

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



INTRODUCTION

The setting for the story in my mind is similar to the mid-1700's of America, if not really. The setting is still primitive, still wild and raw, still largely untamed, and in some places seemingly inaccessible simply due to geological formations. Outside the larger cities along the sea coasts, the economy of the inhabited, 'civilized' if you will, land is largely on the backs of slavery. The racial makeup of the characters is unimportant and purposefully not defined. White, black, native American, or whatever might be possible identifications, but regardless of racial definition, slavery is slavery. What is important is what people do, how they react in their opportunities and their life in general.

This is the story of one woman, a slave named, Sarah, who fights against the social structure and domination, and, as a result, finds herself in a fight for survival in slavery. Ultimately, she gives birth to a very special daughter, Maia, who makes her own choices and sets in motion a life that influences others.

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### Chapter 1: THE BEGINNING

Sarah always knew slavery, which is to say that she was always a slave. She was born to her slave parents who belonged to the owners of a small working farm. The small farm was hardly profitable even with the two slaves to work the land. But, the addition of another mouth to feed and the distraction it caused the mother became a burden to the farmer and his family. As a result, as cruel as it might seem even to him, when a passing slaver caught sight of the small girl playing in the field alongside her parents, he inquired to buy the child.

The Commonwealth government had no laws one way or the other regarding slaves. Slaves fit into the governance of owned livestock or property. As long as an owner had paperwork indicating ownership, any livestock, property, or slave could be sold, purchased, or bartered as any two parties saw fit. Local jurisdiction, however, especially in the predominately agricultural regions heavy in the slave trade, had established much stiffer penalties regarding the slaves than any other livestock, which is to say that steal, injuring, killing, or aiding in the escape of another man's slave resulted in far tougher consequences.

Such was the condition that existed for Sarah when she was emotionlessly sold to this complete stranger without regard to his intentions for her. At the very tender age of five, Sarah was separated from her parents, forever. Sarah had nightmares for years as her subconscious mind replayed that day she was literally handed over to this man's men and tied in the bed of his wagon while her mother and father cried, wailed, and cursed at her removal. That was a bad enough of a memory for her, but the cracks, loud and sharp, of the bullwhip striking the backs and limbs of her parents as they strained to interfere was the true horror. It was years before her young mind could make sense of that fateful day; if anyone's mind could truly makes sense of such things.

Sarah was soon sold to a very large plantation far from where her parents were. She learned that years later and finally gave up any lingering hope of reuniting with them, ever again. To her it seemed to be forever before the wagon reached a place of many buildings and people. She had never seen a city before. To a little girl, it was both exciting and fearsome. It was there that she was again sold, this time to a man and woman, but only after many people inspected her completely in plain view of anyone. This particular man kept a large nursery of slave children in which he trained them for various tasks. He reasoned that slave children were cheap, very cheap, and proper care and training would reap a many fold return on the investment. Sarah was being trained as a housekeeping and servant. As it would turn out, she would become an especially beautiful young

woman as she grew. That simple fact alone would become a significant point in her life.

The plantation was located in a particularly scenic location. At least, it might have seemed that way if you weren't a slave in it. To the West was a range of mountains that loomed large and forbidding with its forested front slope. Men freely spoke of it being completely unpassable for as far along the range that any man had tried. It seemed to be a complete impediment to any Western expansion. Perhaps much further to the South, maybe even as far South as the coastal lands might yield a route beyond this range of mountains. Many had tried but none had succeeded. Whether they be explorers, trapper, hunters, or runaway slaves, none found a way beyond the mountains. To the North was a forest that was said to stop at a wide and dangerous canyon. The river creating the canyon blocked the direction to the East. To the south was the ocean coastal areas, populated by the most rigid slavery proponents of the entire Commonwealth. Any wandering and unescorted slave in that direction would be immediately detained, owner located by the branding mark, and severely punished upon return to the rightful owner.

Sarah was a stubborn and willful child. She had no idea if that was a trait inherited from her parents, or if perhaps it was her reaction to her condition in life. Her inclination was to rebel again abuse and domination and she received many punishments growing up. She discovered, however, that her remarkable beauty and her quick mind were her greatest strengths and with them she could manipulate non-slaves and even owners, as long as they didn't realize what she was doing. In her young mind, she separated people into classes: slaves, like herself; non-slaves, anyone else who wasn't a slave; and owners, who were separate and different from other non-slaves. A non-slave might affect life for a slave, but an owner would literally hold the life or death of a slave in his hand. Although, the death of a slave was a loss of an investment, an example that could be set by a slave's death could reap better productivity and obedience from those remaining. It was a calculated game to them and the large slave owners played the game well. Sarah found herself with such a man.

She couldn't remember exactly when her body started being abused for men's pleasures. Age was largely a meaningless concept to slaves. They weren't intended to understand such concepts or be given a way to track it except perhaps by the natural cycles of seasons, which provided for times of plantings, tending fields, and harvests. But, when it started, her life changed dramatically, once again.

Despite the commonly held notion, for legal purposes especially, that slaves were mere animals for use and work, men did not seem bothered by using a female slave for a moment of pleasure, especially if his wife was less inclined. It seemed there was something dominating for them to simply use a slave without her consent or consideration. And it happened frequently, sometimes privately and secretly, and sometimes openly.

In Sarah's case, even owners were taken by her beauty and she again realized her advantage. It didn't mean she wasn't used, but men seemed to cherish the opportunity to stick their cock into such a woman. There seemed to be more to the action than mere domination, like they secretly wished she were theirs, that they would enjoy her more. Because they would want her, she was a prize to her owner, men spent more time, were less abusive in their approach to her. And, for her owner, the men wanting to spend time with her, were grateful to the point of favors and consideration in other matters of business and trade. She realized that her owner used her charms and beauty for his advantage with the other owners and businessmen of the region. And, she realized that it was quite effective. She just didn't know how to use that to her advantage. Or if she even could.

When it finally happened to Sarah, it was rude and terrifying. It wasn't like she didn't know what it was all about or why it was happening. There was little justification or rationality required for a free man to use a slave's body. But, although the general concept of being used for a man's pleasure

might have been understood, the physical reality was entirely different. The first time, of course, was painful and there was blood involved after the tearing of her hymen and it was made worse that her owner had instructed one of his men to prepare her for others. He was neither delicate nor sensitive in his approach. The experience was completely negative and painful from Sarah's perspective. The subsequent times were equally painful and miserable. She had seen other women being used similarly and did not have the impression that they were experiencing it the same way. But, with no mother or family member to rely for guidance, she endured the use of her body. There was an older slave woman among the household servants that she finally turned to for advice. Describing her experience the old woman asked her questions which seemed very personal to the young woman but there was little to a slave's life that was really her own. Eventually, the older woman directed her question to the crux of the problem.

"When the men have shoved their tool into your body, how long does it take before your body wets and the sliding becomes easier?"

"Wets? You mean the inside is supposed to become wet? It never does."

"Never? You mean you are dry the entire time?"

"Yes, you mean that isn't the way it is supposed to be? I mean after the man shoots into me, if there is another right away, it is easier. Then I am wet inside. Is that what you mean?"

"No, child. To make the act of sex pleasurable, the woman's body creates a juice that lubricates the inside. Then, his tool going in and out has less friction against you and can be pleasurable."

"That doesn't happen. I can tell I am going to be used a lot this way. What can I do?"

"Child, it isn't just you. I have known many slave women whose bodies don't respond because they are just being used. Sometimes, they react the same way even with their husband. The act becomes distasteful to them. But, I agree with you. I heard Master talking and he does intend to use you for his benefit with men in the region."

"What can I do, then?"

