, with brown little nipples, and she had a big pussy covered with dark hair. "He'll watch you as long as you're near the meadow. He was hunting. His mother just had two pups. Come with me, and we'll get over to my territory."

He followed her, admiring her long legs and taut ass. His cock was jumping at the sight, horny as he was after nine days out. He saw a knife hanging in her hair. After a couple of minutes, she began jogging at a good pace, and he trotted along behind her. They came to a clearing, with a stream running over to the right. She stopped, turned to him, not at all self conscious about her nudity, and said "Who are you?"

He smiled at her. "Name's Joe Tall trees. Guiding a hiking party from up north. Scouting so I can show them the wolves tomorrow. I'm not usually so sloppy. Must have been stargazing." She held his eyes, but he wasn't uncomfortable with it. Her tawny features were curious, questioning. She wasn't threatening. "I'm Meredith Hastings."

Merry had been alone for a week. Gene was at the University reviewing his work with the professor. Lupe was busy feeding the mother and pups. She was running ten miles a night, but still missed her lovers. The big Indian made her heart jump a little. As she stood there, she could see his prick tenting the loose buckskin. They stared at each other, both wondering. She licked her lips. The only noise was the running water, the crickets, and a light breeze. His face was open and straightforward, but he was eying her body. She found herself preening for him a little.

Her hands had been at her sides, but now she put her palms on her thighs. "I live at night, Joe. You and I are the only two people within miles. Let's get in the stream. It's a turn on." She walked over to the water and waded in, then turned to look at him. He was stripping off the pants, and revealed a huge cock, thick and long. It made Merry's stomach tense. She lay down in the water and started rubbing her pussy and tits. He waded in beside her. The big tool arched out from his groin. He lay down at her side, letting the tube lay across her leg. It felt warm in the cold, rushing water.

His black hair was pulled back and tied, but his handsome face was only vaguely indian. He must be only part native, she thought. His hand went to her breast, while he moved his head toward her face. As their lips met, she sighed and gave herself to the sensual moment.

Joe was a little in shock at what was happening with this woman. The moonlight in the glade had let him see her clearly, and her face was almost animal in its character, though incredibly attractive. He had seen the expression on her face change from challenging his presence to interest in him sexually, her eyes frankly watching his prick jump. The little sensual smile, the movement of her hands nearer her pussy, the preening that pushed her bush out, all signaled "Fuck me." When she invited him into the water with her, a thrill fired from his belly down to his groin.

"I live at night." What an erotic idea. He understood the attraction of that kind of fantasy, but this Meredith was actually doing it. And the bathing. The civilized women always seemed to associate

sweat with sex. He would have preferred nice clean bodies in the natural outdoors. Ashe waded in, feeling himself jingling with passion, and the cold water stimulated his skin, his own fantasy of primitive, uninhibited coupling was happening. Even in the cold water, his prick kept growing as he began rubbing her tits. He was watching her eyes as he slowly leaned toward her mouth. She looked excited and aroused.

As his lips locked to hers, she rolled to him and pressed herself hard to his wet skin. Their tongues dueled as he heard her start to growl softly into his mouth. He could feel her firm breasts, that furry mound, the legs rubbing him. His cock was fully erect, and she wiggled it between her legs and squeezed. Her hands were rubbing his body all over, washing him as she stimulated his passion. The flowing water was washing away not only dirt, but the constraints of society. He began fucking his cock between her legs, and felt her bush starting to pulsate against his pubic bone. Most women wanted to talk, but this one wanted to fuck.

She rose from him suddenly and went to the bank, lying down on her back with her legs spread and arms out to the side. Water was beading on her tan skin, without any lines from a bathing suit, and he could see pink flesh and a big clit between her pussy lips. As he rose and went to her, she was ogling the bouncing tube, licking her lips. He heard her breathing hard, and her tits were rising and falling, while her hips were writhing slightly. He lay down with his hips beside her face, and put his mouth to her cunt, tasting the water from the stream, but smelling a musky odor of her cream. He felt her take him between her lips, sucking and licking. As he surrounded her vaginal hole, his tongue as far in as he could get, he tasted her cream flowing freely. She was moaning as they each pulled the other's hips into their faces.

At almost the same moment, Gene and Laura were standing nude on the balcony of her apartment. She had made him dinner, and afterwards they had stripped and begun to make love. But both had realized it didn't feel right. Somehow, there was no passion without Merry with them, and away from the mountain. "I'm a little worried, Gene. The only happiness I feel seems to be up there with you two." Her full body was as lush as ever, but he didn't even feel excited. "It's true, Laura. Everything down here is white bread and contrived. You're coming up this weekend, right?"

