

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1

Upon exiting the elevator on the lab level, my first glance down the corridor in front of me made it very clear that something dramatic had changed. I stepped forward with Bo alongside me as was now our routine for these weekend schedules. I saw several new faces for guards and any hesitation might have been an alarm depending on why there was such a new and heightened interest in security.

The area outside the elevator door was only a small room. There was only one door, besides the elevator, and it was directly opposite. In front of the door was a table and a seated military guard. That was normal. What wasn't normal was the standing military guard with a combat assault rifle held easily across his chest. The distance separating us was only about ten steps, but I couldn't take my eyes off the soldier who was standing easy, but fully alert while appraising me and Bo.

"Relax, Anderson." The man behind the desk looked up at me and smiled. "How is Ms. Douglas today?"

"Pretty good, Dave ... I mean, Sergeant." I smiled at him and glanced at the Corporal just behind me. Moods relaxed on the weekends, but it wasn't quite the weekend, yet.

I dug into the back pocket of my cutoff jeans and handed him my ID tag. We were supposed to have it clipped to us at all times inside the facility but the weekends were generally more relaxed and it was against my nature to take such protocols seriously. Besides, on these weekend schedules I was usually the only one in the lab and I tended to be very casual and relaxed. The guards never seemed to mind, either. Not that I was a purposeful tease but it made the time so much easier when the mood was relaxed, which it was when the lab and military hotshots weren't around. Today I came dressed in cutoffs, t-shirt, and hiking boots. After putting my ID on the desk, I pulled my backpack off and placed it on the desk, all for careful inspection. He might know me very well after our association over this time, but the rules of access to the lab were very explicit and people took them seriously. As events were turning out, I guess I really couldn't blame them despite how much I resented how my life had changed.

What really got their attention from the moment I got off the elevator was what else I was carrying over my shoulder: a classic style bow and a quiver of arrows, not to mention the survival knife, all strapped to the outside of the pack. Bo also had a pack strapped to his back and he sat erect as I unstrapped it from him. It was light, but contained some essentials for him when we were on the trail and he was quite accustomed to carrying his own. Oh, yeah, Bo is my dog. He isn't normally allowed in the facility, but since I am in the lab essentially by myself doing monitoring of equipment and test animals, he is allowed to accompany me.

Dave unzipped the back pack and inspected everything on the desk. He finally looked up at me with a smile. The Corporal, Anderson, was perplexed to say the least.

"You have a trip planned, don't you? It looks like you are planning on leaving from here at the end of the weekend."

"Almost from here. I'll park my jeep at the turn-off about three miles south and pick up a trail of some kind there. I have to get off the facility property, first. I have the rest of the week off. Since I have covered the trail to the north, I am excited to start heading south."

Anderson still seemed perplexed so the Sergeant explained. "There is a wilderness trail a few miles west of here that runs from nearly the Washington border to nearly the Mexican border. This young woman over time has covered the trail to the north, most of it alone, if I am not mistaken." He

leaned back in his chair holding the broken down bow in his hands and looking at Anderson. "So, a word to the wise ... don't mess with her unless it is official."

Anderson appraised me, again, from top to bottom. I gave him a sweet smile and turned my attention to Dave. I could see his interest in the piece. I put out my hand and gave him the 'give it to me' gesture while pulling a small finger tool on a chain from under my t-shirt. In 45 seconds I had the three pieces unfolded and tightened with the tool. It took me another 90 seconds to pull the wire string from the inside, secure both ends, and apply tension with the same tool. I then held it out to them.

"I never saw anything like that. It's metal, light, and strong. Where ..."

"My father's own design ... well, with the help of a master archer. I don't even know what the metal is. He knew I wouldn't stop trekking alone and he wanted me to have protection and a means to hunt for my food. A gun was certainly an option and I am not averse to them, but they aren't legal on the trails and make a lot of noise. I can hunt for food with this and nobody will hear anything."

Anderson was a big guy, sturdy and lots of muscle probably. He was just having trouble accepting it all. "Hunting for food?"

Dave chuckled as he let me repack everything. "She's a survivalist. Not a nut job, conspiracy theory, doomsday type. She just likes the wilderness enjoyed on a minimalist basis."

The door was buzzed and the lock opened. I moved around the desk to the door, but stopped, turned, and asked the obvious curiosity question, "Why do I see all the added security?"

"The sensors outside the perimeter were tripped. Until they check it out, everything is tightened down. I don't think you'll notice too much in there, though."

"The last time I was out, I saw a lot of deer and elk moving. I suppose you have to check it out, but I'll bet that's what it is."

Before the door closed and locked automatically, I heard Anderson, "Deer and elk?"

I heard Dave sigh, "I would tend to believe her. She just got her PhD in Wildlife specializing in invasive species and wildlife behavior and ecology. I never asked why she is here."

The door opened into a long hallway with no doors, indentions, or objects. There was one door at the very end and it was controlled by the security badge. Even after being stopped, vetted, and approved to pass, there was still additional security. I am not sure why, just the way the government is, I suppose. And, I couldn't blame them for wanting security on this project. The room I walked into had offices and work spaces on either side of the hallway I had just walked down. The main research area was in the middle. It had the feeling of a large concrete bunker ... because it was. The facility was built on the side of a mountain so it wasn't actually underground. It was deemed too expensive to dig through the granite for the facility. They were in far too much of a rush for that. The truth was that where I stood was about 40 feet above the original ground surface. And that ground surface was the slope near the top of a mountain. The cafeteria on the floor above this one had windows with a spectacular view of the valley and river below. But, there were no windows here.

As I entered and took over the computers and familiarized myself with the events of the day, the other staff left for the weekend. No real research was intended. The need for anyone was for the control animals and monitoring the equipment just in case there was a development, but there hadn't been any to date. Three times a day, Bo and I would be escorted outside for fresh air and for

Bo to do his thing. We would also spend time in the cafeteria for food. A total of one hour each time. Other than that, we would be in the lab.

After making rounds to assure myself that the animals were okay and the equipment was functioning with expected readouts and data recovery, I settled down at the operations desk in front of the main lab research area. While scratching Bo's ear as he settled next to me, I thought about the comment from Dave as the door was closing, "I never asked why she is here." I had to smile, even after this time. A PhD in wildlife and I am assisting in research for time travel. That's what this facility was setup for: the expected development of time travel.

It started three years ago when I was still working on my PhD research and thesis. I needed money or I was going to be dropping out. Nothing in my field was paying anything worthwhile for intern work and everything required being away from the university and my hiking. I found some desperate researchers who were working on a theory that nobody ... I mean nobody ... gave any credence to. Therefore, they couldn't get any students to take on the work. Students seeking Masters and PhD need some research but not if it is going to be wasting their time and make them look like idiots. But, these guys had this theory about time travel and somehow they got funding to get started. It was a mystery because it didn't come through the university, but the money was there. The checks cashed every time and that was what I needed. I was only partially engaged but I learned what was needed of me and I quickly became a reliable and trusted lab assistant. I might have been a fish out of water (a wildlife management joke ...) but I was smart and observant.

I am not a physicist, but the theory revolved around the use of a strong electro-magnetic field contained within a chamber. The first year was spent just on the equipment and testing the equipment. The second year was frustratingly spent piecing everything together and refining and refining to achieve the field values the theory required. All of this was happening in make-shift quarters. Then, some trials began. Initially, all that was accomplished was frying a bunch of mice that were used for trials. It only took a few of these before the lab was filled with outside people, all with computer simulations and lots of opinions. They finally all agreed on the settings and the trials began, again. And, more mice were fried.

During this time, I had successfully completed my PhD work but agreed to stay on a while longer to help out. Except for the main researchers, I was one of the few with the history and familiarity to identify mistakes, the greatest potential being in forgetting what had become our history.

Everything changed one day when a routine trial was performed and instead of frying a mouse, the mouse disappeared. There was no smoke, no flash, and certainly no burnt fur smell. After the surprise and shock had worn off, the speculation began as to 'when' it had gone. Did it go back in time or forward? Now that they had done it, what was the mechanism for controlling it? How would they control back or forward and how far?

And, the government took over: military, intelligence, National Security. The original researchers still had control but with a lot more help and hands-on attention. And we moved into this facility within months and re-established a functional laboratory with increased sophistication and a hundred times more money. It was as if the government had this facility ready and waiting, maybe for a different project that was scrapped or wasn't progressing quickly enough. It was about a hundred miles inland from the university, deep in the mountains, remote and difficult to get to. There were small towns in the general area on small, narrow blacktop roads on the other side of the mountain. Most movement of people and supplies, however, was by helicopter except for those of us who were responsible for the day-to-day running of the research.

The new chamber was built larger, which clearly indicated their ultimate goal: movement of men.

The electrical power source was increased and stabilized; the computers provided more data crunching and analysis; and, the trials included more species from mice to guinea pigs to cats to small dogs to chimps. A few were killed as the power application necessary was fine-tuned for size. Animals continued to disappear, however, but the 'to when' remained a mystery and the object of much debate. Everybody was fixated on Time but what if it wasn't Time, at all?

This wasn't necessarily a scientific debate in my mind. This was a debate about the unknown, about something we didn't understand. I proposed my thoughts over meals and watercooler talk. It seemed to me that there could be three options but that time was only one of them. Since physics wasn't my field, I related the discussion to entertainment. Time travel related to Dr. Who, which involved travel in time while remaining in the same location. Spatial travel related to Star Trek, which involved movement from one place to another but in the same time. The third was what I got the most teasing and joking about; what I called reality travel. Neither time nor spatial were involved, but travel was to a different reality or alternate reality or alternate existence. It soon became known in the lab as 'Taryn's Otherland' and I quickly dropped it.

Tracking sensors were used on the animals to help with the determination of what happened to them. First they used the monitoring from outside the chamber and received no feedback, at all. Then then figured out a way to have the monitoring sensor inside the chamber as part of the device and a feed out in the lab. A 3-dimensional graphics program was used to locate the sensor relative to the lab's location. The disappearing subjects were going straight down from the lab initially. Some remained there unmoving and others moved down the slope a few or more feet before stopping. A few continued moving down the slope and away. They decided this proved that the disappearance was going back in time. Directly below us was a massive volume of concrete so it stood to reason that they went back in time at least as far as before the construction of this facility. Just how far back, however, they had no idea. Of course, being smarter than me, they discounted my other option completely.

That brought the activity to today. This weekend was monitoring the movements of some of the animals. A difference this weekend, however, was to leave the 'portal' open but enclosed to see if a return might be possible. I was to learn that was also an added reason for the additional security, just in case something did find its way back to our side.

The shift started out very normal, even with the extra armed guards in the lab area. I noted the status and readings of the equipment, checked on all the animals for future trials, and satisfied myself that everything was in order. The entire time I had Bo at my side as I moved around the lab. He had become quite adept at staying near without getting in my way as I moved, like he could somehow anticipate my actions and shift where he was in relation to me.

Once satisfied, I moved back to the monitoring desk, familiarized myself with the screens, and settled into some activities I brought with me, namely getting ready for my hike after this weekend's duty was over. I had repacked my backpack in a hurry after it was inspected by the sergeant, so I first took everything out again and repacked it the way I wanted it. Then, I did the same thing to Bo's pack and hung both on the back of the desk chair I was sitting on.

The sergeant and corporal from outside were now in the lab. I was told that two others were at the desk by the elevator. Both were in full gear including side arms strapped to their legs. Corporal Anderson still had his assault weapon across his chest. It all seemed like a lot of overkill that I tried to ignore and to focus on my responsibilities. It wasn't easy and was even more difficult for Bo who wasn't used to the two extra people in the room with us, especially people who did not seem relaxed and easy. Their tension seemed to transmit to Bo and I was bending over to soothe him when the unexpected happened.

I felt the faint change in the air before I actually heard anything and Bo seemed to react to the same thing. The chamber had just gone live. I turned my head to the large chamber from the bent over position I was in from soothing Bo and saw first the red indicator light over the double door start flashing and then the air inside the chamber almost seemed to warp. By the time I was standing up, a fat rabbit appeared on the floor of the chamber. Bo started walking toward it, chasing rabbits is a favorite pastime of his, but I called him back before he moved two paces. Nothing had ever come back the other way to us before. I reached for the phone and pushed a button that sent an alert signal to key members of the research team. They would be on their way to the facility without the delay of verbal communication of the issue. The alert was restricted to use for a short list of reasons ... this was one of the them, a return from the other side.

As I was replacing the phone, I glanced up at movement near the chamber's front where Anderson had been standing when the system went active. He looked at the rabbit, then to the sergeant, and to me, "One of yours, Doc?"

I looked at both of them and shook my head. "We didn't use rabbits."

Conflicting or misunderstood orders, perhaps, but suddenly they were both moving to the chamber. Everyone agreed that nothing could come back through the portal and into the lab. The chance of contamination, disease, or an unfamiliar species could be devastating to our environment, our society, and ourselves. That was something my specialty had influence on. There was protocol for handling this and specially trained people. The researchers understood the orders to mean confinement within the chamber as not meaning 'into the lab'. These guys apparently understood that the chamber was a part of 'into the lab' and they were about to neutralize the threat. I screamed to them. The system had to fully shutdown before the chamber could be opened and there was no reason to open the chamber until the proper personnel arrived to deal with it.

I saw them continue to approach the chamber, their weapons at the ready. I continued to scream but as they reached to activate the opening of the chamber, I went to my knees and took Bo into my arms, holding him tight. I was afraid of ricochet bullets if they fired their weapons. We were surrounded by bulletproof glass, titanium, aluminum, and high-strength steel ... and lots and lots of concrete making up the walls, floor and ceiling. There was too much material that would deflect bullets and not enough that would absorb them, besides us.

Kneeling down in a hug of Bo, the sound of the chamber opening wide with its hydraulics, brought a bigger concern than bullets. The sound of the system became pronounced without the buffering from the chamber. But, more significant, was the sensation of the air around us changing. When I opened my eyes to look, the very air seemed to be warped in waves rushing past into the deeper parts of the room and bouncing off the solid walls.

Then ... there was brilliant, blinding white. I didn't know if it was ocular or in the brain. If I had that active thought, it wasn't a debate within myself. There wasn't time. Because what was brilliant, blinding white had instantly changed to an empty, black void.

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## **Chapter 2**

I felt pain in my right leg and left shoulder. There was probably more than that, but those were the worst. I opened my eyes and thought my vision was messed up, too, then realized that I was face down in the leaves and dirt. I turned my head and I only saw seemingly random objects close to my face, but as I concentrated, the images cleared to branches and leaves. I was underneath a bush.

Underneath a bush? My mind fumbled with this new reality and it was having difficulty, it was having difficulty releasing what had been my reality. Bushes, leaves, dirt ... what my mind was processing was black nothing ... blinding white ... I had been in the lab. My mind was bringing up events now, like a computer processor that was forced to reboot after a power surge or fault. I was crouched behind the desk, my arms protectively around Bo ... the feeling of the air changing, the look of the air warping ... Anderson at the chamber door, the hiss of it opening ... the rabbit appearing ... the rabbit! The rabbit had come back from ....

I bolted up, but unsuccessfully. The bush I was under was more substantial than I had considered. And, the movement hurt. I backed out from under the bush, got to my knees, and looked around. It looked like a dumping ground with litter and stuff all over the slope. I wasn't interested in that, though, not right now.

"Bo! Bo, where are you?"

He had to be here. I had been holding him protectively in my arms ... why couldn't I have kept hold of him?!? If anything happened to him ...

I heard a whimper to my left and slightly up the slope. I called for him, again. I heard a whimper and soft bark coming from a bush with something metal over it. I got to my feet and felt a pain shooting down my leg. I looked down and saw a lot of scrapes and raw skin on the outside of my right leg. Reaching over to feel the joint, which was when I noticed the pain in my left shoulder. My leg seemed okay. The damage seemed to be superficial. I could move the joint fine, just with tenderness when I put a lot of effort into it. My shoulder was similar. My t-shirt was ripped at the shoulder and I found several cuts, quite possibly from branches while tumbling down the slope.

I moved along the slope, calling gently to Bo. I couldn't see him immediately but determined he was pinned under the bush by something metal. The metal object was a desk. No wonder the slope looked like a dumping ground if even a desk came through the portal with us. I tried pulling the desk away from Bo, but that proved futile. It meant I was trying to pull the desk up the slope. I reached in to touch him and give him some assurance while I thought of my next option. I encountered a frantic tongue and more whimpers. I shifted to the end of the desk that was slightly up slope from the other end. If I could just get it started, gravity could be my friend and do the rest.

When he came out, he was limping, too. He was favoring his left hind leg, but as I loved him with pets and strokes, he was putting weight on it. I inspected his leg as I had my own and determined that he was in no worse shape than I was. We had both been banged up, but that was all.

With my arm around his neck, we sat back down on the ground. I muttered to myself, "Well, wherever or whenever we are, at least we're still together." My voice seemed to hold his attention and I wondered if he experienced the light and dark the same way I had. I had to think he had because he pushed me back and started licking my face and neck, which cause me to squirm, roll, and laugh under his playful assault.

After begging him to stop and finally pushing him off and away, I regained my feet and turned to look up the slope. All I saw was a wild, primitive landscape up the slope, through the tree line, and up to the top. No massive concrete structure with a top floor of windows overlooking the valley. Well, we didn't go forward in time. There was no way all that concrete would completely disappear. So, if not forward in time, did we go back in time? And, if so, how far? I turned 180 degrees, looked out over the valley, and had a funny feeling. I squatted down next to Bo, "It sure looks different from this perspective, doesn't it?" Not being up high and overlooking the trees, the valley looked somehow different than looking at it through the trees from the slope. However, if I had learned

anything in my wilderness adventures, it was how confusing surrounds can appear depending on your perspective. Once in the trees, it is easy to become disoriented and glimpses of distant views can give very misleading impressions.

Survival. All my training for survival experience kicked in. I never thought I would actually have to depend on it to live, I thought it was a challenge I gave myself, an exercise to force me to not become complacent in life and my independence. Bo and I found ourselves in a place we didn't know ... and it was looking like this might be our existence for the rest of our lives. That, at least, had to be my frame of mind until something happened to prove me wrong. One of the first rules of survival in an unexpected situation is to inventory everything that might be useful. I turned to look over my shoulder. It had been late afternoon and I could see that the sun would be behind the far mountains too soon for much effort. The inventory would have to wait, we needed a fire for protection and warmth during the coming night. We needed a safe place to spend the night and the options were limited. I didn't have time to build something. And, I needed the basics for the night ... my pack! Where are the packs?

"Bo, get your pack." His pack was his responsibility and he knew the command. He started scouring the area immediately, his nose working near the ground and he was soon moving around in search mode. The packs were together and next to us when hell happened ....

As Bo moved off in search of the packs, my thought completed itself. When hell happened ... Anderson was right in front of the opening chamber and the sergeant was moving towards him as I ducked with Bo behind the desk. So ... if we came through ... where are ... I searched with my eyes until I found some legs protruding from behind a large boulder. I scrambled up the slope and jumped around the boulder, but pulled up short. It was the sergeant. His head was bashed in ... the face. I touched his neck and verified what I knew just by looking at the damage.

Bo started barking, ran nearly to me and then retreated in the brush. I followed and found the packs. I grabbed both of them and renewed my search for Anderson. I couldn't find anything indication and a sick feeling came over me and looked up. I searched the trees. It stood to reason that we fell quite a ways, so I searched further up the slope and found him, about 10 feet off the ground, in a large tree and non-responsive, a branch protruding through his body. I didn't have time for the bodies; however, as badly as I felt about just leaving them exposed to scavengers and predators of the forest, I needed to find a secure place for Bo and me to spend the night, even if it was sleepless. I spotted a ledge about 12 feet above the ground with an access for Bo on the left. I led him up and found a ledge in the granite that was about 5 feet wide at the widest and tapered to nothing a little further. It would be perfect for the night. Tomorrow I would create a better shelter against weather and wind.

I left Bo on the ledge with the packs and returned to the ground to gather kindling and dry wood. I pulled one of the drawers out of the desk and filled it with loose paper and kindling and small branches. On my second trip, I sought out larger pieces of wood that would burn longer and generate good, sustaining coals, and some pieces long enough that could be used to ward off any wild intruder that might venture up the path toward us out of curiosity or aggression. Long ago, I had committed to never being without fire, if possible. My pack contained a four pack of Bic lighters, a box of wood safety matches, and a flint fire starter, all in a Ziploc bag. Fire was one of the most critical elements of survival.

I started the fire at the head of the narrow trail onto the ledge; I hoped that would deter anything else from coming up to join us. Once started, though, I reconsidered the sergeant's body. I dug into my pack and found the headlamp I used around camp on my trips. I had three of them, but I would need to use them sparingly to save the batteries for as long as possible. I went back down to the



sergeant body. The darkness and narrow beam of light helped me not getting a full reminder of what he looked like now. I rolled him over, unbuckled his sidearm at the waist and the leg. I unbuttoned his shirt and rolled him again to remove it, then took his belt. The shirt would be large enough to use as a light jacket and to wrap myself in at night. It was now dark and was all that I dared to try to accomplish.

Now sitting on the ledge, Bo tightly on one side of me and the fire on the other, the reality of our situation was sinking into me. Up to this point, my actions had been rote, responses drilled into me by my father and years of practice and experience. Now, sitting in the quiet of a darkened forest, the new reality of existence came crashing down over me. Despite all the experience in survival hiking, purposely forcing myself to live as much off the land as possible, this situation would provide no alternative. Before, there was always the underlying knowledge that after the 4 days, week, or even 2 weeks, I would be back to the jeep, then a warm shower, bed and clothes, and whatever food I desired. A sense of almost overwhelming hopelessness began to come over me ... almost overwhelming because, as though feeling my mood change, Bo lifted his head off my lap and pressed it into my body seeking petting and ear scratching. I smiled down at him and hugged him tightly. Thank god, I had Bo!

My mood shifted to the tenderness and special relationship we shared. As I scratched his ears and stroked his head, neck, and shoulders, my mind going back to our beginnings. Bo was a stray German Shepard/Wolf mix, at least it was what seemed to be the case without actual DNA testing. Where a normal male German Shepard might be 26 inches in height and 85 pounds, Bo was 30 inches and 105 pounds. I was 2 days into a hike alone through some rough backcountry when I came face-to-face with a bear. I had been careless, preoccupied by the scenery of the valley below, with the opposite snow covered peaks reflected in the quiet lake surface. Being careless and inattentive can sometimes cause you to misstep and lose your footing, tumbling off the trail or twisting an ankle. Or, it can cause you to walk between a bear cub on the slope above the trail and the mother bear below the trail. That's what happened to me and there may not be a worse natural situation to be in than separating a mother bear from her cub.

It was the experience that convinced my dad that I needed some kind of protection, if I was going to insist on solo trips into the wild. It was the motivation for the bow that I carried ever since. In this case, however, I had no weapon of worth and even though I was slowly and steadily backing away, the mother was aggressively stalking me. Once aroused, they are very dangerous creatures. I was staring into the eyes of a 250-pound protective and fierce beast with only one thing on its mind: to tear me apart. I backed up, but it kept coming right down the trail to me. I knew I was done. If I survived at all it would be severely injured, and as far from help as I was, I wouldn't likely survive.

That was when I met Bo. I almost didn't see him coming; I was so fixated on the eyes of the bear closing on me. I did, though, just a flash of dark rising over the rise in the trail behind the bear. I swore it was a wolf and this couldn't get any worse that I now had two dominant predators about to fight over which eats me. It barked and snarled as it charged down the trail. The noise caused the bear to turn, just as the wolf leapt into air and landed on the back of the bear, it was shaken off and they were face-to-face, both growling and intimidating. I didn't know what to think, now the wolf was between me and the bear, but it was completely intent on the bear, its back to me.

I imaged that they were cussing and calling each other all sorts of nasty names, but a fight never came. In the end, the bear backed off, looked to her cub, and retreated with the cub following close behind. When the wolf turned to me, I wondered if I had another problem, but he just ambled off the trail and disappeared. But not really. I turned several times that day to find him behind me and there was no menace in his attitude.

That night he was just outside the light of my fire but I entice him in with scraps from my dinner. He seemed nervous and would react to sudden movements from me, but he spent most of the night near the fire. For the next several days, he remained nearby during my travels and I came to realize that he might have some wolf in him, but he was also part German Shepard. At the end of my trip, he was still with me. He had come out of nowhere and literally saved my life. He had no collar and he had been out in the wild for some time. I opened the back door of the jeep to test him and he watched me. I patted the rear seat and gave him room. He looked inside, sniffed, looked up at me, and jumped in. That was almost 3 years ago and he has been my constant companion ever since.

Warm thoughts and warmer feelings. His head resting in my lap as I gently stroked him. My hand running down onto his chest, I could feel his breathing had become even and shallow, a good indication that he was resting deeply, if not sleeping. I loved this dog, not just because he saved me. I loved him more for all that he has given me since then. I'm not great with people, but with him, everything is easier. He seems to anticipate me, watches over me, and I over him. It has also been awkward, intimidating. The feelings are strong; the touches are familiar and reassuring. Yes, mine to him, but also his to me. His licks can feel like kisses. He presses himself into me with a familiarity and self-assuredness that is disarming. I hug him to me with an intensity that sometimes scares me. There are times, when I am dozing, wearing only a t-shirt and panties, that I become aware of him, sniffing me, catching my scent. Even more, there have been times I have opened my legs while keeping my eyes closed, too enthralled in the potential to have it end without some understanding of what he wants. I have felt his snout at my crotch, I have felt myself get wet ... a couple times I have felt him swipe a tongue out to touch me, then pull back. Every time it has happened, I have curled up as if I am asleep and changing positions ... but the reality is that each time by that slightest of touch I have nearly crashed into orgasm. That is what has scared me. All of normal society would say that is completely wrong.

I stroked his shoulders and chest and allowed my hand to move onto his belly. He loved this touching and without any noticeable change in his breathing, he shifted to allow more contact to his belly. In the flickering light of the fire, I watched my hand move on his belly and wondered ... could I? ... should I? The idea of 'normal society' may not have much application to us anymore. Only better understanding of our situation will determine that and that provided some exciting and nervous anticipation. Almost instantly, I started thinking of Bo differently. How would he react?

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I dozed off and Bo wasn't on my legs. The fire had died to brilliant coals and Bo was standing over me looking into the forest below. I put my hand on his shoulder, looked in the same direction, and listened with him. He whimpered at the sound of a branch snapping. I moved my hand along the surface of the ledge, found a rock, and pitched it awkwardly in the direction of the sound. It had the desired effect and the soft sound of a branch snapping was replaced by something crashing through the forest. It might have only been a deer, but I was offended that an animal might have been tearing into the sergeant while I was close by.

I could have shot off a round from the gun resting next to my right leg, but survival in unknown situations was about conserving resources. The new day would be about determining what those resources were and a better understanding of what our situation was. I looked above through the break in the trees and saw a glimmer of light in the sky above. Somewhere to the east, on the other side of some mountains, they were experiencing the dawning of the day. It would still be a while for us, though. It occurred to me how I was already responding: us, this was likely to be Bo and me, and how we responded together. The forest around us was quiet, again. I put wood on the coals and flames leapt up providing more light around us and increased warmth, both physical and psychological. I patted my leg and he settled himself back down. I didn't sleep, however, anticipating

what the new day would bring.

The first full day of our new existence began slowly and quietly. The light in the sky was noticeable before the light penetrated the ground below me. I waited patiently, however, reminding myself to take things more carefully because mistakes and injury could have much more far reaching consequences than ever before in my life. I let the fire and coals die out as the light increased through the trees.

When I decided it was light enough to go down onto the forest floor, I looked at the weapon belt I took off the sergeant the night before. The pistol was engraved as a Glock 41 Gen4. It was a 45 cal weapon with a magazine of 13 rounds. In addition to the holster, it had enclosed compartments for two additional magazines, a multi-purpose folding tool, and some kind of combat knife with an awesome 8-inch blade with multiple functions on it, also. I made the decision to err on the side of caution as far as protection went and cinched the belt around the waist of my cut-offs and tied both the knife scabbard and the holster to my bare thighs. It felt weird and I might have been embarrassed by the GI Jane appearance except that I was alone.

I went first to the sergeant and was relieved to see that he had not been mauled during the night. I quickly stripped him of all other clothes and accessories except for his dog-tags. If anyone were to ever come searching for us, he deserved to be identifiable, if found. I dragged his body to a shallow wash I had seen from the ledge, and then went to see what I could do about the corporal. There was an overturned desk near the same tree, so I muscled it under the branch that supported him. His weight was already causing the branch to sag considerably. My hope was that adding my weight to it would cause the branch to break. I was able to jump up and grab the branch and the jolt of my weight had the desired effect as I heard the branch crack nearer the tree trunk. It took several more bounces of my weight suspended from the branch until it broke and sagged down to the ground. I did the same for the corporal and placed them on top of each other in the wash. I then spent more time placing large rocks over the bodies. I figured that small scavengers could possibly wiggle between the rocks, but the rocks would keep the bodies protected from being moved. It was the best I could think of.

I had worked up a good sweat and realized that I had lost track of Bo. I whistled for him and he came crashing through the underbrush. I knelt down to give him a good petting and saw it in his face and eyes. He seemed so at home. I knew he wouldn't have left me once we connected, but living in an apartment and only occasionally having the freedom of the outdoors wasn't how he had lived.

I stood up and said to myself and to him, "Time to check out the river. We both need water." I knew from experience that going without food for a couple days was not a problem. Water was critical, however. The effects of dehydration would be profound and would come on quickly.

The river was no more than a mile into the valley. It would be more of an effort to return than to get to it. Among the other debris, I had spotted several useable water bottles that must have come from various desks and workstations. I put several into a bag I found and brought them. Once we were near the lower tree line, I had a full view of the valley and mountains across the way. With that unobstructed view, it was clear why the view yesterday had bother me and it wasn't because of the perspective from the ground level compared to the perspective from the elevated cafeteria windows. The view from the elevated position of the building was of a valley with a rapidly flowing river and mountain slopes on the opposite side rising through trees, to the tree line, before sloping steeply to the peaks. This view was different, but at the lower base level, it was similar. The problem with this view was that the mountains in front of me were nearly sheer walls of rock and where the trees should have been was replaced by scars of rocky rubble, some of which blocked off the river just to the north. The wall of rock blocking the river to form a lake had to be 20 feet tall. Water was seeping

from between the rocks and boulders like a sieve and created an image of a stairway waterfall.

I continued down to the river, alternating my eyes from the route in front of me, to the mountains across the valley, to the massive wall of rock to my right, and cycling back. The river was flowing strong and the water seemed to be free of discoloration and floating 'things'. Bo and I drank our fill and I filled the water bottles. I sat down on the edge of the river and stared at the mountain scar and the wall of rocks. My mind was racing with options to consider, I still didn't know 'when' or 'where' we were. The conclusion seemed inescapable, however. I had already eliminated the future since there was no evidence of the concrete structure on the mountainside behind me. Now, it seemed impossible for this to be the past because the mountain in front of me and the condition of the river did not exist in 'our time'. Geological damage this significant would not have disappeared and the mountain reformed.

I dropped my head against Bo's shoulder and sighed, "Sorry, Bo, it looks like it was door number 3, after all. This is very similar to our reality, but it isn't." I chuckled at a thought and stood, scratching his ears and stroking his head as I did. "It would appear that we have fallen down the rabbit hole just like Alice did. It would appear we have found my 'Otherland'. If we come across a white rabbit wearing a vest and jacket, obsessed with a pocket watch, we may be able to write this off as a very real-seeming dream. Otherwise .... this to our new reality."

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Chapter 3

Our new reality.

It didn't feel different. It didn't look different. There was a constant feeling that I should be able to look up the mountain to the east and see that large concrete research facility looming over the valley. After numerous times of looking up, it started truly sinking into my troubled brain that it wasn't ever going to be up there. That became depressing. My training in survival prepared me to deal with the world in its most primal nature. But it is one thing to train for it and another to accept that it was the way life was going to be. I was active but unfocussed for a good part of that day as my conscious being came to grips with this. I organized the debris on the slope and found some berries, roots, nuts, and managed a rabbit and squirrel I shared with Bo after cooking it. It also meant I spent another night on the same ledge.

It was another long night on that rock. That was disappointing, but it also pushed me to commit to what needed accomplishing: I needed a secure base; I needed reliable sources of food; and, I needed to explore and understand my surroundings. I began that start to understanding at first light the next morning. The night had been colder than the previous one and it forced me to keep the fire going and to wrap myself in a couple lab coats I found scattered around the area. But, as light descended the slope across the valley, I thought the sight before me was just a trick of my mind. But it wasn't. I could see a couple plumes of mist rising into the air.

Reaching the rock dam, I scanned the slope opposite and saw several more plumes up and down the valley. I went half way across the dam, looked back to the opposite side, and saw several there. This valley, at least, contained thermal vents. I didn't know if that was good news or bad news, but it did help explain why some plants seemed to be out of place. I was no botanist, but some of the plants seemed to be from a warmer growing zone.

That was all the motivation I needed. I located the various plumes and looked for safe places from them. Just in case more than steam came from the vents, I wanted a place for my camp that was not

in the line of flow. That morning I found the spot, a gentle slope rising from the lake to a vertical rock face about 150 feet from the water and 15 feet elevated from it. The lake surface was about 5 feet below the top of the rock dam, so any spring melt flooding should just flow over the top of the dam and still allowing 10 feet of safety for my camp.

Over the next days, I built my camp and as it came together, my acceptance and motivation was built right along with it. I used the multi-tool to disassemble desktops and used them as sleds to haul salvage to my new camp area. I then stacked rocks into a wall and angled the desktops to the rock face so there was drainage. I secured the edge at the face with cut, young pines. I covered the top with layers of pine boughs. My shelter was protected on three sides and the roof was secure. I built a cooking and general-purpose fire pit outside and a separate depression inside the shelter for coals at night. A trick I had read about for cold weather, which was surely coming, was to bury hot coals and sleep on top of it. It was also amazing what could be found in desk drawers: silverware, coffee cups, energy bars, and snacks. I even found a couple novels that might be interesting to read, if I ever got really bored.

My energy shifted to food supplies. I found some turtles and once cleaned out and dried, the shells were used as bowls for eating and mixing. My pack contained a compact cooking kit for boiling and cooking. It was coming together and I realized I was becoming less stressed and uncertain. I knew I could survive. I also knew I had a lot to learn about this new place, but could now be warm and protected, even in inclement weather.

During times of resting, reflection, and working through new issues and problems, my mind often drifted to Bo, especially as I saw him exploring on his own, clearly comfortable in this new situation. My thoughts during that first night on the ledge continued to come back to me. For all I knew, I was the only human in the area. I had no idea what lay ahead of me, but I knew that I had Bo and that thought was comforting.