The woman described different things like using her imagination while being used but that didn't help. Eventually, she suggested seeing if she could stimulate herself. "With my fingers?!?" But, she tried it at night when she was alone and she shocked herself. Not only did the touching and feeling of her fingers inside her pussy actually feel good, but she did become wet, very wet, and on the third night her body shook and the feeling was wonderful but also a little worrisome. She asked the old woman about her reaction and was consoled that it just meant that there was nothing wrong with her, she could enjoy sex, and that reaction was the good part of sex. Her problem was emotional, her body was rejecting being used that way without her will being considered. But, she learned that before she was called to entertain the men, usually at night after a meal or drinking, she needed to pull up her dress and touch herself, use her fingers on herself and inside herself, and especially on the little nub at the front of her opening. Eventually, all these would become named: cock, pussy, and clit. But, for now she was just relieved that it didn't have to hurt every time. It did nothing to cause her to enjoy it, but at least it minimized the pain associated with it.

The next thing she wondered about was why the men seemed to just push a slave over a table or chair or railing, lift her dress up and put himself inside. Many times it even seemed that the men through the dress over the slaves head, covering her while he pounded into her pussy for his relief.

"Child, a man might rationalize that he can use a slave's pussy for his play and to shoot his seed into

her, but it doesn't mean that he wants to look at her and be reminded of what he is doing. When he is done, he just walks away, her bare ass exposed to anyone. It no longer is his concern. He moves on to whatever has his attention next."

"But, a couple men lately have had me lie on my back and enter me from the front. We see each other then."

"Yes, well, you are a very pretty, beautiful woman, slave or not. That might be an advantage for you, but it can also be a curse. Not only can they enjoy looking at you and enjoy the fact that they can fuck so a beautiful woman, but you see them and are reminded of who is fucking you. There is no pretending. It is staring at you in the face as it is happening."

She had to agree. It might be more comfortable to be in a bed, but it took longer and the men wanted more attention in the process. Some have even wanted her to use her mouth and she guessed that it was also a form of the same domination, to see such a pretty face being used on his cock. In time, though, it all started to become common and routine. Besides helping take care of the house, she also took care of men in their bodily needs. And, in time in overhearing the men, it all became known to her as cock, pussy or cunt, fucking, and blowing. One cock was like another. And, they still never brought her pleasure. Pleasure came at her own hand, and that didn't appear like it would ever change.

Slaves would always try to escape. Take away a person's free will, his ability to make his own choices, and act of his own accord, and some will rebel. Even after generations of slavery and servitude, some will choose to resist and a few will fight back. Like a wild stallion that rejects the bit in its mouth or a saddle on its back, some slaves will reject, eventually, the domination of another man. And, when that happens, he usually runs. Does he know what he is running to or where? Maybe not the 'where', but certainly he knows the 'what'. He is running to freedom and at the first stride of his run, he has achieved it, he is free. He has made his choice and he will live with that choice because it was his to make. When a slave runs and becomes his own person, not someone else's, he is gone. Many, if not most, will not return of their own will. They have tasted what it is to be his own master, to go back to someone else being his master would now be intolerable.

Captured and returned slaves, though, were punished. Slaves that wouldn't allow themselves to be returned, were still returned, only dead. Initially, a returned slave might be whipped to set the example. But the mountains, and possible freedom on the other side, was very alluring to abused slaves. Attempts at escape became more frequent and the owner's men proved clumsy and ineffective in recovering all of them.

That was when the owner hired a dominating, fearsome man called Rayner. That was all, just Rayner. He seemed to hate slaves, any slaves, and only because they were slaves. His job was to track the escapees and return them. He seemed to relish the job. He also had a dog, no name was ever used. Rayner just called him Dog. Dog was equally fearsome in his own manner.

Rayner seems perfectly suited to his job. He seems to truly despise all men but most of all the slaves. His build was strong and powerful, his chest was thick, his shoulders broad, and his arms and legs showed power and drive as he walked quickly and purposefully from one place to another, never hesitant or uncertain, never following but determined in every action. Dog was as likely to growl at anyone he passed in Rayner's shadow as he was to just completely ignore them. Much like the man, the dog almost seemed above anyone or anything it came into contact with. Neither was a welcome sight when approaching.

The inevitable finally happened. Sarah understood her situation, the life of slavery, the lack of say or

control. But, she reasoned there were limits to what the human spirit was meant to endure.

The night began like many before for her. The Master was known to have several men from the surrounding area in the house for meetings of business and social. With the Master, the two were nearly always combined. He had achieved what he had by the accumulation of favors owed him and this night would be no different. Sarah had known she would be called to 'entertain' the men. There were two other than her Master so she reasoned that it would not be too bad. She had prepared her body just in time and entered the parlor in her fancy dress that was used for such situations.

The difference tonight was that they were all drunk, or rather the other two men were drunk. Her Master was always careful with his drinking. The odds were much more in his favor when the others drank and he remained sober but appeared to be joining them. This provided him with valuable information and favors. Today, the men had been in the forest to the West hunting fox or some such animal. Honestly, she didn't know and, frankly, didn't care. It had been a good hunt and the men were all feeling good about their masculinity at the moment. Tonight, they wanted her to undress and serve them and be visible to them naked. Her body was still unmarked by whip punishment, rare in a slave of her age, but fortunate given her beauty, otherwise. Undressing was simple, despite the attractive appearance of the second-hand gown, she was otherwise naked underneath it. So, after loosening the ties and snaps in the back, the gown fell around her feet revealing her naked form for them.

As she was serving a new drink to one of the men, he did something so bold that it had never happened before. He reached up from his chair and put a finger between her legs and into her pussy. There was a momentary hush as the man realized that in his drunken state he had overstepped the bounds of previously agreed upon familiarity with the other man's slave. Her Master only smiled, however, at the thought of yet another thing to be held over this man.

And, to Sarah's shock, he asked the man, "And what did you find there, my friend?"

The man looked nervous at first but then gain confidence, "A wet and ready pussy, indeed."

"Then, don't let it go to waste." Damn, thought Sarah. She fingers herself to lubricate her pussy hole to avoid pain and the stupid men think she is stimulated because of them.

She is backed to the table in the room where she is instructed to lay on her back. Her Master and another man hold her legs open, while the third drops his trousers and steps between her legs. In one fierce thrust he buries his cock to the hilt into her. While he thrusts in and out of her pussy, the two holding her legs are squeezing her breasts and pulling on her nipples. To her, none of it has stimulation to it, only pain if a squeeze is too hard or a nipple is pulled too far. But the man cums inside her and the other takes his place. Her Master, of course, does not participate. He can have her anytime he wishes. This is about acquiring another ledger entry in his book of favors owed.

When they are both satisfied, again their trousers pulled up and fastened, drinks in hand from the still naked Sarah, now with man seed hanging from her pussy lips, the bold one again addresses her Master and she worries, "I think my lead dog did a particularly commendable job in the hunt today."

Her Master studied the man. This man was a fool. His intentions here were obvious and on the face repulsive, but ... he reasoned that much could be gained here in terms of more favors. "I agree, he was splendid in his searching out the prey and the subsequent tracking of it to its killing."

"I think it would be equally good sport and reward for the dog to make this slave available for him, too, as she has been for us. It would be interesting and novel to see witness such a mating of the two. What do you say, sir? Have you ever witnessed such a thing, yourself?"

"I have not, but, don't you think it would be demeaning for a woman to be required to mate with a dog?"

"A woman? She is but only a slave. This would be a particularly erotic thing to watch and I, we, would certainly be grateful to see it."

The discussion of such a thing for her to participate in was upsetting enough to Sarah. When she heard her Master relent and accept the idea from this man, her world seem to fall in on itself more than ever. Slavery was all she had known and accepting her lot was never a real thought. It merely was as it was. There was no acceptance any more than anyone should actively accept what their life is. It just is. But this, this seemed entirely different somehow. She understood that even though she saw herself as human like the non-slaves, that her status as slave effectively made her some form of non-human. Mind you, nobody ever really determined what that was if it wasn't human, but people couldn't get their heads around treating other humans like they treat slaves, therefore, that couldn't REALLY be human. It might be a foolish argument, but it was the only argument that ultimately mattered.

But now she was truly being treated as non-human. To be mated with a dog for its pleasure and the amusement of these men was suddenly the thing that changed Sarah. Her life was soft compared to most of the other slaves on the plantation. All she had to do was accept her role in the scheme of being sexually used by men as they were inclined. This, though, was a line she had more trouble with. And, in her mind, even as the events began to unfold for her at the moment, she resolved to change her life's condition. And there was only one way to accomplish that and the dangers were enormous.