"Uh huh. But it can't last forever. I need someone the way you and Merry have each other. A mate, not a civilized lover." Her eyes were closed, as a frown crossed her face. "No one down here can possibly understand. I don't think any of them could handle the freedom." She looked at him and smiled. "But Friday night, I know I'll be turned on again. And so will you." His stomach tensed with anticipation.

Merry was trying to get all Joe's meat down her throat. She kept adjusting her position, and finally managed almost all of it, holding her breath and swallowing around the head. He groaned into her twat each time she did it. She was near a cum. His skin felt different than Gene's, rougher, wetter. He had very little body hair, just a tuft above his prick. She swallowed him once more, then pulled her groin away. "Fuck me, Cochise. Sink that monster inside me." She rolled to her back, as he scrambled around between her raised legs, his cock in his hand. She watched, gaping happily, as he pressed it into her slit.

He pushed slowly, and she realized he was trying to be careful because of its size. Her legs wrapped around his hips, and she pulled him frantically all the way to the bottom of her foaming hole, feeling the vibrating tension building up fast. She began pulsating wildly, letting the huge member, filling her so completely, slip out only a couple of inches, then pulling it back to full penetration. The vibrating seemed to shoot upwards, and she groaned with a sharp, thrilling jolt of sensation coursing through her. Her long lack of fucking made it powerful, waves crashing in her groin. She held him deep inside her, mashing her clitty against his tool. The sweet release crested, and she began letting

him pulsate his cock again.

Joe was amazed at how quickly she got off. Almost the moment he had started into her, and she had forced him all the way, she had humped in a frenzy. She was moaning "Cumming, cumming." Her eyes were closed, but in a relaxed way, not tight as though it was any effort to climax. She's a real experienced, sexy woman, he thought, though he could see she wasn't that old. And what power in her legs. A real animal, designed for primitive fucking. It was perfect for this beautiful evening, and he could feel himself beginning to thrust into her unthinkingly, driving his heat higher and higher. Her legs were helping him now, not rushing but in the rhythm.

His lips found hers, and she began to growl into his searching tongue, sucking hard, one hand pulling his head down while the other clawed his back. He felt her undulating hips meeting each of his strokes, and he wound his hands in her mass of curly hair. She had no makeup at all, but her dark eyes, staring half lidded at him, were erotic enough for any man. He felt her heels on his back, opening up her cunt so he slid down easily, moaning ecstatically with each touch to her clit. Her writhing skin touched his in water soothed caressing. He raised himself on his arms to stare at her gorgeous muscular body responding to his deep penetration. His brain was whirling in thoughtless pleasure. Part of his mind instinctively fought off orgasm, but then he heard her groan "Go ahead, stud. Fill me up. I'm ready again. Get me, get me hard."

He began ramming into her, pulling all the way out each time. His cock was aching hard, and he felt the pressure starting to build up in his balls. Her arms left his back and were clawing at the ground as she arched up to him with each stroke. His head reared back so almost the only thing touching her was his pistoning meat. Her legs were on the ground too, helping her hips blasting up at his prick. He fired a load that felt like a fountain, and he could tell she felt it too, as her mouth opened in surprise and excitement. "Aaaah yeah, wow, yeahhhh." He felt her contracting around the base of his tool. Her hips kept pushing. He shot again, and this time she smiled as spunk began oozing out of her tunnel. He could feel her squeezing and relaxing on his cock. He thrust one more time, firing a final load into her. She was shaking her head and moaning, her hips now still. He could smell their sweat, her musk, and the faint odor of his own jism.

He let himself rest on her, supporting himself on his elbows. She opened her eyes, and smiled lecherously at him. "I needed that, Cochise. It felt like you did too." He stared at her, his heart still pounding. "There's gotta be a hell of a story behind this, Meredith. «She giggled at the use of her full name. "Call me Merry."

They talked for an hour, caressing as they lolled in the stream. She wanted to get it on again, but he told her he had to get back to the camp. "I can stay behind when they leave tomorrow, though. Can you get me a ride back?" Merry giggled, but a little ghost flitted in her face. «Do that, Joe. My man's coming home, and there's someone coming with him. I bet you'd like her."

Merry greeted Gene and Laura the next day in her thong bikini, surprised at how happy she was to see him. Even though Joe had satisfied her sexual desire, she realized how much she missed their conversation, their running and hunting together, his habit of always seeing something new in the forest. Laura seemed a little sad, and they talked candidly about how the two had felt in Phoenix. Merry told them she had invited Joe for the night, and then "see what happens. He should be here shortly."

But Joe wasn't there by the time sunset approached. Laura had put her bikini on, and had put on heavy, dark eye makeup, trying to look fierce like Merry. Gene came down in his jock strap. "Let's go for a run before dinner, Merry. You don't mind, do you Laura?" Smiling, Laura said "I'll entertain Joe 'til you're back. Big indian, right?" As Merry stripped, she grinned. "Real big, darling."