It was hot working in the sun, the lake right there, and I finally gave in. The camp was getting into good shape and I had decided that the next day would be a major hunting effort to bring in some fresh meat. I stripped out my clothes and walked barefoot and naked to the edge of the lake. I heard a crashing through the brush and turned to find Bo excitedly running toward me. I had forgotten how much he liked to cavort in the water with me on past trips. I saw a shadow glide across the shore and into the trees. I looked up into the sky, curious about what could create such a shadow, but could make out nothing in the bright sunlight. I shook it off and walked into the water to waist deep, carefully on the unfamiliar and rocky bottom, and dove into the water, gliding just under the surface for about 10 feet before coming up and stroking further out. I stopped, treading water, and sought out my Bo who I knew would be paddling out toward me. Bo was an excellent swimmer and could dog paddle for a long time, occasionally sinking below the surface when getting excited about something, but always eager for more.

When I was able to stand in the water, again, I walked onto shore and found a grassy spot to lie down in the sun. Bo, of course, was going to dry off by shaking his massive body; he did it, naturally, right over me. That caused me to recoil and screech, which caused him to prance in excitement hoping for possible play. He playfully feinted pouncing at me, but when he realized I wasn't going to give in, he ambled off along the shore and I settled in for a rest under the warm sun. I realized I was smiling. The swim had been refreshing and it was good to be clean and refreshed by simple exercise and water, but it was also refreshing for my soul.

It apparently was so refreshing and peace producing that I had no problem falling asleep under the clear mountain sky and warm sun, a soft breeze caressing my bare skin. I became subconsciously aware of the most wonderfully, sensuous, aroused feeling building in my body. I was not new to sex;

I had had several partners in the past. My biggest problem was finding someone who appreciated the way I spent my free time as much as I did. There were plenty of rugged men who hiked, but not many who would prefer doing it above anything else when given the chance. So, as my body's reaction wasn't new to me, it was confusing. It wasn't as if I had been sexually active for some time, so where were these feelings or memories coming from? As my unconscious poked at this question, it also poked my mind for assistance in determining the answer. My consciousness rejected the notion of dreaming, which posed a deeper question to resolve, and the higher my arousal moved, the closer my consciousness came to the surface. But, before my consciousness created a startled reaction, my brain kicked in.

The arousal wasn't just a warm and erotic feeling deep in my memory. The arousal was physical and real and centered at my pussy. I slit my eyes, but held myself still. Slowly I raised my head just enough to see down my body. The first thing that I noticed was how rigid my nipples were, then seeing dark fur moving in short movements just past my abdomen. Bo ... yes, Bo ... his tongue was lapping away at my pussy. I also realized that my legs were spread wide; even in my sleep, I had opened myself to him. The thoughts I had that first night on the ledge were playing out real and I wasn't going to deny what my body wanted, not because of social mores of a society that didn't exist any longer.

I raised my upper body to my elbows and I smiled down at Bo. He stopped and looked up at me. This was new for us. He had sniffed and ventured a contact, but never more than that. I reached down and softly, lovingly, stroked his head, lifted my knees and spread myself even further for him.

"Please, Bo ... please give me more."

He gave me that head tilt, looked back at my pussy, and again to me. I smiled and lowered my shoulders back to the ground and sighed as he renewed his licking at my pussy. Now, fully awake and aware, the sensations he was creating in me were more amazing than I have ever experienced. No tongue or lips have ever created such feeling in me in my life. Part of it could well have been that it was Bo, that we were outside and exposed to the world, and that this new reality of ours was for our creation to make of it what we will. But mostly ... mostly it was his unrelenting licking over my lips and parting my lips and caressing my clit as it became exposed by the stimulation and snaking inside me, between my lips and into my pussy. How does he get his tongue inside me? I never wanted it to stop ... never!

My toes curled in the grass and my legs tensed as my hips rose, as if trying to drive his snout right into me, as if to get his wonderful tongue deeper into my throbbing pussy. I felt it happen ... I felt my body release and my pussy clench and relax and clench, as if attempting to capture and hold that tongue and the sensations it was producing; I felt my clit throb as it was repeatedly swiped by the long, wide tongue; and I felt my body's reaction from my pussy core to my nipples that were hard and sensitive as I realized my hands were squeezing my breasts. My orgasm crashing over me, my throat crying out to our new world the pleasure and joy my body felt, and my hips rising further into the air, giving my sexual self to a beast ... a dog ... the most important and loyal partner I have ever known, after my father.

As the crashing waves of orgasm slowed, my eyes opened and my fingers and legs relaxed. My legs eased my hips back to the ground and my fingers released the grass and dirt they had dug into. My first sight was only the tall grass until the trees further out came into focus. I looked straight up and had a vision of clear robin's egg blue spread across my view. My body felt the continuing stimulation of his tongue. I rose up and he seemed to look out the top of his eyes to me and if a dog can smile, he seemed to, or maybe it was just the mischievous look in his eyes, but he wasn't done with me. He never stopped that I knew of, but perhaps as my orgasm exploded the most intensely and my body

and legs shook from the effect, perhaps then he paused, but only until I settled. Then, he started on me, again.

Even before the first orgasm ceased to course through my body, this continued stimulation from his tongue had my body's arousal rising steadily higher and higher. I raised my upper body, not wanting to cause Bo to stop the wonderful things his tongue was doing, but wanting to, needing to, express myself to him. I reached out to his head and held each side, stroking it, and scratching his ears. He glanced up at me, but continued to pleasure me.

I collapsed back to the ground, my hands pressed into my hair and I moaned out, "Bo, my dear Bo ... a male who is content in giving pleasure." I cried out as his tongue flicked over my throbbing clit several times in a row. Then, "Yes! Just like that, again! Yes, take me to an orgasm, again! Yes, Bo!" My hips rose off the ground in the same manner as he once again had my body yearning for an orgasm. "Bo, I am yours and I want you ... in all ways ... as a female and male were meant to be ... without games or manipulation or conditions or demands ..." and I bit down on my lower lip and my legs tensed rigid as the next explosion of my body ignited in my pussy and a shocking jolt went through my entire body, my body pressed up toward the heavens supported only at my feet and my shoulders, the rest of my body arched upward, opened and exposed for the release that came over me. And at the same time, an unconscious, spontaneous scream came out of my mouth and the exclamation at the end of the screaming release was, "I love you, Bo. This is our world and this is how we were meant to be."

My body shook so intensely that the continuing licks from him became too much. The stimulation was more than I could actually bear, despite the intensity of the pleasure, the pleasure in my mind seemed to be too much and I feared not ever escaping it, that my mind might somehow be turned, that the extreme pleasure might become the same as extreme pain. I pulled away from the licks and curled into a protective fetal position, my body still shaking visibly, my mind foggy with stimulation and pleasure, jolts still flashing like I imagined a trip on ecstasy pills, a natural high like no others. As my body slowly calmed, shaking, quaking, and shivering less, my mind clearing and reality returning, and with those same thoughts cycling through my mind with the return to conscious thought, I was smiling and I instantly knew why. From the time he had unselfishly saved me, a stranger, from that bear on the trail, Bo had been an enigma for me. My frustrations with men and my calm confidence with Bo; my wariness of motives with men and my complete trust with Bo; and, my yearning, wanting to find love with a man but feeling only conditions, motives, and agendas with men while feeling unconditional acceptance with Bo. Society had established acceptable relationships for the two species, now those standards could be rejected and our own mores and standards established. If we found a society of humans here with their accepted standards, I would find a way ... even to rejecting them to have this.

When I was sufficiently calmed, I turned over and saw a concerned wolf standing over me. My body never felt as alive and free as it did now, lying naked and open before Bo and all of nature and the world. It felt like how I was meant to be, to be natural with my companion as he was. I knew that had limitations since cold nights and colder days of the seasons and winter would dictate otherwise. But, it was a revelation moment for me that clothes were not the norm but things for warmth, only.

I opened my arms up to Bo and he lowered his head to me, licking my face and mouth as I stroked and cuddled his large head to me. His tonguing felt so natural, honest, and loving, and I wanted to return somehow the expression. So much was new for me ... I put out my tongue and they came into contact. I pulled mine back at the same time that he pulled his back, each of us looking at the other, as if for reassurance and acceptance. I pulled his snout to my mouth and I licked his lips with the tip of my tongue, then licking more fully with the surface when he didn't pull away. His tongue came out and our tongues caressed each other's, soon with seeming abandon. I opened my mouth further

to extend my tongue, my eyes closing as if in a soulful kiss with my lover ... a sense that, in fact, seemed very real now. His tongue, just the tip, slipped into my mouth. I was surprised and I pulled back just a bit. Still holding his head, a hand on each side, I look from his mouth to his eyes and back to his mouth. Smiling, I kissed his snout and opened my mouth at the end of it. His tongue entered my mouth and seemed to explore this new connection for us. When his tongue retreated, mine followed his until I was tonguing the inside of his mouth. His mouth gently closed over my tongue, I felt his lips and his teeth barely touching my tongue ... and I almost came, again.

The intimacy was astounding, more intensely intimate than I felt from most of the men I had been with. My mind swirled with renewed desire for him. This desire, though, wasn't just for his body, for the sex, for the stimulation, or for the climatic sensations I had already experienced. This desire was soulful and at the core of my being, a need to be a part of him and for him to be a part of me. It was a feeling that I couldn't be close enough to him. It was a feeling so intense and at a very core of me that I had never before felt.

As protective and supportive as our being together had been before, I now realized that I would do anything for him. My very being was his, as I wanted his to be mine. Was I making too much of these feelings? Somehow, it didn't seem possible. And I wanted to show him, even if he wouldn't fully understand the significance of it.

I sat up and patted the ground next to me for him to lie down, which he did. I stroked his head and neck down to his shoulder. I stroked down the side of his body. He raised his head and looked me. I leaned in, kissed the side of his face, and cooed to him as I nuzzled into him, continuing to stroke his head and neck. I turned onto my knees facing him to allow easier and fuller access to his body. I was very aware of my nudity before him, I was very aware that my scent was undoubtedly still present as I saw his nostrils flare as I spread my knees slightly. I was very aware of what I was intending to do for him. And, all of it was creating arousal in me. The simple awareness, the simple intention was causing my body to tingle with anticipation.

I stroked onto his chest, he raised his top front leg to give me more access to rub, and I did. I rubbed and scratched his chest, then moving slowly down to his stomach, teasing back and forth but moving down further and further over several cycles. As I concentrated on his stomach, he half rolled onto his back, raising his hind leg to open himself to me. When I touched his sheath with a glancing stroke, he raised his head and looked down at my hand. I whispered to him that it was okay, that I would be gentle, that I wanted to do this for him, and that I wanted to return to him what he had given to me.

I stopped teasing with the slight touches and deliberately stroked the side of his sheath with one finger. The tip of his reddish cock came out of the sheath by a full inch, instantly. I was a professional in wildlife animals. I knew the anatomy and habits of a wide range of animals, but I was fascinated to be so close to his cock, to see it so close, to see how differently it was shaped. The more I stroked the sheath, the more cock was presented to me. I knew that being protected by the sheath would make it more sensitive to touch than a man's penis. I stayed away from direct touching until more of the cock was out and I saw pre-cum forming on the tip. I used it as lubrication and stroked his cock for the first time. I took pre-cum as it escaped and well lubricated him and continued to stroke him. With a good 3 to 4 inches out of the sheath, I bent over, lowered my head to his groin, and put my tongue to the tip of his cock. The tip had a hard bony feel to it with a bit of a point. Its shape was different from a man's. The pre-cum leaked out and more came. I licked at the tip, taking the pre-cum, and more continued to come. The taste was pleasant. I moved myself from the tip and licked down the length of the exposed cock and back to the tip.

I stroked up his belly to this chest and took a breath as I prepared for the next step. With my mouth

at the tip of his cock, I parted my lips, took just the tip between my lips, and gently sucked at the pre-cum that was there and more came out. I wasn't completely new to sucking cock, but I hadn't done it much, and never sucked to the point of taking cum into my mouth. Somehow, the men seemed to make it feel like it was a submissive act, and they didn't return the action by licking my pussy. In my life, men had been sexually selfish. But, not Bo. This time my intention was specific. I wasn't only going to make Bo cum, give him a similar experience as he gave me, but I wanted him to cum in my mouth and I intended to swallow his cum ... completely. Not as a submissive act, but as a sharing and mutual act of loving and giving pleasure.

With my lips around the tip and my tongue playing over the tip, I felt little throbs coming from it. I pushed my mouth further down his cock, taking more of it into my mouth while continuing to swirl my tongue around it. I pulled up so just the tip remained in my mouth before sliding back down. It felt like more than the three or 4 inches I had seen. I pulled back completely with my right hand holding his sheath to hold his cock in position for me to take it again. Just that preliminary action had caused the exposure to double. It had been quite a while since I had sex and it had been much longer since Bo had been around a bitch in heat. If the time since my having sex had anything to do with the explosiveness of my orgasms, I wondered how Bo's release might be. Interestingly, instead of any intimidation or trepidation, the thought brought a wicked smile to my face as my mouth returned greedily to retake his cock. Not only can I give him release after so long, but his release might be the most explosive, powerful, and intense of his life. After what he did for me, it seemed only appropriate.

I never cared before to gain experience in cock sucking, but this was different. I was enjoying the feel of Bo's cock as I took it into my mouth, the feel of the skin, the feel of the odd shape along my tongue, the feel of the tip, and the pre-cum. There was nothing about being dominated in this act. If I took Bo deeply into my mouth and to the entrance of my throat, it was because I chose to, not because my head was being held and the cock was being driven into it. This was me for him, just like it had been him doing for me earlier. I wasn't sure if I was doing a good job, but he didn't seem to be complaining and his cock was continuing to grow. In fact, his cock was reaching a size that was very impressive and I could feel the knot forming inside the sheath. And, I admitted to myself a desire to feel it inside me, inside my pussy, and to truly and completely be united with him. But that would be another time, another act of giving and sharing between us. This, in some sense, was more significant to me. I had been fucked and the act was familiar, even if not by a dog. This, though, this was a true giving of myself that only Bo will have received, that no other male has been given. He may not understand it, but I did.

I lifted my mouth from his cock, replaced it with my hand, and nuzzled up to his head. I cooed into his ear and whispered my desire for him and us. When I returned to his cock, I saw the knot outside the sheath. He seemed huge ... and ready!

I lifted his cock up and I took the tip into my mouth, sucking off the pre-cum that had accumulated there. I took more of his cock into my mouth, moving down onto it until I had completely engulfed his cock into my mouth and to the entrance to my throat. I concentrated on the reflex action to gag and committed to improving on that in the future. Yes, I like this ... or rather, I like doing this for him. Up and down, my mouth engulfed his cock and then slid back up to the tip. It slid into my mouth, filling it as it grew in length and size, my mouth sucking hard as I pulled up its length, and my tongue swirling around the tip at the top. Over and over, up and down, sucking, swirling, and sliding. I felt his cock jerk in my mouth. I felt his knot and cock swell and then pulse and throb in my hand and mouth. Then, it spurted ... I sensed it coming by the actions of the cock and I pulled up in response, intuitive that I needed room for the cum. But, I was unprepared for the volume of cum he shot into my mouth, or that it would be repeated many more times. I gulped and swallowed noisily, trying to take it down my throat as quickly as it was being given to me ... but I couldn't. It was too

much and I was unprepared. Despite my efforts, cum leaked from the sides of my mouth.

When the cum stopped coming, I sucked the last bit from his cock, knelt back onto my heels, and sighed in satisfaction as I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand like I had just completed a satisfying, if somewhat messy, meal. I not only did it, but I liked it.

I tilted my head far back and let the warm sun shine on my face. I was happy, satisfied, and energized. There was much to be done yet in the remaining day. Life as survival with just your wits and skill and determination was a struggle and constant effort. From the first realization of our situation here, I never questioned our ability to survive and, hopefully, to thrive. There was a change now. Our situation, our relationship ... Bo and I ... will never again be the same.

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## Chapter 4

Thinking that our life 'will never be the same' was an understatement. You make a decision, maybe spur of the moment, and take one step in action while thinking you can manage the effects. In reality, it can be like sitting down at the top of a water-slide and pushing off. A simple decision and a simple act. Then you find yourself holding your breath for the next moments as you experience one thrill and screaming delight after another until you finally splash into the pool below. There is no slowing down; there is certainly no going back. When you come to the surface, you can't believe how you feel and you want more of it. That's what happened to Bo and me ... okay, that's what happened to me and I can only assume the reaction on Bo's part because he was a constant and enthusiastic participant. The rest became inevitable, not that we wanted anything else.

The rest of the day had to continue. There was always much to do when the act of continuing to live is by your efforts alone. I did, however, make the decision to remain naked and barefoot. A nagging concern for me was clothing. When all this happened, I had my backpack for a hike the following week, but I always packed light, accepting wearing dirty clothes over having to carry too much. But, it wasn't much. An inventory of available clothing confirmed my concern: the cut-offs, t-shirt, socks, boots, bra, and panties I had been wearing; jeans, t-shirt, socks, bra, and two panties from the pack; the fatigue uniforms of the two guards which I kept except for the underwear shorts (I allowed that for them to be buried in those); and three lab coats. The uniforms were much too big for me but I figured they could be used as outerwear in the colder days and the lab coats similarly used over that on even colder days into the winter. I wasn't confident that would be enough for winter, though.

That was behind my thought to remain naked when the weather allowed. At some point my clothes were going to wear out and I had only one pair of appropriate boots, although it might be possible to wrap my feet in cloth strips and use the men's boots in the winter for short efforts.

That was the logical, practical reasoning to be naked. There was, however, an emotional reason that pushed my consciousness to look for the logical reasoning: Bo. After orgasming twice under his tongue and bringing him to climax with my mouth, my body and soul were tingling with the effects of the experience. A fire had been lit within me that I didn't know if it would ever go away, and that would be fine with me. The experience was far and away more than I had ever before experienced and I wanted more and I blatantly wanted him to know it.

I moved around the camp doing the things that needed to be done and then in the next moment blatantly displaying myself to him like a bitch in heat, which is the way I felt. I was flirting with him in the rawest sense and he responded with his own teases of recognition. He would give me swipes with his tongue on my ass or hip or thigh, whatever might be available as I move by. Then, as I was

bent over the edge of the water securing a baited fishing line to a stake driven in the ground, bent over and my ass in the air, he came up behind me and nearly caused me to fall into the water as his tongue went between my slightly separated legs and licked the length of my pussy. I fell to my elbows and moaned as his second lick parted my pussy lips and traveled over my vagina and asshole. His third lick was concentrated on my asshole, either deliberately or accidentally, and until that very moment I had never had a consideration of being fucked in the ass. I had the thought then, however. And that thought made me blush at what was happening to me so quickly.

That night I gave all our remaining meat (fish and rabbits mixed) to Bo, and I settled for a diet of nuts, berries, roots, and greens. I felt the variety was sufficient but I was looking forward to a large steak meal, which meant a large animal. That was the order of the day for next the several days until I was successful.

That effort occupied some of my thoughts as night settle in, the sun set behind the mountains, and the world grew quiet with the darkness. The fire was blazing and I was leaning against 'my rock'. It had become my spot by the fire. I scraped the ground smooth in front of a rock that was angled comfortably for a back rest. Bo was frequently lying next to me but would predictably rise to investigate a stirring in the grass or forest edge beyond. Initially, these times seemed partially consumed with wondering about what had been and what might be happening now. I wondered how long it might have taken before our disappearance was even discovered. Surely the computers would have picked up a spike in the system, but the computers came through the portal with us. Was an upload to a Cloud server or a network server instantaneous or timed? It could have been as long as 10 hours for the next guard shift change.

I wondered if they might be preparing to mount a rescue of some kind, but they would have no clues as to what had happened, how it happened, or what to do about it. It could take months or years to rebuild and successfully duplicate the environment. Then, logical thinking kicked in and it was clear that when they rebuild the system it would likely be at a more secure location. There had been complaints by some in the government that this location had been too difficult to manage and control, that this facility had not been built for this application and research of this scale and significance, and it shouldn't be left to being forced into some currently available facility. There were even rumors that a new, much larger and more complex facility was already being constructed.

My thoughts seldom dwelled on the times 'before', as I now thought of it. We give names to periods in history for convenience and easy reference, the same thing happened naturally in my thinking: time 'before' and time 'after'. My history was now in 'After'. My life was now at 1 week and 4 days After. I recognized at a base level that it wouldn't be long before I would stop even thinking about time After. There would be no Before or After. There would only be now and the future. Nothing else would matter.

I found some hardwood and was working a piece into a meat roasting spit. It required smoothing the shaft and creating a sharp point to pierce a piece of meat for roasting over the fire. It would eventually lose strength from being charred repeatedly, but hardwood lasts longer. I was working with my camping knife, which was smaller in size than the combat knives the guards had carried. I was working on the fourth spit in confident anticipation of a successful hunt. Whatever meat we couldn't consume quickly would have to be sliced and dried, essentially making jerky. A large animal would mean a considerable amount of time spent cooking and storing for future consumption. I hoped I had the method correct because Googling or YouTube searching was out of the question.

I was distracted from my musing and my work on the spike by the fire popping, sending sparks shooting up into the night's blackness before disappearing, like fireflies flitting around the yard on a warm July night. Following the sparks up and watching them die out safely, I was again

overwhelmed by the sheer majesty of the heavens fills to brimming with stars when the night is not infected by stray light from man's civilization. It made me wonder, though ... how crazy would it be ... I looked up into the sky and searched right where the Big Dipper should be ... and found it. I followed the edge of the cup, just as all kids are taught, and located the North Star.

I looked up into the vastness of the night sky, recognizing it as the same sky that I might see on one of my hiking adventures. I looked across the lake into the dark void at the mountains I couldn't really see, but knowing that those mountains are different, that the mountain behind me is without the concrete structure that I knew, but that so much seems so similar but also different. How is it that this is a different physical place, but it has the same night sky, the same sun, the same moon, but be different?

This wasn't a verbal effort on my part so Bo didn't have the benefit of my musings and ponderings. Instead, he was persistently bumping one shoulder or another, licking a shoulder or hip or knee. He came up to me and licked my shoulder, neck, and cheek. I slid a hand to the side of his face, giggling at the feel of his licks on my bare skin. I turned my face up to his and was presented with a sloppy kiss on the mouth. It was a long swipe. And he just stood there at my side, his snout close to my face. My hand on the side of his head, I leaned in to him and kissed his mouth. He licked me in response and I presented my tongue to him. My mouth opened and his tongue moved just inside, then retreated and mine followed by seeking his mouth. I made contact and he softly closed his mouth on my tongue, similar to an action I had given him.

I slowly pulled back and gazed up at him, searching his face and eyes. I wanted to discount it, but it felt so real ... it was like he was seducing me, his naked woman who he had shared pleasures with earlier in the day. I gasped at the feelings ... my heart pounded with renewed anticipation and remembrance of earlier sensations ... my upper chest and neck flushed from uninhibited expectancy ... and I felt my pussy respond by moistening, my body preparing on its own initiative for a next step ... and I blushed deeper still. He had no reaction to my heart rate increasing, my blushing, or even my nipples hardening. He did, however, react to the scent given off by the reaction from my pussy. Perhaps only an animal could pick up that change, I certainly couldn't, but he was an animal and becoming very confident.

He licked my neck, repeatedly, and a shiver went through me. I again turned my face to him and we kissed, already that action of touching tongues and mouths was perceived by me as kissing. There was a gentleness and tenderness that belied even my feelings of dogs. He left my face and licked my shoulder to my arm, then my breast and I shivered again when he hit my nipple. He licked down to my hip and to my knee, first on the outside and then shifting in front of me and licking the inside, gently but firmly pressing my knee open. He sniffed to my scent and licked at my pussy. I moaned and moved the knife and stick I was working with to the side and out of the way. I loved his long tongue on my pussy, the way it started at the bottom and dragged up the entire length and flicked the clit at the end.

He moved forward, licking first my abdomen, then up my stomach and chest until he was lying on top me, his snout stretching up to reach my face. He was licking my face, anywhere he could reach and squirming against me in the process, full of excitement and energy. It was providing me with plenty of energy, too. His body sliding over mine; his fur against my naked skin. In the playfulness, he surged forward to get to my mouth as I played with him and I felt his protruding cock bump my pussy. I went rigid as the tip of his cock played over my pussy lips and I involuntarily jerked as his cock slipped just inside my lips and traveled up the length before rubbing across my clit. My rigid reaction seemed to cause him some concern and he stopped, but I held his head in my hands, massaging the sides of his head as I brought my mouth and tongue to him. He relaxed on top of me and I moaned.

With gentleness and reassurance, I encouraged him off me, but kept my hands on him. I sat up and planted a kiss right on his snout.

“We’re going to do something different and you are going to like it.”

I rolled to my knees and I went to my hands and knees, my ass pointed at him. I looked over my shoulder at him. He was watching, looking at my ass and then at me watching him. I patted my ass and he moved to me and started licking my ass cheeks. I separated my knees more and his tongue found my pussy. I groaned loudly. Not that that lick was more than any previously, not in itself, but what it meant in my position and intention. I patted my ass, again. He looked at me, maybe not quite understanding or believing. But, he finally did. He jumped up onto my back and almost instantly his hips were pumping. His hard cock tip was hitting each of my cheeks without going between. It had to be 5 or 6 times before he jumped off and circled me. As he passed me in front, I reached out and stroked him, I reached underneath him and gently touched his cock swaying beneath him. He returned to my ass and jump up, again. This time I reached between my legs to try to help and minimize his frustration. It was then that I realized in my soul just how much I wanted this to happen, not necessarily just for him or just for me, although either would be sufficient, but for us so we would be mated and joined, the two of us completely together in this new world.

I felt his cock on my hand and I moved it to guide it, to let it slide along my hand to my pussy. With a tilt and a shift of my hips, he penetrated me. I think it might have overwhelmed him slightly, like it did me. I didn’t know if he had ever mated before, but if he hadn’t, I wanted this to special ... for both of us.

Once inside me, he pushed forward and thrust repeatedly, then released his grip around my waist, moved himself forward and driving his cock deeper into me. I gasped at the feeling finally being realized after the fantasizing and imagining and wondering. He was in me, my trusted companion, my constant support and security when I needed someone, he was inside me. And it felt amazing. It felt more, so much more. It felt beyond my imagination. The different shape was a wonderful bonus that I wasn’t prepare for. The pre-cum provided lubrication that made the wild, frantic pumping of his hips easy and smooth.

And, inside me, I felt his cock change. It grew inside me as he thrust and pumped into me. He grew in length and size. I felt him reaching deeper into me and I felt him filling me more in size. I arched my back into him, testing different angles for penetration and feeling. It was all good and beyond good. It was quickly becoming mind-blowing and my mind melded with my body in singular awareness of the pleasure emanating from my core, from my pussy. I thought I was building to an orgasm, already, when I felt something bumping into the outside of my pussy. Each thrust resulted in a feeling of something pressuring my pussy lips to extend, something growing and becoming larger with thrusts. My mind cleared just enough to recall animal anatomy and specifically that of dogs ... the knot. The knot was forming and would be pressed into me, tying us together. I knew the physiology of dog mating. Even thinking about Bo doing me, absently in my mind, I had forgotten that aspect of canine mating. Being tied together.

The knot was being pressed into me with each thrust, slowly and surely it was spreading my lips, pressing, stretching my pussy for entrance. The entire experience was overwhelming. I was moaning, groaning, and gasping constantly and loudly. I had mental images flashing through my brain; not just of being tied to a dog, to Bo, but of an orange being pressed, forced into my pussy. But, the imagery was nothing compared to the reality. The feeling of being stretched beyond my poor body’s limits, yet desiring that very thing to happen. I want not only his cock, but also his knot inside me. I wanted to experience it all. I wanted to experience being his. I wanted to be his. I wanted to be truly and thoroughly fucked and mated and bred by Bo, my dog. And, I was. There was

no question that all that was happening to me or would be realized very shortly.

Alongside the fire we were illuminated to everything or everyone who might be aware. And I didn't care. This was a new place, a new existence. I didn't even know that much about it, yet. All I knew or cared about was that I was sharing it with Bo and in all ways possible.

The experience was just at the point of feeling that my vaginal opening would be torn by the stretching required by the knot. I knew, rationally, that that wouldn't be the case, but the experience was different and caused the entire effort that much more consuming. My body was on the edge of intense and overwhelming stimulation and pain, at the same time. Which feeling I might associate with this seemed to be balanced as if on a knife's edge: pleasure or pain. Focused on the pleasure was pain just underneath; focused on the pain was pleasure just underneath. But, I trusted that the first time was the critical time, the moment of understanding and acceptance that the pain was temporary and ultimately insignificant compared to the experience and that physical damage, despite the sense, was not going to occur.

So I pushed back. I pushed back onto Bo as he pressed forward into me. Both of us now intent on the same action, the same result, both of us determined to achieve our mating. With a final and deliberate effort from both of us, the knot passed suddenly past my stretch pussy lips and his cock drove deeper into my body. Suddenly and abruptly, his cock was filling me deeper and more fully than I would have ever guessed in my wildest imagination. For once he was inside and tied to me, it was as if that was the final physiological trigger and both his cock and knot grew and expanded inside me. When I thought I was filled by both at the very moment of complete penetration, I found how wrong I was. The knot felt like a ball had been pressed into me and it felt huge, but it grew and expanded and filled me and stretched me inside even more with each short and awkward thrust of his cock. His cock grew wider and longer and it seemed to continue to touch parts of me inside that had never before been touched.

It was all too much and if I wished or thought of a joint orgasm with Bo for the first time, it wasn't to be. All the newness and rawness of this experience was beyond me controlling and holding. I lost control of anything but experiencing what was happening to me. My arms and legs locked into position, my body erupted. From the core of my sexuality, my body shook in an orgasm. My pussy lips clamped down around the knot and my vaginal canal squeezed the cock inside me. My muscles throughout my body shook and quivered; my arms twitched with muscle responses I had no control over. My head hung down and my mouth opened, emitting a low, guttural sound that was more animal than human ... and completely appropriate. I felt in that moment completely animalistic and the feeling was extraordinary.

After the first shocking wave of orgasm, my body was again aware of the fucking still happening. Bo thrust into me with more frantic effort than even before and I thought that was a strange and wonderful experience and nothing like any fucking I had ever known. Now, the knot inside me, he thrust hard into me but his pulling back for the next thrust was restricted by the knot trapped by my pussy lips, clamped tightly around the base of his cock. It felt like the knot stretched out my pussy inches as he prepared for the next thrust, but I would never see it to know ... I would just have the sensation. And it was an experience and sensation I was now committed to reliving; it was an experience that I might now be addicted to.

I felt his cock twitch and jerk inside me. I felt everything engorge even more and his front legs clamped around me became even tighter as he pressed firmly against my ass. I was still in my orgasm, my body still feeling the waves of pleasure and pulsing release through my every being when the first spurt of his cum hit the walls of my pussy, the furthest and deepest parts of my pussy. I felt that first spurt, not just the twitch of his cock, but the fluid, the stream of cum suddenly filling

me. And, I went back over another edge and on top of my present orgasm I crashed into another, one orgasm on top of another. This time, though, my body couldn't support the effort and my arms collapsed as the shaking rendered them useless.

My face was planted into the ground and my breasts pressed into the grass and dirt, being pressed slightly forward and back by the urgent and powerful pressing of his body at mine as he tried to get deeper into me with each new spurt of cum. I thought I was filled with the first spurt, but he continued and each spurt felt huge. I remembered the volume of cum when I sucked him dry earlier this day and amidst the moaning and groaning coming from my throat, I cooed. A bizarre satisfaction in being filled to overflowing with the cum of my new lover and mate. Overflowing it was, too. Despite the knot clamped inside me by my spasming pussy, clenching and releasing and clenching, around his cock and knot, I felt the trickle of cum escaping my pussy on the inside of my thigh. And certain that if I had the energy to lift myself and check, I would also see it dripping to the ground between my knees, lost in the matted grass beneath us.

I remained as I was, my upper body pressed into the ground and my ass in the air, tied to my dog ... tied to my lover ... tied to my mate. I felt him drag his leg over my lower back with a slight scratch. I even smiled at that feeling. Scratched by my lover ... a mark of our mating. I almost hoped so, somehow a mark of our union. I longed to feel his body on mine to continue longer, but my mind recalled that canines turned to be ass-to-ass for defensive reasons in case they should be threatened. I resigned to being ass-to-ass and was determined to have him remain on top of me sometime when we were safely in the shelter and mated. For now, I relished the feeling of his testing the knot stuck inside me by frequently pulling, stretching out my pussy lips. What an amazing feeling it was and I was soon pulling myself, not to test the tie, but to experience the feeling of the tie.

Just before I could feel that the knot was shrinking enough to start pulling out of my clenching pussy, a jolt was sent through my body from inside as the knot pressed against that very sensitive spot ... the g-spot. On its own my pussy lips clenched around the knot as if not yet willing to lose it, not yet ready to feel the emptiness of its withdrawal. But, escape it did, but not without a moan of frustration from me as my pussy went from deliciously filled and pulsing around the still dripping cock to being vacant and gaping open but still pulsing around nothing but escaping cum once trapped by the missing knot.

I allowed my body to completely collapse onto the ground. To my side I heard slurping and lapping. I forced myself to rise slightly, enough to look, and found Bo lying nearby and licking his cock clean. I crawled to him, pushing his head away and replacing it with my own. I was impressed by the size of his cock that had filled me and remembered vividly the feeling of it growing inside me. Seeing the size, it had attained, I was stirred by the recollection of the feeling. I sucked the last remaining cum from his cock tip, then licked his cock and knot, which was diminished but still present. Once satisfied that my lover was cleaned, I moved to his snout and I moved to kiss him. He greedily licked my messy mouth of the juices from our mating that came off his cock.

I moved coals from the camp fire into the fire pit located in the corner of my shelter and encouraged Bo to join me. Once settled on the crude bedding, I drew a lab coat over us and curled into his back, spooning him for a final sensory feeling of oneness of his furry, strong body against my naked front. With a final sigh of contentment and whisper of devotion and commitment, I fell into a sleep of satisfied serenity.

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Chapter 5

Before my eyes registered anything about the new day, I knew I was alone in the shelter. Not that I expected Bo to remain next to me and allow snuggling, but it was still a 'missing' sensation. I rolled onto my back, the lab coat I was using as a cover falling to the side. As my mind relived parts of the night before, my hands moved over my body, caressing my breasts, down my stomach, and between my slightly part legs. My pussy felt slightly puffy and tender and I sighed at the memory of how Bo had so completely fucked me. He had fucked me like he was making me his, like the way I was wanting him to be mine.

I stepped barefoot and naked out of the shelter, the early morning sun working its way down the mountain face in front of me. I stretched my arms out wide and then straight into the air before twisting them behind my back, stretching out muscles and joints. I moved to the fire pit and used a stick to expose coals from last night, added some kindling and wood, and had small flames licking the underside of the larger wood pieces. I noticed Bo sitting perfectly still just off the edge of camp area, above the lake. I walked toward him, glancing up and down the lake and valley as I carefully stepped over rocks and sticks. I stood next to Bo and he didn't move, didn't flinch a muscle, which made me suspicious of what was holding his attention so completely.