But, right now, she was being directed and questioned in how this mating was to be accomplished. Nobody really knew how a woman and a dog would mate except to attempt to duplicate the action of two dogs. She got down onto the rug covered floor on her hands and knees. That at least presented something of the same image and form for the dog that he was used to with a bitch. The dog came to her rear and sniffed and tentatively licked her ass and pussy. Surely his interest, besides her own smell, was the cum left behind by the men. So the dog spent more time licking her and she shivered. Not from stimulation, except from her fingers she didn't know what that might feel like, but from the disgust she felt as she heard the men discuss what was happening and conjecture on what might happen next and how well it would work out for the dog. They were worried about the dog, for crying out loud, not her. They never expressed concern or consideration of how she might react to what was about to happen to her.

Shivering from the feeling of the dog licking her pussy turned out to be minor compared to the feeling of even greater disgust and revulsion when the dog jumped onto her back and his hind end started stabbing wildly at her ass, hitting each cheek, then between them, touching her asshole before finally finding her pussy but almost immediately pulling back out due to his frenzied jabbing. Each time he went in and then pulled out, he jumped off her, walked around her, licked her again, before jumping back on to try once more. Eventually, through practice or just luck, he penetrated her and stayed inside. And, with each new stab, his cock grew thicker and longer. But soon, there was a new feeling, something was pushing at her opening, something large. She had no idea what a dog's anatomy was or that it, its cock in particular, was any different than a man's. But, it clearly must be because this thing was steadily pushing into her, stretching her pussy like never before. It wasn't at all pleasant, and the realization of this difference concerned her even more.

But just as suddenly, with a scream, it was inside her. She tried pulling away from the fucking she was receiving, but she couldn't. She was figuratively tied to the animal by their sex organs. Then, like a series of sudden parts of the entire happening, she could feel the dog cumming inside her with

great jerks and twitches of his cock. And that thing, that ball like thing, was just as big and just as firmly inside her. True horror came, though, when the dog finished spurting inside her, rested for a moment, then tried pulling out of her. He couldn't. It was bad enough that she was owned and controlled by men, but to be controlled by a dog, too? The thing inside her was holding them together. Was this permanent, she wondered? Was this a huge mistake trying this mating? But, then she had a far worse thought: which of them was more important to the men? Would they cut her to release the dog? Or, would they cut him to release her?

It turned out that neither had to be done. After some time the thing inside her, at the base of his cock, shank enough that the dog was able to pull out of her. And, with it came a huge flow of dog cum. And that brought a huge round of laughs and comments from the other two men. And, her feeling of self-worth fell even more.

It took several weeks for Sarah to decide on the right moment, but it finally did come. Rayner was already out tracking another runaway slave when Sarah made her run. Her position in the household allowed her more freedom of movement inside and outside the house. It allowed her just the opening she needed to make her escape toward the forest on the slopes of the mountains. She still wasn't sure why she was so attracted to the mountains, but it seemed to her to be the ultimate safety image. On the other side she would have to be safe from these men.

An escaped slave is an opportunity for sport. It is call 'The Hunt'. Once the slave is found missing, the owner's men come together to pursue the slave like a hunting expedition. The owner's men, however, were often ineffective, as they were in this instance in finding her. She was well inside the forest before she heard the barking of dogs and the shouting of men. And these sounded every bit like men in sport, out for a fun time and no concerns for any real trouble in finding this female slave who had always been in the house and treated softly. In fact, of all the slaves, everyone on the plantation was shocked that she chose to run. Not the least shocked, and disappointed, was the owner.

She was running through the forest, up the mountain slope, always up. If safety was on the other side of this mountain range, she had to go up. She always thought of herself as being resourceful, independent, and strong, but she was realizing that physical strength and stamina would be much more important right now. She was tiring quickly but she was young and she didn't believe that the men pursuing her were really any more prepared for this exertion. However, some of them would likely to have horses and the dogs would certainly have much better endurance.

The forest slowed the men down as much as it had her, but when she came to thinning trees near the tree line, she could see her mistake. If she continued, she would be out in the open and easy to track. So, she turned and ran along the edge of the forest. Although she didn't have experience for anything like this, she did have an agile mind and she decided she needed to find something to confuse her tracks. As she ran, slower now as fatigue set in with the length of time she had been moving and the increased altitude, she saw a first opportunity, a stream running downhill from the melting snow above to the valley below. She jumped over the stream, established tracks on the other side before doubling back and jumping into the water. She then walked carefully downstream until she came an outcropping of rocks where she climbed out and meandered her way, careful to stay on the rocks and not create any tracks on the ground. From the rocks, she climbed a large oak tree. She needed to rest.

Because the men were more interested in sport than real effort and effect, her simple tricks were sufficient to create confusion. As light began fading with the sun sinking behind the mountains, the temperature dropped and the men lost interest. She knew she couldn't build a fire for warmth, but it was a meaningless realization because she had no means to start a fire and no skill to start one



without the tools.

Back at the plantation, all hell was nearly coming loose as the men returned. The anger still simmering just under the surface burst out in a fury upon spotting the men returning without Sarah. Their lame excuses about losing the trail in the stream and rocks, and losing the light with the setting sun just further inflamed him. "It's a FEMALE slave! And not only that but a household slave! You let a female, household slave elude you in the wild? She's out there in the dark and cold, why aren't you?" He was almost so mad he was having trouble containing himself. The only thought that made it any better for him was that Rayner would be returning tonight or early in the morning. That man never stopped until he found and captured who he was pursuing.

And, that is exactly what happened. Rayner returned that night after dark with the slave in tow at the end of his rope. The very next morning he left the plantation on horseback with his dog. By mid-afternoon he had her, too. With her hands tied together in front of her and his rope tied to them, he made his way with her through the forest and to the plantation, arriving before dark.

The owner met them as they were entering the large square in the middle of the plantation buildings. When Rayner informs him that she was heading for the mountains, he laughs at the futility. "There is no route through those mountains, but you slaves persist in trying." Then, he instantly becomes furious at her lack of gratitude for the soft life he had given her. As punishment and to make a real example, hopefully more fearsome than even her death, she was immediately stripped, bent over a box, and tied to it. Her legs were tied to stakes driven in the ground to keep them open. Every slave was brought to witness her punishment. She was the favorite of the plantation. Maybe this will have the effect that was needed.

She was completely exposed in this position and in a loud voice that carried over the mass of gathered free men and slaves, he announced that she was now available for any man to use. Every free man on the plantation and many more in the region did use her over the remainder of the day and into the night as fires were built and beer and alcohol was brought out to encourage the continuation of her abuse. In all over twenty men had ravaged her, some more than once. At the end, she was left where and how she was for the night; the owner believed she would die from her abuse, becoming the final, terrible warning to any who might consider running in the future. After the square was deserted, a dog finds her and licks the fluids coming from her body. She was barely conscious at this point, but the raspy, long tongue now licking her was immediately known to her and her sigh was one of longing for her death. In time, even he mounts her. Men from the living quarters hear her cries, surprised that she was still alive. Finding the dog mating her, they watch rather than stop him. It also attracts other dogs. In the light of lanterns and the fires that are now fed with more wood so they can enjoy the spectacle, they see her ravaged even more, and at the end by a total of five dogs.

The next morning, they are again surprised, and perhaps more than just a little disappointed, to find her still alive, if only barely so.

Her recovery is long and not easy. It was made even harder by the owner's decision to send her to work in the fields. Weakened by her ordeal of both the run and the abuse, her body was slow to recover from the wounds of her ravishment. She had never enjoyed the act of sex with men, and she was convinced now that it would be unlikely to ever find enjoyment in the act after her latest experience. So, a month later, recovered enough to work full days in the field, and no longer caring what might become of her, Sarah again tried to escape. Rayner, however, quickly found her in the forest by using the dog and returned her, again, at the end of his rope.

