

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A sequel to "Animals in the Night".

Chapter One

Lisa was determined to find out what was going on with her family as she hiked up the familiar mountain trail. The last year, ever since the triumph of her Olympic gold medal, had been confusing. Something had changed, in her, in her brother David, in their relationship with their parents, and in the way they all spent their time. It wasn't the nuclear family anymore. It was as though they were all passing into some sort of new relationship. Funny memories kept coming back to her that seemed to have new meaning. Ever since that fateful night before the finals of the eight hundred meters.

Her last qualifying heat had been a disappointment. There had been a head wind, and her tall body always had a fight when that happened, but there had been something missing. It was as though she was getting tired, though she was in the best shape she had ever known. Her mother had noticed too, as she wrapped the towel around her shoulders as Lisa bent over after finishing third. "What's the matter, dear." "I don't know, Mom. Geez, there was no kick."

She was afraid she did know what was wrong. For the last couple of months, her period had been longer and heavier. Her breasts tingled constantly, and she was hornier than usual, even during races. There were three studs here in Tokyo who serviced her sexual needs, and she wore them all out. It didn't seem to help. She was terrified she was losing the vitality of her youth to some sort of erotic maturation. When her Mom came in her room after the evening meal, they talked about it candidly. Just as they always had.

Meredith Brooks was a unique person. She still looked fresh, tawny and sexy even over forty. Lisa took after her father in appearance, tall and lanky, with lighter, almost blonde coloring. She had always had her mother's vitality though, and they had always shared every aspect of their personal lives. Or so Lisa thought. She and her brother had grown up on the ranch their parents ran in Arizona, though it was really mostly her mother's, since Dad was an academic who taught at the University and did a lot of research on Wolves and Ecology. They had been very close, all spending a lot of time at the retreat up the mountain from the main Ranch buildings, in a beautiful natural setting. They had all run through the trails all their lives.

As time had gone on, both children had realized their parents had a very sexually open marriage, often entertaining friends on the weekends, and not hiding their frequent swapping. Both children had adopted their parents' attitude, and Lisa had even slept with Joe Talltrees one night. She had seduced him when she found David fucking the strawberry blonde professor Joe was married to. But Mom had put a stop to that. "It's not that there's anything wrong, kids. It's just too complicated. You have to mature some more to handle that much freedom."

David had run cross country in the Olympics, and won a team silver. Lisa had been so excited she had crept into his room that night and tried to get him to fuck her, but he had stopped her. "It's like Mom says, babe. Too damn complicated." He had chuckled. "Our day will come, though." It left her horny, and she had made Bruno the weightlifter get her off three times that night. It was a good thing he didn't have to lift the next day.

She told her mother about the increased desire she was feeling that night before the final. How horny she was. How it seemed to be sapping her energy. "Mom, it's funny. Tonight, I feel great. It's during the day I seem a little wasted." They were in the sitting area of her small darkened dorm room. Merry was staying in a hotel outside the compound, but had free run since she was Lisa's

coach. Dad and David had gone home already.

Her mom had seemed distracted, as though she felt there was something else going on, but didn't want to talk about it. "Oh Mom, I just know I'm going to lose. After all the work, all these years. It doesn't seem fair. My best times are way better than the other girls. I should be able to take this thing easy." It had been a strange moment, because even as they sat there, Lisa found herself staring at her mother in a whole new way.

The long, curly mane of auburn hair, the thick eyebrows over the wide mouth, the firm, thrusting tits, the slim, muscular hips with incredible long legs seemed suddenly erotic to the tingling daughter. She was never good about hiding her feelings, and her mother's gaze registered her realization of the feelings that slowly filled the intimate room. Lisa had always let her eyebrows grow the same way as her mom's, but had short hair for running. Her boobs had never been as full as Mom's, and she was taller, trimmer. But she was the very picture of a well developed young teenage athlete. Men were turned on the moment they met her. So were women.

Merry stared at her daughter that night. Damn. It was inherited. David was just a normal horny kid, but Lisa had the night thing. Probably the other, too. She hadn't thought it would be passed down, though Lisa had looked like she could embrace the gift. She had the love of the wilderness, the pleasure of raw sex. But so soon. The sadness in her eyes was so heart wrenching. And she was leering at her mother, even with all that was going on. Christ. Genes will tell.

It was too soon for the gift. But a little taste, just a hint, might help tomorrow. Merry knew that once it started, there could be no turning back for her daughter. It was so soon to make that decision, although Lisa was probably fated for it anyway. Her instincts. They had always been true. Her wonderful child had worked so hard for this single athletic event, and would be so disappointed if she didn't perform at her best. The risk was worth it. The gift was something that took away some possibilities in life, but gave incredible pleasure in return. It felt like the right thing to do. Merry relaxed the inhibitions she had maintained with her children all these years, and let her carnal craving for the nubile body so near take over.

She rose from her chair. "Stand up, darling." Lisa stood, with a quizzical expression, and they were very close. Merry could smell the little odor of musk and sweat her daughter's body was giving off. Her own pussy started creaming. As she let go her parental inhibitions, the long suppressed desire for her deeply loved child cascaded through her body, and she preened with her mouth grinning greedily. Her hand reached upwards and caressed the moist cheek, and they both shuddered with the contact. Oh, it's lovely, lovely thought the woman as they seemed to share a thrill of surrender to each other. Her hand slowly trailed down to the taut breast under the tee shirt. The nipple was already aroused. My sexy daughter. Oh god.

Lisa was transfixed. Her cunt was wet already. She had never seen her mother look like this, sensual, predatory, and absolutely gorgeous. A series of wild spasms shook her with each light contact of hands to her face, her tit. She closed her eyes. God, they were going to make love. Her mind was in a delightful turmoil. Why tonight? Would it be better than with a man? What did it have to do with the race? Why did she want it so badly? She moaned throatily, giving up any effort at rational thought, fear about tomorrow, nothing but her surging want suffusing her body. "Mommy, Mommy. Please, yes please."

Merry stepped in to press herself to Lisa. She had to raise her head to kiss the soft lips, three inches above her. Their arms wrapped around each other, and relief of tension, with bubbling desire, surrounded them both. They kissed for a long minute, then Merry took her mouth away, and breathed to her daughter "I'm going to give you a gift tonight, dearest. A small taste of the future. If

you want it." She pressed their mouths together again, this time letting her tongue caress the inside of Lisa's lips. Then she continued. "I've always tried to be a good mother, to give you a normal life. But there's something about me you'll find out soon, and it's amazing. But it means you will live a unique life. Not like everyone else."

Their next kiss was wildly passionate, and Merry ground her hips into Lisa's, humping their pubic mounds together. Their mouths were wide open, and the girl was responding feverishly. Yes, yes, thought Merry. She has the need, the desire. When she broke away, she was breathing hard, and so was her blonde child. "Darling Lisa, my wonderful love. If you want an ordinary life, tell me now. We will not be able to turn back."

Lisa had no idea what her mother meant, but through the haze of longing for passionate coupling, she sensed a divide. Some sort of fork in the road of her life. Her mom never spoke idly about this sort of thing. She smiled down at the loving face staring at her. "I've trusted you all my life, Mommy. To live like you, the way you want me to, I know it's right." She grinned. "Besides, right now I want to get it on with you so bad I'd do anything."

The look on her mother's face was strange yet filled the young girl with rapture. There was fevered want, but a look of wanton and fierce pleasure. It was more primitive than anything Lisa had ever seen, and filled her with a craving for this gift. She felt desperate for it suddenly, even though she had no idea what was coming. In just these few moments, her relationship to her mother had changed radically, but twisting thrills rather than fear were filling her. She heard the words she would always remember. "Oh darling, I think it's right. I do." They locked together again, groaning.

Suddenly, she felt herself picked up. Her mother was effortlessly carrying her the short distance to the bed. She glanced up, and was thrilled by a slight difference in her mom's face. The eyebrows were even bushier, and slightly pointed. The hairline seemed lower. Almost animal. But then she closed her eyes and felt her breasts exposed as her tee shirt was pulled over her head, and her shorts and panties slid down off her hips. She could have sworn she heard growling. There was a smell now, the musky odor of her own cunt cream, and, she was sure, her mother's. She felt a naked body against her tingling skin, and two fingers gently enter her cunt.

Her hand groped and found a thicket of stiff curls between her Mom's thighs, and slid into the cleft hiding there. Her mouth was surrounded again, a strong tongue thrust deep between her lips, and her body soared into ecstasy. She floated in the lovely torrent of rising passion. She had always known her mom swung both ways, but had never tried it with a woman. As they stoked each other in the dim bedroom, moaning, she wondered briefly why something that suddenly felt so exciting hadn't happened to her before.