I felt new somehow this morning, as if the events of yesterday and last night had special implications for me. I felt free and comfortable in my skin. Last night had felt animalistic during our mating. This morning, now, I felt free just like an animal. I stood alongside Bo and felt right with this world and I tried to imagine our appearance, if someone were to see us. A dog that appeared more like a wolf than not, dark black in coloring and dark grey on the underside. His shoulder was to my hips and his head rose above my waist. He was a magnificent looking beast and made people back away just from his appearance near me. His black coloring in combination with his size and wolf features created an impression that could be frightening. On the other hand, I was a white female, 24 years old, standing 5' 5" tall in my bare feet, not tall and not short. I weighed 120 pounds with a lean, athletic build, but still full hips, and breasts to match my build. My hair was raven black and long, hanging to the middle of my back, which I wore in a pony-tail more often than not.

I liked the feeling of being naked with Bo outside, free and unchallenged, the cool air and slight breeze on my skin.

I knelt down next to him and asked what held his attention. He only whimpered and fidgeted but continued to stare over the lake to the opposite side. Something clearly had his interest so I focused my attention in that direction until I saw it ... or, rather, saw them. There was a small group of 5 or 6 elk drinking from the lake on the opposite side. I had seen deer and elk from a distance before. We had also seen evidence of wolf, coyote, and bear, but hadn't yet seen them. I put my arm around him and gave a hug and kiss. Nothing sexual, this time.

"Excellent, boy! We need more than rabbit, squirrel, and fish. How about a nice thick steak of elk for dinner?"

I went back to the shelter and came out moments later with my backpack containing some clothes, lengths of rope I had and found at the wreckage site, dried strips of rabbit and fish, some nuts, and water. I was carrying my boots, bow and quiver, and the utility belt with the holster and combat knife sheath. Bo was sitting looking at me as I put on the socks and boots while remaining naked. When I stood up to fasten the sheath to my bare thighs, he continued to watch. I put the Glock in the webbing on the outside of the pack and a spare magazine inside.

I chuckled because I knew I was going to speak to him in explanation. Everyone connected to their dog beyond just being a pet does the same thing. I was feeling exceedingly brave and daring and the idea of spending it naked away from camp as we explored and hunted was exciting.

"What? Don't worry, if we encounter anyone, I won't embarrass you. I have shorts and t-shirt in the backpack. I would have thought you would like this look."

Maybe he took pity on me or he just responded to me talking to him, but he licked my thigh as I finished fastening the straps for the sheath around my thigh. Now, as I swung the backpack onto my back and took up the bow and quiver, I was sure I looked quite the sight. I didn't feel like an animal, but I felt free like an animal, I felt uninhibited. I had not even seen signs of humans, but had not explored very far, yet.

We carefully made our way over the rock dam for the first time. It turned out to be dry and easy. I was correct about my early assessment that water ran out through the rocks rather than over the top, which gave a secure and dry route to the opposite side. On the other side, we picked up the trail and it was Bo that determined the direction to follow. We pursued their trail down river and I continually called Bo back from chasing the herd too hard. Bo clearly wasn't a hunting dog, but he responded to my commands for restraint, despite his impatience. I wanted to come up on them slowly, pick a good location to observe, and make a selection of which animal before attempting a kill. I certainly didn't want to spook them and have to chase them further than we had to.

It took us all morning and past high sun for us to track the herd to a clearing where the river was slower, wider, and surrounded by a small meadow. Once finding them in a quiet location and grazing, I looked for a viewing position above them. I found an outcropping of rock that afforded an unobstructed view while providing cover.

This was a larger group than we had seen from across the lake, but it was still a relatively small herd. I saw a half dozen bulls, a few with magnificent sets of antlers indicating their maturity and probable ranking. There were 2 to 2-1/2 times that number of cows and then the young that would be past the nursing phase but still hung close to their mothers. My education included the most effective management of wildlife species so I knew what my target should be focused on, which was either a young immature buck who wouldn't be participating in the rut this year or an older cow that was no longer breeding. A quick scan of the group provided me with the obvious choice, a cow that was on the periphery of the herd with no young near her and walking with a noticeable limp when she put weight on her left front leg. The front legs were the primary defensive weapons when the cows separate from the males, which they did for much of the year. She would be an easy target for predators this winter, if she lasted that long.

Since she was already on the edge of the herd and closest to me, I removed the pack and edged my way down the rocks, into the trees and to the edge of the tree line. They obviously had natural predators, but I had noticed that the animals didn't spook easily which seemed to indicate that they felt some safety in their herds and packs. It was man and his weapons that changed that equation and provided yet another piece of evidence that humans were not part of the immediate landscape.

That was the reason for wanting to use the bow rather than one of the firearms. The guns, I decided, should be for defensive use only, if at all possible. That would provide the least disruption and threat to the local life-environment. But, that meant getting much closer to the prey and the more strength and skill in making the kill. Not only does it require getting close for a high-percentage shot, but holding the bow in the pulled position as the target changes with the animal shifting and walking requires strength to hold the string while following the target. Then, if those are managed, being able to hit a small target so the kill is quick. There is nothing more frustrating than to go through all that effort only to put an arrow in a non-lethal location and having to chase the animal through brush to make the final kill.

So I put the time and patience into the approach and positioning. When the time was right, the cow

took a couple of wobbling steps before falling to the ground. Several cows looked, but seemed undisturbed until I started moving through the tall grass in a hunched position with Bo beside me. The herd quickly, but without panic, moved further down the meadow. From their perspective we were two wolves and two wolves wouldn't challenge a herd of that size.

With the herd downriver from us, I stood up to make the final approach to the kill. As I approached, I unclipped the combat knife and drew it out of the sheath. I approached from the animals back, knelt down behind her neck, slid the intimidating blade between the ground and her neck, braced myself, and pulled deeply into her neck underside until I felt the bone of her spine. My dad was not a brutal man. He taught me that a quick, sure, and clean final kill was the most humane thing that could be done for the animal. He wasn't really all mystical about soulfulness in the act, but he believed in the oneness of nature and that if an animal must be taken for defense or food, it deserved our respect to be taken cleanly, without suffering. At least to the extent possible.

I didn't have the tools of hunters for field dressing an animal. I had a combat knife meant to kill humans, but it would have to do. Besides the meat, I needed the hide intact. My intention was to use the hide to wrap the meat in for returning to camp. I would construct a travois, a platform mounted on two long poles, lashed in the shape of an elongated triangle to support the load for dragging to camp. But, that would probably have to be done in the morning.

Skinning the animal was difficult enough by myself. I could count on Bo to be watchful, not so much of the elk, they had probably already forgotten the old cow, but of other predators who might happen along. The animal was heavy and the process was tedious, pulling the hide as I slid the knife along the surface of the meat underneath. It was completely gross, but it was survival. I went about the effort with the same diligence and dedication that I was taught all worthwhile tasks should receive. I was so thankful for the life-lessons my father drilled in me over those years.

All those years of lessons; tears came to my eyes. I wiped them away and continued to work, but my mind continued. My mother died at child-birth, which left my dad to raise a daughter. He was a field forestry agent. He raised me the only way he knew how and it had nothing to do with me being a girl. For the first 13 years of my life we lived in the wilds of one of the National Forests, National Parks or Monuments. It was a simple and hard life, but I loved it. I loved it as much as he did. But then he made the terrible decision to leave the wilds and take a promotion to the offices. I was entering puberty and he was panicking. He couldn't conceive of how to bring a girl into womanhood to survive in the modern world while living in the wild. We both regretted it ... and neither of us would admit it to the other. When he died while I was in college at 20 years old, I thought my life would end. He was the only human I had ever loved and completely trusted. And, he still is. I owed my present survival completely to him.

Once the hide was off, I started carving off huge chunks of the meat. I piled it onto the hide but purposely left some on the bones for the scavenger that would find the carcass. Then, I dragged the bundle back to the rocks I had used for observation. It was way too late to make it back to camp and the best course was to protect the meat and ourselves during the night. In position, I built 3 fires around the bundle with us inside. As the fires burned I extended the fire to create a ring around us. I knew I wouldn't be sleeping tonight. Fresh meat might be very tempting for any number of predators or scavenger, including coyote, wolves, and bear. It would be a long night and even longer day tomorrow, but once we were back in camp, it would all be worth the effort and hardship.

I opened the bundle and carved up thick slabs of meat for roasting over the fires. Bo and I gorged on high-protein eating that night. I cooked meat until I couldn't eat another bite and Bo lay down ignoring the food. And, he wasn't curled up, but stretched out. His stomach probably felt as stuffed as mine did.

I was surrounded by fires, but I knew I wasn't going to be comfortable falling asleep with all this meat here just tempting any predator with a reasonable sense of smell. I had several long pieces of wood in the edges of the fires to use for waving at anything that might be tempted to enter into our circle, but I didn't expect that to happen. Fire was generally enough to keep any animal away except for the most desperately hungry. This land was ripe with animals and resources, so none but the injured should be without the ability to eat.

Given that I was going to be staying up for the night, it was probably unwise to gorge myself on roasted elk, but it was just too good to pass up. Squirrels, rabbit, and fish can go only so far. I might be able to chance a short nap if it seemed Bo was going to be alert. Right now, though, he definitely was not.

The only downfall of the three fires circling us was that the view of the stars above was affected. One of the good things was that it was toasty warm being encircled and my plan to have to put clothes on would have been overkill. I knew that times like this when I could be naked outside was going to be coming to an end with the approach of the end of summer. The days were still warm, but the evenings and nights were turning cooler. I was growing concerned about what the winters would be like here and what my options might be. Buying winter clothes was out of the question. I was going to have to work on that before the weather changed too much more.

For now, though, I sat against the sizeable bundle of meat in the hide and counted my blessings, once again. For being thrust into the unknown wilds, I thought I was doing pretty well. It seemed like it had to be more than one week but was probably not two weeks since it happened. I wasn't hurting for food, water, or comfort.

I could hear animals down by the river and knew that coyote or wolves had undoubtedly found the remains of the elk carcass. I was hopeful that it would satisfy them and allow us to get through the night without incident. And, it seemed to. After what seemed to be several hours based on the movement of the moon, the area by the river had gone quiet and neither Bo nor I had reacted to movement around us.

With that quiet and peace around us, not to mention my full stomach, I did doze off while sitting back against the bundle of raw meat wrapped in the hide. I don't think it was very long because I came awake with a start when I felt something move along my side. It was Bo, but my heart still took several moments to quiet itself as I petted him and stroked his side, partly in relief that it wasn't something more. I noticed quickly, though, that it had been just long enough that two of the fires had burned down low enough to easily see around me. I crawled around the area, kneeling before each fire to pile additional wood pieces around the flaming wood and bright red coals underneath. As I worked on the third fire, I jumped with another start as I felt wetness pressed along my ass cheek. Being startled was quickly replaced with familiarity as the second wet contact occurred closer to between my cheeks. I wiggled my butt playfully as I continued my work. As I did so, though, a smile crept over my face. My feeling of comfort and success so far would certainly not be as happy without Bo to share it with. And, if yesterday was any indication, we had much to share with each other.

It was those thoughts that had my body moving in a direction I had not anticipated for this night. But, if I was going to be awake most of the night

His tongue had now found its target and the source of increasing scent. Yes, I was getting turned-on. I was sure my body was reacting to what he was doing and what my mind was thinking. I could argue myself into a lot of things, but I had a sense that with Bo, my body wasn't needing much arguing; it was ready for him. The experiences of yesterday were far too familiar to be ignored. I was

slightly taken aback when he stopped licking me and just jumped onto my back, his enlarging cock humping into my ass cheeks.

It was happening too fast, though. I spun out from his grasp and sat down in front of him. He seemed to have a bewildered expression about him so I reach out to reassure him while I worked out what was bothering me. It certainly wasn't having Bo mount me ... not after yesterday! No, it wasn't just being mounted but being mounted here and in this situation. I was very nervous about being trapped with all this raw meat. If we were tied, we would be defenseless. I knew that when he turned so we were ass-to-ass was for defensive purposes, but it was only so effective and possibly more for appearances than effective defense. He wouldn't really be able to move much while attached to my pussy and any violent action might well rip his knot out of me. That did not seem to be a pleasant thought.

The question wasn't, if I want to be mounted? Yes, I wanted it. But, how? A memory flitted across my brain. A thought that came to me while Bo was licking my asshole. I marveled at how good that felt and how I might like to have him there sometime. Could I? Only a couple men had ever had my asshole and I could say that neither time was all that great. But, attitude is everything and my feelings for what I have about Bo is much more than I ever had for or from those guys. Could I? Yes, I knew I could with both his pre-cum and grease. There was still a piece of meat staying hot by one of the fires. This could work ...

I went to the meat and flipped it over to heat more, then went to Bo, stroked him and loved him. Before either of us were aware, I was stroking his cock. I was amazed at how quickly his cock came out and as it did, the pre-cum did, too. I smoothed all the pre-cum over his penis, coating it as thoroughly as I could. Then, I used a little and spread it on my asshole. The real part for me, though, was to use the grease from the cooking meat. I wiped the meat with my fingers and transferred it to my asshole, even pressing my fingers inside with the grease. It was all I could think of doing and when I was done I was sure that Bo would have an increased interest in licking my ass.

When I felt I was ready, I turned and presented myself to him and I wasn't disappointed. He licked and licked at my ass, recovering the grease that was on the outside. But his tongue and nose could sense more was just inside and he tried and tried to get to it. Of course, he couldn't, but it did wonderful things for me and my interest and determination to continue increased right with it. I patted my ass and he jumped quickly up onto me. I tilted my hips down in order to lower my pussy from its normal location and dropped my upper legs slightly to lower my entire body. All the while, he had started immediately thrusting at me. I reached behind me, this time not through my legs, but to pull one of my cheeks to the side in order to open myself a little more for him. I continued to adjust my position to him until I felt his penis tip hit my asshole and I press back into him ... or, I should say 'onto' him. The slight combinations of adjustment, the tip just inside, and pressing back as he thrust caused more of his cock to slip in. I released my cheek and grabbed his rear leg, holding him to me, not allowing him to pull back again in the frantic, canine fucking style.

I knelt with one arm supporting our combined weight and one hand holding him in place as I moaned, gritted my teeth, and allowed my mouth to sag open in long, low moans. I waited and tried to relax, but I struggled to hold Bo still and all my pleading seemed useless in the moment; he had felt his cock entering me and all his instincts told him to complete the penetration. But, my sphincter did adjust and loosen its hold on the invader and I pressed back more onto Bo's cock, little by little, until I was penetrated enough to pull back slightly and fuck myself back onto him. My mouth gaped open in a wide 'O' as my ass and body accepted this new sensation, this new arousal, and completely different experience.

I felt my sphincter opening and yielding to this invasion and, as his cock grew with his fucking, he

reached new depths and stretched me out more and more until he was freely fucking me, his cock moving in and out in the same wildly animalistic fashion that I loved when he was in my pussy. I was more than ever convinced he was the best lover I had ever known and, certainly, the only one I needed now.

His pre-cum continued to lubricate our union and made it easier and easier. When I felt his knot forming on the outside and hitting my asshole, I tensed at the thought and that caused me to tighten around his cock and he hesitated for a moment, perhaps overtaken for a moment by the new feeling before he continued with the same energy as before. There was no way the knot was going inside; I was far too tight for that. It was amazing to me that this marvelous cock was inside me completely, but that was partially made possible by the fact that canine cock grows considerably once it has made penetration and the continuously seeping pre-cum is a constantly renewing lubrication. But, none of that was enough for the knot. A devilish smile crossed my face, though. Someday, though ... who knows what might be possible ... practice makes perfect.

Recognizing that thought, recognizing that my mind was already considering how to be knotted in my ass, and recognizing that I was fully and completely accessible to my Bo, I also recognized how incredibly aroused my body and mind were. I was about to explode from the inside out and anal sex had never done that for me. Before, it had always been something that I accepted being 'done to me'. This was different, completely different, and it made all the difference in my reaction and arousal to it. This time, it was something I was giving, doing for him ... for Bo ... for my lover ... and it was taking me to the peak of arousal and I only hoped he was as close I was.

There was no stopping me, though. I was cumming and it didn't matter what concerns I might have had before about our safety in this situation. I was cumming ...

My entire anal passage clenched around his cock inside me. Erratically, spasming, I felt my body holding onto the penis as my body crashed into orgasm. I was clenched so hard around him that he had difficulty thrusting any longer, but that apparently wasn't a problem as I felt his cock twitch and jerk deep inside me. Then I felt the strangest feeling as he started spurting his copious cum into my ass. This felt like more than last time and last time felt like a tremendous amount of seed being pumped into me. I dropped my back, letting it sag beneath him, taking his cock at a slightly different angle as he spurted over and over into me. My tight channel seemed flooded by his cum ... and, it seemed obscenely delicious.

I raised my head and twisted to find him as he remained on my back, the last of his cum leaking into me. He met my upturned face with licks and our tongues again came into contact. As he pulled himself out of me, I felt every micro-inch of his wonderful cock exiting my still clenching passage. When he stepped away, I felt empty in a way I never had and an obscene curiosity came over me. I reached my hand back to my ass and easily slipped two, then three fingers into my gaping asshole. It wasn't just gaping, though, there was a river of freely flowing cum escaping, as well.

I curled up on the ground near two of the fires, pulling a lab coat over me. I just wanted to enjoy the soft glow that still washed through me ...

When my eyes opened, the soft, muted light of very early morning was evident around me. I just lay down a moment ago, but obviously that wasn't true. The day and night before had taken its toll on me. I rolled to my back to stretch and found Bo sitting erect and almost regal as he scanned the valley below. It was every bit like he was on-guard, protecting his mate from any danger anywhere. When he saw my body move, he looked down and lowered his head to me, giving me licks on the face and shoulder. I put my arm onto his back and stroked him, the memory of the night flooding over me. I felt so lucky. Here I was, trapped in a land that I was still discovering, forced to survive on my

wits and wilderness skill, and never knowing what might be in store next. And, I felt so lucky. Bo's companionship was indeed a blessing.

And, the sex was GREAT! Why hadn't we done this before?

Standing up alongside Bo, I see what had him alert. Down at the carcass was a small pack of coyotes. I had the lab coat pulled tightly around me to stave off the early morning chill that had crept into the camp as the fires had slowly died down as I slept. I reached for my pack and quickly put the clothes on, knock down the remainder of the fires, put some of the leftover cooked meat on one of the hot rocks to warm, and started organizing for the long trek back to our real camp. The distance wasn't the difficult part; hauling the large bundle of meat along the narrow forest trail was going to be difficult and extremely tiring, but I couldn't risk taking only part of it and returning the next day for more. I cut down some saplings to use for the construction of the travois. Once we ate and were ready, I loaded the hide bundle and my pack onto the travois and we were on our way.

Even with the early start, it took nearly all day to reach our camp. But, home never looked so good. I worked into the early night to cook what we were going to eat, then cut much the rest into thin strips and hanging the strips over branches spanning the fire to thoroughly dry them. The branches had to be set high enough off the fire so the meat wouldn't cook; the idea is to only dry the meat strips. It was the same system the Native Americans used to preserve meat from large game that wouldn't be consumed right away. Well into the night I had all the meat treated. I buried jerky with the hide in a deep hole nearby and covered it with rock and branches. The jerky would last and the hide would need a lot of work to be useful as a covering.

When I fell into the shelter, the moon had moved nearly across the sky above. I was tired. The past two days had been some of the toughest of my life. But I was smiling as I sprawled out inside the shelter. This wasn't ever going to be like the life I had known. This was going to be a trial every day and every day was going to throw a new curve at me. And, winter was coming. But I never felt such fulfillment from my day. Bo and I were here ... 'here' still being somewhat unknown ... but we weren't merely surviving, we were thriving. And for a 21st century gal, that was saying something.

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## Chapter 6

Reality hit me hard after the adventure of tracking and killing the elk. It wasn't that my effort or success could be faulted, but the preparation and allotment of time afterwards was sorely lacking. I was focused on the hunt and kill, without understanding or appreciating the time involved afterwards in making the jerky and tanning the hide.

I completed much of the jerky last night and I was not able to sleep late. This was another difference from the 21st century gal. I couldn't merely pull the drapes tight and burrow deep into my soft bed with various muscle ointments after exhausting days and overuse of my body. My entire body ached: muscles, joints, and skin from scratches and scrapes. The makeshift bedding over the ground was still hard and unyielding, providing little relief for my body. As evidenced by the light streaming in from the shelter opening, I did manage to sleep later than usual, however. The world outside was buzzing with local and distant sounds of nature, completely different than the sounds of civilization, but evident in its own way when the artificial noise of civilization is stripped away.

I wrapped myself in a lab coat and saw Bo loping up from the lake as I exited the shelter. I kicked some wood at the fire pit with my bare foot and found the coals glowing underneath, new flames licking up at the new wood brought to it to consume. With one hand holding the lab coat closed

against the cool air, I piled more wood over the fire. Bo and I communed in our morning ritual of strokes and licks before I gave in and put clothes on. Daytime in the sun of the altitude can be very hot, but mornings and evenings can be very cold as fall approached. I put my only pair of jeans on, a t-shirt, and an army shirt with the cuffs rolled to mid-forearm.

After a breakfast of nuts and berries, I've already had more than enough red meat, the day was going to be focused on preparing the hide. I had taken a wilderness survival class and done some reading, but this would be the first time I would prepare a hide on my own and would have to live with the result. The prior time was a small piece of hide that ended up being a decoration piece in my apartment. This was for real if I wanted something more substantial than a lab coat for covering.

The steps were time consuming and precise. The excess flesh and fats had to be scraped off the inside surface; the hide had to be thoroughly washed; it needs to be stretched and dried; a mixture from the brain of the animal is used to rub into the hide; the hide is rolled and stored for at least a full 24 hours; and, finally, the hide again cleaned, this time of the brain mixture, and softened with a stick by rubbing it over the surface. It was hard work and time consuming and I was sure to become more efficient at it as time went on. For my first effort, however, I was extremely satisfied. It would be a great covering with colder temperatures coming and allowed my mind to work on ideas that might have seemed too ambitious before.

Those past days were huge milestones to accomplish. I had proven, not just wishful confidence, but proved that I could belong here. I was more than capable of finding and securing quantities of high protein food, to make use of much of the animal beyond just a food source, and to establish a camp that was comfortable and suitable, even if in a primitive way. The days were long and full, but the nights became a time of restful, slower activity. Many nights found me asleep shortly after full dark. Other nights I was busy with easy activity like organizing and cleaning around the fire area, which was our main cooking and lounging area. The guns and rifle didn't get used much at all, but night-time was a good time for cleaning and making sure they were dry and functioning.

All of that allowed the achievement of a thoroughly delightful step for Bo and me. From that first time that Bo had saved me from the bear, he and I had been comfortable companions. He was there when I needed to feel connected, when I needed to talk even if he didn't understand, and when I needed the security of a presence when I was alone, especially in the wild. I still had all that, none of that had changed, but it went even further now. He was no longer merely a comfortable companion to have around. Since those early days of this adventure, when we experimented with sex, the relationship changed dramatically. It might seem dramatic to say that a dog and woman could have profound interactions and feelings. To be completely honest, it took me a little time to fully accept the idea myself. I would have been exceedingly happy with merely having the same relationship with the good sex on top of it. But, there was more. He was somehow more attentive to me; and, I was clearly more attentive to him. My strokes weren't merely the strokes for a pet, my touches were more familiar, more meaningful, and more intimate. I found that I teased him by showing my ass, by touching him on his belly but grazing his sheath, and kissing him with my tongue on his.

During the day we were generally together and the touches were meaningful, but it was at night when we, or I, could relax when the touches truly became intimate. It was not uncommon that the evenings or early mornings would include some form of sexual play. We experimented with the sex in the weeks that passed as much as we experimented with anything else in this new existence. And, everything was an experiment in one form or another as we learned what we would need to survive. My life was good, hard, even harsh sometimes, but it was good.

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Over the weeks that followed I was nagged by a recurring question, how can there not be civilization, or humans, at least. If this was some kind of alternate reality, some 'Otherland' as it was named, there was too much of this world that was like my world for evolution to leave out the development of humans. The geology and environment were very similar. The animal life was very similar and maybe exactly the same. But, there was no evidence of humans in this region. There were no vapor trails in the sky indicating air travel, there was no transmission lines crossing the land, and there was no indication of hunting, camping, or anything that might mean human habitation.

It bothered me that I was about to enter into my first winter in these conditions and not knowing if there was civilization close by but not in this valley. So, I made purposeful exploration of my surroundings. I went a full day further down river than I had been when I killed the elk. I reached a place that effectively stopped me at a narrowing of the river as it passed between two sheer walls of rock before dropping 30 feet below. I managed to crawl out on a ledge to see down into the distant valley. I only saw what I had seen where I was: more mountains, the river continuing, valleys with meadow, and more forest. I saw no roads, powerlines, buildings, or smoke that might indicate some habitation. But, looking across the river I saw a better trail along the face on that side. I could imagine that wildlife used it to move down river.

I went in the direction of up-river and bumped into a similar situation. A series of steep rapids rose about 25 feet and lots of rocky walls making the route treacherous, but not impossible. On close examination, I found a trail containing multiple animal prints in dirt sections. What I also found, though, was much more thermal activity, including a natural hot-pool that I promised myself I would visit for some therapeutic bathing.

The mountains to the west were out of the question, at least at this location. The sheer walls of rock would require significant climbing skills and equipment, both of which I was sorely lacking.

The mountains behind me, though, were accessible. I could see a pass that would be easily crossed. I packed enough for three or four days in my backpack, strapped on the gun and assault knife to my thighs over my jeans. It was going to be colder going over the pass above. The bow and arrows were a constant piece of equipment and my skill and confidence with it had improved dramatically. It took us a big chunk of the day to reach the crest of the pass, but I wanted camp to be off the top in case any surprising weather came in. But, from what I could see from the top, there was nothing new on the other side, either. The following days, though, I trekked cross-country to the next rise and found the same thing. Everywhere I look, it was like I was in a large, unspoiled, and very unused wilderness area.

I stood on the top of that rise looking to the east, no real focus to my sight. Beyond this rise was a wide plain, interrupted by trees, rivers, and a large lake. At first I thought the ground was moving, but remembered description of the American plains as an endless expanse of an ocean of grass moving like waves on the ocean. In the distance was another mountain range. I didn't know how to gauge the width of the valley but the mountains in distance seemed massive. Even in late summer these mountain tops were still snow covered. There was a part of me that was relieved; this new life was exciting and was challenging every fiber of my being and that was something I relished. The other part of me was anxious and intimidated by the meaning behind it; as exciting and challenging in a good way this was, was this forever? Was I to never again have human interaction, even on my own terms? And there was the puzzlement; could seemingly similar evolutionary tracks really produce an outcome that was void of humans? And, if that was true, then what else was true about evolution here?

The return trip was purposely taken along a route that was a distance south of my original one, just



in case, and to cover a little more land for possible discovery of some evidence of something I had missed earlier. The only evidence I found, though, was the reinforcement of a land that was rich in potential, beauty, and abundant in wildlife. Like the valley I was camped in, a skilled hunter was not without variety of game and would not go hungry. So, as I crested the pass to again survey 'my' valley, the nagging questions had not been resolved by these days of investigation; the nagging would persist. But any further consideration of those questions would have to wait. With the coming of winter, survival was paramount to any other consideration and there were still requirements that I needed to meet. I still needed to solve the warmth issue, wood to be stockpiled and kept dry, and a store of food beyond the jerky, food stuff like berries, nuts, and roots. But, as I looked out over the land before me, I could not see how these could not be resolved with work and planning. But even that thought of the work and effort required brought a smile to my face. This was certainly a tough life, but it continued to be the most satisfying and fulfilling life I have experienced.

Sometimes, there are moments where everything just clicks into place, your view of the future becomes crystalized and clear, and when your future (immediate or longer) is laid out in front of you in such a way that there is no doubting the course of action required. As I stood on the crest of the pass and overlooked the valley below, I had that kind of moment. Was it a forever understanding? I don't know, but I did clearly see what my direction was, what my focus had to be. There was no Cabela's to get some winter gear. There was no grocery store to replenish my supplies. There was no bus station to take me away. Whether I would even want to or not was an entirely different question or consideration. With my hand on Bo's shoulder, I looked out over the valley, north and south, and knew that this was my, our, life and if we were to last the winter there would need to be some actions taken and decisively.

If you've ever had one of those moments where your focus and understanding and commitment becomes clear, have you noticed how things seem to come to you? Not to say they are handed to you, but your awareness and preparation turns acutely to the need at hand and things come into play for you. That's exactly what happened to me. In that moment I understood what my life was, what I could expect and not expect. My concerns about the coming winter had been put on-hold, delayed by the thoughts of 'what if', by the thoughts of the uncertainty of where I was. I could now, as clearly as the river below me, that there was no longer any 'what if' and there was no uncertainty. In that moment my attention shifted completely and solely to what needed to happen.

Evidence of that was exactly what happened when we were about half way down the side of the mountain. Bo had this crazy ability to discern situations. When we were surprised by something that could be potentially dangerous, he became aggressive and threatening. But, when we were in hunting or tracking mode, he would show alertness and focus while remaining quiet, alerting me to the game he detected. That is what happened going down the slope. We had somehow taken a slightly different route going down and found ourselves on top of a 10-foot ledge when Bo crouched low and focused to our right. I crouched with him and saw a large black bear coming down a faint trail, a trail that was leading it right under us along the ledge we were above. Most times, I would have avoided a bear and not had any interest in it, but at that moment I saw potential for meat, sinew, and a warm hide. I was concerned about warmth for the winter and what better than a covering or robe of bear fur.

What followed next was almost surreal in its quickness and exactness, and it was precisely what I needed. I reached over and stroked Bo over the shoulders. I removed the pack and quickly went to work, murmuring about stopping the bear somehow. As I assembled the bow and removed two arrows from the sheath tube, Bo moved off to the left. My first reaction was that he would be protective and end up trying to scare off the bear. I seemed to have the bow assembled in record time, so I removed the gun and holster from the pack, removed my belt and attached the holster to it, tying the holster securely to my right thigh. I unclipped the restraining strap at the top, removed

the safety and made certain there was a round chambered. I peeked over the ledge to find the bear.

The minute or two that all that it took me seemed longer than it was and I was pleasantly surprised to see the bear stopped right below me. Its attention was concentrated on something on the path ahead and he was growing more agitated and disturbed. I heard a low, fierce growl and remembered Bo leaving in that direction. I inched closer to the edge with an arrow notched onto the bow string and tension put in with a small draw. Bo was confronting the bear and, as I watched, the bear reared up on its hind legs, presenting the most imposing and threatening size it could against this challenge. There may even have been confusion in its reaction as this single animal was threatening its passage. Regardless of what was in its primitive thinking mind, it reacted instinctively by rearing itself up and in the process presenting to me a perfect target as it raised its front legs to heighten its image even more. I released the first arrow as soon as the soft spot under its front leg came into view, the spot that allowed access to where the heart was located. The bear seemed wildly bewildered now; the danger was in front of it but it was now suffering from a piecing pain in the side. As it turned toward me, it dropped to all fours only to rear up again at seeing the new danger. I pulled on the string an extra couple inches to penetrate the needed depth into the chest, but the tension in my arms didn't allow a steady aim. At this distance, I could hardly miss but I wanted a clean hit. I released an inch of pull to allow a steady hold and released the second arrow.

My newly established commitment to my surroundings and life in it provided a perspective on relationship to the world around me. As I was already in the effort for the final kill, I was profoundly moved by the majestic nature of the beast. Killing an animal had never been a simple and easy thing, but it now took on an almost spiritual effect that this animal provided me with the ability to survive and the very essence of what my place in that survival meant. That included not wanting this animal to suffer. Two arrows well placed into the area of the heart and it was still not down for the count. It fell to its forearms but with its legs still under it as if it was not accepting the inevitable; maybe, it just wasn't aware of what the inevitable was if it was not aware of the dangers that humans brought with them.

I didn't hesitate in that thinking, however. I pull the gun from the holster and leapt from the ledge onto the shoulders of the animal, pressing the muzzle of the gun into the back of its skull, pressing my weight onto it, and pulled the trigger. The result had the effect that I want, but far more so than I ever expected. I was not afraid of guns and had used them defensively, but never like this. This animal that had refused to recognize its fate was instantly quiet. The hot gasses from the muzzle had no way to disperse, so the clean hole from the bullet instead produced an explosion inside the fur, skull and brain. It was traumatic for me, instantaneous for the bear. And, a reminder of the callous nature of life in the wild. The bear undoubtedly had experience that it was at the top of the food chain. Without my weapons, he would still be.

The camp was downhill. Unlike with the elk, this was close and gravity would assist the transport. I would still leave the carcass where it was and make trips back for what I needed and what I needed was even more of the carcass than I had used with the elk. The hide would become a winter overcoat/robe during the day and a cover for the night. The meat would be eaten or made into jerky. The newest need from the carcass, however, was the sinew. One of the immediate needs and glaring shortages was thread, twine, rope.

The little bit of rope that I had was used and reused in one application after another, always weighing in my mind what was the most important application at the moment. It was frustrating and inefficient to be using the same pieces and taking them from one application to be used in another, only to have to reverse the process later.

The process of making my own cordage became almost an obsession. My first attempts were using

the dried inner fibers of trees. Although it worked and was useful, it broke down after exposure to weather and with age. Animal sinew, however, produced exceptionally strong rope and twine. With care in separation it could also be made thin enough to use on clothing like a threading. Sinew strand no thicker than carpet thread could hold my weight and a braided rope of it was exceptionally strong for whatever purpose I might come up with for it. I could see it being used for fishing lines, snares, and wrappings. My immediate use, though, was for threading the hides into outerwear for the winter, especially the bear hide. The added benefit with sinew was that used wet, it shrank and dried as hard as gluing.

That was my plan for the bear hide. The hide was cut off the animal to include the legs and the head portion. The front legs would be sewn for arms of the overcoat and the head portion as a hood. The bear was large enough that the rear legs were cut off and about a foot and a half of the body portion. As it was, the hide would reach nearly to the ground on me. The remainder of the hide would be fashioned into boot and hand coverings.

My mind was opened to the way the land and animals in it worked and the interdependency of all things. Large animals became as important to me for what they provided beyond their meat as for the meat. I wasted less and less of each animal. I even found uses of bone and antler after other animals had clean them of any valuable food for themselves.

By the time the temperatures at night were leaving shallow water areas with a thin layer of ice, I had the overcoat and other items ready for cold weather. I put the overcoat on and modelled it for Bo. It was heavy on me, but that seemed to be fine as it would help to keep me warmer by the energy I would expended under it. It would be a problem if I didn't feel I would have enough food to replace the calories, but I had grown confident that this land would easily support two more predatory animals in Bo and myself.

As I moved and turned in the new coat before Bo, feeling it on me for comfort and usage, a thought came to me and I turned to Bo. I knelt down before him, scratching his ears, and finally kissing his snout. I stood and went into the shelter. I had been so singularly fixated on being ready for winter that the nights found me exhausted and leaving me with little interest in anything but sleep. And the colder nights reinforced the desire to burrow under everything I possessed to be warm. We had become like an old married couple. Despite our sharing and dependence, I had been neglecting Bo ... and myself ... sexually. That was the thought that came to me. I smiled at that. An old married couple, like having a knot filling me could become stale. But it wasn't the sex, it was the life, a hard and tiring and exhausting life. I now felt that I was finally over the hump in being ready for winter, so tonight would be different.