The owner is now beyond furious and decides to make a special example of her - he has the butcher

cut off her foot above the ankle. Escape attempts after that are significantly reduced.

The owner didn't want her marked by whippings or beatings like other slaves, just in case she was broken. She was still desirable, but her crudely amputated foot was a festering wound. When an Army unit passed the plantation, the Army surgeon was commissioned to treat her. He was forced to amputate more of the leg, nearly to the knee, and over the next year it heals. On later trips in the area the surgeon commissions the fashioning of a strap on wooden peg for her so she can walk without crutches.

Her resistance and rebellion, however, continued and had become intolerable to the owner. As a last resort, he gave her to Rayner to 'break' her spirit and to fully submit to her role for sexual use. She was chained naked in his one room cabin. She cleaned, cooked, and served him. He used her but not in his bed. She was expected to ask for his bed, to ask to be treated and given even the limited rights of a slave. She doesn't, to her way of thinking, she couldn't. She would rather die than to ask such from a man such as Rayner or the owner. It was now late spring. On the cold nights she tentatively edged to the dog on his pile of rags and old blankets. Initially, he growled, but later he allowed her presence on his bed.

She continued to be used by Rayner, but her attitude never changed. "What does your body do when you are taken by me?"

"Nothing. My body is dead to you or any man."

"Never? Your body, despite your intentions, never reacts with pleasure?"

"Never. I feel nothing but pain and distaste."

He saw her curled with the dog. "From now on you will also avail yourself to him, also." It was meant to be punishment for her. He knew of the abuse by the dogs after her first run and the time she was forced to take the dog just before that.

One night he awoke from sleep hearing noises he can't immediately place. Peering into the darkness of the cabin, he saw Sarah on hands and knees, the dog on her back. He initially smiled that the dog was making good use of her, but then he heard the sounds, again. The sounds were moans, sighs, gasps, and groans. Then ... from the dark ... "Yes, Dog, yes, like that." He then heard a muffled cry and he knew for sure ... she was cumming on his dogs cock and knot. But this brought no satisfaction to him because she had found satisfaction, satisfaction from his dog. Satisfaction that he nor any other man had ever been able to bring from her.

He heard, rather than was able to really see, the two of them again curling onto the dog's bed. Dog shared his bed with her and she warmed his bed with him. And here he lay in his bed cold. At first the thought angered him, or so he thought. But, as he lies there in the dark, now hearing the soft sounds of sleep from the dog's bed, he was bothered, rather than angered. What has happened to him that his dog showed more humanity than he could?

Over the next couple weeks he doesn't touch her. The dog, however, enjoys her in the dark nearly every night. And each time, she is heard enjoying him. She is suspicious of his lack of abuse of her, but she does nothing to either entice him or anger him. And, even in her nakedness she attempts to hide her body as much as possible for fear that he might want her, again. During the second week, he invites her to eat at the table with him. After several days of sharing in that way, "Can you walk to the lake to clean yourself and wash your hair?"

"Why?"

"I would think it would feel good. And ... I would like some time to talk."

She is still suspicious, but she is still powerless. "To get clean, again, I can walk anywhere."

After she has washed herself and is on the shore in the sun with him to dry, he begins describing his life. She doesn't know why he is sharing this or what is expected of her in return. So, she does nothing, except to listen. He talks a lot about being in the Army. He was very good at being a soldier. Fearless in battle and fair to his men. He says he was the most decorated soldier the unit had ever had in its ranks.. He would be the one sent to do the most dangerous assignments, but his skill was always sufficient to be successful and survive.

Then, a fateful day came. New orders for the regiment: quell a slave uprising at nearby plantations. As usual, it wasn't nearly as much of a rebellion as some slaves rising up against cruel masters and the masters had no stomach or ability to end the conflict. It was easily and quickly resolved. Many slaves had run away in the meantime, the owners wanted the Army catch them, but that was not in the responsibility of the Army, so they withdrew. When he returned home, he found his small farm in ruin. The house and barn had burned, the animals released or taken. Worse, his family, wife and daughter, had been killed in fighting between another army unit and fleeing slaves. He blamed the slaves, even if he should have known they were likely to be mostly unarmed. But, he became emotionally dead, quit the army, and made a life of hunting slaves. It became a sort of revenge for his lost family and life.

After that day at the lake, he became quiet for days later, still not touching her, but increasing his attention to her in small ways, like eating at the table, removing the chain and giving her an old dress to cover herself with. Then, coming in from his work outside, he walked up to her like there was a driving purpose that scared her, "I will never again touch you against your wishes. And, you no longer are required to allow the dog to use you." She has tears in her eyes. This is consideration she never expected to receive ever again in her life. But, that night he hears her moaning with the dog, again. He knew for certain that she understood she didn't have to, so she must want to. He sighed in the dark and was a little jealous of his own dog.

The next night he listened intently but heard nothing from the dog's bed. He was curious, maybe it would later. Instead, his bed sagged at the side and he felt her next to him. "I would like to pleasure you, Rayner."

"No, Sarah, not unless you can find pleasure from me, also."

"It already was my hope that I would. Can we try?"

He doesn't answer, but instead he raises the covers for her to join him. She is naked and she finds that he is also. She is startled by her reaction to this simple thing of crawling into his bed of her own free will and desire. She finds herself tentative, awkward, and nervous. For most of her adult life she has been used by men of many and all descriptions and never once felt anything but pain at the penetration and distaste at having to perform the act with them against her will. This time, for the first time, she is acting like a girl about to experience her first time. And, she realizes amid all the rest, that she is thrilled, her breathing has changed, her heartbeat has quickened, and her senses seem to be finely tuned to his soft touch against her back and arms. She actually shivers.

He feels her nervousness and tentativeness and goes slowly with her in his arms. He holds her slightly to the side of him so his cock is not in contact with her. He lightly kisses her forehead and gently, lightly strokes her bare back and arms. He is in no hurry. He has taken her body many times before, just never when she has given it and wishes to savor it. When he feels her shiver, he pulls his hands away, defensive that she is reacting badly.

“No, Rayner, please. I want you to touch me like that. I want you to touch me however you want.”

“Are you sure, Sarah?”

She smiles to herself in the dark and snuggles into him tighter. Before, she could never have imagined such consideration from a free man, and certainly not such a fierce man as Rayner. “Yes, I am sure.” And she was, more sure than she ever was about something. She could already feel her body responding in a very peculiar way, a way she had never experienced before. Certainly not with a man, but similar to the feeling with Dog.

She had an overpowering urge to kiss him ... on the lips. But, that is a very personal thing to do for a slave to a man. “Sir, it would be very bold of a slave to want to kiss a free man.”

He smiled at her in the dark, “Sarah, I would like to kiss you.” And they did. Like lovers, which was a concept that only Rayner understood, having had such a relationship before. And he like it, he liked it very much. As did she, as she squirmed her body against his, feeling his skin against her breasts and nipples. And, she like that feeling very much, too.

When her rolled her over onto her back, she tensed. It was only a very brief momentary reaction to the past, but it did happen. And, he felt it or sensed it in the dark, but just as quickly she opened her legs for him and he relaxed. He was actually sensitive to her and she wished this night might never end.

He raised himself over her, supporting himself on arms and knees, his cock very near her pussy. He moved forward slightly and when his cock head just touched the pubic hairs of surrounding her pussy, she sucked in her breath. And she also moaned. This was completely new for both of them together. She pulled him forward more and softly encouraged him, “Yes, Rayner, please.”

His cock head touch into her skin beneath the hairs and her breath caught, again. This time he took it for what it was, not fear of the act but anticipation and urgency. He pushed and moved his cock along her pussy, letting her feel him and him her. To his amazement and hers, it was obvious to both that her pussy was wet and even the outside lips of her pussy were slick with it.

“Ohhhhh ... this has ... never happened to me before. My body ... wants you ... no, it needs you ... I have ... never ... felt this ... Oooooooooo, Rayner ... I like this soooooo much.”