Joe came trotting up almost as soon as they left, a loincloth his only garb. As he came to the glen, he dropped his backpack off his shoulders. "You must be Laura. Merry told me there was another gorgeous woman coming, but that doesn't do you justice." He was smiling confidently, and his muscular physique, shining red skin, and handsome features took the blonde's breath away. Standing in front of her, gasping a little, he seemed the essence of primitive masculinity.

"Hello, Joe Tall trees. The name suits you. Come have a beer." As she rose and walked to the house, she found herself swinging her hips, feeling his eyes on her almost bare ass. She felt excitement rising in her groin. When she came back, she stood close to him to hand him the can. Their eyes locked.

Joe was taken aback at the strawberry blonde's beauty. He was used to trim, fit girls like Merry, but this woman was voluptuous and soft, without any fat, but curved and opulent. He could see her interest in her hungry gaze, and felt his cock jumping. As she handed him the beer, there was a small tremble in her hand. Even without Merry's description, he could see the arousing effect of the mountain, and the approaching night. She was so different from the women he knew. He felt tongue-tied as he gazed at her. Then she whispered "Let's go down to the stream, Joe. We can finish our drinks there."

He put an arm around her as they walked toward the woods, and felt her flinch slightly. When he started to take his arm away, she murmured «No, keep it there. I like feeling your touch." They got to the glade beside the stream, and gazed at each other. She reached behind her and untied the bra, letting it fall from her full breasts. He ogled them openly, and she arched her back to his stare. The big nipples hardened and stuck out with the air and his attention. She took a swig of her beer, then pulled her thong off quickly. She smiled as his eyes widened at her lush nudity. Like him, she was almost hairless, the light red fuzz at her pussy incredibly erotic. "It's the air and the mountain, Joe."

She waded slowly into the water as he pulled the loincloth off. As she reclined in the stream, it was her turn to stare with excitement at his prick, now almost hard. They were smiling with acceptance of the mutual attraction they felt, and the free embrace of sexual feeling building up between them. He waded in and handed her can, drinking from his own. They began rolling together, their skins rubbing, and he started to kiss her.

But she stopped his face, her eyes bright, and began to whisper in a low, throaty voice, "You're going to rape me, aren't you. You're going to take me away from civilization and do unspeakable things to me in your teepee. I'll become your squaw, your paleface slave. I'd fight you if I thought I could. But you're so handsome, so strong, so primitive. I can't resist." Her eyes closed, and she humped to his hip. She put her hand behind his head and pulled his face to her open mouth, groaning as they sucked at each other, their tongues jabbing. She was straining at his mouth, at his body, losing herself in the raw sensuality of their nakedness, his appeal to her love of this natural world, and his muscular body.

"I know you're going to make me do it. You're going to ravish me, dominate me, make me cum and cum. Oooh, your going to have your way with me." She pulled away and stared at him, animal craving showing in her face. He recognized the fantasy so many women felt with him, but found it was turning him on more than ever before. Her lush, voluptuous flesh made him urgently passionate in an unfamiliar feeling of domination. Her effort to embrace this imagined forced contact contrasted to her elegant sophistication, and her fantasy was drawing him in as never in the past. He felt himself becoming a rapacious conqueror. His hand went to her cunt, and his fingers entered her, twitching at her nerve filled tunnel. She began groaning, bucking to his hand.

"White man's woman mine now. Never be the same." She was moaning with his hand and her



imagination. He picked her up and carried her to the bank. As he eased her down to her back, she spread her legs, opening her slit to reveal moist pink flesh. Her face was gaping with desire. How quickly she's become a wanton sexual animal, he thought. His mouth covered her pussy, and her hips began writhing immediately.

His tongue explored her genitals slowly, luxuriating in the little tuft of wispy red hair, licking between the swollen fat lips, tasting her musky cream, feeling the smooth flesh of her cunt. Its hairless surface was such a contrast to the usual more natural pussys he was used to. The moment made her smell seem sexier than any he remembered. He surrounded the soft, creaming hole with his mouth, sucking juice avidly.

Her mouth was sucking hungrily at the head of his cock, licking the slit as it oozed with his pre cum. He heard her babbling softly "So big, so sweet, ooooh my indian prick, violate me. It'll never fit, but try, try." His hips bucked with desire, and she arched her head to try to swallow it all. He heard her gagging and moaning as he pushed at the back of her throat with the engorged meat. "Mmmm, mmmm, unhhhh."

Their bodies were surging together in the evening dusk, as they lost themselves in a haze of pleasure with their writhing lovemaking. But they were relaxed, and he realized she would take plenty of time to cum, as her moans climbed slowly, without any rush. It was as though they had been together many times, experienced in each other's sensual needs. She was eating at his cock frantically, and his mouth seemed to dwell in her lovely perfumed pussy. He rolled over so she was on top, and felt her pillowy tits on his groin. Her hungry sucking was getting him too excited, so he released her slit, and moaned "It's time, it's time, paleface bitch."