I quickly exited the shelter, but this time I was barefoot while still wearing the heavy bear hide coat. Bo actually seemed to look at me questioningly as if to ask, 'what are you up to woman?' I was holding the coat closed as I walked up to him where he sat near the dying fire as though he anticipated my return. I squatted directly in front of him, taking his head between my hands, allowing the coat to fall open, and spread to expose my naked body underneath. I separated my knees as I scratched his ears and leaned forward to share a kiss with him. That's what I call it, a kiss, when we touch tongues. His attention wasn't on the kiss for long, however. He did that thing he does, when his nose comes alive and sniffs the air and moves involuntarily between my thighs, that thing that is so animalistic, that thing that is so base to a canine's sense and awareness, and that thing that lets me know what I am. I am his mate.

There is something about the action of sniffing the air when he catches my scent. It is one of the most animalistic and base things. I am aroused and I am giving off a scent that he recognizes, desires, and wants. On a base nature level my body is giving him signals that I cannot pretend isn't

there, cannot be coy to pretend otherwise. I am but another female making my need and readiness known. It is primal. It is a huge turn-on. I am desired by a dog, a dog that accepts me as his.

He knows what that scent means and is not hesitant to act on it. His nose follows the scent in to its source and gives it a quick lick. He isn't hesitant, he licks and continues. My knees spread as far as possible while maintain the position and he licks with increasing intention. I know his licking is increasing because of the secretion coming from my pussy and the more licking, the more secretions.

I have to fight within myself. At the moment it feels like there is nothing on earth (or wherever I am) that I would rather do than lay back and enjoy his tongue on my drooling pussy. That is until my brain recalls the wonderful knot at the base of his cock; the feeling of that knot inside me; the way my body pulses when I cum with him inside me; and, the amount of cum that he pumps into me when he climaxes.

I stood up with the coat separating, exposing my pussy and breasts to him, and he stands with me. He licked my thigh and hip, then looked up at me. He got a sexy smile from me in return. I turned, and with a flat piece of wood, I carry bright red coals from the outside fire pit to the pit inside the corner of the shelter. I lay several pieces of wood over the coals. I then close the door of deer skin stretched over a pine bough frame. It wasn't greatly insulating but it at least kept the wind out.

I glanced to the side and found Bo sitting erect and expect; very expectant. I could see the tip of his cock peeking out of the sheath. And, I might have blushed, not that he would notice, but I could feel it as it spread over my chest and neck and up into my face. I felt almost like I imagined if I was seducing my husband of several years to make amends for giving into the pressures and fatigue of overworking at the job instead of tending his needs ... to our needs. In fact, it was very much like that. Our act of mating was more than just pleasure. It had created a bond between us that turned our situation from one of existing and survival into an expression of life and dedication, that together we wouldn't be denied.

I slipped the coat off my shoulders and Bo was immediately at my bare butt, licking it at each cheek and seeking my heightened scent emanating between them. I turned and squatted, bringing his head between my breasts. His tongue shot out, licking one and then the other, licking the breast tissue and occasionally hitting my nipples. My nipples meant nothing to him but even accidental attention to them created a wonderful response in me. Hmmm ... maybe that is something I can teach him, like our kissing, how much I like my nipples licked.

I spread the coat over the bed of grass underneath the elk hide. It was a bed we shared. It wasn't exactly soft, but was better than lying directly on the hard ground. The newly completed coat needed to be made a part of us, christened. It needed to have our scent embedded in it as much as the bear's, even after all the cleaning and washing and working. I lay Bo on the coat and after stroking him to ease his body into position, I eased his cock out of the sheath. I was very deliberate this time. This was no longer a teasing effort or a seduction; this was me wanting his cock; this was me needing his cock; and, this was me reminding him that I was his mate and that unlike other animals, we didn't wait for a season to mate or to come into heat; we mated as our needs and desires dictated. And right now, my desires were dictating.

I took his hardening cock into my mouth, stroking it in and out, and sucking the pre-cum from the tip. The pre-cum that was such a part of loving him and so different than men. Only one of the differences that I relished. He was completely out of the sheath in only moments. This wasn't a night for long and protracted efforts of oral pleasure making. This was a night and a moment for becoming his mate, again ... and always.

I pulled my mouth from his cock and moved to kiss his snout. He sniffed and licked my lips, then licked more as he took in the residue of his own pre-cum on my mouth. As I sat back, he scrambled up and stood before me. I smiled, thinking he was understanding what I was about to present to him. I didn't know if he really anticipated what was to come, but I wanted to believe that he did.

I moved to my hands and knees and turned, presenting my ass to him. He wasted no time, he was on my back with his hips thrusting to find the entrance to my pussy with his driving cock. My hand was immediately between my legs, guiding his hot, hard, slippery cock to my opening. He plunged deeply into me on the first stroke and I cried out while pressing my body back into his thrusts. It again felt so primal, so animalistic, that my cries and moans seemed to take on that nature in my response to his mating. I was no longer subject to the expectations of the human and civilized world; my world now was primal, animal in many ways. And, I didn't regret it in the least. Quite to the contrary, I seemed to be reveling in the acceptance in my mind of nature's ways, nature's dominance for my life.

I pushed back onto him as he thrust into me and I continued to cry out my pleasure and need. I heard no words, no pleading, and no pledges being promised coming from me. What I heard was only sounds, sounds coming low in my throat and unrecognizable as human. I truly and completely felt as his mate and my response was proof of it.

I soon felt his knot forming outside my pussy and as he pushed against me, I pressed back against him. I felt like a bitch, a bitch in need of breeding, but not a bitch that was dominated. It was an odd feeling and mix of feelings. But, I pressed against the knot as he pressed against my pussy opening. Little by little, quicker and quicker, the knot opened my pussy and passed into me, eliciting another guttural near growl from me as I felt full of cock and knot, his pre-cum leaking steadily into me. And, as it did, he grew, his cock and knot growing longer and larger, filling me more and more while the strokes were constricted by the knot lodged inside.

I felt my orgasm growing, building inside me, my body glowing with warmth as the blood flowed and pulsed through me. I knew I was close to exploding and prayed to the Mother of all Nature that he would join me. I moaned as I understood I couldn't deny my building orgasm, when I felt his cock twitch inside me, then jerk violently inside. I crashed into orgasm, my pussy flooding his cock and knot, washing them in my warm fluids. But, he was right behind me, the jerking was a signal, a precursor to his climax and I felt the first powerful jet of cum spray into my pussy, washing my pussy with his cum just as mine had coated his cock. Our bodies responded in unison to each other, sending me into a second peaking orgasm.

I collapsed to the fur. My ass still in the air while tied to my lover, my breasts and face were pressed into the hide. I reached back and held his leg in place. I wanted to feel the fur of his belly and chest against my back. I wanted to feel our union just like this. I wanted to experience this for the rest of my life.

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Chapter 7

The inevitable morning surprise finally arrived. The hide door to the shelter was stuck by the arrival of a fresh, fluffy 6 inches of snow. I was more than ever thankful for that moment on the mountain pass when I accepted fully that my life encompassed a world without the comforts and options of civilization. The time preparing for the elements of winter was long and hard, it led to not only being prepared for the harshness of winter, but a different life structure evolved that was already comfortable in its routine. Routine didn't mean that it was a mundane repeating of life day after day.

Routine for us meant that there were particular essential activities that were critical to sustain our life and those things happened now as a matter of course. Those things included having fresh water available in camp, an overabundance of dry kindling and wood, and food in the form of nuts and roots for me and a variety of meats for both Bo and me.

Every day these were checked and replenished. The replenishing was the non-mundane efforts. Fresh water sometimes meant breaking through the ice or trekking to a source of running water. In the coldest of weather, even the 'running' water locations might be frozen over and the trekking to another source was required, but critical. When dry wood wasn't immediately available, it required a discipline of drying the available wood by a deliberate effort of stacking wood around a fire, turning it and checking it, then stacking it dried and beginning again with other wetter wood. Food searches were for multiple applications. Food, obviously, but also for what the animal might provide and that sometimes dictated the animal I might focus on.

Lately, I had been in search of rabbit. I had enough meat and rabbit didn't provide a lot of that. What the rabbit did provide, though, was a soft fur and it had occurred to me that rabbit fur wrapped around my feet might provide a good insulation inside the soldiers' boots that were otherwise too large for me. They are elusive and even Bo had a difficult time tracking them until they suddenly bolt away from under a bush. I had several snares setup but I wasn't claiming much skill in my snare and trap abilities, it seemed more an accident that I ever got an animal that way.

The fresh snow, however, might make the effort just a little easier today and that was the intention of our wandering through the fresh snow. I found myself sometimes almost admonishing myself for having fun in our current situation, but life had to have light moments with the serious. That was partially behind the routines established for our life, the awareness of the necessities of life, to allow for the light-hearted moments as they came. And they came frequently as soon as I let up on myself and enjoyed life as it was given to me. Today, I laughed out loud at the antics of Bo in the new snow. It was like being with your dog in the backyard after a new snow as he pressed his snout into the snow and coming out with snow piled on top; he would run off the trail only to nearly disappear in an unexpectedly deep section that had drifted over a depression; and, chasing a scent into the brush only to have a snow covered bough release a pile of snow on top of him. The new world covered in snow seemed to be a playground for his frolic and it seemed to be what we both needed to warm our very souls about our world.

Bo wandered off as I picked up a fresh set of tracks. I had an arrow notched on the string of the bow in readiness and crept step by step toward the brush the tracks disappeared into. I had already gotten one rabbit and felt that a second would be what I needed to experiment with the insulation for the boots and perhaps enough for muffs for my ears. I was being more careful this time. I had lost an arrow on the first rabbit when I shot wildly rather than controlled in the excitement of the rabbit bolting out across my path. It was only the second arrow that I failed to retrieve. Maybe, after the melt, I might stumble upon it.

As I crept up to the brush, the arrow was pulled halfway back in anticipation, but I was distracted by an insistent bark from Bo to my right. I glanced that way only to hear a desperate rush through the brush in front of me. By the time my eyes shifted back, all I could distinguish was a blur of soft grey against the white snow disappearing once again in the next mass of brush. I was ready to rush forward and chance losing another arrow when Bo's insistent bark repeated. I presumed that he had picked up the scent of something more interesting than a rabbit and with frustration I lowered the bow and relaxed the string, muttering to myself with a tolerant smile, "I was quite clear to him what we were after today!" I obviously didn't expect Bo to be able to follow verbal instruction, it was one of the things that made life with a dog/wolf in the wild so interesting. He was as independent as I felt I was. We generally were headed in the same direction, but not always. A bigger smile crossed my

face as I turned and headed in the direction of his bark.

I got within 10 feet of where I thought he was, but I still couldn't see him. There was heavy, tall brush in front of a vertical, sheer rock face with a large, jagged fissure in it. I called to him and received a responding bark in return, but I still couldn't detect his exact location. I moved to the face of the rock face and found a 3-foot wide space between the brush and the rock wall, like it had been used by something repeatedly over a long time. But, still no Bo. The only tracks in the snow appeared to be those of Bo so I followed the rock face until I came to the fissure. What I thought was a simple fissure of a foot or so depth was much different.

The fissure was in fact a gap that started about a foot wide at the ground and increased to about 3 feet wide as it went up. Up was about 25 feet. The remarkable thing about it, though, was that just 2 feet inside was an opening the became about 15 feet at the widest, 20 feet long, and open to the sky. There stood Bo looking at me. At the same time that I found Bo by stepping in front of the gap, two additional things of interest hit me simultaneously: the air coming out and across my face was warm; and, there was no snow on the ground inside. The chamber was open to the sky so it had to have received the same snowfall that the surrounding area had, but here there was no snow. The warm air, wherever the warm air was coming from must have caused the snow to melt either before it hit the ground or soon afterward.

I stepped onto a rock jut on the right side of the gap and hopped into the chamber. I put one hand down on the ground as the other went to Bo's neck for a pet and hug. "What do you suppose this means, boy?" As if he knew or could answer. If I kept this up, I would sooner or later be imagining his responses back to me. And, maybe he was able to read my mind when I couldn't read his because he pulled away and led me around a jutting portion of the chamber side wall and stood waiting for me. A cave. A massive cave and the source of the warm air. I stepped into the mouth of the cave and felt the warm air flowing around me. It wasn't hot, but nicely warm. The mouth of the cave was about 7 or 8 feet wide with the cave widening out another 5 feet. The ceiling was about 15 feet and the floor sloped up a couple feet before flattening out. I couldn't see the back of the cave as I sensed a slight bend in the wall. I needed a headlamp to investigate more. I hadn't thought to bring one of the headlamps, since we were only going to be gone a few hours. I would find that the length of the upper, flat section was about 30 feet with it bending to the left. I put my hand on one of the walls and found it warm, the floor, too. The warm air seemed to be a radiant heat from all around, not from a single source like the back of the cave.

I found myself walking in a tight circle as my mind raced through options and consideration. We could live here. Or could we? Wouldn't something else already be living in a place like this? A bear, maybe. But would a bear pick a spot with such a limited access? It probably isn't even wide enough for a mature bear. Wolves? Possible. Bo just jumped it and the ground opening was probably wide enough for the very young to pass through. But there was no evidence of it. I saw no immediate evidence of carcass remains. As I turned to quickly return to camp for a headlamp, I saw what my brain didn't believe.

To the left of the cave mouth, set back in an indentation in the wall was a basket. A woven basket. I picked it up and examined it in the light and saw it was made of woven strips of tree trunk. Then, outside in the opening I saw a built up fire pit next to the gap. I had jumped inside with my attention on the open space and no snow. This was a fire pit large enough for much more than a warming or protection fire. This was a major cooking fire with built in rock shelves and small chambers that I could only imagine might have been useful as some kind of oven.

I literally ran for the camp with Bo following close behind until he was sure where I was headed and then he led the way. Back in the shelter, I dug through stuff I hadn't used in a long time before

finding one of the headlamps, then verifying that it still worked. I was heading for the door when I stopped dead in my tracks. Am I really coming back here to sleep in the cold shelter? I grabbed some food into the backpack, piled wood into a sack I made from a hide and returned to the cave. If this panned out, it could be life changing. If only I had known how often I might be thinking that in the time to come.

The cave actually was a game changer. Exactly how, I wasn't quite sure. That would still take some time and investigation, but some questions were being answered. The woven basket I found was a quick indication that human life had been here. Here, as in this exact location. Not only is there human life, but human life had been right here in this very valley. With the headlamp as a guide, I was able to investigate further into the cave. The flat area slightly raised above the entrance was apparently a living area for a number of people. Leaning against the walls in various locations were spears of several designs indicating multiple crafters. Also scattered around were other tools fashioned by hand. I found several axes, shovels, and mallets. There were more woven baskets, woven matts, and hides. The spears, axes and mallets were constructed with stone ends. The shovels were carved from a larger piece of wood. The tools were primitive compared to what I was used to, but these people had tools for hunting and chopping. Stacked on an upper rock shelf were arrows and a partially completed bow, the sinew string waiting to be attached. Nothing with metal, however. Whoever these people were, their life did not include the discovery and development of metal working.

What did this mean? There are people but nothing close to how we had developed. If the geology of the valley, the shape of the mountains and river, indicated that this land was not back in time; if the absence of structures indicated this was not forward in time; but, the sun, moon, stars, and other indications of geology, life, and fauna indicated a world the same as Earth, was this truly and really an alternate evolution of what Earth was or is or ...? An alternate reality of the same world whose evolution and sequences of environment and geologic formations were minutely different over series of events that led to this similar but different world. Is my mind going crazy? Am I losing control over my reasoning in the lack of human contact? I don't think so. I have not felt deprived or abandoned or hopelessly alone or hopelessly depressed. My subconscious mind has been working on these anomalies and inconsistencies as my conscious mind and body has focused on living and thriving.

My expedition to the valley to the east had been set on finding humans, but my search was focused on human things relative to the evolutionary progression that I knew. Power lines, lighting, large clusters of buildings, and roads. Based on the contents of this cave, humans haven't advanced that far yet. I will need to refine my focus in the future.

I stood and gazed around the room, at the floor around me, at the walls, having to fix my eyes on the locations my headlamp illuminated. Then I saw wooden bowls set into the walls at intervals. I took one down and examined it. Candles ... they made candles. A wick fashioned from bark strands set in a bowl of solidified fat. I lit them and the room came alive. I saw markings on the walls, like drawings. Some of the drawings were elaborate and detailed, some animals I recognized, a large bird was shown high above that I couldn't make sense out of. Some drawings were low on the wall and more primitive, less structured ... like children ... drawings by children duplicating the efforts of elders. This wasn't just a camp of hunters, but a location that housed at least one family and possibly a second. The rock wall in spots were worn smooth by repeated touching. The floor was smooth of sharp edges. This cave had been used over a continuous period.

There was a layer of dust, thick dust, over everything. I could see where Bo and I had walked and what we had touched. There were no other tracks or marks. It doesn't take long for a layer of dust to settle on things when living in the wild, but this was different. This has been quite a while. This was

far more than 'they just haven't returned from a hunting trip' length of time. Far more. But, not like archeological time. Not like a hundred years or even a generation. My gut feeling was that it was about 5 years of absence. Of course, that was only my guess, but it felt right. I had witnessed enough sites in the wild that had been used only seasonally or been abandoned for several years and decades. This felt like much less than a decade worth of absence. They had carefully organized their belongings, rolling the matts and hides, placing bowls on top of each other, standing tools and weapons against the walls, and leaving a pile of wood next to the fire pits as though they expected to return shortly or in another season. Yet, they didn't.

With one question answered, another opens: what happens to a whole group of people when all the evidence indicates they are intending to return? If they were nomadic, they would have taken more of their belongs. There was no indication of conflict, of fighting, or even illness. There were no bones of dead or broken weapons. If these were here, then there should be more in the region. More questions, more mystery, but an indication of more to this region than a completely primal environment. There were ... are? ... humans who were making a mark on their world. Perhaps, in time, I will get still more answers.

The cave was an enclosed room. I found no open thermal vents that might be a problem. Instead, heat from vents alongside the walls produced the heat which did radiate into the room. The temperature wasn't hot, just warm, comfortable without jackets and multiple layers. How it would be in the summer might be interesting. It might just be a constant temperature year round.

Bo and I did spent that night in the cave. I was a little nervous, even though there were no signs, that an animal might decide to also claim it, so I built a fire in the pit outside as a warning. The cave had many benefits that included all the practical elements of security, protection from the weather, room to move, light, and now more tools. An additional benefit was christened that very night. The shelter had been practical and effective. It protected from rain and snow and offered a level of insulation from cold and wind, but only marginally from the cold except for the fire and bundling under the bear coat. Although it would be toasty under the coat at night, dogs apparently aren't comfortable snuggling and ... being amorous under the covers. I either froze or we didn't do it in the severe cold. The cave with its warm, radiating walls and floor made it possible for us and we took advantage of the chance.

I unrolled two of the matts and lay them side by side, then a hide over them. I glanced to Bo and found him watching patiently. I thought for a moment that I was reading too much into his posture until I noticed the red tip of his cock sticking out of his sheath as I moved about the area. I went to him and chuckled as I kiss his snout, then stepped back and began removing layers of clothes, all the while facing him. It was an odd feeling. That first night felt kind of like sneaking into someone's house, wondering if they had been delayed and may come back at any time. But, very soon my mind would be preoccupied by something else entirely.

Layer after layer was removed until I dropped my pants and was completely nude in front of Bo. I moved to him, squatted down in front of him and kissed his snout, again. Then reached out my tongue to him and we touch tongues. When we separated, his nose was working and his head moved down following my scent. He gave my inside thighs quick licks as he moved closer to my pussy, which received several licks. He looked up at me like an unassuming lover wanting to know I was okay with this, okay with taking it further. With my hands on his head, I reverse dock-walked the few feet to the center of the matts, sat down, and leaned back onto one hand for support while the other was around his head, encouraging him between my legs, deeply between my legs and he willing obliged.

I transferred my remaining hand behind me for additional support. I wanted to watch him take me

orally, at least initially. As he began licking me, I made the decision, as my passion quickly rose, that this would be playful and teasing, that we would take our time and re-explore each other sexually. Being comfortable in the cold of winter seemed like an impossible thing after the days and nights of trying to manage the coldness that crept in from everywhere. I was going to enjoy this new opportunity to the fullest and I was going to make sure that Bo did, too.

Soon, I collapse onto my back while raising my knees and splaying them out to the sides, opening myself to the maximum extent possible. Bo only hesitated a split second as my legs moved, but seeing or sensing my effort to give myself more fully to him, his licking seemed to somehow become even more urgent and insistent. I reached down with my hands, touching his snout in the process of touching myself. He didn't even flinch or hesitate this time. I stroked my clit a few time, raising my hips off the floor, then moving my fingers to either side of my pussy I pulled the lips apart, truly opening my pussy to his searching and probing tongue. After repeated licks, his tongue somehow curled and probed into my hole, nearly bringing me to orgasm as his tongue came out and slide over my engorged clit.

I clamped my thighs against his head and my hands pulled him up. I didn't want to cum, yet. I wanted each of us to be teased and tortured, if possible, until we both came explosively together. That was my desire, anyway.

I encouraged him to lie down, I worked my way down his body and raised his rear leg, opening his exposed cock to me. I licked the tip to taste his pre-cum, then slipped the tip between my lips, and gently sucked the pre-cum from it. I removed my mouth and licked the exposed length and, in the process, seeing it grow more as I did. I engulfed his cock into my mouth and sucked voraciously at it and I felt it grow inside my mouth. I pulled back until just the tip was inside and I sucked at the pre-cum that had again formed, then plunged my head back down. Over and over, until I felt his cock twitch and the ball of his knot forming and push out from the sheath.

I pulled my mouth off him before he could cum, wanting him to feel the buildup and prolonged expectation just like happened to me. I rolled him onto his back and mounted him, staring down into his eyes. I could tell he was uncomfortable in this submissive position, but I was dying to try it. I lowered my drenched pussy to his cock and stroked it with my pussy, feeling it separating my lips as I glided over the length. But, he was too uncomfortable and scrambled out from under me. I calmed him with petting and whispering in to him, then maneuvered under him, taking his cock back into my mouth, holding my shoulders high enough with one elbow for support. I separate my legs and he seemed to get the idea. If we couldn't get into a 69 with me on top, maybe we could with him on top. It seemed to work, at least for a short while. It seemed to work until his excitement caused an instinctive thrust by his hips that drove his cock tip into my throat and caused me to instinctively gag. One instinctive reaction as the result of another. Maybe that was something we could work on.

My reaction, though, resulted in our separation, again. But, I needed my release and I was pretty sure he needed his, as well. I rolled out from under him and positioned myself on my hands and knees. He came to me without hesitation, licking my ass and finding my pussy and asshole. I slapped my ass to get his attention properly focused and waited for him to mount me, which he did. With a slight guidance from my hand, he slid into my already pulsing pussy. In one thrust he was deep into me, his already forming knot hitting my lips on the outside. We both seemed equally desperate for conclusion and he pressed at me to push his knot into me as I pressed back onto him to the same conclusion. Our shared efforts squeezed the ball of his knot past my stretched out pussy lips, filling me unbelievably with cock and knot. I cried out my pleasure, hearing the cry bounce back to me several times as it echoed around the cave walls, floor, and ceiling. His hips were flying at my ass in the short, constricted movements allowed by the knot embedded inside me. I felt his cock jerk wildly inside, his cock growing still larger and with the first spurt of his cum spraying against my pussy

walls, I came with him. I could feel my pussy wall clenching, spasming around his cock and knot, both pulsing inside me.

I howled into the flicking walls of the cave. I don't know how else to describe it; it almost scares me that my throat could generate such a sound. But, I did. My orgasm was intense and consuming and I pulled away from him as it hit me and I rock and rotated my hips and pelvis. The action had the effect of randomly pressing his knot against my g-spot, shooting new charges of sensation through my body.

I collapsed to my front, my ass and thighs being the only parts still off the ground and then only because I was tied to Bo. But, as my orgasm started dying, I rotated and pulled on the knot more, sending occasional new jolts into my body, causing my pussy to clamp tightly around him inside. Little by little, my pussy milked the last of his cum.

After Bo managed to pull himself out of me, struggled to my feet, but only to blow out all the candles except for one. I wanted some glimmer of light for later, for later when my eyes searched for recognition of where I was. Then I collapse onto the mat and rolled the bear hide over me.

* * *

It took days to move the old camp to the cave. I left the shelter in place since it might come in handy at some time. I could always move it, too, come spring and better weather, if the cave became too warm.

The cave became quite homey, partly because it was much easier to relax with fewer clothes and much more warmth. The light of candles at night and a separate space just outside to do major cooking, drying meat strips, and tanning hides while still warm made life much easier.

Bo and I were movers, though. Sitting around the warm cave passing the time just wouldn't work for us. It was much easier for us to explore our sexuality and that first night was only the new beginning for that. It didn't take us long after all to perfect our form of 69'ing. I was on the bottom, of course.

Sojourns outside were still a part of most days. It was just much easier when there was a warm home to return to. Winter and snow changed the outside world dramatically. I was sure the animal life wasn't actually more prevalent, but it seemed that way. The snow allowed for the tracks to mark every passing animal of size and between snows, it seemed as if there must be constant movement, even though we saw few actual sightings without effort.

We were investigating a little north of the cave, even further from the old shelter. I had been seeing wolf and deer tracks of late and I was interested in a deer if I could find its route and establish a good location to sit and wait.

Bo was slightly ahead of me on a trail we had taken previously. I was watching the tracks of deer, elk, wolf, and even bear. There was game to be had, but I was clearly not the only predator in these parts. I didn't intend to be competitive about a kill, there was plenty of game for the taking, if I was patient and planned properly. Bo and I haven't been hungry yet. What I really didn't want was to get into conflict with one of these other predators over food and for one of us to have to determine who really was at the top of the food chain. My Glock certainly tipped the scales, but I didn't like the idea of ruining the peace of the region by using it unless absolutely necessary. But, I did make it a practice to wear it on my right thigh under the bear hide coat. The wolves were more of a concern to me than the bears. The bear tended to hunt solitarily. The wolves hunted in packs and finding us surrounded by a hungry pack wasn't going to end well for me. I had little question about that, so I carried the Glock and I was cautious about observing the signs around me. But, sometimes, danger

comes in unexpected forms ...

Bo was stopped on the trail with his attention fixed across the lake. At this point, the lake was narrowing into the river so it was narrower, the water underneath would probably be running with something of a current and I would expect the ice covering the lake to be very thin. I followed his gaze and ducked down behind some brush. Across the expanse walked a wolf pack in single file along a trail. It would be one thing for them to see a 'black wolf' like Bo, but it would be entirely different to see me while covered in the bear hide.

Several of the large wolves did notice and stepped in front of the others to gaze across the icy separation of the lake surface. From what I could see, the pack looked to be made up of 3 large males and 2 smaller adolescent males, 3 mature females and 1 adolescent female with 3 pups. This was a larger pack, further evidence of the abundance of food in the region. Wolves can have a range of 50 to 100 miles, if necessary for their food. I suspected that wasn't necessary here. All the animals looked to be healthy with good looking coats.

The problem with the pack came in the form of a curious youngster. Despite the mature animals, what my eye was drawn to was the precocious young pup being repeatedly pulled back by a female. Then, for some reason, Bo made a move off the trail toward the lake edge. It was only a few paces, but it got the attention of all the adults. Lost at that moment was that same pup moving around the adults in front of it to the edge of the lake on their side. He was far too curious about this strange male on the other side and before the others pulled their focus off Bo, the pup was 5 feet out onto the snow covered lake ice. The pup wasn't small, probably 5 or 6 months old, and I hadn't realized that I was holding my breath out of fear. My analysis of the expected condition of the ice gave me more concern than the animals perhaps would. That was until the large male moved out onto the ice and went through on its first step. Now the pack was barking warnings and commands, but the pup was singularly focused on Bo. It was past the halfway point of the 20 foot separation between the two shores and creeping closer all the time. The female was prancing nervously along the edge while the others barked and growled out warnings and commands that only they understood.

I tried to breath, but it was difficult as I was expecting the pup to fall through the ice at any moment. When the fluffy grey body disappeared below the ice and snow surface, I stood up immediately, which caused even more concern on the other side. Then, confusion and quiet was on the other side. A glance took in a drama playing out in only a moment as the alpha turned to leave, half the pack initially following. But, the mother, probably the beta of the pack, growling in protest before running downstream where she might know the crossing to be safe. I shrugged off the bear hide, then the backpack. I knelt, retrieved the rope I carried, which was about 10 feet long and might just be long enough. I tied one end to a small tree trunk on the shore and the other end around my ankle. I quickly went 5 paces back and sprinted for the edge of the lake, hitting it in a prone glide with my arms and legs spread out to the sides to evenly distribute my weight over the surface. It wasn't a thought, just a reaction. I mistakenly didn't consider the ramifications, only reacting to save the pup.

I slid to a stop at the hole. My arm was underwater before I thought about a course of action, felt the wet fur, pulled it out and threw it toward shore in one smooth motion, not sure where the strength came from. Now I tensed. Now I had to turn around to return to shore. I never turned all the way before I too went through the ice. My eyes instinctively sought out Bo ... for help ... maybe to say goodbye, I could easily die in minutes in the icy water.

I saw Bo in the broken ice at the edge with the pup being pulled to land by the scruff of its neck. I grabbed the rope in my hands and started pulling desperately. Every couple feet I crashed through the ice again. I could feel the bottom under my numbing feet, pressing forward with my legs, and pulling the rope with my arms. Once on shore, I didn't hesitate. Stopping to shiver could be death. I

wrapped the pup in the bear hide and put Bo on top of it. I dropped to the snow and brushed away the covering until I found ground underneath and some dry leaves and kindling. I ran around the area in a frenzy, collecting twigs, sticks, and wood. Returning to the spot I dug out a lighter from my pack, started the kindling and leaves, then carefully added more twigs and sticks, and finally heavier wood. Bo moved as I approached. I reached inside the hide and pulled the pup to me and the coat over me as I huddled over the growing fire, pulling the pup between my legs and the coat over the two of us, trapping much of the heat under the coat. Within the next minute, I saw moisture evaporating in the warm air from the pup and felt the warmth seeping into my shivering body.

I sensed Bo walking around us as I pulled the coat further over us, obscuring more of my view while trying to capture even more of the warmth under the coat. I became more aware of movement and sounds outside the coat as my body recovered from both wet and cold. Then, I remembered the wolf pack and made the association. I raised the coat edge enough to see the heavy black fur of Bo's feet and legs pacing back and forth. I heard threatening growls to my left and saw Bo's feet go into position for an aggressive attack. I had always sensed that Bo would never be one to back away from a fight when he felt it was needed. I saw Bo's legs thrust him to the left and I raised the edge of the coat in response, needing to know what happened.

Instead of my eyes tracking Bo's aggressive movement to the left, however, I was faced, literally, with the growling, fang-baring snarl of a desperate female wolf. Separated by only 2 feet, I was staring face-to-face, eye-to-eye, with the pup's mother!

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## **Chapter 8**

Instead of my eyes tracking Bo's aggressive movement to the left, however, I was faced, literally, with the growling, fang-baring snarl of a desperate female wolf. Separated by only 2 feet, I was staring face-to-face, eye-to-eye, with the pup's mother!

I was sympathetic, but I was far more pragmatic. I understood the mother's wanting her young. But, I knew the young wolf would die of hypothermia, its young body would be no match for warding off its severely dropping core temperature. I had just risked my own life in a desperate reaction, how could I let it die now? I knew I was no match against her physically, but I knew that challenge in the wolf social structure wasn't always so much physical strength as much as the manner and effect of the challenge. I was a human expert on wildlife and their threatened status in the world had made them a priority in my study and focus. Now, I was thankful.

I raised the edge of the coat further so the mother could see the pup was not harmed. At the same time, I saw Bo and the alpha doing their threatening, fierce dance, both with their ruff in full bloom, teeth bared, and snarls filling the air. I returned my eyes to the mother at the same time I pulled the pup into my side and only a moment before I thrust my upper body forward a foot, my eyes intense, my long, wet hair matted over my face and wet body, my mouth open, my teeth showing, and my throat doing something I never believed it was capable of doing. The mother stopped, hesitated a moment, looked down at the pup protectively inside my arm, the steam visibly rising off both it and me, and looked at me.

At that moment, as if to reinforce the point, Bo leapt between us, putting his body in the way of the mother, forcing her to back away, while holding his aggressive posture against the alpha. There was another pause in the excitement, a still in the challenges and threats, and I held my breath ... again. There was no way we should have survived this challenge to a pack. It was stupid in the extreme. I should have released the pup for nature to take its course like it always would have. In the wild, only

half the pups born reach maturity simply because of food, predators, or situation exactly like this. That was possibly a reason why the alpha had been willing to leave the pup earlier. Then, when the female had rebelled, he felt it necessary to defend her. Now, he was faced with a problem. He was being openly challenged by this new male, this male with a strange female ... and his pack was watching.

As if he sensed an opening, Bo lunged at the alpha, his fangs bared and took hold of the other's neck. The alpha rolled and took a submissive posture, exposing his under side. In fact, few challenges for supremacy in packs are decided by outright battle victories. The outcome is normally decided before a fatal wound is achieved by either combatant.

Such was the outcome here. Bo had successfully protected me and by extension, the pup. What followed wasn't expected, however, at least by me.

Bo continued his protective, aggressive stance, continuing his dominance in the situation. I could see the mother's feet moving anxiously by looking under Bo's body. I pushed his hip forward, toward the alpha. He looked back at me, confused, but just as I raised the coat to my shoulder to the mother. She looked at me, to the pup, the fire, and back to me. I held the coat up over the pup and reached out my other hand in a gesture. She looked at the pup and me, as if making a decision. She looked at the alpha, maybe former alpha to her, then stepped tentatively toward me. I reached my head out to her, pushing nose toward her in a greeting move common among wolves. Bo fidgeted nearby but trusted me more than instinct at this point in our life together. She looked again at the male, then moved cautiously until her head was under the coat and made the same greeting to the pup, but this time with much more comfort, familiarity, and tenderness. She never again looked back at the male, but settled into licking pup. I lowered the coat to trap more of the heat coming from the small fire and, although nervous, she remained licking the pup.

Normally, challenges within the pack are handled by the two males and not by the pack and I trusted that this would end up the same way. Bo had established his dominance and the issue should be settled. What was going to happen with the mother and pup, I wasn't sure. I expected her to rise and pull the pup out by the scruff of its neck. Instead, she settled next it, providing her own body heat to that from the fire. There was movement of several feet in the snow and my tension increased again, but the female near me seemed at ease.