He was smiling at her, again. He wasn't even inside her, yet. Already this is wonderful for her. And what a wonderful thought that was to him, to be inside her with her feeling so excited for it, and experiencing the joys and wonders of sex for herself. He moved his cock lower along her pussy lips and pressed slightly as he did and when he came to her hole, he slipped just inside. Not the whole cock, just the head, just barely inside her. And her mouth gasped open and she sighed a great release of pleasure being realized. She reached up and touch his face with both of her hands, touching his eyes, nose, and mouth. Her breath was ragged in anticipation and her heart was racing. She reached up her face to his and initiated a kiss on his lips. He pushed her head back down into the bed with his lips still locked onto hers. At the same time he pushed further into her, her arms now enveloping his neck as they continued to kiss. Then, she felt his pubic hair mixed in with hers and she knew that he was completely inside her. And, there was no pain, only wet interaction of his cock in her pussy and the sensations rippling through her were magnificent and stunning and overwhelming and thrilling.

He fucked her slow, easy, unhurried and comfortable. He didn't want it to end and by her movements underneath him, he presumed she felt the same way. But, for the first time in her life with a man's cock in her pussy, she could only moan and groan, sigh and gasp at the pleasure and

sensations coursing through her body.

In the end, she felt his cock jerk and throb inside her and when it spurted out his semen into her, her body erupted into a nearly violent orgasm of her own. An orgasm she had never felt ... at least not induced by a man. Her hands were gripping his bed coverings and her hips were raised, driven into his body, desperately trying to get his cock just a little bit deeper. When it was over, they collapsed and quickly found sleep, in each other's arms, still locked together.

After several week, they have continued pleasuring each other every night and she has realized the same climax each time. And, she still satisfies the dog. One night while recovering from their mutual orgasms, "Sarah, I have come a decision. I want out of this life and will leave this place in the next few days."

She begins crying. She has finally found a relationship that is good and satisfying and it will now be gone, too.

"I would be breaking the law if I took you. I would be hunted along with you."

"Then don't take me with you, but take me as far as the other side of the forest up the mountain slope."

"You'll die there. There is no escape through those mountains."

"Then I die, but at least I will die free." He reluctantly agrees and very early one morning they leave.

She rides behind him on his horse. He takes her all the way through the forest to the tree line on the other side. "What makes you think there is escape this way?"

"I don't know. But there isn't any other direction. And some have run and never been found and returned so there must be a way."

"Or, they died."

"Like I said, Rayner, at least I will be free."

"I am sorry, Sarah."

"Don't be, please, Rayner. You are a good man. What happened to your wife and child ... it was awful, it could have broken anyone. But, you recovered your bearing."

"A little late."

"You recovered your bearing. Leave it at that. Thank you for this, I hope you don't get into trouble."

"I won't. We left without being seen and who would question me after all the hunting I did for owners?"

She watched him and Dog leave to the South. He was taking a wide circle to avoid the places he was known, just in case. She turned and looked up at the mountains. This was going to be hard with only one good leg and a peg on the other. She would have to scour the mountains with her eyes to detect the passage she was sure had to be there. But where? She didn't know where, but she wasn't going South, she knew what was eventually in that direction. She turned North and angled up the slope.

It was a week without finding anything that remotely looked like a possible passage. And, her

progress was slow. And, she was losing weight. She lived on greens and insects under rocks until she came upon a furry creature sunning itself on a rock below her. A well placed rock and she finally had some meat. The knife Rayner gave her and a match from the supply he also gave her and she was enjoying cooked meat. She risked a fire during daylight, never using one at night for fear of being seen for miles away. Her only protection from the night cold was the last thing provided to her by Rayner, a blanket that was nearly too heavy to carry sometimes, but was perfect for wrapping into at night.

She had been sick for days. She had no time for being sick, though, and pushed ahead. Day by day, though, she was feeling weaker. But she had to continue ...

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Chapter 2: COMING OF AGE

After two weeks on the mountains she thought she had found it, she was sure. She saw a landslide of rocks and what appeared to be an opening in the rock face, a cave perhaps that led to an escape. But, it wasn't. It was a small cave, but not an entrance to a new, safe, and free world. She stayed at the cave for the remainder of the day and the night, but there was no nourishment available there, no water. In the morning, she had to abandon the cave and move to food and water and that meant the forest below.

But she didn't know if she could go any further. She was still sick, malnourished, and dehydrated. She looked at her options and immediately became depressed; but, she, also, quickly came to some critical decisions: first, she had to make her way to the forest and a small stream she had seen, get her fill of water, and maybe sleep in the protection of some rocks by the stream; and, second, if she died now, she would be happy knowing she found a peaceful place and she that she was free. That last part took an immense amount of pressure off her as she had the sense of accomplishment, already. This might not be the long lost world of freedom and independence she had only imagined, but she was free and making each new decision regarding her actions and life of her free will. As she settled in among the protection of the rocks, wrapped in her heavy blanket, she suddenly became aware of a tremendous fatigue, almost a deadening quality to the fatigue. She sank into a steady loss of senses, her mind seeming to be aware as her muscles relaxed; her body sinking into a complete lack of tension, her senses of hearing and feeling slipping away until she was utterly almost comatose. The sensation wasn't scary or pleasant, it just was.

It was days before she regained consciousness, not that she immediately comprehended that. But, when she did come to, she was well covered in more than a smelly, old, heavy wool blanket and she was apparently being cared for. She felt cleaner, like she had been washed, the scratches over her legs and arms were cleaned and the larger cuts were bandaged. There was a lean-to over her and the remains of a fire nearby. But she was still alone. No, some movement to the left caught her eye ... Dog! It was Dog, but ... how? ... why would Dog be there, unless ... dare she hope? But, why? How?

She gazed around her new surroundings, for she is not where she had been; she finds a cache of dried food, containers of water and ... apples. Apples! She devours several, savoring their juicy sweet, but also tart taste. And, her moving gives her more input. Her body feels different, she feels swollen, achy around her midsection. At first, she wonders how she could have been injured so, not remembering falling in such a way. She looks around and shifts her weight to allow pulling her dress up past her hips and stomach. She looks and feels herself. It isn't a generalized achy and swollen feeling like bloating or specific like an injury. She rubs her belly and then her sides and legs and hips. It is her belly. Can it really be? But the more she considers everything, she is becoming

convinced; she is also pregnant. And, with that realization, she immediately knows that has to be reason for her being sick and weakened. And, she also knows it has to be Rayner's. Their fucking from that first night became loving, making love to each other. Despite her continued mating with Dog, their nights were filled with loving each other's bodies and ... yes, their very souls. Leaving her was one of the hardest things he had had to do, but he could divert attention from her escape. Her hands are on her early baby belly, just a bump now, and she smiles. That is when she hears a crashing behind her, turning in fright, but seeing Dog wagging his tail wildly ... Rayner!

She quickly tried to get up, but moaned as she tried using muscles that hadn't been used for some days. "Sarah, stay down and rest."

She held out her arms to him, "No, please, I've been down too long and ... I want to hold you."

He helped her up to her feet and took her into his arms before she could stumble or lose her balance. She sunk into his strong, powerful, and all-consuming arms, just content to be completely enveloped by him. "We did you come back? I thought we decided ..."

"You decided and I thought I knew what I wanted. But all I could think about was you up here hobbling around the mountain on one leg and a peg, and how miserable it must be for you. When Dog and I returned, I thought I would never be able to find you, but Dog did. With you curled into those rocks, I wasn't sure what Dog was so fascinated with until he barked insistently and I saw what he was so excited about. A little longer and you might have been lost."

"But, what about making a new life? That was your chance to start a new life."

He looked at her intently and smiled. He then separated them slightly, slipped his hand between them and placed it on her belly. "No, that might have been escaping. When I found you, warmed you, tended to your injuries, and cleaned you ... I knew where my new life was. It was with you, Sarah. Then, tending to your injuries each day, I saw what my new life really was, where it really was. Here, Sarah. Right here." He was patting her belly, smiling hugely.

She put her head to his chest and sank back into his arms, "Are you sure? I'm a runaway slave and you will become wanted too if we are caught."