She collapsed to the ground beside him, her eyes wide and bright. As he rolled between her legs, he began to suckle at her breasts, first one, then the other pale nipple. Laura's eyes closed and she began babbling «You're going to take me, violate me, oh I'm afraid, but I need it. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me." Her soft full breasts were delectable, but he knew she was ready for his tool. He raised to his knees, holding his cock, and rubbed it in her slit, touching her stiff clitty. "Paleface bitch going to feel it now, hard and big."

Laura was moaning with half her mind indulging in her fantasy, and the other amazed at the pleasure he was building in her. He smelled of soap and a little sweet, unique odor she thought must be his red skin. His huge dick was opening her vaginal tunnel, but he was letting her adjust as her flesh stretched around the monster. Her cream lubricated him as he slid slowly into her, and when he stopped short of full penetration, she opened her eyes, grinned salaciously at his excited face, and humped her hips to bury the last inches completely. The thick head was pushing into her ovaries, it seemed, but with the pressure on her love button sent a thrill coursing violently through her lower body, and she groaned as his face sunk toward her.

"Brute, brute, oh my god..." she was moaning, but then his mouth covered hers, and she abandoned herself to their pistoning hips slapping at each other, feeling his hairless skin against hers. His thick tool was thrusting smoothly, rhythmically, carrying her careening nerves to a state of full stimulation, as their mouths sucked and gurgled. Her mind was full of images of Lupe, Gene, Merry, all rolled into this act of erotic abandon with her new lover, and native dancers writhing around giant fires jumped into her fevered fantasy.

She could feel her cunt filled rapaciously, the thrill of his huge member stroking inside her beyond her experience, and she associated the excitement with her abduction and rape. Her long legs wrapped around his hips, and she surged harder to him, trying to make each thrust deeper and more powerful. She bent her legs even more, now wrapped around his back, opening herself to his fucking

hardness. His tongue had been pushing in her mouth, but now began licking her face, her lips, and down her neck. She could hear him start to gasp unevenly, and felt her own vibrating in her groin. She felt herself rushing toward a tiny star that was growing in her stomach, and it seemed to blossom as he released her lips and arched above her. She opened her eyes to see his lips pursed with tension, grunting in time to his thrusts. His handsome face, a thin coat of perspiration making it shine, was mixed with an animal longing and her ardent need.

Her cum soared from her twat into her belly, as her arms left his back and clawed at the ground. Her hips humped violently as she exploded with rapture, her whole being seeming to be taken by his pistoning cock. She could feel her cuntal muscles contracting on his flesh, and his eyes opened as a huge, feral smile spread wide on his face. In the midst of her thrills, she felt him gushing deep into her, their juices mixing in her bottom. He pulled all the way out of her, then drove back in, releasing another jet of spunk. Her head was twisting with orgasmic release, her skin tingling, her groin zinging. "Wonderful, wonderful, what a cum, what a rape, aaagh."

He kept moving gently inside her, and she rode a fantastic wave of relaxation mixed with excitement, as her hips ceased their movement, and she felt him kissing her again. "Paleface woman sexy as hell." He was murmuring. She felt sexy, fulfilled, at one with him, the woods, the night air, and herself. She gave a little hump to his cock, as she became aware of liquid dripping into her ass. He must have been a fountain, she thought, and bucked again.

He rolled to his back, holding her to him, and let her full weight rest on top of his hard breathing body, their lips still together. She wiggled down to keep his softening prick inside her, and rested her head on his chest. "Joe, Joe, that was something special. Do you believe in love at first sight? Or, at first fuck?"

When Gene and Merry got back, they found the two in the stream, and waded in to join them. Both recognized the languorous look on Laura's face. Joe and Gene shook hands, as they all bathed, touching each other. They ate the pheasant Merry had prepared, with potatoes and lettuce from her new garden. Laura seemed to be in a dream world, and Joe couldn't take his eyes off her. He didn't feel the urge to escape from her that was his normal reaction to lovemaking, but a continuing desire for more of her soft erotic flesh.

After dinner, Merry left. Joe didn't understand just why, but she had asked Laura whether she should. Laura had leaned and kissed him, her hand lingering on his cock, and answered "No, I want my indian chief. «She continued nuzzling him for a few minutes, dreamily caressing him as they sat at the table. When Merry wasn't back soon, Laura whispered to Joe "She'll be gone for a while, Joe. You won't mind if we include Gene, will you? I want to enjoy this evening, and no woman could ask for more than you both." Joe smiled at her, willing to go along with his new paleface squaw wherever it led. Gene's cock was standing straight up as he watched the blonde pressing herself to the Redman, and guessed what she was suggesting.