I raised the coat edge slowly, prepared to pull it down, if necessary. The heavy hide might actually provide protection if I was wrong and the pack decided to intervene, but Bo didn't seem to be agitated at all. When I had the coat raised enough to see, I found Bo standing in front of 3 adults and the 2 remaining pups huddled next to the remaining female. All of the adults were the younger ones I had identified as adolescent, but now seeing them as mature, but young. I looked at the mother and back to them. If she was the beta of pack, these were probably also her offspring. Bo was moving to each of the adults and making the greeting with each as I had done with the mother. He lowered his head toward the pups and the first one reached out with a paw and touched him. Bo nuzzled him to the ground, which brought the other one, sensing a playful moment that was normally rare among the adults. I smiled and laughed, which brought attention from the mother. I had seen this behavior from Bo before with young dogs and children. The mother looked at me, perhaps deciding my reaction and behavior was okay, and returned to the pup in our care.

That was when it hit me ... were we a pack? These had accepted us as their new pack? They accepted Bo as the alpha and chose him over their previous alpha. And, if Bo was the alpha ... that made me the beta, and it explained the mother's checking my reactions and accepting the strange caring of her pup. Fire is something they would instinctively avoid and would have no conception of usefulness. But, she was allowing it, despite her natural reluctance.

Bo came to stand in front of us and repeated the approach to the mother. The mother surprised me. The others responded in acceptance of Bo, but the mother seemed eager. She stretched her head to him, they touched noses, and she sat next to me and looked to me. I was unsure what she wanted until she stretched out her head to me. I met her with a touch, I then moved a hand to her neck and stroked it. Put a hand to the pup and urged it between her legs. She bent her head, licked the top, and leaned to me for another touch. What occurred to me was that she was accepting me as the dominant female.

Bo nudged me and I knew it was time to leave. It wasn't going to get any warmer and we had a little trek to get back to the cave. I stood, kicked snow over the fire, put the backpack on, then the bear skin coat, and picked up the pup before following Bo back along the trail we had taken earlier in the day. After about 100 feet, I looked back to find that the 4 adults and 2 pups were indeed following right behind us, traveling in the same single-file that I had noticed earlier of the old pack. As we walked, my mind was buzzing with what all this meant, how this was going to work, what life was going to be like, and how does a 21st century girl suddenly become a wolf-woman in a wolf pack.

When we climbed through the gap into the area outside the cave, the wolves were noticeably nervous about the warmth emanating from inside it. I entered the cave and that again seemed to make it acceptable, especially when the little one I rescued followed me inside. The other two pups weren't far behind and I led them up onto the raised flat part. The females followed and preened over the pups. The 2 males stayed outside with Bo.

I started going over in my mind what all this was becoming. By nature, the wolf pack social structure was interesting. How was this going to work with a human involved. They didn't seem to react with a natural fear of me, which might mean that humans weren't so prevalent in the region that they necessarily feared them. I went to our store of jerky and distributed some to each animal. They sniffed it suspiciously. Bo was used to seeing this as food and it was rich in protein, but it wasn't a natural form for meat. I was sure they would adapt, however. And they did. It also kept the young ones busy gnawing on the tough strips of dried meat.

Before sitting with the females, I stripped out of my still wet clothes and put on some dry jeans and tee shirt. They watched me and I was confident they were trying to figure out the new situation, too. It maybe wasn't in the same logical analysis that I tried to employ, but in their own way their eyes showed curiosity about me.

How would this work, especially considering the unique relationship Bo and I had already established?

Wolves reach maturity by 2 years of age and as I looked at the younger adults compared to the 6 or 7 month old pups, I was convinced that they were mature. Maturity in wolves, even in terms of mating, can be realized from 18 months to 2 years. At maturity they can stay or leave the pack to establish their own or join another. It is more common for males to leave and rare for a female with pups to leave. Perhaps because of the dynamics of the situation: the alpha ready to leave the pup; my willingness to risk my life to help the pup; and, Bo's successful challenge of the alpha. Whatever the exact reasons and motivations, Bo and I went from an intimate life to a complex social structure in a single day.

Within any pack is the dominant male who is the alpha and the dominant female who is the beta, at least referred as such in science. Bo had successfully established himself as the alpha and it appear that the others were willing to accept me as the beta. I wondered how secure that was, though. The social structure of a wolf pack is one of the most fascinating that has ever been observed in science. They have a very strict level of hierarchy that has to be adhered to by all of the members of the pack.

This allows the pack to survive as conditions in the environment change. This social structure has a responsibility for all the members of the pack. The youngest has the least responsibility and that can become a motivation for leaving the pack. All wolves in the pack help in the raising of the young, but it is the females and especially the young females who will end up filling a 'babysitter' role when the other members go out to hunt. In packs, it is the alpha and beta who eat first before the rest. Bo and I share everything, the riches and spoils, and that part of pack life will be different for these wolves who are now in our life.

It was several nights later that I made a point that Bo and I mate. It was a strange sensation, knowing that the rest of the pack might or was watching us. I needed to establish my place in the pack and not rely on it coming from Bo. When it comes to the actual mating within the pack, only the lead male and female normally do so. That is why it is often hard to get the number of wolves to increase in the wild. Even though a pack may have up to twenty members in it, only two of them are actually taking part in the mating process. It controls the size of the pack so food resources within a territory can be sufficient. It is a natural order of pack life. I guess I was insecure just enough that I wanted it known that I was Bo's mate and properly seal my position in the pack. It might be possible to send the pack off to establish their own little pack or to rejoin the another one, but there was something about belonging to a larger group that appealed to me in a way that it never had in civilization. Before, as the 21st century girl, I was content to be a loner and independent, to rely on my own wits and resources while also knowing that a larger society was available should I ever need it. Here, there was no fall back security net to rely on, it was only how we managed in the wild. The pack provided more hunting capability, companionship, and security in numbers. There was something very appealing about the pack life. But, I was a human among them, not like them at all. They seemed to accept me, but I knew I needed to take doubts away and firmly establish myself. I felt that mating would be a step in that direction.

That night I don't think Bo was any more comfortable about it than I was when I rolled over to him. We were curled on mats next to each other as had become our habit. The females and pups were further in the cave while the other two males were curled near the door. Perhaps that was what the pack habits, to protect the females and young. For some reason, my mind wasn't pulling up that piece of information. But, when I rolled to Bo, stroking his side and down onto his belly, he stretched out, partially rolling onto his back to allow better access. The cave was quiet, or as quiet as it is with 8 wolves of various ages and one human can make it. I stroked him on his belly, reaching further and further down, as I hugged my naked body into him. He was enjoying it, as he always did. When I reached his sheath, I also felt the tip of his cock poking out. I smiled and was pleased that this wasn't a problem for him, that my familiar actions were still wanted. Why was I so insecure? I had been his steady lover for months ... but, now there were females of his own species ... and it made me wonder, I had to know my position. It wasn't like I was necessarily going to run off and sulk; I just needed to know how I would fit into this pack, this social structure. I was alone here; the pack was good for me ...

As I stroked his cock tip and sheath, his cock continued to grow. I smeared pre-cum over the emerging cock flesh as it came into my contact. I licked his lips and moved my way down his body. I raised to my knees and stroked down his belly until I could take his cock tip into my mouth. I sucked him further in, tasting his pre-cum, and greedily trying to extract more from his rapidly growing cock. Once again, there was a single candle-bowl lit and I had strategically placed it over our mats. At the time, I wanted it plain and clear to all the others what we were doing. Now, as I knelt next to Bo's hind quarters, my naked butt sticking up in the air, and my face eagerly working his cock, I felt embarrassed at such a blatant demonstration.

I was far too excited now, though, to turn back. And, Bo certainly was. Maybe, the idea of being watched increased my arousal that much more. When he was completely out, I knelt up and took the



moment to peek. It was clear that all the adults were paying attention. This shouldn't be unusual for them since in the pack, only the alpha and beta do the mating. The others are left ignoring it, but aware of it. This was my life now and the issues of pack life would be resolved.

I turned my full attention to Bo and allowed these other thoughts to leave my mind for the time being. Bo had rolled to face me and licked my knee and thigh. I turned on my hands and knees and presented my ass to him, indicating my desire for mating, and he wasn't hesitating, despite the new situation. He approached me with licks to my thighs and ass, then walked around me as if to identify me as his before jumping onto my back and probing my ass with his cock. I used my hand as always and he slipped into me easily and cleanly. I loved this feeling of his cock inside me, growing steadily as he pumped his hips at me with increasing frenzy. We have been in this place for nearly half a year already, and this feels like it is the most natural activity in the world. I press back onto him in my desire, just as he is pounding into me. There is no bothering on my part to match his rhythm of thrusts, that would be impossible. He pumps into me at a pace that seems crazy, frantic, and unnatural, but only unnatural for a human. Human perspectives are dissolving more and more into unimportance and the short time in the pack has accelerated that. But, rather than trying to match his thrusts, I press back solidly, holding a rigid position for him to fuck into because that is what this really is. He is fucking me, he is claiming me with this animalistic mating process of canines and I love it, I want it, and I desire it.

I feel his knot forming and pressing against my pussy, seeking to gain access to my pussy so he can consummate our mating with his seed washing my pussy and womb. The mere thought pushes me closer to my orgasm and it is a steady increase as my pussy lips are stretched with each successive effort from the two of us. When the knot enters me as if popping through a too-tight opening, I moan loudly and press back onto him as he presses into me. With each abbreviated thrust of his cock in the constricted space available, I feel his cock and knot increasing in length and size, creating a feeling of being filled and that feeling continues to increase as he swells steadily. I have lost track of time, a minute or much, much longer, I feel his cock jerk inside me. I feel a last swelling of both his cock and knot and I know he is about to cum. I push back against him, feeling him deeper inside me, and then pull away as he tries to pull back for another thrust. The intensity of the two feelings, pressing his tip deeply into me and my pussy being pulled outward, are all it takes and I explode over his cock and knot, drenching them with my fluids, and my pussy walls and lips contracting, spasming around him. I don't even feel that final jerk of his cock signaling his climax, but I do feel his cum spurting into my pussy, then another, and another. It feels like so much; I can't help but wonder if he is also stimulated by the others nearby.

As I lay in the dark cave, I am on my side along Bo's back with an arm lying over his body as his chest slowly rises and falls. My mind just won't stop. There is so much to consider now that the other wolves have decided to join Bo's pack. It wasn't an invitation. He was protecting me, not overtly challenging the alpha for control. The others saw the conflict differently, however. They rejected the other alpha and chose a new alpha. Now we are a pack, like it or not. The issue of the pack was resolved, though. It was decided, assumed, or just understood. They may not have survived alone. The oldest males were just barely adults. They needed to be part of a pack and as I recognized before, the idea of a larger community had a strong appeal to me now that it was here, and now that I had some experience with it.

I doubted myself as the beta in the pack and that had projected onto my thoughts of the others, particularly the mother wolf. She was the former beta of the pack; I was sure of it. My doubts were never reflected from her, however. She was the first to accept me and trust in me. She trusted me with her pup while we were still at the lake. She trusted that my use of fire was a good thing for it. So, I was the beta and I would start acting like it.

I was uncomfortable, though. I can accept Bo as the alpha. I will have to accept that I am the beta. I will do my part in making the pack a cohesively functioning group, depending and giving to each other within the pack. All of that I was accepting as my thoughts and emotions became focused and attuned to our future.

I had a primary concern about the natural order of wolf packs, however. I love mating with Bo. I know Bo loves mating with me. As we were knotted tonight, while still in a glow of euphoria, I couldn't help extending my thoughts. Pairing in the wolf social structure can be long-term, but not necessarily monogamous. Wolf mating occurs for the exclusive purpose of breeding. The female goes into heat for about 3 weeks in late winter, sometime between February through March. That is the time of breeding within the pack. The normal social order is that only the alpha and beta breed. Even though other females go into heat, they are not mated unless the alpha decides the region can support a much larger population in the pack. The females carry the pups for about 2 months before giving birth in early spring, April through May. Generally, she will have 4 to 6 pups per litter with a high mortality rate before reaching adulthood.

What was my primary concern, then? There were two very related concerns. If Bo and I were to continue mating, and we definitely were, then why not the others. Wolves didn't only mate when the female was in heat because that was the only time they could. It has been observed both in captivity and the wild that mating can occur at other times. Rather, it is a natural control for the pack that becomes instinctual, part of the DNA, that mating is for breeding and breeding only occurs with a female in heat. My heart nearly skipped beats at the thought of introducing the adults to openly mating within the pack.

The other concern: controlling breeding. How do you introduce the freedom to mate while still controlling breeding? Planned Parenthood does not have a clinic nearby.

The start of heat should still be at least a moon off. I smiled as I curled even closer to Bo and unconsciously rubbed my groin into his back. First things, first. I rubbed my mound into the fur of his back, again. Yes ... first things first ...

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Chapter 9

It didn't take me long to fully bring the other wolves into our world and to accept them as family. Bo and I had survived and, indeed, thrived in our half year or so in this land. I felt content and adjusted with only Bo as my companion. He provided a measure of security and companionship beyond our sexual relationship, which had matured beyond the titillation of the taboo of human mated by canine. The other wolves brought a different feeling with them. It changed the relationship between Bo and me slightly, now having others to consider in our daily life and activity, but it also brought a higher level of comfort and security. I didn't think any of the other younger males were as physically intimidating or powerful as Bo, but numbers always seem to bring a feeling of greater security.

Beyond the simple security feeling, life in general took on a different feeling. The wolves clearly had accepted me and my position in the pack. The relationship between Bo and me was clearly strong and they were soon as relaxed with me as Bo was. Certainly, part of that was my reaction to them, providing strokes, pets, and scratches when they were close, just as I provided to Bo. I was impressed with Bo's reaction to it all as the relationships quickly evolved. Bo didn't appear to be threatened by the attention I gave the others. I couldn't recall a moment of conflict. Maybe that is the way packs are.

Each wolf had distinct markings I used to easily identify them. Being human, I soon felt the need to use names even if my use of spoken English became less and less. As I used sentences of language less and less, I still felt compelled to use a word or phrase on occasions and the use of a name made moments personal and intimate. So, I came up with names for all of them. Within a short time, they were reacting to them. I kept all the names simple and short in keeping with Bo's name.

* The oldest of the wolves was a female and mother of the three pups. It was possible that she was the mother of all the wolves that joined us and was the connection motivating the others to follow her. She is slightly smaller than Bo with silver grey coloring. She is slightly darker over her head and down her back. It was an attractive combination. I called her "Ma".

* The younger female I called "Dau", since I made the assumption that the three younger adults were from a previous litter of Ma, therefore, is the daughter. She is a light grey and having similar darkness over her back like Ma.

* The young males are named at random as "Uno" and "Dos". It seemed silly but the wolves certainly wouldn't understand that. These two were nearly identical in size and coloring. They were still slightly smaller than Ma while maturing to full size. They were dark grey over their entire bodies, except for lighter coloring on their undersides. They both had a white mark on their chest just below the neck. The only difference between them was that Uno had a smaller mark than Dos.

* The pups are clearly the offspring of Ma. The others just seemed that way to me. The two males are called "Ram" and "Que". Ram is the rambunctious pup that started all this by trying to cross the lake to Bo and me. Que is quiet, but not a pushover. He might be more reserved than Ram, but holds his own in play and wrestling. The female pup is called "Gen". She is gentle and attentive, a different personality entirely. It is as though she understands she is learning from Ma and Dau rather than the males of the pack. When I am quiet, she is often near me or Ma. When she gets into play, though, she can be every bit as aggressive as her brothers.

It took me a number of nights to work up the courage. This was not something I could discuss with Bo, first. In fact, it occurred to me how little speech was a part of my existence, any longer. Everyone talks to their dogs. I did and continued to for a long time. I found that inflection and tone were the signals that Bo understood more than the words. I was using words less and less.

First things, first. Open mating among the adults was not going to work, if Bo wasn't on board with it. He was the alpha, but he was much more than that to me.

If I had any question about how much communication happens in the animal world beyond verbal, it was plain to me that night. I was nervous, anxious, and aroused. I fidgeted and made quick, then hesitant movements as I felt the time arriving. The pups were deep in the cave as normal and they were quiet. I was with Bo near the top of the slope to the main living area. The males mistook my intention from the earlier night and moved to the entrance to the cave. The females moved likewise but further into the cave, short of the pups but providing an additional line of security to young. I was looking at Bo intently, as if he might read my mind and help me through this. He only returned my gazing with looks of confusion.

I cooed into the side of his head and ear as I stroked his neck and side. I was anxious to see this happen, though, and it wasn't long before my strokes went underneath to his belly as he sat in front of me. I was naked, which was undoubtedly another signal to the others. I touched his sheath, stroked the outside of it several times and was rewarded with the touch of his cock tip coming out. I cooed more into his ear, the kind of sounds with the same tone that might have been used when I used words. One hand was holding the side of his head while the other was stroking him, again using his pre-cum for lubrication as I began stroking the cock as it emerged. He impulsively jerked his hips, driving his cock through my hand and I knew it was time that we could mate. But, this night he was not going to mate with me.

I was surprised by the emotions going through. I believed this would be a positive and powerful benefit to the pack, a new and different element of life that would bind the pack together stronger than the dominance used in nature's packs. But, at the same time, Bo was the only male in my life that I have physically loved who had become truly special. And, he was the only canine I had any experience with. There was a sense of loss, jealousy, and possessiveness passing through me. Following those feelings, though, was a sense of excitement, inclusion, and benevolence. If it was accepted.

I made a sharp sound close to 'here', a sound to indicate more the desire for attention than for an action. My human language had less meaning as time went on. I never really knew how much Bo understood beyond the tones, attitude, and repetition. Now, with the new animals in our group, there was less reason to rely on a language form they had no understanding of, much less awareness of. As I stood, I did have the attention of all the adults, the pups remaining quiet and curled together.

I kissed Bo on the snout, an act that meant something to us, and moved to the mother wolf. She sat up as I approached. She was smaller than Bo by several inches but still larger than the young males by about the same amount. The young female being slightly smaller than the males. I put my hand on the back of her head and encouraged her forward, encouraged her to Bo. She stopped in front of Bo and ... nothing ... nothing happened. They weren't understanding what I was intending at all. How do I go about explaining the concept of mating with others? I was not only trying to indicate that it was okay for Bo to have a different female besides me, I was also breaking down core element of pack social structure and behavior that a female other than the beta would be mated, and that this mating could occur without the female being in heat. How do you argue those points without the ability to communicate?

The only thought that came to my mind seemed so demeaning of Ma, but I finally rationalized that we were in an animalistic situation, even for me. I turned her around so her ass was pointing to Bo and he looked at me, then to Ma. I scratched Ma's ears as I raised her tail to Bo. He looked, leaned forward and sniffed. I moved my scratching hand underneath her and slid it down her belly and between her legs. She flinched when I came into contact with her vulva and her head turned to me. I removed my hand and went to her head, cooing into her ears and looking intently into her eyes.

I looked over her to Bo and she turned her head to follow my gaze. Bo seemed to be focused on her rear as though he was working something out in his brain. He finally looked up and glanced from me to Ma and back to me. I smiled and nodded while stroking Ma about the head and neck. She followed his look back to me and I gave her the same smile. I felt extremely silly at this point, as if by sheer force of will this communication was going work.

Then, she did three amazing things. First, after looking me in the eyes, she turned to Bo, stepped to him and reached her snout to him. He reached his snout to her and they first touched, then they licked each other. Did she do this because she saw Bo and me doing it or was this also a sign of affection for canines? Second, she turned back to me and repeated the motion. I reached my face forward and touched noses and tongues. Third, she looked to the other adult wolves as if foreseeing how the future was changing and somehow signaling to the younger ones. Then she lowered her front to her elbows so her rear was the highest part of her and raised her tail, exposing herself to Bo. The rest, as they say, came naturally. He probed at her ass a number of times before finding her opening, but he eventually did. They had both mated before and it didn't take long for them to be deeply involved in their own activities.

I thought about that poking and that I use my hand to assist him. In nature that certainly isn't done ... the females don't have hands to assist with. To me, though, it isn't a matter of him eventually

finding my pussy and penetrating, I want it to happen as smoothly as possible. Their hard cocks are indeed hard, pointy, and it hurts a bit as he probes. Another advantage of the opposable thumb.

I touched Ma's head as I moved to the next two. Success was going to my head. Ma had mated before, which was the reason I chose her. Now, could that example properly motivate and lead the others? Dau and Dos were sitting next to each other and had been attentively watching. Even where they were sitting I could see that this had an effect on Dos. The tip of his cock was out from his sheath. This seemed to have produced an anticipation among them by the unexpected participation of Ma. Now I was looking to the young adults and they seemed to be willing.

I moved Dau in front of Dos. She looked at me, then to where Ma and Bo were, well into their mating, and again to me. Suddenly, I felt a pang of guilt and trepidation. What if she didn't want to and she was going to be taken against her will? This wasn't a situation where I could assure her and give assurance that she could stop simply by saying 'stop'. But, I needn't have worried. Whether it was just animal need, following the example of others, or physical need for satisfaction, she reacted similarly as Ma had just done. She lowered her front and raised her rear, raising her tail in the process to display her readiness, an action normally only performed during heat.

With Dos approaching her, I wasted no more time and approached Uno like a bitch in heat. Just thinking and planning all this had me dripping. Walking and encouraging each mating coupling had my legs wobbly in anticipation of my own desperate need for satisfaction. I treated Uno no different than the other females were able to treat their partners. I spent no time kissing, stroking, or manipulating his body or sheath. When I was in front of him, I dropped to my knees, turned and went to my hands with my ass pointing him. Just to make it the same, I went to my elbows so my ass was the highest part of me, just like the other two females. Tonight I wanted to be taken just like Ma and Dau would be taken, taken like bitches, the same as any other female in the pack. There would be other times when I would use my human abilities on each of the males that would differentiate me sexually from the others. But, not tonight. Tonight I was just another bitch.

I felt Uno's nose at my ass, sniffing me. If he had any experience in mating, which I doubted, my scent had to be different. The difference didn't bother him, though, if it was. He was quickly on my back. I was about to be mated by another canine. A devilish smile formed on my face because canines were likely to be my only mates from now on. And, I already knew from my experiences with Bo that canine mating presented no let down in that regard.

Because I could, I slipped my hand between my legs and assisted his entrance into me. I was looking to be fucked, not poked more than I needed to be. I felt his cock slid onto my fingers and I just guided it to my pussy. It didn't take any holding, just forming a guide for his cock to slide along and bump into my pussy. A move and adjustment and he was inside me. I knew this was his first time when he paused upon entering me. It was like, 'Ohhhhh ... this is good!' Then, his hips started thrusting like crazy, like Bo did ... like I now assumed all canines did. It's as if when they enter a pussy, something shorts inside their brains and all signals to their hips is locked on high speed. It's an amazing ... beyond amazing ... feeling.

He was an eager boy that was for sure. His cock grew inside me with almost an urgency of its own. So much more than I had experienced with Bo. I imagined that taking his virginity would make it different next time, whichever of us was coupled with him. But, this time, I was glad it was me. It was intense and more primal than I had ever felt it previously. He banged into me with force and energy, thrusting and pressing. I felt his knot forming quickly and hitting me on the outside of my pussy, banging against my lips, as if trying to punch into me. He pressed at me with the ancient instincts guiding him, that a proper mating required a tying, knotting himself inside his bitch to hold his seed inside so the womb would be properly saturated. At the moment with this young, urgent,

and driven male experiencing probably his first mating, it was with me, and all those feelings were washing over me, as well. A female of the pack being mated, about to be knotted and seeded, my womb washed with him. It was wild, primal, and exciting. I cried out as his knot stretched me further and further. I pushed onto him, feeling him pressing into me, the two of us singularly focused on achieving this coupling completely.

I felt his front legs loosen, felt his body slide inches further onto me, and then his front legs clamping tightly around me, again. He had gained a slight amount of additional leverage and the knot popped past my constricted lips and I howled at the sudden fullness and increased depth of penetration. He didn't realize his motion would be restricted by the knot, but he continued to try to pull back to drive into me. In the one motion pulling my lips out from my body and then driving back into me.

I felt his cock twitch and I said a quiet 'thank you'. I wanted this first time, especially, to be in unison and I was so close to cumming that it was making me quiver with need. I concentrated and focused to delay as long as I could until I didn't think I could any longer without bursting at my seams. Then, I felt it. First, a swelling of both his cock and knot, then a violent jerk from his cock inside me. He stopped, laid his body on my back and pressed hard against me, holding his cock inside me, as deeply as he could, another instinctive reaction to seed his bitch. And, just to make sure, I pressed back against him and came ... exploded! Even through my own orgasmic bliss, I felt his first spurt as his cock jerked and twitched inside and his seed coated my walls and womb. Time after time he spurted, filling me with his cum as my pussy clenched and clamped in spasms around him, as if my body wanted all that his body could give me.

During my orgasm, my body had dropped to the floor of the cave, no longer supported by my elbows my breasts and face were pressed into the floor with my ass stuck up in the air, tied to this new mate obscenely. My eyes closed, I was aware that he didn't turn but remained on my back. Perhaps not having any sense or need to feel a threat might be eminent, or maybe he had seen Bo do the same thing. In situations of comfort and security, I had encouraged Bo to remain on my back so I could feel his furry body on my bare back, feel his powerful body, and feel his heavy breathing quiet into easy and even breaths. For whatever reason that he remained on top of me, it felt nice. I reached back and stroked his side with one hand, the other moving under my head to ease my breathing as it lay in the dirt of the floor.

A smile spread over my face and the reason was clear in my mind. It had worked. I couldn't believe, with all my fussing and worry, how easy it had ultimately been. I opened my eyes as I felt Uno test the tie once again. His knot was firmly lodged inside me and the sensation of his pull was delicious, a combination of movement within my pussy still feeling the effects of the orgasm and the psychological awareness of being joined in this way to a canine.

I opened my eyes and focused on what was before me. I saw Dau and Dos curled together before me, peaceful and quiet but their eyes on me. I moved slightly to peer ahead of me and found Ma and Bo similarly at rest. As I moved to look directly at Bo, he rose and what happened next surprised me. He stood, bent down and licked the face of Ma before coming to me and licking my face. The bond between Bo and me made that reasonable. What surprised me, though, was when Ma rose, waited alongside Bo, then licked him before lowering her head to lick my face as I lay on the floor still tied to Uno. The other two duplicated the actions and in the midst of it, I felt licks from Uno on my shoulder and neck, parting my long hair to touch my skin.

With my love and fascination of hiking and the mountain wilderness, wolves were always a particular interest and attraction in my studies of wildlife. This was new behavior, never covered in those studies and speculations of wolf behavior. My smile grew larger with a deep sigh of contentment and

accomplishment. I knew the bond in our pack was unique, secure, and strong.

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## Chapter 10

If the time Bo and I had spent in this place and reality didn't change my perspective enough, the time since forming the pack was like stomping down on the accelerator of a high performance car, add to that a car with a nitrogen fuel-injection system.

While it was Bo and me establishing ourselves in this place, there was always a connection to our past while we acted as survivalist in the wilderness and constant companions as much as was possible within society. There was a stubborn sense of the 'pet' relationship from before. That relationship became confused and complicated as we became intimate. As the weeks and months passed, I struggled with keeping perspective of time and changes. On the one hand, I seemed to adapt to the wild easily and well, but there was always a part of me that struggled with keeping track of time and events related to time. It was a losing struggle, of course, one that I soon gave up trying to maintain, like a calendar tracking of check marks carved into wood.

Before the wolves, it still nagged at me, even though I was frustrated in my ability to track the passage of time. That changed with the pack. I had been successful in breaking down the natural hierarchical structure of the wolf pack without allowing anarchy to take its place. Leadership was still required and that was still filled by Bo and me. The successful introduction of mating by all adults was very influential in the transition. It broke down the barrier of alpha/beta dominance and preferential status and created an environment of inclusion and acceptance. Males were still protectors and females were still nurturers, but within those loose categories was mutual support and sharing.

Living with one animal, a long-time pet and companion, is much different than becoming a part of a group of 8 animals, all living in a close and sharing family-like structure. My sense of time and the ways of my past melted into the background of my consciousness until it was nearly gone, but never quite gone. I was still human despite how much I accepted and adapted to the ways of living wild and natural. The day was based on simply the appearance of light, high light, and the fading of light. Multiple days were broken by darkness and new days. Weeks meant nothing specifically. I no longer bothered with tracking the number of days for weeks. What difference did it make in the wild if the day was Monday or the weekend? Instead, the passage of large segments of time were noticed, more than measured, by the phase of the moon, the appearance of new moons, or the changing seasons. The changing moon from Last Quarter to New to First Quarter to Full were roughly a week apart and a full moon cycle was roughly a month.

A critical element of our success as a group became clear with the two females mating: control of our population. There was much to learn about pack life from my perspective. Food and living were essential considerations. Packs frequently roamed their territory for food. Packs were known to have ranges as large as 50 to 60 miles or more depending on their size and the abundance of food. The availability of warm and secure living in our cave located in a confined valley had much appeal to me, especially the human me. Selfishly, I had a strong preference to limit the growth of the pack to manage the comfort within the cave. It might be that other caves existed in the immediate area that were as yet undiscovered. This one had been unknown to me despite trekking near it several times before Bo found it that snowy day.

Was it selfish to want to limit the breeding in the pack? Could it be managed effectively so the females had the opportunity without running amok with our eagerness to mate? The adults took to

mating with a relish. They all had to sense that it was unusual, but they all showed their eagerness without dominance. It was curious and somewhat amusing to see Ma or Dau approach one of the males, rubbing alongside them, tails raised high, and flaunting their interest.

That was the thought process that led to my taking control of the situation, or at least, manipulating the situation. Yes, it was unilaterally taking control of something that affected the pack, but ... I rationalized that I was still the only one with the logical analysis skills and directional capability to maneuver the others away from primal instinctual behavior. Besides, I thought the resolution was very creative and a rational compromise. The pack needed to reproduce, not merely to grow but to have fresh blood and replace members. Wolf life expectancy was considerably shorter than what I hoped mine was, so if the pack was my future, it needed to sustain itself into the future. We had a defensible den and plentiful food sources in our own isolated valley, much less in the more extensive valley to the east and what lay further north and south were yet to be discovered.

I decided after due consideration and analysis that every other breeding cycle could be skipped. The three young ones now would be turning a year with the coming birthing season. If this next cycle was skipped and every other one afterward, the pack would only have one litter of young at any time, which seemed perfect to me. But, we didn't need 6 to 12 pups each year from 2 breeding females, with the number of females increasing in coming years.

My solution seemed so simple. It just had to be communicated and introduced with enough time to be reinforced by the time the first went into heat sometime between the start of February and the end of March. Since finding myself in this place and losing the ability to rely on calendars, I came to find that my period would come sometime around the third quarter of the moon. My period had always been regular, except that time when I was a freshman, which taught me a lesson in responsibility. The time was coming and our sex life in the pack was strong since that first night. My plan was to use my time in my period as the model for future behaviors.

When my period came, I made a point of all the adults seeing it. To them it should have had a similar appearance as their females going into heat. The bloody discharge being very similar indicators. And perhaps it really is true for human females, as well. In the wolves, the discharge is the indication that the heat is approaching but it is up to the female if she is ready or inclined to mate. That would no longer be the issue with our females. The issue with ours was for them NOT to mate and for the males NOT to approach them. Each time there was interest in the pack for mating, usually in the evening after settling down the young ones, I indicated my messy crotch and refused firmly. Wolves are smart animals and it didn't take them long until they would come to me, check visually and then by scent before approaching me. I purposely delay for a time after that because the females would stop discharging when they were likely to be at their most fertile. It wasn't perfect and might take some control from me to enforce, but it was worth a try.

I had several moon cycles to set the training before Dau went into heat, first. For the week or so that I was in my period, the whole group refrained from sex. It really wasn't what I intended but I quickly saw the advantage in group abstinence for when the others started. It meant that from the time that Ma or Dau entered her heat and the other finished hers, the group would be abstinent for nearly a full moon cycle and two quarters, at least 6 weeks in our time.

I had a lot of time to put my attention and focus on other activities. Primary of them was the dynamics of the pack and the evolution of my attire. While I could be happy with the dried jerky as a mainstay of protein intake, it was quickly clear that the wolves were hunters who preferred the kill and fresh meat. Their normal behavior was to roam the region, hunt for prey, and kill to eat. Their bodies were made for the cold days and nights in the winter, sometimes even covered by fresh snow. The very young would remain in the birthing den, but these three were no longer very young and



could weather a certain amount of cold with the adults. It was, however, part of the reason that mortality was so high among the young. I knew that being a part of the pack meant to be part of the pack and that meant during the bad parts, as well.

A sort of unspoken compromise was derived in the process. I joined them on their hunts, even spending several nights out. It was always a few nights at a time, however. For one thing, the wildlife was abundant enough that longer times weren't required. For another, my skill with the bow made the hunt faster and surer.

I also knew, though, that I needed the hides and body parts for the other major activity I was focusing on. That was my clothing, or I should say my covering. I was no longer even sure how long it has been: 6 months, 7 months, something like that. The most dramatic changes in me have occurred since the pack formed, however, and that is a much more recent period. It was a change that I didn't even recognize was occurring until my mind was working on designing and creating coverings for myself. Not just for winter and cold, but also the coming spring and warmer temperatures.

It wasn't that I was turning into an animal, I wasn't and I knew that. What was happening, though, was that I was comfortable living with animals, living like an animal, and living with the freedom of animals. I shed layers of my human self, like peeling back the layers of an onion, stripping away the fears, self-consciousness, and doubts. I assisted in the hunts, sometimes taking the dominant role with my bow, but still a member of the team in pursuit of game. I assisted with the pups who were growing fast before my eyes and more capable of accompanying the rest on hunts. I assisted in grooming the others. And, most significantly, I mated with the males alongside Ma and Dau. I was accepted as a member of the pack. No longer did I have thoughts of acceptance because of my relationship with Bo. Male and female, adults and pups, all related to me with trust and comfort. They allowed me to be intimate. They came for soothing and quiet strokes and napped alongside me, even with a head in my lap. I was nurse when it was needed and they quietly allowed the removal of thorns, burs, and tending to cuts and bruises.

I relished the physical contact, soothing, gentle, reassuring, and intimate. My few clothes were wearing out from constant use with improper cleaning and care. The jeans were increasingly ripped and worn thin. My underwear had become useless long ago. The guards' clothes were fine for coverings, but inadequate for winter and they were uncomfortable being so excessively large.

It wasn't that I was comfortable in my body, I stopped even thinking about it. No mirrors, no reflections. At first it bothered me, the loss of knowing how I looked. It was frightening to think how much we humans looked at ourselves in mirrors, door and window glass as we approached them. But, I got used to not knowing how I looked. My hair became unruly and long. I started tying a head band around my head to hold it back from my face. I would find an eagle feather and stick it into the band. Sparkly small rocks would be tied with fine sinew and suspended behind my ears. If I had thought about it, I would probably have looked like a frightening sight. But, that was the thing, I didn't think about it, I just enjoyed it.

One day, a warm winter day, the sun shining bright and the temperature jumping for a few precious days, I went down to the lake edge wearing only my fur boots and the bear coat. The coat came to mid shin and the boots to about the same place. I intended to break the ice at the edge of the lake and take a brisk, cold rinsing of my hair and body. The three pups followed me down to the lake while Ma and Dau watched from a distance. The males were out surveying our territory, marking around the immediate area to let any wolves know that we were here. Another activity I never gave much consideration about life as a wolf.