"I thought that made a difference, but it doesn't. Life will be harder this way certainly, but we can be out here in this part of the forest between the mountain slope and the canyon. It appears to go nowhere and should attract few others. It will mean living in the wild and roughly, but we can make it a good life, if not an easy one. Besides, can you imagine a more exciting and free life to bring a child into?"

She pulled her head back and looked up into his face and eyes. All she saw was seriousness. She put her face back onto his broad chest, "Rayner, can I ask you something?"

"Wait, I want to ask you something, first. All the while since we parted, to the time I found you again, okay, until Dog found you, and all the time that you slept and recovered, I have debated with myself how I would express this or ask this or however it might come out. Sarah, I know there is no place or anyone to make it legal, but ... well ... would you be my wife? Even if we can't really be married, would you be my wife?"

She didn't just pull back slightly this time. She pulled back and stepped back, looking at him straight on. "Why would you want that? I am a broken, runaway slave with one leg and an abused body. On top of that, I think I am pregnant. You could have better."

He put his hands on the sides of her face, "No, I could have different, but not better. You're a woman who never gives up, who knows what she wants, and who is never afraid to do anything that needs to be done to get it. And ... you love me ... and my dog." He smiled broadly and the intention wasn't lost on her. It made her smile, too.

"I do? You sound pretty sure of yourself." Her attitude was playful and flirty, even if her body wasn't completely up to it, yet.

"Yes, I am. And I love you." Just like that, her life was completely different. Everything she could have hope for, everything she could have EVER hoped for was suddenly in front of her. All she had to do now was make it happen with this man.

"Then I will expect you to prove it frequently, nightly ... wait, we'll be completely alone, deep in the forest?"

"Yes, completely alone."

She seemed to blush and he smiled, she was indeed returning to the playful woman she was before they ran. "Alone ... so, I could be naked for you ... and Dog ... our love could be expressed anytime ... whenever we were moved to it ..."

"Hmmmmm, I like that ... I was afraid you might find the life lonely."

She wiggled in his arms, pressing her body to his and feeling him become aroused as she pressed her hips and stomach into him. "Hmmmmm, no worries my husband."

In the days and weeks to come they moved steadily North along the mountain range, between it and the canyon, deep into the forest, and further into the wedge of the two contrary geographic formations. The mountains jutting up from the ground and the canyon disappearing below the ground. He found a meadow completely surrounded by forest. The ground could be turned for planting, the wildlife was abundant, and they would be well sheltered. There he builds the first makeshift hut for the coming cold season. It was there that I was born. They repeatedly told me years later that it was immediately obvious as a newborn that I was an equal to the beauty of my mother, at least the beauty she once had. She knew, even without a mirror, that she had aged beyond her years. I am named, Maia, meaning brave warrior. It was given to me as a sign of my mother's hope for my life and destiny. From a brave, fiercely independent, and strong woman as my mother, and a celebrated and fearless soldier as my father.

When spring and warmer weather returns after my birth, my mother returns to being naked as much as it is comfortable and that is merely a temperature factor. She may be in a simple dress early in the morning or the evening if outside, then as the sun warms the air she removes her dress for comfort and in hopes of enjoying one of the males of the household. It is still years before I have any inkling of what is going on among my parents and Dog, or that it is even unusual.

On this particular day, I have been wrapped in a blanket and nestled in another blanket as a nest on the ground near where she is turning the soil for a small vegetable patch. Father, as I would come to call him, had acquired various seeds and gardening implements during a visit to a town very early one day to avoid much contact with local people. The money was the last of what he had saved from his earnings from the slave owners. This day he was off in the forest on the horse in search of meat. He had left the day before and wasn't expected back until sometime tomorrow. And, like anytime he left for longer than a few hours, Dog stayed behind to be with mother and me.

And so it was that mother was on her hands and knees, making depressions in the turned soil and

carefully placing seeds into them when Dog came up behind her and licked her butt cheeks. She merely wiggled her ass at him and smiled, only glancing at where I lay not ten feet from her. Dog put his tongue between her cheeks and licked from below to the top, covering her pussy and her asshole in one long licking action. She sighed at the touch of his tongue as it slid along her pussy and flicked over her asshole. She opened her knees and softly call back to the dog, encouraging him, not that he needed it. Dog was nearly as familiar with Sarah's body as Rayner was, the difference perhaps being the man's ability to use his fingers for feeling and probing her body and openings.

After some time of enjoying the tongue on her opening and now very wet pussy, she moved from side to side, breaking his contact with her. She patted her ass cheek, which was their signal for mating. Dog, well aware of the purpose and result, jump up onto her back, clamped his front legs around her waist, and thrust his hips into her. His protruding cock missed and hit her left cheek. She had long ago learned little tricks that made mating with Dog more pleasurable for both of them. Sometimes, particularly when she was the aggressor, she spent time using her lips and mouth on his sheath and emerging cock before encouraging him to mate. Then, other times, like now when he was the aggressor, he was already far enough emerged from the sheath, but by using her hand to guide him into her pussy hole, made the effort and chance of penetration much more enjoyable. And that is what happened now, his cock sliding along her palm, touching one side of her ass cheek and slipping inside her. The penetration was immediate, forceful, and deep as always. Very much unlike Rayner who often liked to slowly and lovingly ease his cock into what would be her dripping and hungry pussy.

I was told later that I squealed with delight at seeing Dog mount mother. To my eyes, they were playing like they played with me, all of us in a mix of limbs and touching, non-sexual, but never any embarrassment or shyness of our naked bodies.

This day, like most times, brought a shriek followed by moans and gasps as she came on his cock and knot, while he spurted time and again inside her. And the truly beautiful thing to Sarah was that it didn't change or matter if Rayner was home or away as far as the dog enjoying her. Rayner, from those first nights in the dark of his cabin on the plantation, realized the unusual connection between his dog and the woman who became his wife. And he enjoyed and marveled at the comfortable life they all shared together like that.

That freedom and openness was never more evident than the next day when Rayner returned from his very successful hunting trip. He was able to kill a deer at the edge of the forest and an antelope on the slope up the mountain. Although he still had rifles and a pistol, he rarely used them. He preferred the use of bow and arrow and had honed his skill in working and making better and stronger of each. He felt the rifle might be heard for miles and might draw attention from others.

He stopped the horse at the front of the small cabin, tied it to a tree there, seeing his wife standing in the small plot of the new garden. With a hoe in hand, he marveled at this woman, one good leg planted firmly for support and control and the other, a wooden peg strapped to her shortened leg for balance, driving the pointed hoe into the ground and pulling the dirt. He watched closely as he made his way toward her. Her breasts bounced and swayed as she worked. He never tired of seeing her like this. Despite her amputated leg, he found her naked form stunning. Yes, her abuse, punishments, and survival in the wild had aged her some, but she was still beautiful and full of the enjoyment of life. As he came up behind the concentrating Sarah, he looked to the side at the little naked baby squirming on the bed of blankets shared by his dog. Seeing him after his couple day absence she wiggled and kicked her legs and swung her arms wildly, a big smile on her face. The dog looked up at the fuss and licked the head of the baby, distracting it to now grab the dog's snout.

When Sarah was grabbed from behind, she sharply reacted as one hand wrapped around her chest

taking hold of her left breast. Another arm wrapped around her waist and she was lifted off the ground, her legs kicking, while she squealed. She could never figure out how he could sneak up on her so effectively, but as he carried her out of the garden plot, she spotted the horse tied to the tree and his clothes scattered along a line from the horse to her. He set her gently onto the ground on her foot, turned her around in his arms, and took her again into a hug, devouring her mouth in kisses. When they came out for air, she clung to his neck as he pulled her off the ground. She felt his naked, hard, and throbbing cock pressed into her belly, her breasts and nipples flattened against his chest.

She smiled at him, enjoying the feeling of young love as if she were a girl experiencing it for the first time. "I need you, husband. I need to feel you inside me. But, your daughter is just as anxious to be picked up by her father. Then we can play near her and she will laugh at our fun like she always does." Being five months old, she was aware and loved the interaction of their little group. When Rayner picked her up, she squealed for joy just like her mother had. And when he held her up to his face and blew into her bare belly, she squealed even louder, her legs and arms kicking and flailing. Sarah loved watching this big, tough man being playful and gentle with their daughter.