Laura rose and offered Joe her pussy. He grabbed her ass cheeks and pulled it to his mouth, licking into her slit, and tasting her cream begin to flow. Just as he started getting into it, she pulled away and vamped over to Gene, offering her now moist box to his lips. As he watched, she arched into his searching tongue, and as Joe felt himself starting to tingle with desire, he thought he had never known any woman as uninhibited as this blonde professor. He rose and pressed to her back, letting his stiffening cock push between her buttocks. She turned her head and found his lips with hers, and they sucked and gurgled as her hips started pulsating.

Gene rose and buried his head in her neck as his own cock poked at the puffy twat now sopping wet with their saliva and her juice. Laura broke the kiss, and murmured "Down by the stream. In the

moonlight. Ravish me, my lovers." She broke away and ran toward the woods, her huge tits bouncing crazily. They chased her, grinning at each other.

She got to the edge of the water and knelt facing them, her knees spread to show her glistening cunt. Her stomach was heaving with her short run, and both men stopped to admire the erotic picture she made in the soft light, breasts moving with her gasps, arms stretched out towards them. "I want to suck those cocks. I want all my holes filled. Oh god I love this place." Gene was horny with having not taken advantage of Laura the last week, and stepped over to bury his meat in her mouth. Joe went behind her and knelt, his hands cupping her tits. He pinched the large nipples, feeling them harden. He lowered one hand to her pussy, inserting two fingers as she bucked at his hands, while making squishing sounds around Gene's manhood.

Laura felt like it was heaven. The hands on her breasts and in her pussy, the cock filling her mouth, the thrills racing through her, all combined to get her keening with sensation racing all around her body as the two handsome men used her so erotically. She was grunting around the thick tube as Joe stimulated her expertly. She had found her man, she was sure, and he seemed to be able to accept their free sexuality with each other. She felt enveloped in the natural enjoyment of their passion here in the open night air. Her whole being concentrated around the men as they pushed and rubbed at her.

She released Gene's prick, and moaned to him "Lie down, soldier. I want abused." As the white man reclined she wriggled up to straddle his hips, wrapping a hand around the stiff tool and inserting it into her foaming tunnel. As she sank down on it, she looked back, grinning sexily, and whispered "Lick my ass then stick that monster all the way in, Chief. I need both your cocks." She felt Joe's mouth searching in her rear end, and lay down on Gene, reaching behind and spreading her ass cheeks. Something stiff and wet was licking her back hole, wetting it.

Then the licking stopped, and she arched her head waiting for the attack she knew was coming. "Deep Joe, get me darling ravisher, fill my ass. Oooh, yeah." Her voice raised as his huge member pushed slowly in, causing stinging pain to the outside ring, even though it was wet. He didn't stop, even though she was whimpering, as her clit being tingled mixed with the hurt in her back. Somehow her mind translated the buggering to another kind of rape by her Indian abductor, and she pushed back into it. "Violate me, do my ass, have me completely, lover." It was part fantasy, part pleasure, part hurting. All the conflicting feelings combined to make her begin to soar, and she began squirming against the two large hunks of man meat, trying to intensify all the sensations she was experiencing.

Gene pulled her down on top of him so he could experience her soft pale flesh on his chest, her full titties squashed between them. She was writhing in a way that required very little movement on his part to create a thrusting of his cock inside her squeezing pussy. He could feel the indian's huge meat in her ass tunnel, just thin, nerve filled membrane away. She was babbling and twisting her head. "So full, so good, ooooh fuck, fuck." Joe was pressed to her back.

The blonde felt herself sandwiched between her two lovers, caught, impaled, pain mixing with pleasure and filling her bottom with thrills. Joe's hands were covering her breasts, fingers moving to make them surge about, the nipples burning. Her whole being welcomed this assault, which was now becoming a rising tide of ecstasy. Even her stretched bowels were now tingling with lovely sensation, adding to her passionate tension. Her whole mind reached outside her body, the picture of these two wonderful studs fucking her in this beautiful natural trysting place savagely stimulating. It was so new, so primitively sensual, so fulfilling.

"Take forever, my animal lovers." she whispered, as the night sounds mixed with their grunts of

exertion and enjoyment. Both experienced men kept themselves from popping as the gorgeous woman pleaded for them to use her body, and give her more of their surging pricks. Laura felt every inch of both tubes as they reamed her more and more vigorously, and it was all terrifically erotic now, as her nerves tingled with the touch of them.

Just then, they all heard the howl of a wolf scream in the night. Knowing his Merry was climaxing with Lupe, Gene lost control and stroked frantically, feeling himself suddenly explode. Laura reacted the same way, spasming back at her indian and gurgling "Cumming,cumming, aaagh, ohhhhhh.....". She felt as though her stomach had burst with erotic pleasure, zinging her skin from head to toe. Joe heard them both, and punched even deeper into the tight passage enclosing him, and filled his new squaw with his spunk. She moaned with the liquid filling her, making her insides feel like a balloon inflating, sweetening the soaring release enveloping her.