"Lisa darling, oh darling, yes like that, just as though you were beating me off. Here, feel this." The fingers inside her lightly furred pussy were wiggling, the nails scraping at the g spot atop her cuntal tunnel, causing incredible thrills. Lisa tried to do the same thing, and heard a guttural sigh. "Mom, Mommmmmmmmy." She opened her eyes and was surprised to see what appeared to be a very light fur all over her mother, the breasts larger, and a pulsating heaviness in the bushy twat that seemed unusual. "Just relax, dear. Flow with it, isn't it lovely?"

Strange, powerful images flashed through her mind as she approached an orgasmic crest that promised to be stronger by far than anything she had ever before experienced. Up on the mountain, running naked with the wolf pack, red hazed climax as a sort of background. Even as those weird thoughts careened in her head, the fingers in her pulsating pussy had her hips humping wildly, and the old whirlpool of release starting to form. Her mother was growling again.

Suddenly, the hand stopped, and she felt her wrist locked and pulled out of her Mom's foaming cunt. "Shh, baby, shhh." Then she felt her fingers in her own mouth, and sucked greedily, tasting a wildly intoxicating version of her own cunt cream. Her head was spinning, her hips kept twisting with need. Spasms racked her abdomen. She felt her own hand sucked clean. Then for a moment there was nothing but their heavy breathing.

Suddenly, her bottom seemed to explode, as she felt heat and wet and a tongue stimulating every inch of tissue, the inner lips, the clit, everything. "Aaaaagh. Mommmmmmy." She reached down and wrapped her fingers in the mane of curly hair as she felt the convulsions overtake every fiber of her being. Growling. She heard growling again. Waves of release pounded her. For the first few moments, she felt as though she would pass out, the incredible pressure in her pubic crest, her head, her asshole, her stomach a towering cascade of climax. Then the feelings seemed to diffuse into her whole body, down to her toes, in her hair, the tips of her fingers, everywhere.

And it lasted, lasted. Later, she realized that perhaps two minutes of that euphoria was the real duration, but at the time it seemed forever, hours and hours. And halfway through, the smell, that smell of her mother's pussy, the familiar musk of her own plus a tinge of wilderness and raw force. She could dimly remember a frightfully long fingernail piercing the muscled abdomen hovering over her face, a new smell, and in an almost dreamy voice "Drink, darling, drink." A tart thick fluid leaking into her mouth that started new tendrils of coursing release, and seemed to invigorate her. Her head being pulled away. "Enough my dearest. Ooooooh, now get me Lisa, suck my hot pussy."

The memories were purely sensory. The raging orgasm still pummeling her wonderfully, the fantastic taste of cream that seemed to flow into her mouth, the feel of hair and flesh in her slavering, hungry mouth, a stiff, thick clit her tongue sought and thrust at. A wild groan of release from her mother's arched form so statuesque above her. Both of them straining and twitching, gurgling sounds filling her ears. A red haze. Collapsing finally as though she had deflated like a balloon. Soft, loving lips on hers. "I'll see you in the morning, darling."

Lisa stopped walking up the trail, the memories taking her breath away as always. Just thinking about that night made her weak. Emotionally, she loved basking in those memories. Her conscious mind kept searching for some sort of explanation of the whole experience. Her mother refusing to talk about it the next morning, after she had slept better than in months. The wondrous return of her vitality as she warmed up, and how easily she set a new record, winning by three meters. The furious rush of reporters, officials, two blood tests, the medal ceremony that had filled her with pride, happiness and contentment that her commitment all these years had not been in vain. TV appearances, photo sessions, promotional speeches, negotiating endorsement contracts for athletic gear, always with her mother helping, smiling, sharing her triumph.

Then Playboy called. She had noticed that her tits had grown in the two months following her medal, since she didn't have to stay in top shape, but her mother was the one who pointed out other changes as well. A little extra fat that had made her suddenly statuesque, her legs shapely, her butt rounded and sexy, though still taut. A fuller, softer look in the face. Lisa had thought it strange, but her mother just smiled. She had done the pictures, letting them show her suddenly fuller pubic bush.

The whole last year had been frantic. Men she had only dreamed of called, and she went out with several of her teenage idols. It surprised her that they were often mediocre lovers. In the tempestuous aftermath of her victory, she realized many of her childhood fantasies. There was little time for contemplation. Gradually, she seemed to see less and less of Mom, renting an apartment in Los Angeles to be nearer the various media events her status required. A vague sense of unease slowly grew in her mind, and the long awaited fruits of the medal seemed paler than she had imagined. But her body kept blossoming, and now they were after her to star in a movie about a

woman who ran out of Bosnia. It was still heady for a eighteen year old.

Her unease finally got her attention that Sunday when Dad came down to talk to the producer of the movie. There had to be an adult since she was still underage. Her mother had said she was busy with the ranch. "Your father has been wanting to visit you anyway darling. Show him the spots, okay." She had driven out to the airport in her new Ferrari, and when he saw it, he grinned and kissed her cheek. "Pretty exciting, huh princess."

Gene Brooks had been in the army, Special Forces, Lisa thought. At fifty, he was lean and fit, with hints of grey in his hair, but still handsome. Mom had always been her confidant. Dad had been her idol, her ideal man. She felt a spark of excitement when he kissed her. She babbled on the drive into the city, having to yell above the wind, but both seemed to enjoy the fresh, relatively smog free air in the open car. She told him about recent events, the calls from several other men's magazines, the cosmetic company. "We ought to look into that, Dad. It sounds like a lot of money." He looked at her with a small smile, but didn't say anything.

She had hoped they could talk when they got back to the apartment off Sunset, but instead he sat in the living room reading contracts. After the second call to her agent, she realized he was catching up, and went for a run. She still loved the exercise, the heat and strain, the rush, runners high they called it. She had to wear a tight bra now, or her boobs would bounce something fierce. As it was, she drew stares. They had pleased her when she first started, but seemed silly lately. She actually liked running most at night, or in the early morning.

She supposed several events had conspired to make her edgy. Her proposed co-star in the movie had taken her out three times, and his love making had been terribly frustrating. Not that he didn't try, eating her pussy, taking his time. But her orgasms just weren't good. She could do better with her hand. She could tell he wanted desperately to please her, and sensed the second time he had not. "Lisa baby, that's the best I got. Was it so bad?" When she avoided answering, she thought he was going to cry.

The constant attention from the public, and handsome men obviously on the make for her time, or her body, or both, was beginning to get irritating. It was the kind of thing that was far worse in reality than anyone could realize until it happened. And she wasn't even more than an ingenue yet. She had slapped one particularly sleazy guy, and knocked him down hard. She hadn't realized her own strength. The look of fear on his face had pleased her, though.

Yesterday, sitting outside her agents office, she had overheard snatches of the conversation with the producer. "... amazon... cockteaser... slut." What made her mad was their casual assumption they could judge her. She had stomped out, and when the agent called that evening, she had yelled "Fuck you, asshole" into the phone, and hung up. Later she had called him back and apologized, and they had an appointment tomorrow with her Dad and the producer. She didn't look forward to facing either of them.

Even her run didn't improve her mood. As she let herself into the apartment, her Dad was talking to her Mom. " She seems a little giddy, Merry. I think it's getting to her. Don't you think a time out might be in order?" He looked up and grinned at her. "Here she is now. Talk to her, babe." He held out the phone.

"Hi Mom." "Hi darling. Everything alright?" "Oh, okay, Mom. How 'bout you. How's the gelding coming." Her mother laughed lightly. "You know how I like it, dear. Don't get smart. Look, Merry, your Dad knows about... what happened... at the Olympics. If you want, you can talk to him about it. And about anything, dear. Your father's very... understanding. And he loves you very much, you

know." Lisa missed the certainty, the acceptance of her mother's will. Since that night, it was always "It's your decision, dear. Work it out for yourself, dear." It was more confusing than liberating, especially as she stood there with such a lot bothering her.

"Oh Mom. I wish we could all three talk about it. Really." "No baby. In a lot of ways its better to be with your father at this moment. You and I will always have each other." There was a long pause. Then, whispered, "Follow your instincts, darling. I hope to see you soon. Bye." Lisa realized there were tears in her eyes.

She blindly tried to hand the phone to her Dad, but found him hugging her, as he took it from her shaking hand. She crushed herself to his wiry body, sniffing. He held her tight, murmuring "Oh princess, princess." A tide of well being surged in her. This was where she belonged. Loving arms, trusted heart, honest, strong affection. She wriggled to him with pleasure at their closeness, hearing him sigh. Then, suddenly, she felt a jab in her abdomen. His cock was hard. She felt awash with happiness. "Oh Daddy, Daddy." He gripped her shoulders, and pushed her gently away. They were staring at each other. She felt confused about her feelings, unsure of what to do. He had that little smile back.