After playing with her for several moments, he knelt down and gently placed her back in the nest with the dog who put his snout to the child and flicked his tongue over her belly causing her to pull up her legs and laugh. Rayner smiled and stroked the dog's head, "Thank you, Dog. You love her, too, don't you?"

He stood up and turned to Sarah. The look in his eyes was instantly different, reflecting his body's need. She gazed into his eyes, recognizing the lustful look in them, then down his strong, taut, muscled body to his hard, rigid cock. She smiled her own wicked smile, "I like that look in your eyes, but I like the look of your body even more."

"That's good, but I intend for you to enjoy more than just the look of it." He took her hand and helped her down to the grassy ground, following her and covering her body with his. He kissed her and ran his big hands over her body as they kissed. He moved his mouth off hers and kissed his way to her breast, then sucking and nibbling on the nobs of her nipples. In this position, he could stroke down her sides, over her hip, down her thighs and further down her legs. He purposely stroked down her leg, over the straps to the wooden peg. Then, using the one hand, he unbuckled the straps and removed her false leg, caressing the end of her leg before returning up her legs, but this time on the inside, finally caressing her hair covered pussy. He felt her wetness and looked up at her. She smiled in return. Gone, long gone, were the days when she couldn't get wet or orgasm, now both he and Dog only needed to begin playing with her for her to become wet in anticipation.

Also gone were the times of being self-conscious of her naked, shortened leg. The first time he touched her there in love, she reacted and flinched away. But, he insisted and persisted in his caresses. While kissing her breasts and nipples, stroking her leg and the stump, he explained between kisses that she was beautiful and her leg did nothing to diminish that for him. He gloried in her body completely and this was part of her. She initially felt he was just being nice, but she quickly learned that it wasn't the only thing. He really did love her entire body and he showered love and kisses on that leg as much as the other. He liked her completely naked but knew she needed the wooden appendage in order to walk, but sometimes he would carry her around the cabin or outside so she could be without it, especially with the baby.

As he penetrated her, her legs came up to wrap around him even if it didn't quite get accomplished. She still loved moving her legs along his side as he moved in and out of her. And as their arousal reached the point of imminent orgasm, their actions becoming more active and thrashing, their moans and gasps more vocal, the baby also got more active. She seemed to love that her whole

family played together.

As they recovered from their mutual, shared orgasms, Sarah asked the question she had been thinking about lately, "What are we going to do when little Maia is aware of what is happening around her? When she is really aware and understands that this isn't just playing like we do with her?"

"Do you think we should stop? Maybe restrict it to nights and when she is asleep?"

"Not now, but some day she will know the difference, especially with Dog. Do you think a child can be aware, know what is happening, understand the significance of the act, but not participate? To understand that it is a timing, a maturity of age such things?"

"We'll have to see as time comes. Perhaps if there is discretion, she can know it is happening but it is not in front of her and she knowingly gives us space and opportunity."

"I think she is going to be a very bright and aware girl and woman. I think it might be possible. I hope so, husband. I enjoy this very much."

"And ... with Dog, also, I believe."

"Yes, oh yes." She blushed, visible despite the flush of their love making. "Being with Dog seems like it should be so wrong, but instead it just feels so right to give myself to both of you."

He leaned into her and kissed her, "I understand, but I am glad you still like having us both. I confess that it is very arousing to see you with him and that you enjoy it so much."

And that was the way of their life. That summer, Rayner built a more permanent cabin with fireplace, table, chairs, and bed. Several chairs were also crafted for outside in good weather. This final location had a large stream behind with a pool of quiet water that was perfect for bathing and playing as a family. This is where Rayner would teach the girl to swim and fish. The surrounding area of mountain slope, forest, and water contained abundant food source and protection from weather and, hopefully, from outsiders.

For years, we live with the uncertainty of being found out, but nothing comes of it. In time, we come to accept that our home is safe from outsiders but father never completely is satisfied and he makes regular trips surrounding us to be sure. Although my mother is strong willed and determined, her condition, her leg, the pregnancy, and the effects on her health from the experience of running away, have all taken its toll. As I grow older, my time and upbringing is split between helping with my mother and learning from my father. I have a propensity for the wilds, for hunting, stealth, and managing myself alone. My father teaches me the ways of survival, hunting, fire, and shelter. He also shows me how to track and to avoid leaving tracks. He is always nervous about being tracked down by slavers but also recognizes that is increasingly unlikely. His fear, a lesson he repeatedly instructs me, is that complacency leads to carelessness and unwanted surprises. My love and devotion to my mother produces a conflict with that, keeping me at the cabin, helping her, learning the skills of being a woman, especially as her leg restricts her movements and keeps her from ever joining us on hunts and exploration.

Their concern about their love making and me never materializes. In what might otherwise seem like a strange situation for a child, I am brought up in an environment where we are nearly always naked when we are around the cabin. When father, and later me, go off on hunts and exploration, clothes are either worn or brought along in case of encountering someone. So, the weather allowing it, we were naked and I grew up without shyness about my body or seeing the bodies of my parents. And, I

was encouraged to just ask any question as part of my education and growing. So, early questions about my mother's missing foot, why she had hair between her legs and I didn't, and why she had those breasts and I didn't, were common and handled naturally. I grew up with them making love in bed and sometimes I would wake up. I could tell they were doing something but in the darkness, not see it. It was just a natural thing. And, as I had been watched over by Dog since being a baby and we frequently lay together, I would also sometimes sleep with him on his bed and continued to as I grew up. It was a warm place as I curled into his body and pulled a blanket over us and that provided my parents even more freedom to enjoy their love making.

But, eventually, as was inevitable, the toughest questions surfaced that made them wonder about our open family life. Why did father have that 'thing' hanging between his legs and mother and I had holes? It had been clear and obvious to me from the youngest of ages that boys and girls were different, but now it was 'why'. And that explanation was the concern for them. So, when I finally asked the questions, we were outside along the pool at the stream. We had been swimming and playing, splashing each other, and now lying on the grass to allow the sun to dry us. I was sitting up between my parents looking from one to the other as they were on their backs. They looked to each other and seemed to come to some decision without hardly speaking. Mother took a deep breath and went into the subject, father coming to be beside her for easy comparison. She described the difference in the groins in detail and I checked myself as she described her body, then I watched intently as she pointed out the differences on father's.

She took a deeper breath as she began the description of why they are different and how it is done. It was explained as for making babies but they soon admitted that for adults it is also fun and feels good. But, I grew up with it stressed that even though we were very casual about our bodies and their enjoyment of their bodies, the act was only for adults. That was quite a day for me. I was a little over ten years old and the discussion had taken hours with all my questions and the discussion about the answers. Being the kind of child I was, I couldn't let it go. There was always another question that seemed to lead to another question.

Finally, it came out of my mouth, "Can I see you do it?" They were shocked by the question but in the interest of honesty, they recovered and asked me to go for another swim while they talked about it. When they called me back to shore, I wasn't sure what they might have decided but they didn't seem unhappy with me. And there was something else, father's penis was not hanging like it usually did, it was standing up on its own. That was interesting, too. And, it helped explain how it could get into the hole in mother. I had wondered how that soft, short thing could go up into her body. It was not short or soft, now. It was a fascinating thing to experience for my parents to have the trust in me to explain and show me the wonders of love making. All the while, they performed their love, my mother explained and the sounds of pleasure and joy coming from both were memories I carried and treasured. From that time, I knew that was an experience I wanted to share in my life once I was an adult.