I removed the coat, placed it on the snowy ground, and kicked off the boots before stepping barefoot and naked onto the coat. The pups were intrigued by my actions, especially my jumping as I splashed the cold water onto my body and rubbed it into my hair. I shivered, bounced, and made all sorts of noises in response. They jumped around with me, gently barking, and enjoying this new game we were playing. They licked the water off my legs. I looked down my body at the three licking my legs, enjoying the feel of the sun on my body after the long days of cold. I turned to look behind me and smiled at the two females. When I looked back down at the pups, I saw what I had been ignoring ... my body. I had always been athletic, but I was comfortable being in what I thought was good shape. What I saw nearly took my breath away. If I had shown this body in the gym, I would have been the envy of all, male and female. My diet was heavy on protein with a mix of nuts and roots. There were no junk calories. My activity was rigorous and non-stop. The muscles in my body were popping out. My abs were like the fake posters for exercise programs. I ran my hands over my body as I watched them. I shivered at the touch, not from the cold, but knowing this was me, this is what has happened to me. My eyes welled up with tears and a drop slid onto my cheek, but I was laughing as I raised my head to the sun and howled out to the world. It was true and nothing could alter this reality: I wasn't just surviving, managing, or getting by day-by-day; I was thriving here.

My body was strong; my mind was clear and active; and my heart was full of love and family ... both given and received.

When I dressed to return to the cave, I realized what I needed from now on. My winter boots needed to be higher, to just below my knees with lacing wound around to hold them in place. I needed nothing else for warmth besides the coat. In the days to come, I focused on that task and my thoughts worked out my needs for warmer weather: a cloak, something that could be tied at the neck or shoulders, possibly with slits for my arms to go through and tied in front if needed for warm, but otherwise free hanging. Spring and fall would be one weight and summer a much lighter weight.

Revelations were frequent for me in this new life. Many times it was about me, my abilities, and my weaknesses. Many more times it was about pack life and the world in nature.

Intellectually, I am a specialist in wildlife and a preference for wolves. But, it is one thing to intellectually, scientifically, know something about wolves and packs or other wildlife and their environment, but I was learning continuously how much different it was to KNOW it. I was living it now and I was learning constantly the difference between academic knowledge and life experience on the same subjects. I thought I was so smart and could control the breeding of these females. That human side of me still had a bad habit of over thinking things. Not everything happens for a logical and rational reason. Life in nature is fluid, dynamic, and unpredictable. And, that was reinforced in spades.

The weather gave us a warm respite to the cold and snow that was normal for the winter days. It was an opportunity for the entire pack, including the pups, to share a hunt and time away from the cave. As usual, it was a combination of the wolves' instincts and my interpretation of signs and landscape that led us to an overlook of a small group of elk. I was hoping for an elk to provide sufficient size for the pack and a good hide for my uses. The wolves had developed an uncanny recognition of signals from me and an acceptance of a killing sequence that was unique to my participation, which was much different from when I was not participating. When it was only Bo and I, we relied on my making a clean kill, sometimes requiring several well placed arrows in the heart region. The pack eased the pressure on a clean kill, which I was thankful for on the cold days when it was more difficult to hold and aim the bow. I needed one good arrow, placed well enough to weaken and restrict the animal. The wolves took care of the rest, corralling the animal from moving too far until I could arrive for the final kill with either another arrow at close range or the knife, if the wolves got the animal to the ground.

The bull elk was badly wounded and stumbling, confined by wolves on all sides. I approached to make the final shot that would provide a clean and quick end for the animal. I drew back the arrow, focused on the spot I was targeting when I felt and then saw peripheral movement to the right. Uno and Dau were on that side and turned at the same moment to confront the intrusion. I relaxed, refocused on the elk, and completed the kill. I quickly drew another arrow and shifted my attention to the right, however. Just inside the trees and about 50 yards from us were three wolves. They stood watching us, then sat in the snow, not otherwise moving. I scanned the surrounding forest for signs, sounds, or any indication of other wolves. It was unusual for wolves to hunt or roam in small groups if they had an option, especially for large game like an elk. I saw and heard nothing, however, and the pack was reacting to nothing but the visible three in front of us.

Bo moved to a position just in front of Uno and Dau, taking the dominant position of protector for the pack. I turned my attention to the elk, cutting the jugular to assure its death, then beginning the task of removing the hide. That was another uncanny recognition of the wolves, they waited before approaching the carcass to eat. They waited for me to remove the hide, then they ate.

I cut chunks of meat for the pups to feed from, then backed away for Ma and Dos to eat. In the meantime, I rolled the hides up for carrying back to the cave. I moved to Bo and indicated my hand movement for Dau and Uno to go to the carcass. Uno looked up at me, to the three, and back to me. Before he turned back to join the others at the carcass, he stepped alongside Bo, growled menacingly, and trotted past me. I put my hand out to stroke his side as he past, a smile crossing my face in recognition of his protective gesture. He would make a fine alpha someday if he decided to leave and find his own pack.

I knelt beside Bo and put my arm around him. I had been sweating from the exertion of removing the hide and opened the bear hide coat. As I knelt, my bare knee sunk into the snow and I switched to squatting, the coat parting in front of me and I felt the cool air on my skin. The three remained where they were, simply watching. As I watched them, though, I was able to discern their condition. They were not nearly as healthy as the pack. They seemed thinner, their fur less healthy looking. There could be a number of reasons for them to be on their own, but not many positive ones. For whatever reason, they seemed left to their own devices and they haven't been very successful. While stroking Bo, I came to a decision that wasn't completely mine to make, but we would see what would happen.

I returned to the carcass and the others backed away at my approach. They had made quick work of this side of the animal. I cut off small pieces, again, giving them to the pups before pulling on the legs and turning it over to the side they couldn't access. I cut four large chunks off, returned to Bo where I dropped one piece, then walked a half dozen steps towards the three, and threw the remaining pieces to them. They flinch backwards at the thrown pieces, but they smelled the fresh meat. I returned to Bo, dipped my hands into the snow to clean off the blood from the meat, and watched as they moved forward, took the meat, and returned to the edge of the trees.

We spent the night after I built a fire. After the pack returned to the carcass to gorge, again, I cut off more meat and threw them to the three. That night, the pups and I were closest to the fire, then Ma and Dau, with the males on the outside. It is just what happened, the males forming a protective line.

In the morning, I rose and examined the carcass. They had done a sufficient job of it. I rolled the carcass looking for the parts with the best amount of remaining meat, breaking off ribs and bones for the pack to finish off. I threw other bones and ribs to the three who were still at the edge of the trees. I made a travois, cut out the sinew that I could, wrapped it and some raw meat for jerky into the hides, and loaded them and an antler onto the travois for dragging back to the cave. It occurred to me how useful a horse would be right then, but I hadn't even seen one. All indication from the

arrows, spears, tools, and baskets was that this could have been pre-Columbian ... if it had been my North America. In that series of events, horses were re-introduced to North America by the Spanish through their conquest in the far south. How had events transgressed here?

With the three continuing to follow at a discreet distance behind us, the order of our group was changed. Normally, it would have been two males in front with one behind us females and the pups. Now, in deference to the unknown three, both Uno and Dos took up positions behind us with Bo leading the group back up the valley. It was common for us to move steadily and without stops for hours at a time, sometimes at a trot, jog for me. With the travois, however, I was reduced to stopping frequently for rest, especially after passing through rough and rocking sections.

When we crossed the landslide dam to access the side of the river/lake our cave was located, I once again stopped for rest after carefully dragging the travois over the uneven rocks, struggling to keep it balanced and not spilling over the side. I had again opened the coat to let the sweat evaporate from my body and was tempted to take it off for a while, but wisely didn't. I looked for Bo and found him at the edge of the dam, his attention on the three who were anxiously walking back and forth at the other side. It was obvious to me that they wanted to come across and I felt their basic intention was to ultimately join us. I was sure our pack was about to grow by three, but how to make the move. They were nervous because they would be exposed once they started across the dam.

Uno and Dos joined Bo and I joined them at the edge. I gave Uno and Dos a 'stay' command and dragged my hand over Bo's head for him to follow me. Instead, Bo leapt from boulder to boulder, moving in front of me and looking back over his shoulder with a look that might have been, 'Woman! You don't know this is safe.' As we approached, the three backed up slightly. Bo emitted a low growl, his head down, teeth bared, and his ruff raised. He was displaying dominance and the next moment would be deciding. I glanced over my shoulder at a sound and found Uno and Dos alert and edging onto the dam.

What happened, happened fast and plainly. The two males lowered their entire bodies, their lips and ears were drawn back, their tails went down and fully between the legs, and their muzzles pointed up indicating their submission to the new alpha. The female rolled to her back, exposing her vulnerable throat and underside, and her paws drawn into the body in complete submission. Bo put his nose to each, receiving a return touch while they remained in submissive postures. Bo then turned his back on them, waited for me to turn and followed me across the dam. As I took up the travois for the final haul to the cave, the three fell in line behind Uno and Dos.

For the next five or so days, they were kept in the 'patio' as I thought of the warm, enclosed area outside the mouth of the cave. I named the two males Tre and Qua, in keeping with the random males names. The female I called Grey because of her significantly light shade of fur. But, it wasn't long before they were active hunting partners and invited into the cave for one of our mating sessions.

It was a strange sight to see the reaction of the three as the rest of the adults moved among each other in obvious flirtation and raw display of our wants. It was uncommon behavior for wolves, but we had moved past that. Now, we were again faced with the breaking down of instinctive roles all over again. It didn't take long, however. Apparently, the natural desire to mate is universal and it is only the traditional pack behavior that hold all except the alpha and beta from enjoying.

The first time, the three remained apart and watched the crazed scene playing out before them. I noticed the two males with cocks out from their sheath, but neither made a move on Grey. A few days later, though, that changed. The wolves had gone off on a hunt, but I stayed back to work on some ideas of coverings for the warmer weather that was bound to come. The pups stayed with me

and we ate jerky in the meantime. They played and I cut, shaped and sewed; at least, in between times they pulled me into their play. As they grew, their play became more energetic and rougher as their size increased. It was getting to the point that I was at their mercy.

The night of their return, I could see in the eyes of Ma and Dau that this was going to be the night, again. It wasn't long before the three of us were parading before the males. Grey watched intently and when Dau lowered her front and presented her ass to Uno, it was only a moment until he was on her back. I did the same to Bo and Ma presented herself to Dos. As Bo sank his lovely cock into me, I gasped, which drew Grey's attention to me. She moved in front of Tre and Qua, lowered front and raised ass and tail. She apparently didn't care who took her, just so one of them would.

After Qua jumped onto Grey's back, Tre looked among the mating couples. Putting too much onto the look on a canine's face, he looked lost among all the activity. Bo was on me, pumping into me furiously. Between grunts generated by the thrusting of cock into my pussy and the beginnings of his knot at my entrance, I called to Tre. Not much sound came out of my mouth, though. I moaned at the pounding Bo was giving me and remembered the first time when the wolves joined us. Each time he seemed particularly intent on demonstrating that I was primarily his, that I was the beta. I concentrated on forming my commands and called to Tre one word at a time. He came to me with a careful eye on Bo, but I knew Bo was good with what I was about to do and he never hesitated in his frenzied thrusts into my pussy. Even as I encouraged Tre onto the ground in front of me, I felt the knot forming and bumping against my lips, just beginning to spread me to enter.

Once on the ground in front of me, Bo was comfortable enough with the process that he stopped just long enough for me to pull us forward so I could easily reach Tre's body. He flinched and made a strange sound when I touched his sheath, but with the activity going on around him, he seemed ready to trust this strange pack that included a human, if he even knew what a human was. I stroked his sheath with one hand while touching his muzzle and neck with the other. Before too many strokes, though, my lips and tongue were on his exposed cock. If he flinched before, he jerked his entire body at the unusual touch, but he remained where he was.

My lips were on the end of his cock, sucking the precum out, when Bo thrust his knot into me causing my mouth to open in a gasp and my body to move forward with his hips pressing into me. The effect was to jam Tre's cock deep into my mouth. I felt his cock twitch, but I didn't want him to cum in my mouth when all the other males were getting a pussy. I worked Bo hard, jamming myself back onto his cock and knot. I climaxed from my aggressive action and moments later I felt Bo's cock twitch and jerk inside me, then sending his cum into me with numerous spurts.

I passively licked Tre's cock, keeping him hard and exposed as Bo and I remained tied. I glanced several times at the others and found them similarly tied. I caught myself checking more frequently, hoping that Bo and I would break the tie before the others. There was no question in my mind that the other females would just as willingly take a second mating, but this life kept me in a steady state of horniness. This was being human, but being animal. There was nothing too blatant, too obscene, or too gross with them. I could do what I wanted and I reveled in the ability to do so.

After mating with Tre, there was a similar sense of common acceptance and understanding I felt originally when Bo and I mated with the pack. It seemed so long ago, but it wasn't. Now, we had three more members in our pack and they were already indoctrinated into our sexual freedom.

My clever plan to avoid pregnancy this first year could have gone up in the smoke of our passions with the addition of these three. Grey went into heat in only a few weeks of joining our pack and, once started, there was no holding those three back, even if the rest understood my intentions. As luck had it, Dau and Ma entered heat at nearly the same time. After they went through their heaviest

flow, I made sure we spent more time exploring and hunting when the discomfort of the cold minimized the temptation of mating. I learned my lesson, nature has a way of doing things its own way and to its own schedule without consideration or concern for the clever thoughts and plans of humans.

It was a lesson I learned, and tried to not impose my human processes on the ways of nature.

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Chapter 11

I loved my life.

It was hard most of the time, uncomfortable much of the time, dangerous frequently, and humbling more often than not. In this environment, the evolved human of the 21st century was not the top predator, even with my bow. There were times when I thought I might never be warm again. There were times when I thought my body would never stop hurting after falls, scrapes, cuts, and the general physical challenge of keeping up with the pack. There were times when my raging body made me feel like more of a wolf bitch than the other females around me.

My mind continued to work on analysis and solutions in ways foreign and beyond the abilities of the wolves, but it wasted little time any longer on embarrassment, modesty, or timidity. I still had a long way to go, but I accepted my role as a unique animal amongst them. I provided strategic thinking, hunting skills from a safe distance, and the ability to provide fire, tools, and coverings.

We had made it through the heats of all three of the adult females. It wasn't nearly the abstinence plan I had devised. Once we opened mating to the new three, there was no stopping them. Grey going into heat just magnified it. Somehow the others managed to limit their activity, but not completely eliminate it. It was the point of surrender for me. The demands of nature would take its course. I had opened up mating among the adults as a free-will activity. The wolf culture had a control on the breeding by limiting it to the alpha and beta. Time would tell what I had sowed for the pack. The one consolation to me was that the pack and I had shown ourselves capable of finding meat nearly any time we needed it. If the pack was to grow substantially, however, I did have a concern about depleting the game within our narrow valley.

It was time to re-explore the larger valley and the plain to the east. The previous attempt was unsatisfactory now that I look back on the effort. Before winter came upon Bo and me, it was a desperate search for any sign of civilization. I now realized that my focus was on what I had known, not on what might be before me. It wasn't only that earlier exploration, it was also finding the cave that told me that any signs of humanity would not be the civilization I had once known, but much more primitive. The real reason for this re-exploration, though, was scouting out food sources. I was actively fighting within myself about what I would do at this point if I were to discover humans. I might be tempted to hide and move away like I expected the pack to do. No, my interest was different this time; I was looking for game. The short days and long nights of winter gave me time to muse as I worked on my coverings, tools, and weapons. If this land was like 400 to 500 years before my time, pre-Columbian, pre-Columbus, the plains of the west were covered with large herds of animals. I had seen small herds of deer and elk in our narrow valley, but this valley seemed more of a retreat for a few than for a large massing of animals. I remembered another valley over the short mountains to the east, a rise of a string of hills, with a large prairie, lake and rivers beyond it.

I had imposed my will of humanity on the pack by insisting on the cave. It was a savior for the winter, but the wolves would normally range further. Our valley gave enough game for the winter,

but we needed to extend our range so as not to deplete our valley for the coming winter. Although the pack would feed on my dried jerky, they preferred fresh meat. We couldn't afford to over-hunt our protected valley and, in so doing, drive the game out. Our valley was a unique environment, protected, and abundant in resources.

I took in the benefits of our valley over the winter. It was milder in temperature and received less snow than it might have. The tall, jagged mountains forming the west side of the valley stopped many a storm. Not literally, of course, but they acted like some gigantic snow fence. You could watch the storm clouds butting into the mountains, struggling to get past the high obstruction, finally oozing around the peaks very much like the fog created by dry ice for the high school drama club. But, by that time, the worst of the storm was deposited on the other side, the clouds released of the moisture and the surging wind jetting what remained over our narrow valley and over the low mountains to our east. We got snow, but the snow we received was the gentle kind, covering the world with an even blanket, creating a world of white hush, as if the valley itself was holding its breath in hopes of once again escaping the fury of the storm flying overhead.

As a result of the benefits I saw in our valley, the pack was vital, healthy, strong, and robust. Other predators might happen through our valley, but they noticeably passed through or turned around. We were a strong and secure pack despite the size. The valley was effectively marked and other wolf packs knew this territory was occupied. Wolves are territorial, but not exclusively so. Wolf pack territory can sometimes overlap without conflict, especially where food resources are plentiful. That was the case in our valley; we didn't mind sharing, but all intruders were made aware that we were allowing it and this was accomplished by discreetly following from the other side of the river or lake, or from positions elevated along the mountain slope. Every occurrence of this action I had witnessed left an unmistakable impression of the superior healthy and vibrant appearance of our pack. It reflected the benefit of a bountiful territory, my ability to prepare and store dried meat for consumption when needed, and having a warm, dry, and secure den to weather the worst conditions.

All of that found us on the down side of winter and a desire to begin exploration. It would be tentative, a probe into the land to the east to gain better understanding of the region for the transition I was anticipating to come with warmer weather and a pursuit of game on the other side.

But, first, there were pressing needs, pent-up needs to be satisfied and released. We came through the period of the three females going through heat with mixed results or success, at least from my silly perspective, my hopeless attempt at controlling natural urges that I had also earlier released. Grey was the first to enter heat, but she, Tre, and Qua had no understanding of what I had attempted to accomplish with the others. As a result, the three of them rutted like wild animals. As if the experience of freely mating previously wasn't enough, they now had the added hormonal influence of Grey's heat.

Bo, Uno, and Dos actually resisted very well as Grey was in heat. Then Dau entered and was immediately followed by Ma. For a period of time, all three females were in heat at the same time. I could see the struggle in the three males, trying to follow the direction I had given earlier. There were moments of weakness when the males couldn't resist any longer and Ma and Dau couldn't stand the hormonal impulses, presenting themselves to the males, asses exposed, and tails lifted, begging for satisfaction. Towards the end of heat, it all fell apart and I was just as relieved as they were. I was in my period at the end of the heat and I said, 'screw it!', to myself, naturally. Maybe I thought it more than said it, but the effect was the same. The hormones were rampant and it shouldn't have made any difference for me, a human, but it seemed to. Perhaps, another example of my slip into animal behavior. I presented myself to Bo, in my period but after the heavy flow, and I wanted it. If he didn't care about my period, I was ready.

It didn't happen often, though. After the period of heat, we found ourselves, me included, waiting for the signal and I knew what would follow would be a sight of all sights. Then, it occurred to me that they were watching me for the signal. I was the one who had attempted to control the mating, they still were trying to follow my intent, even if sometimes we had all failed.

I went to my hands and knees, naked, swaying my body among them. I presented my ass to each of the males, swaying my body, swinging my long hair that was now down to my waist when I stood, my breasts swinging below me, my nipples hard and erect, and my eyes glassy with need and desire. I exposed my ass to one male as I went to the snout of another, licking him, his snout, his lips, and his tongue, if it came out to me. I performed this dance to each and all the males, enticing them and myself in the process. I felt a body alongside me, its head near mine. I swung my hips back and forth, bumping into the body next to me. I turned my head, my eyes barely focused, and found Ma. She turned her head to me and we shared a lick, a lick that became a kiss, exactly like I had shared with all the males over time. I was initially shocked by her action for it was her tongue that found my mouth, first. Yes, I responded, immediately and willingly, but she initiated it. I supported my upper body with one hand and arm while using the other to hold the side of her head as I encourage the exploration of our tongues.

That surprising action lit a bon-fire inside me. I was sure my pussy was drooling at this point and I spread my knees further to let my need and desire be known and obvious. I felt a lick at my open pussy and another. Then I was mounted. At the same time, I felt Ma push alongside me and saw that Uno had mounted her. I made a last eye contact with Ma and knew she was at the same desperate point of need and arousal that I was. I dipped my head and moaned out my relief at being penetrated deeply. I saw the black fur hold me tightly and knew that Bo had been first to take me. I smiled at the thought that I was still his favorite and I moaned out his name and hugged the strong front legs gripping me because he would always be my first and best, no matter how large the pack might someday become.

Our mating went well into the night. I remember being mated three times that night. I know the other females were mated multiple times, but I was not keeping track of them; I was lost in an isolating state of bliss and orgasmic overload.

I had thought that a night of debauchery would return us to more normal conditions, but I was very wrong. Delightfully wrong.

The next day, in the middle of the day, I could see in eyes and posturing the continuing desire for mating. Another example of being careful what you wish for. In my mind, at the time of introducing free mating of the adults in the pack, it was to feel comfortable mating with Bo, to possibly experience the other males, and Bo experiencing other females. All of the that in addition to opening up the experience to the adults in general. All of that was certainly realized, every bit of it. In addition, a nine-headed sexual monster seemed to be formed. If it were possible to survey the pack, I sincerely doubted that any of the us nine would voice anything other than rousing support of the freedom that existed.

I put on the bear coat and boots, called the three pups and was pleased to have Bo join me as I led them out into the forest. The pups probably saw it as a time to play and explore. They bounded out of the cave mouth, skidding slightly on the dirt of the 'patio', before leaping the gap to the forest beyond. It was hard to even think of them as pups, any longer. At about 10 months old, they were nearly full grown in height. Their bodies were still not carrying the weight and muscle that would come with full development, they had all the appearance of gangly teenagers, slight bodies and leggy. I saw it as an opportunity to gage the approach of spring and the end of winter. I don't know what Bo's expectation was, I was just pleased to have him join me. My other intention, however, was

to give the others peaceful time to further explore each other without the pups around. By the time we returned, I had established that spring was indeed around the corner. More sections of ground were bare of snow and the low pass over the mountains to the east was noticeably clearing. It was time to consider an early, preliminary exploration to the east.

What I found upon re-entering the cave, however, was reaffirming. The four males and three females were lying around the cave and entry area. Ma raised her head and made a motherly attempt at greeting her pups, but she was clearly exhausted and weary. She raised her head, putting her nose to each of her pups as they passed her, but the look she gave me when I came to her, putting my hand on her head and stroking down her neck was begging for interpretation. I swear she was giving an expression of appreciation and knowing. The females were outnumbered, at that moment I guessed that Ma had been the lucky one.

The real surprise was the next day, however. Bo was resting his head on my lap as I fiddled with a seam for a warmer weather wrap. It was going to be more of a cape than a coat. It would hang from a tie around my neck but would also have slits in the sides that could be worn tied around me and allow my arms full movement. Bo was periodically licking my thighs, then turning his head to lick my stomach. I sensed he wanted more, but it was full daylight and the young ones were running around the cave, out onto the 'patio' area, and back inside. I saw Ma rise, caught her staring at me as she walked past, then give a gentle bark to the young ones and an even gentler bark to Dau. I watched at the five of them left the cave and turned for the exit. At the last moment, Ma turned and looked directly me. It might be reading a lot into the look on the face of a wolf, but I was sure I saw what she was indicating ... she was returning the favor from yesterday.

The difference, of course, was that by taking Dau with her to manage the young ones, it left only Grey and me with the five males. I looked to Grey and saw that she was already rising to her feet, as were Tre and Qua. There seemed to be a quick realization among all that another opportunity was present. Grey was already lowering her front and raising her tail. 'What a slut' was my only thought, combined with a throaty chuckle. I wasn't far behind her, though, as I scrambled out from under Bo and presented myself to him. 'We'll see who rules this pack!'

I took advantage of my human capabilities to maximize the experience and situation. Bo reacted instantly and was on my back almost as soon as I was in position. My initial thought was that he might not be ready for penetration, but that was a needless concern. He penetrated me even before my hand had the chance to go between my legs. He wasn't far out of his sheath, though, so I moved my hand to his thigh, holding him against me. It had the effect of restricting his movements somewhat, but it kept his growing cock inside me. I arched my back as he grew and his thrusts became stronger and faster. His cock grew longer and thicker, penetrating me deeper and filling me more.

I looked up and found two sets of legs in front of me. Uno and Dos. They sat in front of me and I looked, I purposely looked, under their bellies and through their legs to find their cocks also coming out of their sheaths. I looked over at Grey who was mounted by Qua, Tre walking anxiously around them as they coupled. I returned my attention to my pussy being plowed into, then to the two males in front of me. My human capabilities. I patted Uno to the ground to my left and Dos to my right. They have experienced my mouth before and recognized my intentions. I lowered myself to my elbows, my hands pulling the two closer to me until my hands were resting on their sheaths and emerging cocks. I looked over my shoulder, twisting my face as far as I could, and received the lick from Bo I was seeking. There was no jealousy or controlling possessiveness among us in the pack. There might be favorites, but we shared amongst each.

I moved my mouth to Dos' cock, touching the tip with my tongue before sucking the pre-cum from

the end. I moved to Uno, repeating the identical action. All the while, I was being fucked enthusiastically by my first ever canine lover. I raised my back, arching it, pressing my bare skin into his furry stomach and chest, rotating my pelvis up and down, changing the penetration and depth of penetration. His knot was forming and hitting the outside of my lips, beginning to press against me, spreading my lips and pussy hole, seeking the tie that proper mating demanded. And, while all that was happening to me, my mouth was moving from one cock to the other, seeking pre-cum and more cock exposed for me to take into my mouth. I wanted Bo to cum into me, to fill my pussy with his seed, to breed me if it were ever possible. I didn't want either of the other two to cum, not in my mouth at any rate. I wanted them in my pussy, too. I wanted to be mated and bred by all three of them.

Grey was the newest female into the pack and she seemed to have a voracious appetite for this, but she would see who the real pack bitch was. I might not be a canine, not like them, but I had my own skills, enticements, and attitude.

When Ma, Dau, and the young returned from the forest, I was only partially aware. I was sprawled flat on the floor of the cave, my naked body flat on the irregular floor, my mind functioning, but slowly, aware from the back portion of the brain. Ma approached me from my feet. I was aware of my position, legs straight out, slightly spread. I was aware that she hesitated, approached my spread legs, sniffing up to my ass. I was aware of the small puddle of cum that pooled between my legs underneath my pussy ... only just having closed after being tied by three cocks and knots in succession.

It had been days since our last big game kill and feeding. Wolves were canines in the same nature as dogs we treat as pets. All canines are opportunistic feeders. It is the reason that dogs have to be fed and not allowed to self-feed like cats. Canines are like the way I have heard even modern day warriors described: they don't pass up the chance to eat, drink, or sleep. They never know when their world will erupt into chaos and the next opportunity for any of them could be days away. In the same way, wolves could easily go days, even a week, between good feedings.

It was time for another kill and feeding. It was time with the coming of spring to try the pass above us and investigate what the land to the east might provide for us. If I was right, we would be spending our warm weather largely on that side of the mountain. I imagined that we could be gone for an extended period to cross the pass and spend time on the other side. I debated with myself about what I wanted to take with me for this unknown expedition. My gun, spare magazines, and backpack were safely tucked away at the back of the cave. It had been months since I had even seen any of those items. I had become confident in my developed skills that the bow, quiver of arrows (mine and hand-made), knife, and fire-starter was what I relied on. I finally settled on using this as a test of sorts of how far I had come in this life. I would take the bear fur coat and boots, the combat knife strapped to my right thigh, my quiver and bow, and the fire-starter secured in a pocket I created inside the coat.

On a bright and clear morning, not giving myself any further chance at second-guessing, we left the security of the cave and climbed towards the pass on the eastern side. The snow cover was becoming increasingly sparse in our valley, but as we climbed, the snow cover increased until we were trudging through snow at mid-calf depth. I led the way to break a path for the others. Directly behind me was Bo, then Uno with Ma and the pups. After them came the other adults. This arrangement allowed quick checking to see how the pups were handling the climb and snow. They were nearly full sized in height but lacked the strength and endurance of an adult.

On the other side, our pace picked up sharply and Bo took the lead. It was common to move at a quick pace in the pack. We travelled in single-file and often at a trot or a jog for me. It was

something that had simply evolved over time. I hadn't even been aware of the change, mostly in me. The pack measures their rate of travel and endurance effort by the weakest member. Most packs are limited by aged members who limit both speed and length of time for travel. It was humbling when I realized how much faster the pack was moving and that they had been limited by me. But, over time and not that much time, the pace had increased significantly. It was now common for us to move at a jog for hours at a time. It was something I would never have guessed in my prior life. Of course, I remember the surprise to realize what had happened to my body. Some doctors might have said that I was too thin, but I wasn't too thin. My body weight remained the same, I just didn't have much body fat, my muscle mass to body fat ratio just went through the roof.

We were near the bottom of the mountain, still having some elevation thanks to a rock outcropping. We stopped behind Bo, I went to his side, crouched next to him, the others crowding around us on all sides. On closer examination, the small valley in front of us was merely the same prairie interrupted by a string of hills covered in trees, a small river running along the side. The prairie behind the hills went on to the horizon. But, the horizon was the range of mountains I had seen the last time. Then, in the late summer, the mountains were still in snow, indicating to me how tall they must be. Now, naturally, they were completely snow covered. I imagined it would take days, maybe weeks, to move across that expanse. Even at our pace, it would take a long time and commitment and a strong desire. The hills in front of us seemed like islands in a sea strung out in a row. It reminded me of the Florida Keys strung out from the tip of Florida and temptingly close to Cuba.

Below us in the first valley was a herd of animals. The herd seemed amazing to behold. Spread throughout before us to the string of hills was deer, antelope, elk, and dark, massive beasts. My mind was so used to seeing the deer family animals that I didn't immediately recognize the larger animals. Bison. Mixed in with the other animals, all grazing together, were bison. The stories of hundreds of years ago came to my mind. But, this was a few; a few, maybe hundreds, but not the countless numbers of the stories of long ago.

It might be reasonable to select an elk from the animals below, but I was too curious about what lay ahead, beyond the hills, what might be in the expansive prairie ahead. I had a feeling and it was going to drag me there eventually, it might as well be now. It was mid-afternoon and I could build a fire and make camp at the edge of the trees in the hills. I pointed with my spear to the hills ahead and Bo shifted to his feet, followed by the others as I rose to mine.

Bo took the lead, again. I fell in behind him and the others took up their positions behind. We moved in a straight line across the valley, this time at a slower pace. The animals undoubtedly fell to predators if injured, old, or caught separated from the security of the mass. We showed not aggression in our progress and the animals calmly, if warily, moved together giving us a wide empty avenue to ourselves.

As we moved, I examined my new spear for the thousandth time. The larger animals available on the prairie had me concerned. The arrows had been sufficient in the past for game including elk, but a bison ... arrows from one hunter might not be enough. The spear was an adaptation of the one I found in the cave. I changed out the chipped rock on the end and attached my hunting knife. It had a six inch blade and very sharp. It would penetrate hide deeper and easier than a rock point. I used sinew for the wrapping, wetting it as I wound the sinew around the joint, then drying it over the heat of coals. The sinew dries and shrinks, forming a super tight bond. But, it was my own construction and idea and the lives of some member of the pack might depend on it at some time; or, it might my own life depending on it.

We entered the trees of the hill at a location where two hills came together to form a gap to pass through. The valley had been largely bare of snow, existing only in patches. The animals were using

hoofs to pull up the matted grass to eat. In the trees, we were again in snow. At ground level, the view was difficult. I looked to each side and found another outcropping of rock about 20 feet above the floor of the prairie. We climbed it and looked out over a view that literally took my breath away.

From the slopes of the mountain, the far prairie we were now looking over appeared to be darkened by shifting shadows. My mind thought of clouds and otherwise bright sun. I looked up to the heavens and laughed wildly. Even Bo looked at me questioningly. The sky was completely clear, the sun shining brightly. There wasn't a shadow from clouds anywhere on the plains. The shifting shadows I saw were a herd of thousands of animals; antelope, deer, elk, and bison milling and shifting among each other, scraping up bent down grass from the winter snow. Thousands? There could have been tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. How could anyone put a number to it? They shifted and roamed, mixed together and came apart, they covered from several hundred yards from us to ... maybe those mountains in the distance. I could never cross among them to find out.

Then I stood and moved to the very edge of the rocks. Bo was clearly nervous by my reaction, looking for some approaching danger from ahead where my focus was indicated. Not that standing made my vision clearer or my ability to process what I was seeing, but ... I couldn't believe what I was seeing, I had to do something to make myself process the sight.

The scientist in me was working this out as I was trying to come to grips. Our brains form images based on pattern recognition. We don't see images with our eyes; our eyes see line and motion, our brains interpret that to attempt to recognize what sort of thing those lines and motion might represent; and then our brains seamlessly cause us to perceive whatever that object might be. Pattern recognition is learned as we grow from babies. At first, nothing makes sense, and as we learn about the world around us, more and more makes sense until most of us forget what it was like when our visual systems were training.

I don't know if my brain was having trouble processing or I was having trouble believing. I stared at animals in the herd, staring with all my might, giving my brain every opportunity to correct itself or convince me with the image. I had seen similar creature before, but only in zoos. But, none like this. Before me in the immediate view were hundreds of woolly mammoths. No ... the scientist, again ... no, not woolly mammoth, but mastodon. I collapsed to my knees and hung unto the shaft of the spear for support. Mastodons! Mastodons?!?

* * *

From a small clearing in the trees of the next hill to the south, Taryn and the pack were being watched. They were spotted coming off the mountain slope and observed across the smaller valley to the eastern side of the line of hills. The pack was creating quite a stir among the watchers.

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## **Chapter 12**

The People move north along the western side of the prairie in the spring and back south in the fall. The People are nomadic by nature, following the great herds. Over centuries and longer than the stories that are told and retold by the elders to be passed from one to another, old to young, mother and father to child, and generation to generation. Verbal history is the norm for The People and life has been nearly the same for generations of generations. The stories recount the history of The People. Each new, big event is added to the list of stories to be told and retold so that the collective conscience knows the story of who they are, where they came from, and why. They tell about the things that were done in times of trouble and the things that happened to shape them as a people.

They naturally had no comprehension of how completely unique they would seem to the 21st Century world that Taryn knew. Taryn might only guess someday about why this world was as it was, why the people of this region were as they were. Unless she was compelled someday to risk life and security to satisfy curiosity, she would never learn the unique nature of the land and the impact it provided on the evolution of this region.