"Jesus, Lisa. Take it easy on your old man. I'm only human." He chuckled as he said it, with a wry tone. "Look, are you gonna feed me or what? I'm starved. And I think I need a drink." Through her confusion, she smiled brightly and murmured "I love you, Daddy. The bar's over there. Let's go to Scandia tonight. I'll wear something nice for you." After her shower, she stood in the bedroom, thinking about her wardrobe, gazing at her reflection in the two full length mirrors.

She was so different than her memories. No longer the slim, taut, well muscled teen. A woman now, full, well shaped round breasts, capped with small pink nipples, a thick, furry cunt, legs long but shapely. She had a good tan, and decided on the designer outfit that had been one of the costumes from the Playboy shoot. A clinging thin brown satin sheath that hung from her wide shoulders and started just above the swell of her lush globes. Stockings, thong panties and shoes exactly the same color, the overall effect so close to matching her skin that she almost seemed nude. She had learned to apply makeup and made her face up with purple tones that gave her face an erotic sensuality.

Gene was sipping his scotch when she came out of her bedroom, smiling with confidence in her appearance, and his cock jumped. His active little girl was gone, replaced by a woman so wildly sexy in appearance he could hardly believe it. Merry had warned him, but it was still a shock. He felt the surge of desire she produced in him, and a momentary pang of guilt at his reaction. Then his wife's words came back to him. "It's happening to her, dear. She'll want you, I know it, and you've never been able to resist me either, have you? Help her see the difference between down there and here. Help her understand."

As she crossed to him and kissed him softly on the lips, it was as though his life passed in front of him. Her walk, the fierce need in her eyes, that calm confidence reminded him of her mother. Lisa was becoming just like Merry, and that meant convention mattered not a whit to her. It meant a life in which she would give herself to many, but never be possessed. He would miss the little girl, but knew the power that would tie them together as she came to adulthood. He remembered Merry's ability to get him outside himself, to embrace raw passion. No man could resist, nor would want to.

She caused a buzz when they entered the restaurant, with so many star gazers anyway. "They don't really know who I am, mostly. But they think they've seen me somewhere." After they were seated, two young men asked her for her autograph. The waiter whispered as he took their order "Wolf will come out after your desert, Miss Brooks." She took the adulation calmly, but he could see the slightly unsettled look in her eyes. He tried to draw her out.

"Awful exciting, huh princess. All this fuss. It must be fun." "Oh Daddy, it was, at first, you know. But lately this seems so... I dunno, stupid. Maybe we shouldn't have come here. I wanted to be alone with you." She looked squarely at him, just like Merry always had. "I'm confused, Daddy. I never thought about all this, but it was always part of the deal, and now nothing's what I thought. I miss you and Mom, and David. That's part of it. But nothing's as good down here. There's something else missing." He could see her almost ready to burst into tears. He took her hand.

"Baby, baby. listen. What your Mom gave you was a oneness with nature, with basics. With the dark, the woods, the freedom of simplicity. But you will have to balance it with this, princess. If not here, in Phoenix. Or somewhere." The main course came, interrupting his thought. He noticed her steak tartare. Jesus. He took a big slug of wine.

"I never really thought much about how our life would affect yours, princess. I guess I thought you'd always be my little girl." He lifted his eyes to stare into hers. "God you're gorgeous. And no little girl anymore. I'll always love you, darling. I can't wait for you to come home. When you're ready." Now, he was near tears. She squeezed his hand, and he recognized that incredible strength. What fantastic women these creatures were.

Lisa stared at her father, seeing and feeling the emotion in his voice, his face. But she sensed something else, remembering his cock rising against her stomach this afternoon, her desire to look sexy for him. It was the same feeling she had had with Mom. They were going to make love, and as she thought about it, she wanted it more than anything else at this moment. "When I'm with you, darling Daddy, I'm home." She saw him flush, and felt for his knee with hers.

They didn't wait for desert. She had always insisted on settling her bill properly before, but accepted the waiters offer "To start a tab, Miss Brooks." She got up to ninety down the freeway, until he yelled at her to slow down, and the tires screeched as she tore through the underground parking garage beneath the apartment. He grabbed her and french kissed her brutally in the elevator, and she responded with low pitched moans of pleasure. The moon was shining through the picture window as they stumbled into the living room. He started to reach for the lights, but she breathed "No Daddy, leave them off."

Lisa stood in front of the large window, feeling terrific, turned on, lit by the fire of the moonlight. Her arms were raised above her head, as though offering herself to it. She heard the rustle of her father ripping off his clothes, and started to idly take off the dress, until she felt his hands on her tits. "I'll do it, baby." The two straps slithered down, then the smooth material slipped to puddle around her feet. She stood there in wonder, her body vibrating, her skin tingling with the touch of his hands on her nipples, under her arms, his lips sucking voraciously at her neck. She groaned as she felt the stiff heat of his prick between the cheeks of her butt, as he began pinching.

"Oh. Oh. Oh." Each jab of pain coursed through her, surprising her from her gentle father, yet somehow seeming to suit this moment. He was mauling her, nothing less, his hands kneading, scraping and tugging hard. It was very animal, and in the back of her mind she realized how welcome this primitive abuse was, how foolish her many recent lovers had been to try to be gentle. "Oh yeah, Daddy, do it to me, ouch, oh yeahhhh." Then suddenly his hand was under her panties, three coarse, long fingers deep in her pussy, his palm on her clitty. She fucked her hips into the raging thrill of it. Moments seemed to stretch to hours as they stood there, his hands tearing at her nubile, keening body.

Viciously, he twisted her around, and pushed her to her knees, in one movement inserting his rod into her mouth. Dimly she began lovingly sucking, only to feel him plunge it back to her throat, gagging her, choking and tasting of his essence, tart wonderful spunk. In the whirl in her mind, the

shock of his rough treatment was drowned out by the surging excitement that seemed so new, so stimulating. She could feel her cunt oozing freely, and the smells were getting earthy, overpowering her expensive perfume. "Uhh, Ungh, Uh." She realized she was surging up and down on his stiff flesh, gasping for breath when she could, but mouthing him just the way he seemed to demand. There seemed no other way that could give her this feeling of fantastic enjoyment of her dear father's greedy desire.

She plunged her hand down into her panties, amazed that they were already drenched with her fluid. Her fingers spread the incredibly puffed lips, and her finger tore at her clit. Raging pangs of explosive lust tore through her, and she felt light headed but euphoric, making her think of her orgasm with her mother. A gurgle that sounded like a growl rumbled deep in her throat, as her tongue licked the scum leaking from her fathers dicks slit. She had never known such raging pleasure. The cock in her mouth was huge, thick and long, beyond her experience, but she worked at the head frantically, feeling it swell, and get even bigger.

Suddenly she was on her hands and knees, her panties gone, his prick throbbing at the mouth of her cunt, pressing there in the wet fur, opening her. It's soooo big, she thought vaguely, hoping there would be pain. But as he entered her ferociously, there was nothing but fullness and stretched ecstasy. One hand reached around her to pummel her clit, while the other was grabbing and pinching her boobs. She started to cum the moment he was fully buried.

The waves were so sharp and enveloping she felt her mind spinning into numb emptiness. She humped backwards with such force, he was knocked backwards, almost leaving her hole, but then surged back. The fire that originated in her loins seethed around her whole body as though it were a liquid pleasure. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, fuck me, fuck meeeeeeee."

He slowed his strokes as she embraced the orgasm soaring through her. The spasms in her cunt were squeezing his thick dong embedded fully inside her, reaching to her stomach. But as soon as the heat began to ease, he started again, increasing almost immediately to a fast, hard, pistoning into her. And she welcomed it, the force of it, the pressure of it, the shlurping rhythm, the wonderful stretching.

It was as though her pussy was a car's cylinder and his prick was the piston, fitting perfectly, sinking as far as seemed possible, enormous energy flowing with each stroke. The thrills of her first release never really faded, just spread out and filled her being. Then the orgasmic tide began to rise again, and the world fell in on her, only the moonlight, Daddy, and the pleasure surrounding her. Her hips bucked back to increase the force of his fucking. She moaned and twisted. A little froth foamed at one corner of her mouth. She lowered her shoulders, but raised her head, gazing at the moon, as again release careened toward her.

Yet as powerful as the feelings were, she held off as she heard him start to grunt with exertion. He was muttering "Baby, baby, baby." Her mind was filled with a furious embrace of this passion. The man behind her was an emissary of the night, of the moon, of the wilderness. Lustful moans which she distantly realized were her own echoed in the dark room. She heard her father. "Come on, princess. Hurry." His fingers squeezed her slippery clit, and she burst.