The high lasted and lasted. Both men kept spurting, as though their souls were filling the blonde's cavities, as though she were drawing them out through their cocks. She was moaning rapturously, eyes closed, head twisting. Joe's thighs caressed hers, and her tits pillowed against Gene's chest. They stayed inside her, even as each began to shrivel. Even though she felt Joe's weight, his hands held him from crushing her, and the three lay squeezed together for long minutes as they returned to reality, the cool night welcoming them back.

When Merry returned, she found Gene in the stream. They walked up to the house and looked in on Laura and Joe sleeping. He was pressed to her back, and his prick was inside her pussy. Each had a small smile as they dreamed. "I think your matchmaking is working out." Gene whispered.

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Chapter Seven

By the time Gene had to go back to the school, Laura and Joe had moved in together. It was late Fall, and some nights were too cold for being outside. When Gene left, he said he might have to stay two weeks. Merry was pleased at the enthusiasm he was showing for the thesis he was working on, but missed his presence. Lupe hadn't been coming much, and she felt frustrated by not having anyone around.

One night during a run, she came across wolf spore inside her territory. That was very unusual, because the pack respected her marking. It must be a rogue of some kind, she thought, and marked more carefully. But the next night she saw it again.

The next day, as dusk was settling in, a wolf appeared at the outskirts of the glade in front of her house. It took her by surprise, and at first she thought it was Lupe. But then she realized it had different markings, a little grey streak on both sides of the neck. She was standing by the grill in a pair of shorts and halter, but it was chilly. As she watched, the wolf started slowly across the grass toward her, head down so as not to threaten. It had a funny look, not like Lupe and his pack.

Merry had a knife she had used to trim the deer meat she was cooking, enough for several days, and wasn't worried by the animal, but was curious. As it got closer, it seemed to be studying her, and there was a look of intelligence in the eyes. She thought it was a female. It got about ten feet from her, then stopped. It was sniffing, as though trying to get a sense of Merry's reaction. Its eyes were locked to hers. It was bigger than Lupe.

Merry had always felt private around her house, as though a psychic bubble surrounded it. But now she got the same feeling about the space she and the animal occupied. It was as if the world was locked out, and it seemed suddenly warmer. There was a feeling of electricity, of excitement about

standing so close to the strange beast, outside yet totally private. There seemed to be a little glow around the wolf. It was making unusual grunting noises, and she could swear it's coat was getting thinner, and changing color.

Suddenly she realized it was changing, not only the coat, but the legs, and the head. Hair was growing on the brow as the rest of the body seemed to retract its covering and skin began replacing it. The hind legs were lengthening, and the front paws were becoming human. A face began emerging, and it was straining, but with a smile of accomplishment as the transformation went on. The whole thing took a minute or two, and a woman was kneeling there, still staring up at Merry. She stood up, even as the last vestiges of the animal faded away. Her raw natural beauty shocked Merry, even as she felt a twinge of amazement and sexual attraction.

Her hair was black, falling over her shoulders, with two streaks of grey on the sides. Her face had strong, strikingly attractive features, with a wide, full mouth, and dark bushy eyebrows like Merry's. She was tall, well muscled and tawny, with large, full breasts that had big nipples that were very dark. Her flat stomach ended in a big furry pubic nest, hiding her cunt completely. Her long legs were spread slightly, and her hands rested on her thighs. The last change was her nails slowly shrinking, but they were still long. The look of strain left, to be replaced by a smile of feral power as Merry stared, feeling the woman's attraction. The woman's hands stretched out, and she growled out a sound of pleasure that made Merry's stomach tingle. She seemed to be shuddering in climax.

Breathing heavily, she spoke. "I've been watching you Merry. The last couple of weeks. You're already a lot like me." The woman took a step toward her. Merry was almost frozen in place. "Lupe loves you, Merry. But he can't resist one of his own kind. For a human, you embrace our animal instincts better than anyone I've ever known. I just started roaming here a couple of weeks ago, and imagine my surprise to see you and your mate running around nude. But you're the one who really loves being an animal." The woman took three steps and embraced Merry, pressing the big tits against her body, rubbing the large hairy mound against hers.

There was a unique smell to her, a lot like Lupe's, but stronger and sweeter. She was whispering seductively. "You want my animal passion. You want to go the final step, to experience sexual pleasure as a real beast, with a beast." Merry felt the woman press harder to her, and kiss her deeply, a long thick tongue exploring her mouth, hands on her ass pulling their hips together. Merry felt their pubic bones churning together, her clit tingling with the contact. Her own arms reached tentatively around the naked flesh, caressing the firm back and ass, turned on by the contact with her skin. It was a little moist with sweat, and a flush of sensual lust started building up in her young groin. The woman felt the touch, and took Merry's hand and pulled it into her cunt.