The People inhabited a land that did not know war, cultural conflicts, or territorial disputes that set one people against another. Taryn asked herself the question; why, if this land was so similar to her Earth, did it evolve and develop so different in other ways? Geology is as fickle as genetic mutation and evolution. Seismic activity just a half mile in a different location might crack the earth, shift the direction of an entire river, drain a lake that has stood the test of time for a thousand years, tear down a mountain, or raise a mountain higher. Seismic activity that doesn't happen with devastating effect because of pressure valves formed in an area like Yellowstone; or, without the formation of those release valves, new mountains are pushed into the sky, land is liquefied, and entire regions shift.

Millions of years ago, those were the minute differences in geology that created the environment of this region. The mountains to the west of Taryn's narrow valley were formed more ragged and impassable in compensation of the land on the other side disappearing. If she were to see over those mountains she would find what she might consider the Pacific Ocean lapping at the foot of the mountains. The mountains she thinks are extraordinarily tall to the east across the prairie were similarly formed and compensated by land mass devastation to the east of them. In Taryn's world, these mountains would rival the Himalayans. The formation of these mountains resulted in the devastation of the land east on a magnitude no human was aware given the time of the occurrence. When the mountains pushed up, the counterbalance was land disappearing to the east. If Taryn were to know the geology and geography of the region in relation the North American she knew and understood, the entire swath of land from eastern Montana to New Mexico through Michigan to Alabama was underwater.

The world itself was altered to Taryn's mind by simple events in time, events that dictated people who survived at critical moments in history. When the right people don't reach maturity and their need for power and conquest isn't realized, cultural drift from region to region, continent to continent, one race over another, one religion bent on the elimination of another all cease to occur. Without the greed of power and domination, without the wars of control, slaughter, and subjugation, and without the distraction of inventing new and more gruesome ways to kill, the world evolves slower. Over the world, the shift from nomadic to agrarian societies shift slowly and develop slowly. The art of metal-craft is put to tools rather than weapons.

A region like the one Taryn now finds herself remained nomadic longer, the people remaining free and wandering the land. Metal-craft has no place in a nomadic society and little reason for it when game is plentiful and relations among various peoples of the region is peaceful and cooperative. But, even so, The People find themselves in the mix of nomadic and agrarian coming together. As the stories tell of the past, The People roamed the great prairie from mountains to mountains. With game and food plentiful, the populations increased, mortality was a function of survival of winters, dry times of summer, and the dangers from predators and hunting. Despite the hardships, however, The People have grown to number nearly 500. Their nomadic life has reduced to moving about 100 miles from their winter quarters to their summer quarters and back again. The People have learned the benefits and skill of growing food, different food depending on where they are. They have learned to manipulate softer metals like gold and copper, but it is used mainly for decorative purposes.

As the indigenous people of Taryn's North American developed crafts much later than people of

Europe and Asia because of a lack of need, so too was the case of The People. Whatever development and evolution was occurring in this world's equivalent to European and Asian continents, the double isolation of seas gave this region isolation and peace.

It was within this backdrop of history that found The People and the appearance of the pack from the mountains to the west. Wolves were quite common in the region and the existence of numerous packs had been chronicled, some very large and some very small, even smaller than the one they were now watching. The People and other people scattered over the region were very similar to the wolves in certain ways and a bond of respect and reverence had long been bestowed on the wolves by the people. The wolves were territorial in some respects and nomadic within that territory, but they did not treat their territory jealously with conflict. The interactions of the various peoples of the region was similar.

It wasn't the appearance of this new pack that generated the interest. What generated the interest in this particular pack over others was that there appeared to be a smallish bear second in the line of the pack.

They referred to themselves simply as The People. It wasn't arrogance that they felt they were the only people of worth or note, it was simply a term of community and equality. They lived in a loose knit community based on sharing and the practice of doing what is in the common good for all. They believed in a minimalist system of governance, but some common decision was required. They had a council whose membership varied from time to time from 18 to 25 members and loosely made up of the traditional families of whom most of the people were derived. Some left the community to set off on their own direction, sometimes returning. There were many dangers in the region, not the least being hunting and the many predators that the abundance of wildlife supported.

The council would elect or choose a Chief. This leader, Wambleeska, was always a unanimous choice based on experience, knowledge, and ability to work with the community. The leader had always been an elder man. It wasn't that The People were patriarchal. They weren't. In addition to the Chief, they were also led by two Spirit Guides. These were nearly always female and were generally trained for years by the current Guide before taking over responsibility. One of the Spirit Guides was specifically focused: Wolf Spirit Guide, Ehawee. The other was generally inclusive of the natural world: Nature Spirit Guide, Makawee. The wolf is the most revered of all the animals and the ways of the wolf were studied and incorporated into their lives in ways of behavior with others (tolerance of those entering their territory), sharing (the group hunts and grows, and the young always eat and the rest is shared), and commitment (all wolves participate and function for the good of the pack). The herd is critical to their survival. Despite beginning to grow food, the main food source is still the meat from wildlife. The natural world is the understanding of weather, soil, water, and growing. It has become more important as they slowly shift to include an element of an agrarian society into their ways.

The movement of The People north is a slow and laborious effort. Not only the sheer number to move, but their shelters, equipment, tools, and belongings must be moved by travois, and pulled by the men and women. The elderly and young follow behind providing whatever support and assistance they can, but a steady movement is of more importance than assisting and becoming tired.

The People travel north through the valley formed by the string of hills and the mountains to the west. The lead group is stopped alongside a hill, observing the smaller herd in the valley, when the lead hunter in the advance group signals for quiet and directs attention to the slopes of the mountain. The advance group is made up of the two Spirit Guides, one apprentice each, and four experienced hunters and trackers. Their purpose is to investigate the route ahead of the others and

identify any problems or dangers. They are at ground level as the wolf pack stops, seems to survey the valley, and advance in single file into the valley. It is difficult for them to remain quiet. The surprise and speculation is feverish. The vantage point is poor with the scattered herd between them, but it appeared to many in the group that this wolf pack contained a small to medium sized bear.

The hunters move the group back into the trees and climb the hill. If the pack remains on the same heading, they should pass directly below them if they can get to the top of the hill. As they reach a suitable location just over the top of the hill with a clearing, the pack came into view. With a much better view, the scene is confirmed and the Nature apprentice loudly exclaims what all the others are also thinking. They are hushed and several of the wolves break out of the line, looking into the trees on the mountainside. The entire pack stops and adults gather protectively around the youngest in the pack.

Ehawee, the Wolf Spirit Guide, points down at the pack as she pulls her apprentice to her side. Her daughter, Wachiwi, whispers to her mother, "Those three are young, but from last year's birthing."

Her mother smiles at the response from the young woman. She has been a handful her entire life, but only because of her zest for life. Even her name means 'Dancing Girl'. She has always, since she could move on her own, been a body in motion. The People have no expectation that children follow in the talents of their parents, they are instead encouraged to discover and hone their own unique skills and talents. Ehawee secretly believed that part of her daughter's fascination and devotion to studying the wolves was in admiration of the freedom with which they lived. She could understand the feeling because she sometimes felt the same the way. She sometimes felt that The People were getting too large and the life was slowly changing. The size was security and development of new skills, tools, and ways of doing things; none of those things were bad or wrong. The changes were positive for the community, providing new foods to supplement the game, fish, and birds. Even she sometimes envied the wolves, though she couldn't ever admit it to anyone, least of all to her daughter who would only be encouraged.

The lead hunter moved by in a crouch to the two women. "Does this pack look familiar to you? There is something different about them. Forget the bear for now, is it my imagination?"

They both leaned forward, their forearms on their knees, as if those inches might make the view clearer. The two women were quiet for some moments, then whispered back and forth. At times like this, Ehawee did not relate to her daughter as her daughter. No other apprentice had advanced to such a high degree and she found herself more and more relating to her as a Guide. Even if she didn't have the title, yet; her actions and insight were already finely tuned.

"Look closely, mother. I have never seen that big, black one. The one in the lead of the pack, he is new."

"Yes. Also, look closely at the other wolves. Forget the bear for the moment. See how healthy all the wolves are. This pack has had a very good winter. Wolves usually come out of winter with a great need to eat. These are different, they have not been without and they don't look depleted by the ravages of the cold."

The hunter persisted, though. He returned their attention to the bear. He wanted to know how that made any sense. They all agreed that it didn't make any sense. The two were incompatible with each other, they were competing predators; one basically a loner and the other needing a pack. The pack stopped at the edge of the prairie and they all gathered around the big black and the bear. Then the bear did a completely unnatural thing: it put a front paw around the neck of the big black, as if to

hug it. And then it laughed. A distinctly human laugh.

The group on the side of the hill looked at each other, back to the animals below them, bewildered by the incongruent images and sounds. It was yet another example of the back of the brain picking up on what was wrong, but the front of the brain not catching up with differentiating between the signals it was expecting and what it was receiving. The bear didn't only spend too much time on its hind legs while walking, it held a spear, and affectionately touched the wolves. Slowly, the recognition came to them that the 'bear' was really human and a female, at that. But, that brought an avalanche of additional questions and conjecture.

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Below, at the edge of the prairie, I was accepting the significance of our discovery. Reading about the massive herds that roamed and dominated the plains of North America did no justice to actually seeing it in front of you. No matter where I looked, the shifting images on the prairie was the thousands of thousands of dark animals and shadows.

My mind and eyes had at first focused on the animals I expected to find: antelope, deer, and elk. Then, recognizing the bison, which still made sense given my own world and experience. Up close and personal now, though, these bison were different from my experience. They were the same, but seemed larger than the animals I was familiar with from visits to Wyoming and Montana. These animals somehow seemed bigger, more massive with thicker hair on the shoulders, but it might only be this new perspective of proximity combined with my recent primitive existence. The largest looked to be 6 feet tall at the shoulders and weighing a literal ton. They were massive creatures and the image of them running in a herd across the prairie would indeed sound like an approaching thunderstorm and feel like earth tremors.

The mastodon were the animals my mind had the most trouble with. I could accept, though with difficulty, that human development might be 400 to 500 years behind my old world, but mastodons had been extinct for about 10,000 years. But, I also saw horses mixed in with the herd. These horses looked like the wild horses that existed, not the domesticated versions that man had bred into specific varieties for his use. Horses became extinct in North America at about the same time as the mastodon. It is believed that they originated in North America about 4 million years before and spread into Eurasia. They didn't return until the Spanish brought them in with their conquests. Given the suddenness of the extinctions after flourishing for millions of years, something quite unusual must have happened and had been much debated in the scientific community. I looked up at the massive mountains to the east that shouldn't be there, either. There were events of my old world that were not duplicated in this world, and there were events in this world that did not occur in the old one.

With the reality of what this world is compared to my previous existence, I took new understanding of my condition. In order for all of this to exist, this reality was not going to be suddenly minimized by the appearance of a QuikShop over the next ridge.

My fascination was drawn back to the reality of living among creatures like the mastodon. Seeing some near the bison, they appeared much like the current Asian elephant with a body size ranging from 8 to 9 feet at the shoulders. Their weight seemed like 4 to 5 times that of the bison. They had thick coats of shaggy hair and tusks that stood out 12 to 15 feet and curving upward. Unless it was injured or lame, I couldn't imagine how they would be brought down by wolf or man without injury or death being suffered in the process.

The shadows elongating on the ground reminded me that we were losing the day quickly. We came



to this side of the mountains in search of food and discovery. I had certainly learned much, already. If we were to make a kill for the pack's food, it needed to be done soon. There was definitely plenty of options directly in front of us, the question was eliminating most of the dangers that might be involved. I spotted antelope and deer nearby, but we would require several of either to properly feed the entire pack. I saw an elk moving left to right along a ragged ravine with an outcrop of rocks and shrubs on the opposite side. That seemed to possibly provide a visual deterrent and a way to limit the animals escape. I knew, however, that with just a couple steps, the elk would be capable of leaping the entire ravine. None the less, it seemed like the best immediate option.

I moved down the slope to the ground, untying the bear skin at the same time. Once on ground level, I slipped off the coat, removed my bow and quiver, and put the skin back on. I loosened the quiver straps before tightening it over my shoulder and back, now over the coat. I picked up both the bow and spear and crouch-walked 20 yards closer to the animal. I stopped and Bo and the wolves stopped around me. I pointed the spear to the right, in front of the direction the elk was moving, and used my bow to point to the left, behind the elk. Two groups lowered themselves and moved into position. Ma, Dau, and the younger ones remained with me. They would both watch around me as I used the bow and provide deterrence of the animal charging into me. This was a tactic we found very successful and minimized danger to anyone in the pack, me included.

I approached from the back and side when the elk was startled, not by us, but by a bison struggling in the ravine. Somehow, it had aimlessly walked into the ravine and seeing the approach of the wolves in front could not climb the sides. With the elk gone, I motioned everyone to the bison. This was certainly a first, but with it struggling in the ravine, it was worth a chance. I quickly refocused, sprinting the distance to the edge of the ravine, and finding the wolves from the rear had split with some in the ravine and others on the other side. Bo's group set up a snarling line in front of it. Its reaction was predictable by first freezing then struggling on both slopes of the ravine, vainly attempting a way out, and away from the wolves. I presumed that the bison would be safe from wolves except in a situation like this.

This was not a time for weak arrow shafts and I selected two of mine. I aimed for the soft, vulnerable spot behind the front leg at the side, put both nearly side by side, and the animal staggered for a moment, his attention still on the wolves but the hurt in its side. It fell to its front knees, trying to regain its feet. I dropped the bow and took up the spear, leaping off the edge of the ravine and driving the knife tip as deeply into the same place as the arrows that I could. I could feel the knife blade of the spear glancing off a rib and penetrating deep inside as my momentum and weight behind it provided a force its tough hide and body could no longer resist. But, it tried vainly. As the blade pierced deeply, it reared its body in a last gasp of resistance. The motion caught me off guard and I failed to release the spear shaft in time, sending me into the air and landing 10 feet behind the animal, momentarily stunned.

I heard a terrible sound and I struggled with myself to connect to my surroundings, but it was coming back slow. With focusing eyes and mind, I saw that the wolves had the beast surrounded with more having moved between me and the animal, protecting me. I tried scrambling to my feet, my awakened senses and mind telling me that further damage or injury could be caused to others if the animal wasn't put down quickly. My feet and knees were tangled inside the hide coat so I quickly stripped it off, drew the knife from the scabbard on my thigh, clambered up the ravine side, and launched myself onto its shoulders with the knife driving into its head, just in front of the ear, narrowly missing the horn with my forearm. Its reaction seemed to be complete denial for a moment, going rigid as the knife penetrated into the brain, and, finally, dropping straight down to its four knees ... dead.

I remained on top of the animal for moments, simply catching my breath, and trying to convince

myself that I had been under complete control even while chastising myself for taking such a dramatic and spontaneous risk.

When I looked up, the pack was watching me. I slid off the side of the animal and took a moment to assess my body for the first time. Except for some scrapes and bruises, I didn't appear to be too worse for the encounter. Standing next to it, the animal was huge and the pack was looking from it to me as if to ask, 'what now?'. Which would be an excellent question. My routine was to immediately strip the hide before the feasting began. I looked at the animal a bit wearily, however. I was banged up and the bruises were already being felt in my hips and shoulder. I was very ... VERY ... tempted to just let the pack rip into it, but even that would be awkward because they were waiting for me to cut open the hide before they started. The routine was as strong for them.

Stripping the hide off an adult elk was a lot of work, so I was preparing myself for much more with this, but there was no time like the present. The sun was getting lower in the sky, I needed a protective and warming fire and we all needed food. I went to work without any more hesitation or consideration. It is just the way life was now; but no matter how my body might talk back to me with new or lasting aches and bruises, I was always grateful and eager. This experience, this life, was hard and often unyielding as I pushed against it, but it provided me with a feeling, a soulful consciousness, that this life was what I was meant to live.

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The group on the hilltop had watched in fascination and disbelief at the action that had occurred below them. The human with the wolf pack was indeed a female, and she was skilled. It was also obvious that she commanded the respect and confidence of the pack. The instant debate and speculation was where she had come from and how she ended being accepted into a wolf pack. She did not appear to be like them; although her hair was black and thick like theirs, her skin was lighter, her features were finer.

They watched as she began skinning the bison, an animal they had trouble bringing down even with greater numbers. Wachiwi, though, had not missed the distinct difference in approach to the kill. Where they tended to attack where the animal was, the pack had attacked this larger animal while restricted by the ravine. Even so, the woman had been thrown by the beast like she was of no consequence. As it turned out, that was a final act of defiance to an impending death. Once the woman had most of a side of the animal uncovered from the hide, she stepped back and the wolves moved in for feeding. While they did, she moved to the trees, collecting twigs and wood with which she created a fire.

Several of the group had moved to the opposite side of the hilltop to establish a camp for the evening with their own fire and food. After a meal of deer meat from an earlier kill, they settled around the fire and continued their speculation about this unusual wolf pack and quizzed Ehawee, the senior Wolf Spirit Guide, on the possible implications and meaning. Was this a sign? How did she interpret this new development? The questions and inquisition continued and she had few answers for them. She was as intrigued and bewildered as they were, although she couldn't admit it. She was also curious why her daughter had been so quiet during the exchange and looked around for her, surely she had a thought. The young woman always had an opinion and they were proving to be very insightful, the result of a mind open to new and challenging ways and hopeful for a new way for The People.

Wachiwi wasn't with them, however. On a hunch, Ehawee went back to the hilltop and found her intrigued daughter quietly watching the scene below illuminated only by the fire at the top of the ravine, the carcass just below.

Without turning, she knew her mother was coming to her side. "Are they mating? Is that what they are doing?" She had never actually seen wolves mating, but her mother had described it in some detail as part of her training.

"Yes." There was a paused as she squatted next to her daughter and stared in equal fascination. "Interesting ... how interesting ..." And, after another prolonged period of quiet between them, "how interesting".

"Stop saying that ... what is so interesting?"

"They are all mating. A pack doesn't normally do that, only dominant male and female should be mating. Daughter, this is unusual. This pack is behaving unusually ... accepting a human into their pack, open mating among them, and it might even be after their heat season." She moved forward slightly, shifting her gaze one way, then another. "Where is the human female?"

Wachiwi chuckled, "Under the big black." She pointed to the moving mass by the fire. She watched for a few moments longer, seeing the big male wolf pounding his hind quarters at the naked human female. She had never been with a man. It was expected that a Spirit Guide would be mated by a special man, that the man would be decided and evident by a series of events as interpreted by the current Spirit Guide. Her mother had never been satisfied. She secretly suspected that her mother was just too picky, but she wasn't complaining. She also knew that having a mate resulted in pregnancy and her life of wandering with hunters and her mother would become restricted. Seeing the scene below her, though, sent a rush of new sensations through her body, sensations she had not felt before. She was fascinated that a woman could be mated by a wolf and her mind began to wonder and she knew at that instant that it would be a wondering that would stay with her until there was some resolution. A Wolf Spirit Guide and a wolf?

She tore her eyes from the scene below her and turned her eyes to her mother. "Did you know such a thing was possible?"

Ehawee was having as much trouble taking her eyes from the scene, but she turned to face the younger woman. "No. Never did it even occur to me to wonder."

"We must make contact with her. We have to at least try. Imagine how much we can learn."

They both returned their eyes to the scene of mating. The older woman gave a soft giggle, "But, not right now ..."

They shared a knowing hug, rose, and returned to the camp, committed to not sharing this part of what they had witnessed.

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Chapter 13

The next morning broke early as it always did, especially away from the cave. I added wood to the fire and moved the coals around until it relit into flames. I roasted more of the bison meat while the wolves moved to the source and fed off the carcass. My gaze passed over the hide that I had worked so diligently to remove from the carcass. I wasn't happy with the situation. The hide was big and heavy. I had little inclination at the moment to struggle with it all the way back to the cave. Yet, it was a nice hide and could be useful for a sleeping surface in the next winter. I disliked the idea of wasting a perfectly good hide.

I saw Grey pass in front of me slowly and I remember a sense from last night. It is common for me to stroke various of the wolves as I move around a camp, especially just prior to settling in for the night. Last night, while stroking Grey over her belly, I thought I felt something different. With the new light of day, I moved to her, my bear hide over my shoulders but not fastened in front. She was standing when I came to her side so I stroked her side and belly where she stood. It did feel bloated. I felt Ma and Dau to compare, but they seemed normal. They had all fed from the same carcass so I didn't think it should have anything to do with a problem with the food. Then, it started sinking into me. Grey and the two newest males were unaware of our (my) plan to restrict mating during the heat. I had even recognized that the three of them continued mating right through the heat. Grey was pregnant; it had to be that!

This was intended to be an exploratory trip to this side and it had already been a huge success in terms of learning about the prairie and the types of game available. In fact, to my mind, it had been stunning what was found here. I hadn't been in a rush to return to the other side to prepare for a longer summer - fall exploration here, but now it seemed imperative to return and the sooner the better. Wolf gestation is only about 8 weeks and by the time we reach the cave, we might be pushing that time limit. The cave would be ideal for birthing the young. It was warm and secure.

I had no way to explain my concern and feeling of a need to leave soon. Then, I saw Ma approaching Grey. She had been watching from a distance as I examined Grey, now Ma was seeing for herself and in some animal way, she apparently came to the same conclusion. Soon, all the wolves seemed to be aware.

Once the wolves had fed well, again, from the carcass, I prepared myself for leaving. I removed the hide coat, secured the quiver and bow over my shoulder and back, then put the coat back on but left unfastened. I took up the spear, started moving back toward the mountain when a sound came from the hillside just to the south. All the wolves reacted to it, also. Again, Bo, Uno, and Tre formed a line between us while Dos and Qua formed to the back, just in case I suppose. It was good defensive position certainly.

Then, I saw, and the others as well, what caused the disturbance. Maybe 300 yards away, coming from the trees at the bottom of the next hill, came a group of people, humans, natives, whatever. They had all the general appearance, from this distance, of the North American Indians in regards to clothing and weapons. What had the attention of our group was that they were moving at a fast walk toward us, shouting, and waving arms and weapons. I could not understand a thing they were shouting and it didn't feel like a good time for a meeting, not when we might be at a disadvantage.

I agreed with Bo when he made a move to lead the pack away from them and to the mountains. I was toward the back to the pack and stopped to remove the coat to get the bow ready in case it was needed for protection from them. Bo stopped the pack and became aggressive with me to continue. I was still watching the people, notching an arrow to be ready. There seemed to be something about the way they were approaching us that seemed less than threatening, but not completely. It might only have been that I had developed the same defensive preference for solitude the wolf pack exhibited. It might be that I had lost some recognition of human intention by physical action.

They continued to approach and diverted their direction to adjust for our movement. I stepped to the back of the pack line and pulled up the bow as if to take aim. They immediately recognized the danger and stopped. I wondered then how long they might have been watching us. Had they seen the kill from yesterday? Were they aware of my abilities with the bow? Was there stopping a concession for that or coincidence?

Once they stopped, I picked up the spear, pointed in the direction of the carcass, then to them, and

repeated the motion. They seemed to discuss among themselves, one ran in the direction of the carcass, jumped into the ravine and came out holding up the hide. I nodded, pointed to it and them. When they waved in response, it felt friendly, not the aggressive action I perhaps mistook their running towards us as. None the less, we still left at a trot and quickly lost line-of-sight with them over the next rise. I kept the pace at a trot until we had achieved the slope for the mountain on the west side. At that point, Bo led us up along the same trail we had taken when we arrive only a few days earlier. I stopped and the pack waited as I surveyed behind us. The people were not following. In reflection, I doubted that they were being aggressive at all, but were likely merely wanting to make contact with us, or me.

Turning to continue up the mountain slope to the low pass to our narrow valley, movement to the south grabbed my attention. I nearly wrote it off as another part of the herd moving north, but it wasn't. What was coming from the south was a large group of humans, many pulling travois loaded belongings. Men and women alike were pulling these with young and old mixed in among them. I saw the group from earlier move out to intercept them. I looked down at the people loaded with belongings moving across the valley, which reminded me of the nomadic life of North American Indians on the plains. I looked out beyond them to the massive herd, remembering the horses mixed in with the other grazing animals. Could it be that the horse was no more to them than another animal? Perhaps even just another animal to be killed for food?

Our return to the cave turned out to be very fortuitous. Grey had been pregnant and she gave birth to five pups; unfortunately, one died at birth. If anyone had wondered about the effect on animals is of a birth death should have experienced what I saw in that cave. I had used my bear coat for Grey to give birth on. A soft and warm surface for her and the pups was a hope for a good birthing experience. Even so, she lost one. And, it was felt by the entire pack as the births began and ended. When I had to take that pup outside to discreetly bury it while the rest of the pack watched over the pups and mother, I felt it in them, I felt it from them, and I felt it for them.

The pups are born blind and deaf; their weight is barely a single pound. They are, as a result, extremely vulnerable at this stage and the mother doesn't leave the safety of the cave for the first several weeks, at which time the pups are agile enough to maneuver and have some chance of escaping a predator. Our unique situation with the warm and protected cave, allowed a more secure and leisurely start to the pups' lives ... and for Grey. The entire pack seemed to pitch in to assisting Grey with the pups, bringing in food for Grey as she nursed and managing the little ones as they began the exploration around the cave and the patio. All it took was for one of the adults to sit or lie at the narrow opening out of the patio to provide a safe environment for them.

In due time, the pups were ready for the trek to the valley and prairie on the other. In old, established packs, the elderly wolves will often be in the front of the line to set the pace for the rest of the pack. This assures that they won't be left behind and unprotected from other predators. In our case, though, Grey and the pups were placed in the middle of the line so they would always be surrounded. It was decidedly slower than the previous time we crossed the pass.

Once we were over the pass, however, I could see the same sight as before. The main herd may have moved further north, but the number of animals in front of us was still spectacular. When we left the valley and prairie, the mass of people was moving north. It now seemed that these people were at least in some ways nomadic in their nature, perhaps moving north for the summer and back south for the winter. Maybe, there was a better winter grounds to the south. Perhaps more protected but with still an abundance of food source. Off to the north, I could detect the smoke from many fires rising into the sky. I couldn't see the camp with the people, but I could see where they were.

I was too curious and moved along the mountainside in that direction. The pups were having a tough

time with their little bodies and short legs and not walking on a trail. Then, we did intersect a trail, undoubtedly made by moving deer or elk along the mountain. That made our progress much easier and I soon had the vantage point I was hoping for, high up on a ridge with the village of people below us. The number of people was impressive and it made me wonder how I could have missed it last year when Bo and I came over investigating. But, I reminded myself that my expectations were entirely different, not intent on small signs of human life, but the big, obvious signs that was so evident in my previous existence. There were teepees all over the place! The number of people moving around and busy surprised me. I had seen a large group moving before but I wasn't ready for this number. The items found in the cave seemed like pre-Columbian and the appearance of the group below seemed to reinforce that assessment.

We stood in a line along the ridge, the wolves standing or sitting, the pups moving around and among us. I was now dressed in what I had fashioned for warm weather, which consisted of a cape-like article that would normally be fastened at the neck or could be pulled around my body and fastened with a belt using slits for my arms if the weather dictated more protection. I was barefoot now. For nearly a year I had been toughening my feet, now the use of moccasins with the thin soles were no longer needed.

I thought we were innocuous in our location of observation, but in short order we had drawn the attention of some of the people. I should have guessed that they would be very alert to anything new or different around them. They lived a life in the wilds and among beasts of a wide variety. They couldn't afford to be surprised.

I had already decided that with the very young pups, any aggressive action from the people like the last time would cause us to leave at once. At seeing that we were noticed, I was already tensing to leave, but the people made no move to exit their camp. A large number of people were gathering at the edge, but they stopped there. I saw shortly after being noticed that a young boy ran deeper into the camp. But, the people came no further towards us than the edge of the camp. Then, I saw a group of people, some men and some women moving in a group with many more following. The grouping of people at the edge of the camp parted and allowed this new group to pass through and they, too, stopped. Two women moved a few steps further, but no further. An older man and several others would say things to them and the two women would respond, but all the while keeping their gaze on us. Then there was a discussion between the two women and I could see that one was considerably younger than the other. The discussion seemed to move from discussion to argument, but it was clear to me that the argument lacked anger. Perhaps it was more concern and uncertainty.

The cause became clear when the younger woman steps away from the rest and moved deliberately, if slowly and carefully, to the slope leading to us. She stopped and turned to the other woman who came half way to her. They held up their right hands to each other as if the gesture had some meaning to them. When the younger woman turned back to us and started up the slope, I knew I was going to have my first human contact since arriving here ... if I stayed. I was torn between allowing my concern for the pack lead me to leave and my curiosity about these humans to stay. The wolves weren't torn, however. They were obviously agitated at the sight of the approaching human. Bo noticed it, also. He looked to me, however, for a determination of stay or leave. I needed to know, so we stayed.

Some of the men of the camp were inching forward. I could sympathize that they must have some concerns for the woman's safety. Whoever this approaching woman was, she must be a person of some importance and respect among the camp. But, the other woman below had apparently even more as she brought the men to a stop and they responded immediately. I had not been idly just waiting to see what might happen. My bow was in my left hand, an arrow notched in the string, and

at the ready. My spear was stuck in the ground next to me, also ready if needed. The large knife strapped to my right thigh visible on my otherwise naked body under the cape.

The wolves, especially the males, grew increasingly anxious the closer the woman came up the slope. For them, it was not a fear based anxiety, it was a protective anxiety, having females and pups under their protection. The males were lined up on either side of me with the females and pups behind. I took a few strides forward, separating myself from them and waiting for the woman. She came confidently, but as she got closer and closer, her eyes flitted from me to the wolves lined to each side. While Bo had more trust in my judgement of human contact situations, the other males were displaying their agitation and posturing for warning. I called back to calm them, then looked back to command them to 'sit', one of the few control commands I had tried to employ with them, but felt necessary in strategic situations for surprise around game. The woman stopped as she took in the responding action from the wolves, undoubtedly to her, just wild beasts.

I heard a murmur from below as the wolves followed my command. I quickly glanced down to see the lead men directing their comments to the other woman. I could see her smile. She apparently was deciding the young woman had good instincts that she was right to approach us. I had no idea what was expected to come from this encounter. I was not going to understand anything she said and the same would be true for her understanding me. But, this was a monumental moment for me. There were humans here, humans who functioned within a large group with structure and respect. This and coming interactions would be the basis for any impulse on my part of having anything to do with them in the future or long-term. There was a part of me that was almost disappointed to discover them and that they were interested in contact. There was another part of me that was intrigued by that contact. Even if many thought of me as being largely unsocial, social was always a part of my prior existence, something that was impossible to escape, something that I had longed to escape. Now that I had that escape, that part of me wondered immediately if complete separation from humans was what I really desired. Time would be the teller.

The woman stopped completely about 20 yards in front of me. Her eyes nervously, but excitedly, moved along the line of male wolves just behind me and the activity further back as females and the others moved to keep the pups under control and away from possible danger. She then turned her eyes to me and steadily on me. She put her right hand on her chest, "Wachiwi". She repeated it several times. I knew, of course, that she was indicating her name, but I was curious what she would do next when I didn't respond. I chuckled, which took her by surprise. She repeated her name louder and louder, each time indicating herself. Funny, it must be a universal response to increase the volume to make someone understand what you are saying.

I put a finger to my upper chest, "Taryn". I then went down the line of male, fully adult, males, giving each of their names. I saved Bo for last and put my hand on the side of his head as I stated his name. She nodded as though understanding and I wondered what that meant, but it was as though a connection was made between me and my big, black wolf.

She took several more steps closer and the wolves reacted, requiring me to calm them, again. I was curious about the other woman, so pointed my arrow at her and put what I intended to be a puzzled expression my face. She looked behind me and the males and pointed. I turned to find Grey further back with the pups. I touched her with arrow, then pointed to the pups, pointed to Grey and then the woman below. This woman nodded enthusiastically. Communication. Painful, but communication.

She then pointed to the camp and indicated to go down. I shook my head 'no'. She indicated the entire pack and I shook my head more emphatically. I didn't know about the people, but I didn't know if the wolves could be trusted if they became threatened, even unintentionally. I emphatically rejected the suggestion. She stood looking at me, at my body, the wolves and the young, then me,

again. She put up her hands to indicated a 'wait'. The same physical motion universally used by people.

She ran down the slope, looking over her shoulder every now and then to verify that we didn't leave. She was in good shape, good enough to maintain her balance and control running down a slope of irregular surface. Once at the bottom, she talked, pointed, and argued. I woman I now knew to be her mother was doing the same. I had the sense that there was trust and respect between them, but also concern. Whatever the young woman was proposing had the other woman and the men arguing. Finally, after much back and forth, Wachiwi pulled her mother away from the others and talked only to her and the discussion became a discussion and less of an argument. The mother looked up at us for a while, then talked more. Then, the two women hugged and Wachiwi came running back up. This would be the true indication of what kind of condition she was in. Running up a slope is much more difficult on the lungs. She did slow to a walk eventually, but she made good progress back to us.

Panting and gasping, she patted her chest, pointed to me and the pack and then out across the prairie. I looked at her, wanting to understand her excitement and true intention. She repeated the motions. I thought I knew. If we wouldn't go to the camp, she wanted to be with us. I looked at her hard, I pulled her by the arm between Bo and Dos. She flinched when they moved to give room. I put my hand on her shoulder, the other holding the bow and arrow and it waved over the general pack, and then pointed out onto the prairie. She nodded, 'yes'. I smiled. I had no idea what was in this woman head, but I was again too curious. I held up my bow, indicated it and pointed to her camp. This time she was trying to understand me, then her eyes brightened and nodded. She just looked at me so I pointed to the camp and she ran off, again. I yelled to her and pointed to the valley away from the camp and the pack made our way down the slope. I was now shaking my head. What was I doing? We had a nice pack situation, why interfere with that?

I couldn't really answer that question, but it no longer mattered. It was done. We were at the bottom of the slope, heading out into the valley and the prairie beyond when one of the wolves stopped and watched behind us. I looked, but knew what I would find ... the young woman, Wachiwi, was coming after us at a trot. Like I thought before, I was impressed. I had lived with wolves exclusively for almost a full year and I was no longer easily impressed by humans.

She didn't fit into the group, obviously. She was a square peg with a board full of only round holes. But, to her credit, she appeared to realize that she was the odd one and exhibited a great deal of patience. For the first several days, there was hardly any attempt at communication. She followed the lead of the pack, ate when I ate and what I gave her to eat. She initially seemed uncomfortable going a full day without eating anything but saw that the entire pack was operating under the same conditions. So, she started eating more when we did it and ignoring what might have been normal social practices of restraint when another meal would be following in hours away. Here, when the next meal would come was always a bit of a mystery.