There were explosions, whirlpools, fireworks, earthquakes. She writhed, twisted, humped, and squealed, reaching under her to push his hand harder against her flaming groin's point, as she sought contact with his thick shaft with every movement she could manage. "Daddy, Daddy, what a fuck. Godddddd." Dimly she felt spurts inside her, more heat, and the contact of their bodies even more lubricated. She arched frantically, thrills dominating her as never before, amazed at the power of her climax, the brutality mixed with love for her father. Around the third wave of release, she felt

his fingers clawing in her groin, sending more pleasure into her belly.

She collapsed face down on the heavy carpet, with his full weight on top of her. She began to be aware of his gasping as his wet, softening member nested in her butt. She was groaning rhapsodically "Daddy, Daddy. Ohhhh." But even as they lay there, she felt a surge of unfamiliar energy. She twisted around and pushed him to his back, crouching over his groin, and sucked his thick meat into her mouth, licking the residue of their juices from the hot tube. Then she kissed him wildly.

They were hugged together under the window, the moon's light bathing their naked bodies. Lisa had never even dreamed of her father sexually, yet this act seemed so natural and welcome, warming her mind and body in the stillness, punctuated by horns and the sounds of the city. She felt every inch of her skin, her nipples still stiff, her cunt still puffy. Finally, in a small voice, she whispered "Oh Daddy, thank you."

But energy was coursing through her. She waited for it to subside, but it didn't, so she rose and breathed "I'm going for a run, Daddy. Will you wait up?" She pulled on shorts, an elastic halter, and her running shoes, and ran down the stairs rather than wait for the elevator. As she goaded herself toward the high pitched strain of smooth, fluid movement, her mind buzzed. The memory of finally having the terrific cums she knew she was capable of, from the man who had always been her nurturer, her authority, a man twenty five years older than any lover she had had yet better than all of them. What the hell is going on, she wondered.

She was fifteen blocks away from the apartment when the young black man grabbed her from behind. He twisted her into an alley, squeezing her arms, pinning her against a wall. She felt his hips grinding into her, and heard his muttered obscenities "White bitch cunt, teasing twat, how 'bout a real cock up that hole, whore. Seen you before, fucking tits, show you the real thing." She felt his mouth on hers. The shock surprised her for a few seconds, and she felt her body respond to the violence. Briefly, she considered rutting with him there in the dark. But then anger at his bravado overtook her.

Her knee came up into his groin, drawing a low moan. She swung an arm at his face, feeling her nails rip his face and neck. The force of her blow threw him five feet into the alley, and she was almost on top of him, making fierce sounds before she realized he was cringing in fear. She looked down and saw her legs flexing while the light coat of fuzz that was darker on the inside of her thighs caught the indirect light. Where had she seen that kind of fur? Mother, that night at the Olympics. Her mind whirled.

She fell on the whimpering man, pinning his arms over his head. "Bastard. I should rip your throat out. But you can have a second chance." Her head dropped to the long slashes in his neck, and she licked the blood oozing out. It tasted so good, she soared with pleasure. Then the adreneline rush eased, as she realized what she was doing.

As she ran home, exhilarated, shocked, and feeling wonderful, the confusion in her mind was submerged in the pleasures coursing through her body.

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## Chapter Two

And so she came to here, just a few hundred yards short of the old retreat they had loved as a family when they were young. She had insisted Dad turn down the two contracts, but the agent had said that there would be new offers soon. Dad had practically thrown the producer out because of what

she had told him, and delivered a brief but fierce lecture to the agent about loyalty to his client. Or else. She had never seen him so forceful. Or loved him more.

She packed a bag with a few light clothes, and they silently made the drive in her fast car to Phoenix, where she dropped him off at his apartment near the University, then hurried to the ranch. The maid said her Mother was “up on the mountain.”

As she climbed the last few steps toward the lovely old house, her stomach buzzed with anticipation. The sun was starting to set, and the beauty of the woods in the slowly dimming light struck her as a lovely melange of oranges, reds, greens, and blacks. It was pleasantly warm, and her body was reinvigorating the way it had lately as the sun set. She could smell a fire, and figured Mom was cooking over the open hearth in the glen outside the house.

But when she got to the green lawn, no one was there. There was a leg of something cooking, Lisa thought it was deer. She turned left to go down to the stream where they often bathed. And came face to face with a wolf.

It was staring at her, it's head low, it's tail tucked in. Somehow Lisa knew it was showing her it meant no violence. Fifteen feet away, it was growling in a soft, funny way. The sound seemed sensual to the blonde as she stood staring, feeling a mix of fear, surprise, and strangely, sexual excitement. The animal was sniffing, seeming to want to sense her, as though she was familiar. Then it took a step toward her.

She was standing with legs slightly apart, her hands on the straps that held her pack on her back. She felt frozen, remembering the old instruction to stand still, holding the beasts eye. It kept coming, then its nose buried between her thighs, just below her groin. A long red tongue licked out and drew slowly up her sweating flesh to the denim covered mound of her crotch. Then it sniffed again, stepped back, and looked up at her. The look filled her with a strange sense of, what? Destiny? Desire?

It turned and loped away, up the mountain toward the pasture where a pack of them had always lived, although Lisa couldn't remember one ever getting this close to the house. She expelled the breath she had been holding, wondering at the strange, almost surreal confrontation. And wondering too at the moisture in her cunt.

Gradually, her senses normalized, and she again wondered where her mother was. She must be coming back soon, so the girl went up to the bedroom she had always used and undressed. She felt like a dip in the stream, and on impulse didn't bother with clothes for the short walk to the rippling, gurgling water. As she walked down the stairs and out into the glade that was bathed by pale moonlight, she got a feeling she had never had before. As though the night was a lover. As though her body was primitive, powerful, full of lust for the night.

She almost danced, she was so excited. Her incredible, sensual body twisted and turned as she tripped toward the stream. When she got there, the mottled light filtering through the trees

made it seem like a boudoir. The plunge into the cold water had always been pleasant, but now it jolted her with rising desire. In the back of her mind, she was amazed at the dim impulses of the last year that seemed to be crystalizing into a roaring cauldron of passion. Her breasts tingled, the tips seeming points of sensation. Even in the water, her pussy was swelled. Her hips were undulating gently, but insistently.

Merry watched from the bushes, her daughter giving herself to the euphoria of the wild. Of the night. I was right, she thought. Lisa will be a wonderful inheritor of the gift, using it to its fullest.

Lobo rubbed his side against her thigh, sensing the carnal aura around this glade. His little whine she heard asked "Soon, Pleasure Giver? Soon?" Lisa heard the whine, and looked at her mother standing there, in glorious nudity, with the wolf at her side. "Oh mother."

"I'm not your mother anymore, darling. I'm your teacher. Call me Merry." Lisa rose from the water, and her wet, shiny skin glistened, a wanton, erotic picture of young beauty. Her full, large boobs quivered wantonly, made more inviting by the slim waist with its muscled flatness, while her furry cunt, still wet, outlined full puffy labia with a pale clit just edging out. "Take me, Merry. Now. I'm soooo turned on." Merry let herself be embraced, as they kissed, open mouthed, eagerly sucking at each other, tongues wandering with desperate need. "No darling, not tonight. Tomorrow night, when the moon is full. I'm so glad you've come back." They churned their bodies feverishly together, until Merry realized she had to stop, or she would give in to her impulse. She would find young Lupe later.

She pulled her head away, and whispered "Lobo is young and wants you, dear. Let him give you a cum with his tongue, then with his cock. He's very good. This is the road I started you on, dearest one. You will soon finish your journey." Lisa didn't understand, and tried to hold the tawny woman to her, then felt a pressure between her thighs from behind. Momentarily surprised, she looked back, and Merry was gone.

His name must be Lobo, thought Lisa, as the wolf's long tongue swabbed across the tender folds of her flaming, excited pussy. She felt no fear, only longing. Falling to her hands and knees, she spread her thighs, and the wolf used the access to her bottom to attack her flesh with its rough tongue vigorously. Thrills began shooting into Lisa's body, drawing a groan. Her hips began undulating of their own accord, the strangeness of this animal lover overpowered by her body's billowing need. Lobo seemed content to feast in her twat and asshole, the tongue stiffening sometimes to penetrate into her cunthole slightly. It was building up the way her orgasm had with her father, intense, vibrating pleasure filling her senses.

She raised her leg and flipped over to her back, moaning, not giving up the contact with the beast's snout. Supporting herself on her shoulders, she arched her hips up to the devouring maw, her hands kneading her stiff nipples. Her stomach muscles rippled as she fucked into the wonderful pressure. Her tongue lolled out, the sensation careening now throughout her body. "Lobo, Lobo, Lobo. Aaaaaaaagh."

It hit her hard, a slamming, explosive completion drawing a sharp squeal. It was a brief, wild cum, hitting a powerful high peak, then deflating. She lay on her back, legs apart, gasping in pleasure. But then she saw Lobo's eyes, boring into hers, still idly licking her oozing pussy, but waiting, it seemed, for something. "You want to get off, don't you Lobo? You want me, don't you?" she breathily whispered. As she said it, she realized she wanted him too.