Merry felt the puffy lips, hot to her touch, and began caressing the wet folds. Their mouths joined again, and suddenly she wanted to be naked with this aggressive amazon. Merry had always been the aggressor in sexual foreplay, but yearned to submit to this creature's confident dominance. Stepping back from their embrace, she started to strip. As the halter dropped away, she lifted her breasts to touch the nipples to the large dark pair before her. Both were stiff with excitement. Both women were staring at the contact, sighing with pleasure.

"Ohhh, you are sexy, Merry. I just knew it. I wasn't, when I first changed. A man did it, because he wanted to do me. It worked. But you already know the sensual freedom, the thrill of sex in the wild. And the orgasms are even better. You'll see when I cum with you." She broke the contact and knelt to the forest floor, pulling off her conquest's shorts.

At first, all Merry felt was the warm breath on her twat hair, but then the tip of that long tongue wormed between her labial folds, touching the clitty already hardening. Groaning, Merry humped to

the tongue, and felt her pussy completely surrounded by that sexy mouth. It started sucking and licking hungrily, making cream start to flow. It caused a surrender to the erotic feeling starting to course through the auburn haired beauty's groin. The woman wriggled further under Merry, and seemed to envelop her whole slit, while the tongue entered her vagina three or four inches, seeming impossibly thick. Merry started to groan with pleasure, fucking her hips to the ferocious mouth. She doubled over and fell to the ground, the leafy grass comfortable and soft. The sucking woman never let her pussy go.

Merry wriggled her face around toward the hairy cunt. The big woman growled again, still eating her, and rolled to her own back, pulling Merry on top. She growled even louder as the keening young girl buried her face between the legs spread in anticipation, and Merry began slurping and licking frantically, tasting the unique flavor of the cream flowing from the woman. The tawny character of the woman's body was stimulating powerful thrills as the tongue thrust knowledgably into her. Merry began to lose herself in the erotic embrace. Suddenly the contact at her slit was broken, and she felt warm breath seeming to cool her down. "Not too fast, darling. That's the nice thing about human fucking, you can make it last and last, and the longer it goes the better it finishes." Merry had wet the pubic hair at her face, and now could see how big the woman's clit and labia were, seeming outsize even though the woman had full, big hips. "God what a big pussy." she breathed.

"It'll happen to you too, dear. Your tits will be bigger, and your cunt grows so you can enjoy the fucking. If you join me, I mean." Merry felt herself rolled over, and the woman was lying beside her, kissing her passionately, with two fingers up her love tunnel. They lay embraced like that for minutes, as Merry calmed down slightly.

"My name is Lydia, but when I change, I think of myself as Lycea. For Lycanthrope. Werewolf. It isn't like the legends. The only time you have to change is the full moon, but you can do it whenever else you want. I live in the city, so I like coming into the mountains, even for just a weekend." The tempo of the fingers in Merry's cunt was increasing, and the groaning girl started moaning. Lydia's words came to her through a haze. "Changing is like a climax, and then you're unbelievably strong and powerful. Men can fuck you as an animal or a woman. You've been living here six months, and you live at night. That's perfect." Merry reached into Lydia's pussy, burying first a finger, but feeling the generous softness of it, worked her whole hand inside, and began pumping. Lydia got two more fingers inside the young auburn pussy, and they began thrusting in the same rhythm.

"It's the ultimate freedom, Merry." Lydia was whispering each time their mouths parted, while their hands kept stimulating the two turned on women. "You can be one with nature, physically, sexually, emotionally. Watch what happens when I cum." Both vixens were rising toward release, but Lydia was growling as Merry groaned.

Lydia seemed to bloom suddenly, and as she gaped with climax, Merry could see a pleasure in her face, and feel a flow of cream around her hand, that seemed impossibly strong. As Merry shot over the top, humping to the hand expertly massaging her, Lydia continued on, growling with ferocious power. Lydia's body was visibly flushed, and her stomach and groin writhed seductively around her partner's hand. With her lips pulled back from her tossing head, the animal force of the orgasm was obvious. Even as Merry began to relax from her own high, Lydia continued humping, with an erotic grin. Then after several minutes, she collapsed to her back on the glade's floor, gasping. «Fantastic, fantastic» the black haired nymph murmured.

As they embraced and the woman's breathing began to subside, Merry realized what an incredible moment this was. She was being offered a supernatural combination of erotic power. Bestial sex had already been important in her life, and this would add a whole dimension of freedom, pleasure, and

novelty. Lydia's orgasm looked stronger than any Merry had ever had, and she knew how much it could mean. "What will you do to make me like you?"