The most uncomfortable times came when the wolves mated, generally at night. I watched her closely and was surprised that she wasn't more upset. In fact, it was almost like she was prepared for the pack to indulge in mating with each other. I was shocked, though, when she pointed at me and then the animals. Bo had approached one of the females but had picked up on my reluctance and was leaving me alone. I didn't want to make it any more difficult for the woman, but if she was going to spend any amount of time with us, it was eventually going to happen. And, when she pointed at me and then at Bo, I wondered what she knew about us ... and how she knew it. She repeated the signals several time, but I knew from the first what she was indicating. She was wondering why I was not mating with Bo. I wondered if she had seen more than I thought. She was among the group that we saw that morning we left for our valley and the cave. What if she ... and

others ... had watched us the night before ... when we were mating by the fire, by the light of the fire. I couldn't keep the smile from crossing my face; she was aware of more about us than I had presumed and she still wanted to come with us. She had a strong drive to learn more about us and I wondered what her role in her village was that might create such a drive.

I decided, what the heck, she was as much as saying it was okay with her. I patted Bo on the shoulders and went to my hands and knees. I had been next to the woman and I didn't create any more space when I decided to go for it. This neither shocked or seemed to upset her. She half turned to be able to watch better and still have something of a view of the others who were by now well in the mating process. It didn't take Bo and me long to make up for the lost time, though. He gave my ass and pussy a number of appreciative licks that generated moans and sighs from my mouth. But I wanted more from him. I slapped my ass and he reacted immediately, moving his head from my crack to over my ass and he leapt onto my back. I slipped my hand between my legs to assist him and I groaned as his cock slid into my wet pussy. He released the grip of his legs around my waist, only enough to reposition himself by thrusting deeper into my pussy. I arched my back into the belly of Bo and moaned my pleasure at the same time.

I sensed a movement next to me and saw Wachiwi shifting her position to better witness what I was doing and the enjoyment I was receiving. It occurred to me that she might still be a virgin, but regardless of that, she was not upset or offended by what was happening. Instead, she was watching closely, as if she was intent on understanding the details and intricacies of the mating process. And, though she paid attention to the mating of the wolves, she was far more focused on the activities of Bo and me.

Then, I was past considering her interests or motivations, it was all me and what Bo was giving me in the way of one of his wonderful fuckings. My back was arching and dropping, my pelvis rotating, and my breasts swinging as he thrust in that unique canine frenzied way. When his knot stretched my pussy opening and finally drove inside me, I cried out and nearly came. The combination of what Bo was giving me AND the stimulation of being watched so intently by another human being ... something I wasn't sure even existed not that long ago. My orgasm was quick and powerful, bringing climax to Bo in response, his knot and cock growing, jerking, and shooting inside of me.

I felt a touch on my shoulder, which brought me out of the glow of my orgasm. It was Wachiwi, of course. She pointed to Bo being behind me, that he had turned causing us to now be ass-to-ass rather than him on top of me. I felt it, naturally. It is a strange feeling when the animal turns, his cock remaining embedded inside, twisting with the turn of the body outside. It is another of the delicious feelings of mating with a canine that is completely different and exotic compared to a man. I reached behind and raised Bo's tail and she came closer for a better look. Bo reacted to the touch and her moving closer, but he relaxed immediately at seeing it was my hand holding his tail. I held my hand up in a fist, trying to indicate a ball, and pointing to the place of our junction. Bo pulled, feeling some discomfort from the close attention, even if it was under my control.

She came even closer and it all took on a sense of obscenity to me. I was tied to a wolf and the young woman, who only days before meant nothing to me, was closely inspecting my knot and cock filled pussy, seeing how the knot was causing my pussy lips to bulge outward from me. Despite the lack of effective verbal communication, she seemed to understand what was happening and seemed all the more fascinated with it. It was then that I knew she would also be mated by a wolf, that her earlier reluctance wasn't from a lack of willingness, but rather needing to understand the process and to see my reaction to it.

That thought did something to me, it turned up my excitement to another level, and it made me even more curious about this woman. Still tied to Bo, I reached my hand out to Wachiwi, pulling her head

to mine, then while looking into her eyes, I brought my lips to hers, kissing her so she knew it wasn't a friend kiss. She pulled back but not before returning the kiss to me. She brought a finger to her lips, her eyes searching mine. I smiled at her and taking her fingers from her lips, she returned the smile and brought her lips back to mine. It was in the midst of that kiss that Bo pulled and separated us, my moan at the release escaping my mouth into Wachiwi's. She pulled my head into her and mashed my mouth with hers. I slipped my tongue out and probed her lips. She pulled back inches and searched my face, again. Mmmmm ... so much to teach this one ...

I came to my knees in front of her and fumbled with the tie of the belt to her gown. Her eyes weren't watching me, though, they were focused on Bo as he licked his cock clean. Her mouth opened as if to say something and her eyes were large, staring at the size of cock and the knot. Of course, the knot was much reduced to escape my pussy. She would discover that feeling herself.

Her attention was brought back to me as I continued to struggle with her dress, not figuring out how it held together and where it separated. She pulled at a couple location and pulled the garment over her head. Her hair was long and shiny like mine, but her body hair was thicker and very pronounced. I didn't think any of the animals were going to mind. I cupped her breasts and gave each a gentle squeeze. She looked awkward and shy now. Before, while watching me, she seemed confident in her desire. Now, faced with the looming reality, she seemed pensive, not reluctant or apprehensive, just more cautious or careful.

She put her hand out and touched my breasts, feeling them, and cupping them. I smiled at her and she returned it to me. I pointed to Dos, who had been circling around the group, waiting for the next female that would be willing. I patted my hip to get his attention and he pranced over quickly. He wasn't the only male waiting. I put my arms around his neck and kiss the side of his snout. I motioned with my head for Wachiwi to come and duplicate my actions. She crawled to the other side of Dos, encircling his neck, hugging him, kissing his face and snout, and holding his body against her naked body. I watched as her face took on a look of softness, eyes closing, and her hands never stopped stroking the beast.

I touched her arm and gave her a look that I hoped indicated a question, 'Ready?' She looked at me, then at Dos, her hands never stopping her stroking on the animal. When she looked back to me, she simply nodded. There were no words being passed between us, we didn't have the language, but the looks from one concerned woman to another seemed to be all that we needed. I moved to my hands and knees like I had been before. She duplicated my position, but Dos moved quickly to me. I sat down, not allowing him to begin probing with his partially protruding cock. I patted Wachiwi's ass and Dos looked at me suspiciously. It hadn't occurred to me, but they had accepted me as one of them, but now there was another human female? I acted as though it should be normal and okay, I patted her ass, again. This time he went to her, sniffing her ass and between her legs. I was sure she was ready and I knew he was. He licked her, slipping his tongue along the crack of her ass. She flinched slightly and gave a sigh that signified her pleasure at the touch. I patted the insides of her knees and she opened them a little more. Dos' next swipe of his tongue caught the entire length of her pussy and she moaned. The licks came quicker now and her pelvis was moving in response, rotating up to make herself more available to his tongue.

I encouraged Dos to mount her and he did after a final swipe of his tongue. I moved to her rear to assist Dos in penetrating her. Soon, I would teach her about using her hand, but for the first time and not being able to verbally communicate directions, I did it for her. I slipped my hand between Dos' rear legs, slid it under his exposed cock, found her mound, and guided the cock into her. She cried out at the moment of deep penetration and it wasn't until that moment that I wondered about her condition. If she was a virgin, was her hymen still intact. Her reaction, though, seemed to indicate quite the opposite. Her head sank down until it was merely hanging on her neck and her

mouth sputtered out moans, groans, and gasps. All were from her reaction to the suddenness of the penetration, the depth, and the incredible union of their organs. I knew how she felt, it was the same for me. It wasn't a cry of wrenching pain and shock from her body, which might occur if her hymen has suddenly been torn.

I put my hand on her shoulder and she turned her head to me and said something, words I didn't understand, but her face expressed everything I needed to understand. She was in bliss, beyond bliss, and into ecstasy. I smiled back at her and slipped my hand underneath to take hold of one of her swinging breasts. Dos was full into pumping furiously into her now and her expression went from surprise, to delight, to lusty wantonness, and back through the cycle all over again.

Her head rose sharply and a soft cry came out. I knew without even seeing that the knot was pressing against her opening, spreading her opening and demanding entrance. She looked at me and I saw a glazed look in her eyes. I used my hands to indicate pressing back and she did. She gritted her teeth and pressed back on the impaling cock, pressing against the knot. Her mouth was open wide and I knew the knot was stretching her wide, stretching her to the point that she feared being torn, but also knew that I had taken a larger wolf and I was slightly smaller than she. She pressed back harder and then her body moved sharply back a few inches. She had taken the knot inside and I watched as Dos tried to pump fiercely into her but was restricted by the knot. My mind registered it all and for the first time I was seeing what it was like rather than only imagining what it would look like.

She curled in my arms that night, very content and very satisfied. I had never wondered about bisexuality; I never had the situation arise where I might. It felt good to snuggle into her and have her snuggling into me, peacefully content with my arms around her, my hands on her body, my curious hands, but not wanting to wake her after her first experience.

The following days and weeks were aimless and delicious. We had no destination, we merely chose a direction and roamed, discovered what the land around us contained. Some days we moved quickly or at least as quickly as the pups allowed. Other days we moved slower, more deliberate. Wachiwi was fitting in. I wasn't positive, but it seemed that her participation in the mating was helping her acceptance into the pack. It was clear to me, though, that her participation was temporary. Her goal was to learn and experience, but she held nothing back, she gave as much as received.

Along the way, my education was constant, also. Wachiwi and I stumbled with communication and I realized that I needed to learn her language. I was more dominant and stronger-will than she, but if communication was to occur with these people, I was not going to school them in my language. I was never thought to be good with languages, but it was something that I was now constantly exposed to. Our ability to communicate, beyond hand signals, grew steadily. At first, it was just a significant word or two, but the number of words and action increased.

We made several visits to the people's camp. Each time, the pack and I would stay at the edge of their camp while Wachiwi went in. Often, she returned to us with her mother and occasionally with others to describe what we had seen and what she had learned. She would look to me to assist her in describing thoughts and impressions that we had shared. She never mentioned anything about mating with the wolves, but her mother would look with interest at them, me, and her daughter. I suspected that she too might know more about us.

At about the middle of summer, we were looking for a kill for the pack. It wasn't difficult, especially now when we had two bows available. We had routine success with deer, elk, and bison. Bison, though, took more planning and consideration. I was always aware of the dangers of the kill and the bison was a higher risk, unless all those considerations were accounted for. We had NEVER even

attempted to take a Mastodon. They were magnificent beasts, but their tusks were killing weapons.

I was letting Wachiwi select the animal for our kill when I realized she was targeting a horse. I put my hand on her arm and she loosened the tension on the bow, looking to me as I shook my head. She looked at me puzzled. Her people apparently looked upon the horse as just another grazing animal that was merely a source of food. Our verbal communication wasn't advanced enough to help me, so I resorted to crude drawings. I had never considered myself an artist so this was going to be a very big challenge for me. I used my knife, which she found fascinating, not to mention the material my bow was made from. I drew a profile view of what I could represent as a horse and indicated the animal in the prairie. She nodded. I then added some lines to indicate a travois and things carried on it. I drew the top view and the combination seemed to sink into her. She looked at me in wonder. I then did the same thing but added a figure of a person sitting on the horse. When it occurred to her what I was indicating, her eyes got big and she shook her head.

I indicated more than told her that we needed a long length of rope and she nodded. I motioned to Dos and Ram and they took off to protect her. We were a considerable distance from the people's camp. She had taken to dressing like me in just a cape-like garment. I wondered how that would be received when she entered the camp.

It took several days for them to find their way back to us. She said, in our broken language, that the people enjoyed my idea with much laughing. I could only smile. I knew horses would become beasts of burden and riding, but I didn't know how they got to that point. In my world, horses migrated from North America and became extinct in North America about 10,000 years ago. They came back to North America only after the Spanish brought them in their conquest through Central America. What happened in between I had no idea. But, I was about to try domesticating a horse myself.

The wolves were effective in corralling the animal, then it was up to Wachiwi and me to get the rope around the animal's neck. I would like to say that it went smoothly, but it didn't. I think she was becoming convinced that I was out of my mind, but I persisted and to her credit she continued to help in my efforts. I wasn't a horsewoman, so even after capturing one of the horses, I didn't know what I was doing. I only knew that horses would become very useful animals to humans and it might as well be now for these people than later. I didn't know the history of the domestication of the horse. Sometime in there, the horse began being used for other than the meat and hide that it could provide.

It took us several weeks to get the animal used to being handled enough to attach a travois to. Suddenly, it became clear to Wachiwi just how useful this animal could become to her people. We loaded up the travois with hides we had taken off animals, along with meat from another recent bison kill. When we led the horse pulled travois into the village, followed by the pack of wolves, we created quite a stir. Wachiwi explained to the leaders the use of the horse and explained that I thought they could be used to ride and in such a way be able to travel greater distances in the same amount of time. It took nearly the entire summer before the first horse was successfully ridden and not by me. It was discovered that one of the men had an innate ability to stay on a skittish horse. He was able to train several horses after accomplishing it the first time.

By the time summer had changed to fall, major changes had been accomplished with Wachiwi's time with the pack. She and I had developed a crude communication. I had a long way to go to be able to effectively communicate with others, but she had the interest and devotion to the effort that my stumbling and errors didn't seem to be a problem for her.

As the people made their preparations for the migration south, I made my own preparations for returning over the mountain pass to our home in the cave. Both Wachiwi and her mother applied

some pressure for the pack or at least me to stay with them over the winter. I knew that wasn't going to work and I had no desire to influence the pack into a situation they weren't going to be comfortable in. I had one of the horses to haul the hides, dried meat, and other food stuff the people were sending with us. I was surprised by my reaction, but I going to miss these people and especially Wachiwi. But we did part company, they moving south along the range and we moved up the mountainside for our narrow valley. I was more than a little curious what we would find once there. Had the cave been taken by other animals in our absence? Could we dislodge them, if they had?

I found the cave in the same condition as when we had left it in late spring after the pups were able to make the trek over the pass. I wondered what the next spring would bring us. We had enjoyed a full summer of interactive sexual play and added another human female into the mix with Wachiwi. I wondered what she was doing at that moment. I wondered if she was also thinking of us, what we were doing, or ... maybe that summer was merely an interesting learning experience and she had moved on in her life. It would have been easier to think the latter, but I knew it wasn't the case. A connection had been made and not just between she and I, but with the wolves, also.

We re-entered into our routines of living in the valley; we hunted as we needed, retreated to the cave for protection and warmth as the winter temperatures dictated. The early winter months came and the pack was full into our existence in the warmth of the cave and sojourns into the valley as needed to ensure our territory and the kills we needed for food. I renewed my rhythm of creating garments for myself, modifying the style and pattern from the experience of the past summer. Within the next month I was completed with that task when it had taken me so much more time before. I then searched to create more activities to keep me busy, my mind as occupied as possible.

One morning, sometime in the dead of winter, I came awake. I was clear headed and aware. The cave was quiet, only the sounds of animals sleeping, the peaceful breathing and sounds of contented beasts. Some were apparently in the midst of a good chase, but most were quiet, gently breathing in REM sleep. I smiled at the thought of the pack so peaceful. But, as I lay there, alone in my thoughts, I realized clearly why I had awoken. There was nothing wrong, no danger or threat. I had kept my mind busy to avoid this thought, this realization, this recognition. I was lonely!

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## **Chapter 14**

Early spring presented the understanding of how close we were to moving the pack over to the other valley. And, I was ready. That turned out to be a long and trying winter for me. The weather was no worse than the previous. The dynamics in the pack were no different than ever before. My ability and desire to cope in the wild and within the pack was no less than ever before. The difference was simple ... so simple that it took me half the winter to admit and look critically at. I had become lonely. The pack was every bit as attentive and caring as they had ever been. Bo was everything he had ever been for me. But ... I had experienced human contact the previous summer. I had enjoyed it. Before it happened, I think I would have been sure that I might not even desire contact with humans. I now understood how much that had been consoling me for the eventuality of NOT making meaningful contact ever again. And, I also knew that if it hadn't been for Wachiwi, I might still not feel this way.

We had other more pressing matters to deal with, first. This season's heat had produced two of our females pregnant. This time it was Dau and Gen. This was Gen's first season for mating and she became pregnant. Given the amount of mating and interaction among the pack, it was impossible to be sure which of the males might be the fathers, but I had my suspicions. I suspected, from the

actions I witnessed, that Uno may be the father for Dau and Ram for Gen. Dau had five and Gen had four. It seemed we had pups everywhere you tried to move while in the cave.

I was very relieved when spring really made its presence in the valley. It allowed more movement and escape from the chaos of the cave. But it also presented a view that was surprising. The melt seemed to occur much like the year before when we were waiting for Grey's pups to mature enough to go to the other side and the larger valley and prairie. This year, though, despite the snow disappearing in our valley, the pass above us was still locked in snow. I wondered about the land on the other side, but the pass was still too deep for the young to manage even with the adults breaking a trail for them. It was a couple weeks longer before I decided it was time to make an effort to journey to the other side. At the deepest place, near the top of the pass, the snow depth was still at my knees. I had made the switch to the lighter cape, so the travel over the pass was uncomfortably cold, but with me breaking a path and other adults following behind me, the young were able to manage the trek. They seemed a little nervous as they walked trapped on all sides by either large adult members of the pack or the vertical walls of snow. Soon after cresting the top of the pass, however, the travel became easier as the snow depth steadily decreased.

I could see that there were still significant patches of snow on the prairie floor, but it was melting fast based on the amount of runoff in the many rivulets like a lace pattern on the ground below us. I almost felt embarrassed and something of a traitor when I realized I was scanning the landscape to the north for signs of smoke columns that would indicate the location of The People. But, I saw nothing. It was just another of many signs that I was looking forward to seeing them, and especially Wachiwi, again. But, I saw nothing. A sick feeling settled into my stomach as I considered if they might not return to the same location every year. What if they might have gone to the east this year? Maybe in the direction of the tall mountains ahead of me. I might never find them out there. It would be aimless wandering ....

Then, Dos and Qua moved away from the group, walking to the top of a slight rise, stopped and gazed off to the south. Dos turned to look at us and gave a whimpering sort of sound. Not a sound of displeasure or stress as much as an indication of something of interest. The rest of the pack followed me to join them to investigate what had their interest. Below and still further to the south, but moving in a large group near the foot of the mountains were The People. When we left them last fall, they had just less than a dozen horses they had tamed for use. Below us were the people moving but more than two dozen horses pulling travois laden with belongings. They had been busy over the winter months.

I moved with quicker steps now as we worked our way down the slope, careful to take a route that would be manageable for the pups. For the most part, a pack moves in a line, following the one in front. I don't know why that is, but it has been true of our pack and other packs we have encountered.

We were on intersecting paths; we moving to the east down the slope and them moving along the bottom to the north. At some point, a loud ruckus came from the mass of people. A young boy had spotted us. I could see him, and then more of the children, running toward the front of the mass of humanity. They were shouting and pointing, causing more of the adults to look our way and point and yell. They seemed to have become comfortable with us and I wondered how much of this eager greeting might be a result of stories told by Wachiwi around the fires through the winter. I trusted she was discrete in what she shared.

I saw another commotion deeper the mass and spotted two woman running through the crowd despite being burdened by large packs on their backs. Apparently, Spirit Guides were not immune to the labors of moving The People to the summer location. I also realized I was smiling at seeing

Wachiwi and Ehawee rushing to greet us.

We did not join them, it was still too soon, but I indicated that we would be along a stream just to the east of where they would be located. But, as we moved through the mass, we were given a clear passageway, except for some excited children and some equally excited and curious pups. Mothers from both sides intercepted young and I was pleased that it happened without fear expressed by the human mothers or fierce warning growls from the wolf mothers.

In due time, after the new camp was established, the wolves indicated an arrival from the west. I stood and looked over the plain of growing grasses and found Wachiwi, as I expect. What was a surprise for me, though, was that Ehawee, her mother, was also coming. I stumbled through a nervous greeting to her. I had expected Wachiwi and was prepared to just take her into my arms as a greeting. Her mother's arrival gave me pause. I stumbled through a hesitant greeting and introduction of the pack, especially of Bo who was at my side, as normal. The awkwardness was broken not by me or the women, but by the wolves. They remembered Wachiwi from last year and moved to greet her with familiarity and warmth. It eased the reactions for everyone.

Ehawee made it clear from the beginning that she wanted to join us, also making it clear that it was for a while, only. That distinction made me wonder what she thought was going to happen with Wachiwi. Was there an expectation that Wachiwi was spending her time with us from now on or just more time than she was planning? The distinction, though, didn't seem that important as my own expectations were no longer clear to me. Also, I had an immediate trust and comfort with Ehawee as I did with Wachiwi and the wolves accepted her quickly into our group, which was growing quickly with the addition of the nine new pups.

It became very clear to me that the two women had shared much in our absence about the function and activities of our pack. Ehawee indicated a desire to participate in the mating activity the first night it was obvious. She blurted it out and then got apologetic for assuming that she would be accepted. I could only laugh, trying to be polite and not offend her, that I doubted the males would mind having another female around. It brought a laugh from the two women and the awkwardness was gone.

She seemed almost as eager to mate with the males as Wachiwi who knew exactly what it was like. My guess was that it had been quite a while since she had a cock, indicating how long ago it probably was when her mate, Wachiwi's father, had died.

When it came time for her to be actively introduced to mating with a canine, she was much more active and deliberate than her daughter had been the previous summer. And, it wasn't me who took the lead in instructing her, but her daughter, which only added more weight to my earlier perception that they had discussed in detail what her experience with the pack had been.

I remained available to assist in her introduction even though her attention was completely on her daughter as Ram took the initiative to re-introduce Wachiwi to mating. Ehawee didn't waste time on shyness and removed her clothes at the same time that Wachiwi and I removed our capes. Ehawee was definitely older than me and could easily be my mother in age, but the active life they led was both a positive and a negative it appeared. The life encouraged a fit body and Ehawee certainly had that and looked very good naked. The life was also very hard and the physical stress and difficulties were also evident on her body but mostly on her face, with distinct lines around her eyes and mouth.

She watched intently as her daughter was approached by Ram. As Wachiwi took her position in front of the animal, Ram sniffed and licked her ass at which point she opened herself more to him by spreading her knees wider. When the animal made direct contact with her pussy, it was clear by the

gasp and moan that escaped her mouth. Ehawee's attention was riveted on her daughter and Ram. Her eyes flitted from her daughter's head, her ass where the wolf was busy licking her, and to the animal's body. I caught her attention and reached out toward Ram's crotch, not touching him because I didn't want to interrupt the attention he was giving to Wachiwi, but I did want to indicate the animals suddenly exposed cock. The woman looked at it, then me, then back at the cock as a smile grew across her face and her attention returned to her daughter who she found looking at her. They shared the understanding of what was about to be and I sensed a shared understanding that soon it would also be happening to the older woman.

Ehawee shifted her position to better witness what her daughter was doing and the enjoyment she was receiving, much like Wachiwi had done when she was following my lead. She also was watching the union of her daughter with this wolf closely with a clear intent to understand the details and intricacies of the mating process and with such cool deliberation that I had to believe they had this worked out even before joining us.

As I saw Wachiwi slipping into herself as the mating took hold of her and her feelings overtaking her body and mind, I moved alongside the older woman for reinforcement and support. When we saw her arch her back and press back into the wolf, then heard her cry out, I pointed out the insertion of the knot and reinforced that with verbal description. Hearing her daughter cry out created a moment of apprehension in the woman, but it quickly passed with even more fascination as she saw the lust-crazed look in her daughter's eyes and the pleasure induced shaking of her body. I could easily imagine what this situation must have been like for Wachiwi to be again experiencing the frenzied mating from a large wolf while being watched closely by her mother.

As the two clearly reached climax and were subsiding, I felt the touch of the mother on my shoulder. She was curious about them remaining together even after they climaxed and at that moment, Ram turned on Wachiwi so they were now ass-to-ass. I reminded her of the knot and that it would need to deflate more before it could pass out of the pussy. I took that moment of looking into her face to see her eyes, eyes filled with passion and excitement and desire. Not only was she prepared for everything she had witnessed, but she was also ready to participate.

She moved even closer to the two and I lifted Ram's tail for her to see the union, just as I had done for her daughter when I was tied to Bo. She smiled at me in satisfaction and moved to her daughter's head. She bent down and kissed her face repeatedly, her daughter giving her a weary look of appreciation and encouragement. I smiled. This woman was about to experience something truly amazing and she knew it was something the two of them, mother and daughter, would have the experience in common and something they would always be able to share.

I came to my knees in front of her. Her eyes weren't watching me, though, they were focused on Bo who had been patiently waiting for me. Her mouth opened as if to say something and her eyes were large, staring at the size of his cock already outside of the sheath. Whatever her previous experiences with mating a man, I knew she would discover that special feeling of a canine in the next moments.

Her attention was brought back to me as I fondled her breasts. She looked at my hands and fingers and into my eyes. I could see that the experience of a woman feeling her sexually was completely foreign to her, but in the moment she was not resisting or shy about the attention. When I had realized that she had shed her garments at the same time as Wachiwi, I hadn't really focused on her body, but now as I felt her breasts and encouraged her, I saw that her body was very similar to her daughter's. She was older and had lived more of life and her body did show that. Her breasts weren't as firm and proudly jutting from her body as her younger daughter, but they were still nicely shaped. Her muscles were toned, her waist still slim, and her hips slightly rounder. I suppose the



term 'more mature' would have been more correct in a different society. But, here, none of that mattered. Her hair was long and shiny like mine and her daughter, and her body hair was just as thick and pronounced, too. I continued to cup her breasts and gave each a gentle squeeze. She didn't express the awkwardness and shyness that her daughter had. Whether it was from her excitement or the time before in preparation for this moment, she looked eager and ready for whatever might happen.

She put her hand out and touched my breasts in response, feeling them, and cupping them. I smiled at her and she returned it to me. I pointed to Bo, who had been waiting, as patiently as could be expected given the situation. I patted my hip to get his attention and he pranced over quickly. I put my arms around his neck and kiss the side of his snout. I motioned with my head for Ehawee to come and duplicate my actions. She moved to the other side of Bo, encircling his neck, hugging him, kissing his face and snout, and holding his body against her naked body. I watched as her face took on a look of softness, eyes closing, and her hands never stopped stroking my beast.

I touched her arm and gave her a look and asked if she was ready. She looked at me, then at Bo, then to her daughter who was watching while still tied to Ram, her hands never stopping her stroking on his side. When she looked back to me, she simply nodded. I moved to my hands and knees like she had seen her daughter do before. She duplicated the position quickly and Bo responded as though he knew exactly what we were doing. This time he went to her, sniffing her ass and between her legs. I was sure she was ready and I knew he was. He licked her, slipping his tongue along the crack of her ass. She flinched slightly and gave a sigh that reflected her pleasure at the touch. I patted the insides of her knees for her to open them a little more. Bo's next swipe of his tongue caught the entire length of her pussy and she moaned. The licks came quicker now and her pelvis was moving in response, rotating up to make herself more available to his tongue.

I encouraged Bo to mount her and he did after a final swipe of his tongue. I moved to her rear to assist Dos in penetrating her by slipping my hand between his rear legs, sliding it under his exposed cock, finding her mound, and guide the cock into her. She cried out at the moment of deep penetration and it was then that I saw that her daughter was now untied and had taken up a position next her mom's head. Ehawee's head sank down, hanging from her shoulders, and her mouth sputtered out moans, groans, and gasps. All were a reaction to the penetration, the depth, and the incredible, animalistic union of their organs. I had to smile. Yet another woman discovering the tremendous joys of animal sex.

I put a hand on her shoulder and her daughter's as she watched with wonder and pride as her mother took her first wolf mating. Ehawee turned her head to Wachiwi and said something I didn't quite understand, but their faces expressed everything I needed to understand. She was in bliss, beyond bliss, and into ecstasy. I smiled at them and watched as Wachiwi slipped a hand underneath to take hold of one of her mother's swinging breasts. Bo was full into pumping furiously now and her expression went from surprise, to delight, to lusty wantonness, and back through the cycle all over again. But after a few moments, she looked up into the eyes of her daughter and gave her the most meaningful look I have seen. Wachiwi seemed to sense the difference, also, and leaned in while squeezing her mom's breast. She sought out her mouth and they kissed, not mother and daughter, but ... something more ... something much more.

Her head rose sharply and a soft cry came out. I didn't have to see or check to know that the knot was pressing against her opening, spreading her opening and gaining entrance. She looked at her daughter, her child that was leading her into this new life, and I saw a glazed look in her eyes, a look of both lusting need and loving intention. The first was for the animal pumping into her pussy, the second was for her daughter. She gritted her teeth and pressed back on the impaling cock, her mouth was open wide, and I knew the knot was stretching her wider. She pressed back harder and

then her body moved sharply back a few inches. She had taken the knot inside and I watched as Bo tried to pump even more fiercely into her but was now more restricted. That night, they were curled in each other's arms, very content and very satisfied.

The days that followed were telling. The pack seemed to accept the presence of this new human into the mix with little concern. It was different for other humans in general. This new woman was different in some way that they could feel. The pack was still wary of the group of people, but tolerated their presence in some hunting situations. But, Ehawee was accepted with little thought by the pack. She even adapted the same clothing option that Wachiwi and I assumed for the warmer days and summer. She became very comfortable with her body and accepted the random attention of males.

Within weeks, though, I noticed a subtle change in the pack. Ram, Gen, and her pups spent more time with the women, Bo and I. A subtle separation seemed to be occurring and I wondered if I should be concerned about that. I decided to wait and see what developed.

The summer seemed to pass quickly. The improved communication between me and the people, but especially Wachiwi and Ehawee, allowed leaps in implementing things I knew should be able to happen and be done. The use of horses was a startling change for them. The more they utilized the horse for hauling and riding, the more incentive they had to improve their skill and domesticate more of the animals. Soon, there were both men and women riding horses and providing an added ability to cull out animals from the massive herd. They were now able to penetrate the herd on a sizable animal, maneuver the older and injured animals to the edges of the herd for hunting. This maintained a strong herd and culled out the weak. It wasn't long before the same technique was used to encourage the mastodon into a constricted space to allow the people to kill even them without injury to the hunters.

These advances were seen by the people as a direct result of the two Spirit Guides in communion with the wolf pack. In a spiritual/superstitious way, the relationship allowed a speedy acceptance of these new practices and ways. It also improved and heightened the status of the two women in the eyes and image of the people. They lamented to me numerous times that the people should be giving me the credit of these new ways, which was what was only right and just. I argued in return that I and the wolves were something of a mystery to them. I was difficult for them to accept as just another woman or person. I told them I was pleased that the people found these new ways good and useful.

The people were accepting of me, though. It was always with a sense of mystery, however. I was now easily milling among them at those times we returned to them for meetings and discussions. Those times, however, were another indication of the separation developing in the pack. When the three of us went to meet with the village, Bo was always with me, but I found that Ram, Gen, and her pups would occasionally also accompany us. I welcomed their presence when they came. The children were entranced by the pups and in awe of the large wolves, especially the black Bo. The other wolves, however stayed at the outskirts of the village.

The full distinction of the pack divide came to a realization deep into fall. Winter was certainly on its way. The people were breaking up their village and making plans for their trek further south. The great herds were already forming and moving in the same direction. The pack knew it was time to move to the narrow valley and the protections it provided. Yet, I didn't provide any indication of moving in that direction. Finally, the conflict showed. Two alphas emerged and faced each other. Bo and Uno. I always knew Uno would be a fine alpha, I just hadn't known how the opportunity would present itself. There was too much respect between these two males for a physical conflict to develop. Instead, it came down to a subtler conflict of wills. Uno clearly knew it was time to move

and was prepared to. Bo was yielding to me. Despite him being the alpha in the pack, he had always taken his cues from me, just as he had when we lived in our civilized world.

Wachiwi and Ehawee had sensed the same conflict and had disappeared back to the village. Truthfully, they had no choice. Their place was with the people. They understood the pack was different and were grateful for the time they were able to spend within the pack in the warm months on the prairie. They provided no extreme pressure on me to join them this year, they only made sure I understood they wanted me to be with them. They wanted me in their lives.

I was torn like never before. The pack had been my saving for nearly two years. On the other hand, I remembered too well the feeling I had over the past winter and wondered if I truly wanted that again. I had been kneeling on the ground, gathering my things when all my motion and attention froze. I wasn't even aware of it, my unmoving, unseeing, unthinking trance. I felt a presence, a welcome and comforting presence. Ma was standing in front of me. The others were merely watching, but I didn't see them, not Bo, and not Uno, just Ma. She looked into my eyes, deeply, with an understanding and consideration that she had somehow been able to do since we connected under that bear hide after saving her pup, Ram.

Tears came to my eyes and dropped to my cheeks, running down to my chin. Her eyes ... she looked at me in a way that I was never before able to experience. She reached forward and licked the tears from my face, then looked deeply, intently into my eyes and I knew what I had to do. Ma, this mother who had entrusted me with her rambunctious pup rather than having it die in the cold, was giving me my answer. She was telling me I needed to go and live my own life, that they would be fine. I had lost my own mother at such an early age that I didn't even know her. Now, in her place, was this wolf mother giving me permission to leave and live. The same permission any mother gave when wanting the best for her young.

I hugged her head to me and I cried. I might have wailed for the effect it apparently had on the pack. When I looked up from burying my face in her fur, the pack had gathered around us, waiting. I stood and went to a point between Bo and Uno, calling both of them to me, and hugged both of them at the same time. I could sense that Bo knew what was happening and stepped back. I hugged Uno tighter and kissed him on the snout. He took a step toward the mountains, stopped and looked back at me, I shook my head no. I looked him and pointed to the mountains. He understood and took several steps in that direction. Bo, obviously, stayed where he was, waiting for me to lead him wherever. Ma came to me and I petted her head, again. Then she moved to Uno. One by one, it was repeated. The wolves came to me and moved to Uno. A new pack was being formed. Bo and I were no longer a part of them.

My surprise came when Ram, Gen, and her pups were the last and they remained where they were. Finally, as if making up his mind, Ram came to me like the others. This time, however, after I pet his head, he moved to Bo's side. I looked at Uno and Ma, feeling some guilt. Then Gen and her pups came to me and quickly joined Ram with Bo. The die was cast. The pack was split and I wonder what the feelings might be at this split. But, I needn't have worried. The animals regrouped, touching noses and milling amongst each other. Then, Uno gave his command and his pack formed behind him as he led them toward the mountains.

When we joined the people, they had begun their move south. Wachiwi and Ehawee were overjoyed at seeing Ram and Gen joining them. The children were more than overjoyed at seeing the pups and chaos erupted as the children and pups were chasing throughout the milling throng headed dutifully southward. But, even under the burdens of the move, the adults saw the pleasure in the younger species playfulness together.

I wasn't sure what was ahead of me. I was sure I would be reuniting with the pack in the spring and would rejoice with them at the new additions to the pack that would come their way. I understood that over time, any presence and understanding I had with the pack would diminish until it disappeared entirely. I was no longer to be the Wolf-woman living wild and free. But, I would always be Wolf-woman in the stories told around the fires of The People. As I took up a burden from an older man of the people, the thought and speculation gave me warmth.

I felt a strong bump on my right thigh and I looked down. Bo was stride for stride with me and looking up at my face. He bumped me deliberately, again. And, if a dog could smile ....

**THE END**