Lisa Morris, wolf fucker, she thought. She giggled as she rolled languorously to her stomach, and raised her succulent ass in a bitch's position. Yes, a bitch, she thought, a fierce, ravenous, wanton wolf bitch. Losing herself, or was it finding herself, in the warm, erotic night. Waiting for another glorious orgasm. The very thought made her clit twitch, even as she felt paws grip her hips. He's mounting me, she thought. Aloud, she groaned "Hurry, darling, hurry."

She felt a little punching wet pressure on her butt, then in the tender, shaved flesh between her cunt and asshole, then suddenly her pussylips were spread gently by his cock. It seemed to penetrate easily, as though it was small, and she was sopping wet anyway. But then he inched up on her back, and she suddenly felt a penetration fully inside her, deeper than any she could remember, all the way to her cervix, and thrills radiated out in a strong wave. She felt friction of his soft belly fur on

her ass cheeks, as his fucking tempo went immediately to very, very fast. She didn't even try to meet his powerful strokes.

His hard, quick thrusts filled her in an entirely new way. As he bottomed, the mouth of her pussy was stretched almost painfully, but her clit was drawn into her hole as the last inch slid in, causing wonderful tingling throbs of pleasure. Her hips started to push back at his at each stroke, even though she had trouble keeping up with him. It was so fast the orgasmic peak seemed to race at her, while she felt fuller and fuller with each stroke. Then suddenly, it was as though a knot entered her, further stretching the opening of her twat, putting unbearable pressure on her clitty. His strokes stopped, she heard him howl into the night, and a unique orgasm overtook her while his hips seemed to simply wiggle around in her depths.

The pressure inside her fuckhole increased as she felt moisture, his spunk, filling her. He wasn't moving, and they seemed locked together. The thrills careened through her, smells that were strange filling her nostrils. It was too much, too wild, and she collapsed onto the soft floor of the forest. His member popped out with a wet noise, producing a twinge of pain that seemed to amplify her cum. As she lay there, he plumped down with his long, red organ exposed under his hairy belly. He looked at her expectantly.

"Oh, you nasty beast, you want me to suck it? You learned this from Mommy, didn't you? Ummmmm." With hardly a thought of the weirdness of it, she sucked his member into her mouth, tasting a brew that was vaguely familiar, yet new. Maybe he can get it up again, she thought, but the thin cock kept shrinking. She reached behind her, and felt the coating of cum juice all over her thighs. Closing her eyes, she thought of napping, but energy was still coursing through her body, so she struggled to her feet.

Far away, she heard two baying wolves, recognizing the same cry Lobo had given as he got off. Her mind was slowly beginning to function, marveling at the strange tryst she had just enjoyed, urged on by her mother. Merry. Her teacher. She realized she felt a satisfaction that had been eluding her for the last year. I'll never leave here again, she thought. "Come on, lover. Let's go for a run." She and Lobo loped into the night.

Lisa woke about three the next afternoon. As she regained awareness, a tingling sense of anticipation filled her. Mommy had said tonight, she thought, and somehow she knew it would be wonderful, whatever it was. Suddenly the smell of bacon jolted her, and she jumped from bed, pulling on her bikini. In the kitchen, her Mom was standing in front of the stove, in shorts and a tee shirt. "Morning, M... Merry." She leaned down to kiss the soft cheek, but the tawny woman who was already becoming somehow different than the mother she had always known turned her face at the last minute, so their lips met. Jolts of sexual energy shot through Lisa.

When she opened her eyes from the long kiss, the face she saw was almost a stranger's. There wasn't anything in particular. The eyebrows had always been bushy, the mouth wide, the eyes piercing. But this woman was devouring her, sensually, avidly, as she smiled with half lidded eroticism. "Good morning, darling. You taste lovely today. Was it exciting with Lobo? I heard him sing his pleasure. Did you hear me?" Lisa felt a jolt of cream in her pussy, remembering the wolves' howl. Her mother sniffed, her smile broadening. "My sexy Lisa" she breathed. "Eat."

They both gulped their food, staring at each other, as Lisa relaxed into a feeling of constant tension that was stirring, feeling anticipation of the next few hours. As they cleaned the dishes, she whispered "Merry, make love to me now, please. I'm dying to suck your cunt." Her teacher answered "No, my dearest. Tonight, at midnight, we will make love, and you will become like me. Tomorrow, your father and brother are arriving, so we can re form our family. In a new and special

way. For now, we will hunt. Let me show you an old trick of mine.”

As she showed her daughter how to braid her long hair in a way that formed a scabbard for a knife, Merry talked languidly about Lisa’s new life. “You won’t always need a weapon of course, but sometimes it gives me pleasure to kill this way. See, now your hands will be free, and the blade is cushioned on the hair. You’ll have to hold those big tits when you run, but only for a while. Soon they’ll firm up. I want you to get a taste of blood, darling. Don’t be shocked. Come, you’ll see.” She led the way over a path Lisa remembered.

They loped along for an hour, as the afternoon heat began to dissipate. Both were nude, and the young blonde was amazed at the older woman’s stamina. But the familiar euphoria in her fit body made the whirling thoughts in her mind seem less surprising. Not always a weapon? Taste blood? She passed from concern to tingling anticipation.

When Merry stopped, Lisa couldn’t see a prey. “It’s just beyond that brush, dear. A tender young doe. I’ll drive it to you. Cut it’s throat, that’s the quickest and most humane.” She got a smile of eager want on her face, and with half lidded eyes, whispered “Watch, darling. Watch me change.”

The tawny brunette fell softly to the ground, on all fours. Hair began to develop over her whole body, even her face, as she metamorphisized into a sleek female wolf. Her soft growl was one of pleasure. As the snout formed, ears pointed, teeth thickened and lengthened, Lisa could almost feel the pleasure this transformation seemed to be giving her mother. Way in the back of her mind there was shock at all of this, but in her groin surges of desire weaved a sense of need. She gazed in wonder at the beautiful animal before her.

As the wolf bounded away, Lisa realized she had been holding her breath. Then she saw the small doe bound across the path, running from the scent of a predator. Choosing her angle carefully, the blonde charged after the animal, heedless of the clumsy wobbling of her big tits. She was able to close quickly and tackle the brown, large eyed beast, falling on top of the squealing young deer. It seemed natural and right to draw the razor sharp blade across the throat. As blood spurted from the deep wound, the wolf was there.

The command came into her mind, a gentle, familiar presence as the wolf’s head closed on the gushing throat. “Drink, my darling.” The red liquid tasted salty, thick with a rich essence of the little animal. As she sucked, there was a wanton, perverse thrill to the smells of urine escaping the dead animal, her own sweat, and the tawny grey mother/wolf. Her stomach seemed to welcome the heat so unfamiliar, yet so natural, somehow.

The wolf sat back on it’s haunches, and again changed, Merry taking shape quickly with her head raised, red liquid dripping down her body, over her full breast, covering one nipple, then a small rivulet leaking to her pussy bush. Lisa scrambled over to embrace her mother, their mouths sharing the thick red bounty, their bodies sliding against each other. As their tongues dueled, the young blonde felt the urge to howl in triumph.

Lisa kept trying to caress Merry as they carried the dead doe back to the cabin, skinning it, and carefully wrapping the large cuts of meat for the freezer. Her efforts caused giggles of enjoyment, almost schoolgirlish as the two seemed to begin a lesbian seduction both knew would last for the next few hours. They bathed together in the cold stream, each rubbing the other, a building passion growing like a bubble around the two voluptuous women.

They lingered together until evening had settled in deep darkness around them, then languorously started a raging fire in the pit of the lawn. It’s flames created a flickering, beautiful play of colors on

the trees which almost formed walls around them, heightening the sense of the two women being together in an erotic bubble completely removed from mundane reality. Lisa felt raging desire, a nearly overpowering addiction to the muscular, ruddy flesh of her mother, her teacher, as they stood watching the flames build higher and higher. The snap and crackle were like music in the now mysterious, sensuous space.

The moon came up quickly, as Merry stretched and arched to its light. Then she faced her daughter, held out her arms, and whispered "Now, now, darling Lisa, we can begin. Is your pussy wet? Does your stomach yearn? Is the night not lovely? We cannot escape our destinies, my dearest, though you want it, don't you? Oh I was right, it feels perfect."

They came together, and with Merry on her toes, their bodies molded to each other, at first gently, then with time, wildly. Their mouths began with a soft kiss of love, but soon began a twisting, fierce, open mouthed, consuming sucking of the other. Both groaned, and the sounds began to turn into growls. Lisa felt a finger penetrate her ass, and did the same to her mother, as they ground their groins fiercely against each other. It began to get rough, their bodies rubbing strenuously, and they threw themselves to the soft ground, moaning, growling, writhing, passion resonating sensuously through their bodies.