"We will exchange blood, my dearest vixen. Tonight's the full moon, so it will happen immediately." Merry sensed that she could trust this woman, and had always found her instincts were accurate here in her natural surroundings. "Do it by the stream, Lydia."

The two women rose and walked slowly across the yard, into the forest to the magical glen. Their arms were around each other, and they kissed as they walked. It was as though an aura of sexuality and thrilling conquest possessed them. Lydia pressed Merry to the soft bower of the woodsy floor. She lowered herself beside the stream, and reclined with her head at Merry's groin, her own full hips beside her conquest's mouth. Both were aroused again, and the aroma of their cream filled the air as each sucked luxuriantly at the other's wet cunt.

They were on their sides, stimulating each other, lost in the magic moment. Merry found herself keening with anticipation. "Oh Lydia, come on, do it, oh do it." The black haired woman locked her eyes, and reached down to open a two inch gash in her own groin just above her pubic nest. "Drink, my darling." Merry surrounded the wound, sucking in the sweet essence of her seductress. She felt pain in her own abdomen from a gash in the same location, and as they both drank, the pain stopped, but a haze descended on the young girls' whole body.

It was like a soft focus orgasm, going on and on as she felt her body taking in the blood. A joining of the two women was her first impression, but then images of Lupe, other wolves, Gene, Joe, and Laura all in sexual frenzy overtook her. She arched up to Lydia, growling. Suddenly she was full of energy. The blood had stopped flowing from Lydia, and she sensed her own cease. Her mouth returned to the crooning woman's cunt, whose mouth was raised, as she licked the red liquid from her lips. She felt her pussy seem to bloom, and her breasts tingling as the nipples grew with excitement. Then they both began licking and sucking at their hairy pussys. The orgasmic sensations exploded.

They were rolling around on the ground frantically eating each other as climax reached a slow crescendo overpowering in intensity. Both humped feverishly, driving the other even higher. Each was growling in pleasure. It went on and on, staying at a pitch impossible for humans. Merry realized her senses were intensifying, the moon seeming to capture her soul, the night air suddenly warm, the forest sounds seeming to sing to her joy. Merry knew in that moment she had been right to embrace this new life.

Their orgasm soared incredibly, and Merry felt she could have let it last forever. They were drinking the cream gushing from their bodies voraciously, growling with pleasure, even biting at the stiff clits between their lips. Their growls filled the glen. A howl sounded from nearby. Somehow, Merry was sure it was Lupe. As the two women fell apart, gasping with the power of their release, he appeared.

"Pleasure Giver, you can join me now. Strange Female said she could do this. Change for me." Merry could understand the snarls and hisses clearly now, and felt herself begin to transform, thrills coming as she concentrated on the pushing necessary to shorten her legs, grow fur, and become a tawny animal. The climax of her lovemaking with Lydia continued, carried along by the change. Her body was full of energy, as her senses sharpened, and smells suddenly began to take over her awareness of the beauty of the forest, and the night.

Lydia remained writhing voluptuously on the ground as Merry turned to give Lupe access to her back. She twisted her tail to the side, and felt him mount her violently, with none of the foreplay their former acts had involved. The familiar long red cock penetrated her, fitting perfectly, and

began fucking ferociously. She began orgasming again, with even greater force than before. The speed of his pistoning was new and exciting, pushing her into a howl of completion as he howled in response, and she felt his essence spurting into her. Her cumming had a character that was completely different than her human feelings, raw and vicious, with overtones of satisfaction at the pleasure she was giving Lupe.

He was frozen on her back, clawing at her fur. Her head was lifted to the moon, and lights seemed to flash like fireflies in her mind. He was licking at her black nose, her own long tongue reaching for his. She felt his cock leave her, and collapsed to the ground. She began licking her underside, healing the tender flesh. It all seemed perfectly natural.

The excitement eventually eased, and Lydia began changing. Merry could sense the pleasure she was getting as the wolf replaced the black-haired vixen. "You were right, dear beast. Thank you for my new life." Lycea licked her nose, and the three wolves loped into the night.

Epilogue

Merry and Gene eventually had two children. He became the world's leading authority on wolves, documenting both their complex social structure and intelligence. They lived on the mountain until the children began school, and returned every weekend, and in summers. When he published a popular book about the need for balance between wild animals and population, they bought her father's old ranch. Two poachers disappeared one year near the ranch but were never found. Rumors of a man and two wolves haunting the mountain circulated.

After David Morris died, Merry had her mother and father's graves moved to the ranch. She ran it while Gene traveled the world studying animals, but she always slept in the house up the mountain. Their children became Olympic runners. Ms magazine published an article about them, with a photograph of Merry in halter and shorts wrestling a frightened cow to the ground during branding, and it was the most popular edition in a decade.