Suddenly, Lisa felt herself being pressed to her back, a leg thrown over her hip so that Merry's yawning cunt slapped squarely onto her own. The soft tissue seemed to fit perfectly, and the friction of their vaginal contact caused soaring rapture in their clitty's. Lisa stared up at the creature fucking her, noticed vaguely the light coating of hair all over the muscular, voluptuous body, the animal look in the face, and felt a thrill as Merry opened a cut in her breast, actually piercing the nipple. As the oozing wound descended toward her, the blonde felt a sense of anticipation that mixed with the onrushing orgasm in a wildly euphoric way, and she cried out "Yes Mommy, oh I want it."

And then she was sucking on the wound, tasting the heady, tart heat, and feeling a sense of elated transformation. Power surged through her, as she sucked, as her hips humped eagerly into the tawny bush bringing her to completion, and heard Merry begin a choking groan, that slowly became a soft howl. Lisa felt a fingernail gash her own throat, and lost contact with the breast that had nurtured her, as she felt her own blood being sucked into the loving beast's mouth, and churned up to the feeling. After a time, the breast was again near her, and she drank anew. The orgasmic thrills brought back memories of the Olympics, her father, and a primitive satisfaction.

Lisa could feel everything now. The night, the presence of the wolves, her own skin becoming furry, her sense of passion taking over her body. She heard Merry whisper "Enough, darling, now for a real fuck." The two women squirmed to a sixty nine position and began ardently massaging their cunts with their mouths, whimpering with wild lust. Each could enter their pussy hole's deeply with tongues of inhuman length, and they rolled rhapsodically around in the clearing. Lisa gasped feverishly as her body orgasmed nearly continuously, feeling an energy and vitality so marvelous it was like a whole new way of being.

She lost track of time entirely, until she heard a growl off to the side, and realized Lobo was there, along with another wolf whose name, she somehow knew, was Lupe. As if by mental agreement, she and Merry released each other and lay on their backs, side by side, as the two animals began slavishly licking their wet, puffy cunts. The two women's hands joined, and Merry murmured to her new convert "Let them do this, then we will change, darling. There's nothing like fucking as a she wolf. You'll see."

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Chapter Three

David Brooks had always been a wildly sexual man, since an early puberty, and his handsome features, with a body fit and muscled from a life of athletic success made him the terror of his high school's nubile teens. Though there had always been pleasant diversions around him, and even a fair collection of older women, he had felt a vague sense that there was something more left to experience. He knew it had something to do with his mother and sister, because occasionally, and recently more often, as he spurted into one of his lovely conquests, a picture of one or the other of them would filter into his mind.

He had taken lately to beating off with Lisa's Playboy picture, staring at the wantonly erotic body that had taken the place of the trim little girl he had known most of his life. The night she had begged him to fuck her at the Olympics had been a shock, though he knew she was sexually active. The imagined lust for her had begun that night, though he had turned her down. His feeling about his mother had started long before, and when he had made a halting, clumsy pass at her in tenth grade, she had smiled, and without making him feel dumb, turned him down with a smile. "You come by it honestly dear, but it's much too complicated."

He had taken his frustration out on the gorgeous redheaded professor his Mom and Dad played with, though she had welcomed him with a smiling sensuality he had never forgotten. Even at forty five, her full, soft body had made him seek older women ever since. Joe Talltrees hadn't seemed to mind, but his Mom put a halt to it. Again, "Too complicated" she had said. He supposed that was true, since competing with his parents didn't seem comfortable. But that memory haunted him, the same sort of hint of something more.

Trailing his father up the trail to their mountain cottage, he recalled the conversation the day before. "Drive down to the house, son." his Dad had told him. When David had complained that he had a quiz that day, the uncharacteristically casual way Gene Brooks had quickly answered "I don't care, cut it. This is important." In truth, it didn't matter much, but the tension in his family had been so intense the last year, even at holidays, that he wasn't looking forward to this whole weekend. It seemed to have something to do with Lisa, but he had no notion of what the problem was.

"Christ, Dad, slow down, will ya. What's the hurry? Won't be dark for another hour." His father just grunted, continuing his fast pace. David sighed and strained to keep up. Jesus christ, damn near sixty and still in just as good shape as his son. Confusion still spun in his mind, as he kept trying to figure out what was going on. He saw the roof of their familiar cabin, then with a few more steps, the glade appeared in the now softening, golden early evening. A smell of cooking meat drifted to him as they stepped into the grassy space.

His Dad looked around, and called softly "Merry?" David hadn't known for sure his mother would be here, but a twinge of excitement lit his groin. Then Lisa came out of the house, wearing just a black thong. Her big, full tits wobbled nakedly as she hurried to both of them, and David was again enthralled by her fabulously erotic body, long legs moving with athletic grace, small, stiff nipples making little centers in the wobbling flesh, her taut midsection rippling with her movements. She was barefoot, but moved on her toes as she embraced her dad.

But instead of the usual kiss on the cheek, they locked into a passionate embrace. David could see their mouths' open, working against each other, and Lisa's hips gently writhing against her father. David's mind leapt at the ease, the comfort in their joining, as though they had done this before. Then his sister opened her eyes, and she slid around toward him. There was a leering smile on her face as she took two steps and pressed against him, breathing "No turning back now, David." Then their lips met, his closed with shock at first, but as she probed with her tongue, he gave himself to the passion

she was projecting into him.

He felt the mountainous pillows of her boobs with whirling excitement, the picture of her smiling face he had climaxed with seeming tame as she grunted with the effort to push her trim, firm body against his. His mind flashed with dancing images, her skinny frame as a child, her slim, athletic straining when she raced, the voluptuous Playboy model, and now this wanton, sensual harlot showing her availability to both son and father. His cock was pushing out against his pants, and he could feel her pubic bone twisting against it.

The implications of this greeting coursed vaguely through his mind, his mother must be here somewhere. Was this new flagrant sexuality on Lisa's part to be the norm now, for their family, for him, with both, could it be? He saw his father's face, a twisted, excited grin, watching as Lisa stepped back and smiled with abandon at him. He smelled his sister's sweet breath whispering "Merry's down at the stream, darling. Waiting for us, for you. Do you want me, David? My hot pussy, my tight ass? Mother's? No more inhibition, dear brother. Come on."

Lisa wrapped an arm around each of their waists, and led them toward the path to the stream. David was surprised to see his father appearing to relinquish control of the situation to his daughter, as they made their hip bumping, undulating way, until a pale shape lolling in the gurgling water materialized out of the shimmering woods. Even as they approached, Merry rose and emerged, her hands squeezing the water from her mass of auburn hair, the breasts he had dreamed of vaguely all these years standing firmly out, a black, hairy triangle between lithe thighs. With a sensual, flagrant grace she raised her arms, making her tits stick out at him.

As he stood staring, he felt Lisa's hands unbuttoning his shirt, as his mother knelt before him, her hands expertly unbuckling his belt, and sliding his shorts down, pulling the jock strap off at the same time. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his dad stripping. His cock stuck out almost painfully, straining with urgency. His mother took it into her mouth, groaning. His ears were roaring with lust, remembered love, wild recognition of the wonder of the moment.

Suddenly, he found himself on his back, and watched as Lisa crawled over him, her hips poised above his spasming tool. Both his mother and his sister were murmuring "David, David." in a sultry, demanding way, as he felt his cock slowly enter the blonde pussy of his fantasies, while a black, furry, musky smelling slit seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and he found his mouth buried in the tart, tasty snatch of his other youthful dreams. He began to suck and fuck wildly, groaning, as he heard grunts of effort from both these women he vaguely knew now were to be his forever, and the rising pressure of his approaching explosion combined with the warm, comforting promise of fulfillment to carry him into a soft plane of wonder. He vaguely realized his mother was sucking avidly at his dad's hard prick, even as Lisa embraced both parents in a mad, whimpering fervor that drove him over a peak, into a pool of tingling completion that lasted and lasted, as he heard howls of pleasure surround him.

He orgasmed inside the spasming cunt surrounding his cock as he felt contractions around his tongue, and tasted a thickened cream flow heavily around his lips. The thrills were so intense he passed into a sort of comatose lethargy, bathing in the amazing euphoria filling his body. In his fevered mind, a welter of images of dark nights in sexual frenzy flitted around his jolted soul, but his overwhelming sense was of destiny found.

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## Chapter Four

Lucien felt the hair on the back of his neck tingle, sensing another's nearness. Impossible, he thought, for this was a reception at the American embassy for some sort of movie star. Yet his instincts had never failed him, there was someone else with the gift here, close, probably sensing him in the same way. He felt the reflexive response in his groin, where the fur always started to grow first, as his cock began to stiffen. Could it be?

He was scanning the crowd, concentrating on trying to identify the source of his excitement, when the spell was broken by whispered words in his ear. "Lucien, darling, can you stay? Tonight? It's been two days." He turned and smiled at the lovely brunette, Associate Chief of Staff for the Embassy, smiling.

"Ah Ellen, you know how difficult it is for me, so I can't be sure. Still, this is a lovely party. What exactly is the occasion?" As the woman caressed his arm, breathily talking about two stars of a movie which had just finished filming outside Warsaw, he could smell her arousal. Lucien took it for granted, his powerful maleness had always made finding members of his harem easy. He needed at least three orgasms a night, and it was rare that a single person could provide him his pleasure for long. So he liked to have several available, waiting for his convenience.

He began concentrating on the scents, searching for the telltale feral mixture of human and wolf that gave them away to animals, though humans could never tell. Though he had always thought women seemed to react to his odor, and the research about pherones he had been reading was quite suggestive about that, it was never a conscious awareness. His stimulated body was doing it now, overpowering his cologne, and he felt Ellen begin to push against him suggestively, her breathing faster, her svelte body rubbing against his hip. He began wondering if he should take her upstairs.

Just then, the Deputy Ambassador came up and whined "Good Evening, Count Blenik. Ellen, they want to do the introduction of the guests of honor, can you be sure the Ambassador has their bios?" As he watched the trim brunette's hips undulate away, he sighed and whispered "How do you do it, Count? Every man in the embassy wants that woman, yet she only has eyes for you. Say, have you met the american female yet? Lisa Brooks is her name, gorgeous, you might have seen her picture in Playboy. She's an olympic medalist, you know." When Lucien shrugged, he chuckled "No, I suppose you old world gentlemen don't go in for that sort of reading, do you? Ah, there she is, the tall blonde."

Lucien heard only "Ladies and Gentlemem..." and then the room seemed to narrow into a conduit for he and the tall, incredibly sexy looking woman who had scanned the room until their eyes met. He could not hide the avid desire that immediately flared in his face, and she had something of the same look, yet combined with shock. Standing beside the Ambassador, he saw the slight thickening of her eyebrows, and her hands flex as the nails threatened to grow. Suddenly, her scent reached him, strong, vital, full of life. He had met only one other woman with the gift, years before, and they had not gotten along well, though their brief sexual tryst had been magnificent.

He could see her struggling with herself, and knew he had to break the spell, for she seemed almost out of control. Must be young, and new to the life, he thought, as he hurried to one of the doors leading outside to the moonlit patio, took a quick look back to be certain she had seen him, and went out to stand at the railing, gazing out over the lights of the city. He took several deep breaths, calming slowly, as the now muffled voice from inside finished "... And his co-star, the lovely Lisa Brooks." A smattering of polite applause followed.

A male voice began a pedantic thank you, "On behalf of our Director, Jonathon Weil, the rest of the..." Then there was a whispered aside, and he finished "Umm, staff, including Lisa, who apologizes but feels the need for some air. The idea for this movie originated..." But his voice

became irrelevant as he felt her come through the doors, felt her presence, and heard a sharp intake of air.

"Who... who are you?" Her voice had the low frequency hint of a growl he recognized from his own, and she radiated sexual predation, desire, and need. He turned and whispered "You know, my dear. At least you know what I am. I am somewhat surprised, I thought our kind non-existent in America." As he faced her, she was slowly, tantalizingly, moving toward him, licking her lips. The slight breeze moved a thick strand of her hair over her face, and she shook it away with an impatient, fierce twist of her head. Her hips swayed with wanton undulations under the tight fitting dress.

She whispered throatily "I thought only women had the gift. There are two others, one my mother, we live in Arizona. I felt you... across the room..." She was close to him, now, and they both growled urgently as she stepped into his arms, their mouths clamping together, bodies surging frantically. Their arms were wrapped around each other in powerful, vicelike grips, sharp talons gripping and pinching, as their tongues frantically fought, rasping, in and out, wildly penetrating. Lucien felt her pubic bone writhing frantically against his stiffened, growing cock, the hair on the back of his head now lengthening. He felt the moon, and the night, infusing him with desire. He heard her growling, really a half groan, and felt one of her hands begin to fumble with the belt at his waist.

It took all his willpower to grip her shoulders and push her back to arms length, where he could see the lowered hairline, the fierce wildness in her face, the bushy eyebrows, the protruding cheekbones of her canine side throbbing in her being. He knew his own normally handsome face would be altering in the same way, as their true natures responded to the instant attraction of their subliminal wanting. "Not here, little one. Not like this, hurried, frantic. It is so rare, to mate with our own kind, and it will be so rough, so ecstatic. Can you get away? My home is not far, and it offers us the place we need."

She stared at him, her breasts heaving as he held her, her arms reaching for his shoulders. He could see her struggling with her surging passion, and saw surprise as his strength matched her efforts to push toward him again. It took a full minute as she stared and struggled, then the lovely face returned slowly to its human form, though still flushed. "Of... of course. I'll go and tell them. I'll be downstairs in a couple of minutes. Hurry." He admired her lithe form as she turned and walked quickly into the ballroom, automatically reaching down to adjust his cock so its turgid strength wouldn't show.

He took no time for goodbyes, and waved to Ellen as he hurried down the wide staircase to the ornate, huge double doors standing open for the occasion. His signal to the doorman gave rise to a squealing whistle that jolted his heightened senses, as the man firmly announced "Count Blenik's Ferrari, imbecile" to a young man at the foot of the drive. Even as the car came to a stop at the foot of the cement stairs, he heard the staccato click of her heels approaching. Without looking at her, he jumped into the driver's seat as the Doorman held the passenger side door open for Lisa, and he felt a wild wave of lust when he saw the wet stain on her pastel panties under her hiked up skirt as she wiggled into the small seat. The fever in his mind made him pull away in an urgent screech of the tires.

She was on him quickly as they wheeled out into the broad avenue and accelerated toward the outskirts, while her hand unzipped his fly and she pulled his cock out. She tried to sink her head toward it, even as his right arm circled her shoulders and pulled first one, then the other of her full tits out of her dress. She chuckled as he started to take his arm away to shift gears, and breathed "I'll do it, darling." Her right arm shifted as soon as he hit the clutch, into fourth gear, and the fast car was up to ninety as they pawed at each other. Thank god it's late, he thought, as they sped bumpily down the cobbled road.

He tried to twist his hips so she could get to his throbbing prick, but she had to content herself with jacking firmly at it, as his hand squeezed and pinched at the nipples standing taut from the pillows of delectable flesh bouncing as he caressed them. Suddenly, she pulled away, and he could see her wiggling out of the panties. The center armrest inside the tight space made their movements clumsy and spastic, as she returned to pulling on his cock, hiking up her dress and beginning to rub the slit of her pussy with her free hand. Her quiet growling was like a sexual music in his ears. As he turned down the side street toward his townhouse, with the wooded garden at the rear, the moon shown bright in their faces, as she gazed at him, the canine look again growing in her model's expression.

He actually made a four wheel slide into the parking garage whose door yawned open, coming to a loud stop at an angle, while she chuckled both at his skill with the turn, and the noise they were making. They both jumped out of the car, and he choked "This way" as he ran, with the hunched forward, loping stride he was forced to when the gift was on him, down the narrow walkway into the back yard. They were both ripping off their clothes, but she was naked before he was, and she knelt to help him with his pants. The moment it sprang free, she slid his cock into her mouth, sighing rhapsodically, sinking it deep into her throat.

He grabbed her hair, pulled her away, and fell on her, pushing her to the damp, soft grass. Her legs splayed apart, as his mouth captured hers, and they both reached for his surging member. She found it and held it at her cunt, and they both grunted wildly as, straining together, he plunged nearly a foot into her body, taking over her soul, feeling her wrap him inside her, wet and welcoming, even as her legs draped firmly around his back. He was dimly conscious, through a haze of lust, that her skin had become furry, as had his, and he felt her draw blood where her paws were ripping at his back. He nipped at her lip, and tasted her blood, even as she sucked his from a talon of her finger.

Their eyes joined briefly, wide smiles combined with angry hunger, and then he began to fuck with a vigor new to both, pistoning smoothly yet urgently, faster and faster, as her hips met each deep stroke of his loins. He felt a freedom to be as rough as he wanted, knowing he could not damage her, knowing she welcomed his brutality, and his hips worked with a speed and power no human woman could endure. Their mutual desire exploded like a hurricane of pleasure, for even as he mindlessly strove toward his own satisfaction, he sensed her boiling fulfillment cresting. His cock began to spew, orgasmic wonder filling his being as her hips writhed in wild answer to him. At the same time, and without any signal, their voices howled shrilly into the night.

His cock never softened, even as the rapture eased, their panting echoing in the small glade with several old oaks interspersed with flower beds. He could smell her, the rich pussy musk, her animal sweat, a hint of an expensive perfume. The other woman had been far more mature, more experienced and selfish, another member of european old royalty, and their egos had clashed. He felt the vitality of this young one, along with a willingness to learn, to experience, an openness that was like a fresh breeze in his life. He twisted to his back, keeping her impaled on his throbbing prick, watching her lithe movements which helped him settle her there, so he could gaze at her fantastic body as it moved rather spastically atop his hips.

He found her an incredibly erotic picture, fangs protruding from full, curling lips, her mane of golden hair wild around her head, half wolf, half woman, while she preened her tits at him. He felt her grab his hand and drag the claws across her chest, opening a large gash oozing blood, and sighed as she lowered herself so he could drink. He took her offering with selfish greed, the tart taste an aphrodisiac of wonderful power. His hips began to hump into her again, and when she felt it, she raised up and bared her sharp teeth, her eyebrows raised in an implied question. When he nodded, her head plunged to his right breast, and he felt the tearing as she opened twin puncture wounds, and sucked his vitality into her. There was an unfamiliar, yet incredibly sensual pleasure in the exchange.

She arched backwards as their hips began to fuck urgently, yet now with a patience that spurred their reactions slowly yet urgently upwards, the full, stimulating contact of their groins dominating their minds. Her hips were rotating even while they pistoned his cock inside her, while a drop of blood dripped down over her nipple. He reached up to scoop it into his mouth, noticing her formerly bare armpits begin to sprout a soft yellow hair. His kinky pubic hair was thickening and extending upwards in a thick band toward his chest. He willed the change to stop, holding in this mixed breed so uniquely perfect for their frantic, explosive coupling. Their movements were quickly becoming wild again, battering at each other, growling in animal lust.

After ten minutes of rising passion, she fell atop him as their second cum approached. Human women often thought they could match his ardor, but by this time were usually approaching exhaustion. This one, of course, seemed to be thriving on the energetic, draining vitality of their wanton fucking, the power of their approaching orgasm building and building. They were both growling feverishly, in a rhythm that matched their groins writhing, while their tongues licked at the faces wet with desire and sweat. It was the best kind of sex, thought Lucien, primitive, selfish, yet mutually fulfilling.

Their completion matured yet again, in a vibrating peaking of ecstasy, as both groaned into the other's mouth. He thought the smell of their animal skins a stimulant, filling his nostrils as the cum ricocheted from his groin into his whole body. He was shooting up into her womb, as he felt her pussy contracting in response, and wondered in his euphoria if he could ever again enjoy a human woman with this experience haunting his thoughts. The finishing went on and on, five, ten minutes of careening joy, as they experienced their unique ability to please themselves.

Lisa found herself drifting in a sea of pleasure, his handsome face now snarling in its wolflike glare, his hips still moving, that wonderful huge cock still filling her twat. She didn't even know his name, yet they had a bond now she could never give up. Her mind drifted over that initial awareness of another she had felt at the otherwise boring party, her eyes finally meeting his, the instant urgency she had felt for him. A male. A fierce, powerful, thriving male as driven sexually as she was. She began to settle down, nestling to his furry chest, a sense of belonging here with him overpowering. Finally, she realized she didn't even know his name, and asked "Who are you."

He chuckled, and in a rough, low pitched voice, quavering slightly, answered "Count Lucien Blenik, madam, at your service." She pulled her head up and chuckled as they stared at each other. She whispered "Shall we change, dear beast? That should also be unique, marvelous." She felt his strong arms roll them to their sides, as he licked gently at her face.

"Not quite yet, little one. We should bathe, sup, and find out a bit of each other. Our natures will keep us together, and our joy need not weaken. But the real world still surrounds us. Come." She felt his cock slide from her, as he rose and lifted her up. They both were slowly returning to human form. He led her onto a porch, and through a set of glass doors into a large dark living room, filled with antique furniture, then up a set of stairs to a huge bathroom with a large tile bathtub. He opened the taps and began to run water, then offered her a brandy from a small cabinet.

He was a magnificent man, she thought, as she leered happily at his firm, muscled body, hairy even at rest, the huge cock hanging now, his eyes locked to hers as the mature, slavish face showed a smiling greed for her. She felt her pussy tingling just with his stare. Ahh, there is so much to learn, her mind cried, yet desire seemed to override her questions. She choked "How long... have you had... have you been...?"

He answered "Sixty years, little one. You are new to it, are you not? I sense your struggles with the animal impulses. Of course, it is rare, two of us, here, but a wonderful surprise. Your mother, eh?"

She gave you the gift? I was born with it. Should we have a litter, they will be too. You are heavenly looking. What is this about the Olympics?"

They lolled together in the cool water of the tub, sipping the brandy, talking. Lisa thought even her mother would be surprised at the idea of children born with the gift. She wondered if Lycea knew of such a thing. Yet over their words hung a red haze of lust, as though they could not be near each other without wanting to couple madly. The cool water reminded her of the stream at home, jets caressing her body, a kind of wavering tingling as the change kept pushing at her. She idly gripped his prick beneath the water, and he would lean over to kiss her softly when something she said pleased him. They seemed both to take their instant mating for granted, as well as a confidence in going further into a wild relationship that would surprise them both. Finally, she breathed "I am not hungry, Lucien."

He chuckled as he pulled her from the water, and they hurried back outside. The moon was now bright, hanging over them, filtering through the leaves of one of the trees. His arms circled her waist, as she felt his cock nestling between the twin moons of her ass, and he pushed her to the verdant, cool grass. She gasped "Darling, darling, let's change, do it that way..."

She heard his already raspy voice chuckle "Yes, little one, while we are locked together. You will see..." His words faded into a gruff, rhythmic murmur, as she felt him enter her from the rear, even as sharp claws gripped her flanks. The change seemed to flow into her urgently, the familiar, yet frantically fulfilling sense of becoming her true self, her legs shortening, the long, light tan hair sprouting all over her body, her tail pushing quickly out. The smells and sound of the night became a suddenly intimate presence, and she felt his fangs fasten to her shoulder, just as it became the hard muscled tendon of her lycantropic other.

The tool inside her grew longer, thinner, yet her cunt squeezed it, while his driving strokes took on the whirling speed of Lupe and Lobo. Yet Lucien was larger than either, and seemed stronger there on her back, as she let him fuck her, responding with undulating squeezes of her twat. Somewhere far off, in her mind or a remembered image, a wolfen howl sounded, music to her surging passion, even as she felt her cunt stretched by the insertion of his cock knot, and the beginning of the flood of his animal spunk into her welcoming body. They both joined the wail of their bestial passion.

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Epilogue

Lisa watched, smiling, as her two children, a male and female, romped with Lobo. They were only a little over a year, yet had grown amazingly fast, their pale skins showing bits of fur as they tried to catch the romping wolf. As always seemed to happen, her milk laden breasts tingled at the sight of the two as they wavered between, the change uncontrolled, sometimes on shortened legs, sometimes on two feet, hair popping up then withdrawing. The meadow sounded with their little cries, occasional growls, and grunting effort to catch Lobo.

They finally succeeded, the male wrestling the wolf's flanks to the ground, as the female wrapped her arms around the powerful neck. Their wails of delight drew a chuckle from the nude blonde, as Lobo's tongue reached out to lick the girl, whose light, almost white hair was matted with sweat. They lay there for minutes, breathing hard, the game they loved to play over, their bodies slowly becoming the soft, smooth human skin that Lisa loved to touch. Then she saw a stream of urine issuing from the girls butt, and quickly growled a remonstrance, calling her away. The embarrassed child hung her head, then ran athletically toward the nearby forest, where she could relieve herself as she had been taught.

Lobo's head raised, as he stared at the retreating waif, growling "Not too hard, Pale Harlot. She cannot help it." Lisa chuckled at the naivete of the wolves, who thought the children could live forever in their wild state. No, they would need school, careful training, the efforts of both she and Merry, to eventually live in both worlds. But the boy now approached her, licking his lips. He pushed her backwards, then lay on top of her, his lips fastening to her nipple. Just like a man, thought Lisa, just take what he wants. But she smiled with the lovely, erotic pleasure she felt from his sucking. Merry kept saying she should soon stop nursing them, but Lisa saw no reason to hurry. Her tits would still stay firm, she knew, no matter how long she fed them.

She felt his little cock stiffening against her tummy. They both seemed to derive sexual enjoyment from their suckling, even as she did. She had a feeling it would be impossible to wait as long as her father and mother had to let them become her lovers. Lisa shivered with anticipation, and arched gently up to the handsome child.