A couple years later, our family suffered a setback. It was one of those learning opportunities for me, though. I couldn't find Dog one afternoon. He had been slowed for some time and father guessed that his age had given him joint issues and we had noticed that his sight didn't seem to be what it had been. There were times when a rabbit would hop right passed the front of cabin with Dog lying there in sun. When Dog raised his head at a sound or smell, the rabbit would take off in fright at the sudden realization of the dog being near. But, we doubted that Dog even saw it, perhaps a blur. So, his hunting days with father and I were over and spent his days dozing in the sun. This afternoon he wasn't to be found. I went into the surrounding forest, making an expanding circle around the cabin until, finally, I found him. I saw him curled in a sun spot in the woods about 300 feet from the cabin. I chastised him as I approached but he didn't raise his head like he usually did at my voice. I stopped, hesitant, but continued talking to him, but as I got nearer, my voice softened, my words

remembering the past. I wasn't even aware of my change. I sat at his head and put a hand on his still, unmoving chest, one and then many tears running down my cheeks. I lifted his head and placed it into my bare lap, very gently stroking his head, neck, and side. I talked to him about my memories of him, the fun we had, the earliest memories of him lying with me while mother worked the garden. Was that a memory or me remembering what mother and father told me in stories? It didn't matter, the words weren't going anywhere, they weren't intended for an answer or response, they were merely filling the air, a vain attempt at connecting us one last time.

Father found me like this. He insisted that he had been calling for me for an hour. I'm sure he was if he said so, but I didn't hear him. My mind was off, way off, to a different time not in the present. Dog was the first family I was to lose and I couldn't imagine a worse pain. He wasn't going to be the last, not in my short life. And, the pain would be worse, much worse.

About half a year later, my father said it had to be destiny. My love of Dog had been too great to be withheld from another animal. We were hunting on foot rather than horse this time. There was a meadow over the next ridge to the North that usually attracted elk this time of year and we were intent on that. When we got there, we were surprised to find only one, but it was a monster. It was standing at the edge of the meadow, not moving and father said it was mine. We worked our way in stealth to just within my range with the bow. Father had his ready, just in case. I didn't really mind, I knew he had trained me well and he had faith in my abilities but this was a long shot, but this elk represented a good supply of meat. My shot was true, though. The arrow struck him just behind the front leg and penetrated his heart. He went down within twenty feet. The rush was amazing, the shot was difficult. I think father was almost as excited and proud for me, as I was myself.

Destiny, though, was near the fallen bull elk. Approaching the kill, my eye was first drawn to the serrations on the side of the animal. He had been in a fight with something and it was very recent. Then, my attention was taken away by some soft yelping in the weeds not far away. There in the tall grass was a small wolf pup and next to it was its dead mother. She had deep and ragged wounds where she had been gored by the elk's antlers. We returned to our meat and cleaned the dead elk carcass, salvaging what we needed and leaving the rest for the animals in the forest. The carcass was likely to be cleaned to bone quickly. When the parts were loaded onto the travois, an A-shaped frame for carrying things, the wolf pup was still at his mother.

"Father, I know wild animals are wild, but he won't survive here by himself. Can I take him? I'll do everything myself. You and mother won't have to do anything. I miss Dog. Can I, please?"

"He's a wild animal, Maia." I just looked at him, though, with that look that I had long since learned turned him into mush and he relented. "Okay. Oh, Maia, your mother is liable to be very unhappy. But, remember this, at the first indication that he becomes aggressive to any of us, he goes."

I jumped into him, "Thank you, thank you." I walked to the little wolf and tied a lead around his neck and he followed with little struggle. I eventually put him on the travois but with the antlers between him and the meat. But father was wrong, mother wasn't unhappy at all. She seemed to have the same reaction as me. But returning home after a couple days made me ask, "Father, why has mother been wearing dresses so much lately? It is still warm."

Apparently, he had been wondering the same thing. She was sitting in a chair outside near the door. She didn't bother trying to get up. I saw that her crutches were near her and her peg was not on. We put the meat in the cooler cellar and laid out the hide for the sun to dry. Later we would tan it and make it ready for cutting into pieces for whatever we needed. Then, father approached her, "Sarah, you've been avoiding this and putting me off, but you need to tell me. Is there something wrong with your leg? You have been wearing dresses on warm days, you have been suggesting that Maia sleep

between us which is fine, but unusual for so many nights in a row.”

She pulled the hem of the dress up to her thighs. The stump was inflamed and swollen. “I fell and the peg jammed up. It will be okay, it just needs to rest.”

“Are you sure? Maybe we should try to get you to a doctor.”

“A doctor? Go to a town? That would be great, and then we would all be killed. My third run and you assisting me.” I could tell that father wasn’t convince but that mother was also right that there wasn’t much choice. But the pup running up to us changed mother’s attention. We weren’t sure if had been weaned or not so we tried some milk from the cow for several days. He lapped it up each time so we guessed that he was. His presence changed the cabin life, giving us some mischievousness once again. And, as simple as Dog’s name was, this one became known simply as ‘Wolf’. He became a constant companion, refusing to leave my side. Mother was concerned and insisted that I also commit to waiting with him until I was an adult. We established among us that it would be eighteen years old.

Years later when father and I were out hunting, an interesting thing happened. He had been showing me how to approach a lookout location for wild game, maintain secrecy, and watch for the right opportunity for a kill. We had approached this spot up on the slope just before sunlight. Several animals had come along the trail, but not the big elk we had spotted on other trips. An animal like that would be a bounty of uses. Not only the meat and hide that could be cured for covering, moccasins or hats, but the sinew could be used for bow strings and general cordage, and the antlers for arrow points, needles, and piercing tools. We hunt mostly by bow and arrow, which we have learned to craft ourselves. But, this day, something else caught our eye; men came out of the very rocks of the mountain below us and to the right. We watched closely and remained hidden, while having a clear view of them. When they appeared, they crouched down and carefully scanned the land below. They seemed very concerned with the land below and only casually glanced up the mountain.

Father mumbled softly, “Slaves, interesting.” Slaves? My parents had never spoken of that in the past, what slaves are or that my mother was once one. I whisper my questions and he puts his finger to his lips, but he promises we will talk with my mother when we return to the cabin. Once there, it becomes a topic of repeated discussions and stories. They are initially afraid of telling me everything, but I want to know. I argue, I am nearly an adult and deserve to know everything that it is a factor in what makes me who I am. There relent, of course, because everything has been open to discussion. If they can be open about their love making, why not the past? Why not also about the terrible cruelty that exists in the world, the terrible things that one person can do to another?

Over months, we watch the location. Men exit the mountain and make their way into the forest and eventually return to the same location and disappear back into the mountain. Even I could resolve that there must be a cave there. Sometimes they bring along another slave or two. Sometimes ‘other livestock’, which sounds peculiar to me when I hear it expressed that way. He says it is that way, ‘other livestock’, and that it is dangerous for them to take them. More questions. I learn a more horrible truth; slaves are simply livestock, working livestock. The stories at the cabin with mother become more graphic, but I ask to hear them over and over. To me they are life lessons as valuable as the wilderness survival lessons my father has given me. And, of course, it finally comes out who my father was, what he had done. But, mother is quick to also recount the story of his family being killed, that anyone can lose their perspective with such a loss. I learn that everyone has a past. Sometimes that past isn’t what we may be the proudest of, but the really important thing is what we do with the rest of our lives. And a girl couldn’t possibly have a better father for herself or a partner for her mother.

Eventually, when I am fifteen, we make contact with these men coming out of the cave. There is heavy suspicion on both sides. They are slaves, he is definitely not, but I would appear to possibly be a slave, but he refers to me as his daughter. And this is further confusion. After some time they finally visit the cabin. Mother is dying. We know that now. Her stump wasn't just injured in the fall but has begun to rot on the inside. The ordeal over her life was extreme and it has caught up with her. Her body just isn't strong enough to fight off the infection inside her. Father wants her to have a more comfortable remaining time and for me a more stable, secure future. I rebel, of course, but he is insistent. Mother is saddened but understands the wisdom. The men agree to take mother and me to the other side and their free village there. Father argues that the cave entrance should be covered by a landslide so only a wiggling path through the rocks can provide access. Sooner or later, such a large opening will be found.

Father says he will stay behind. Despite the meetings with the men, he knows the village on the other side could not accept him. I argue but I don't still understand the strength of the feelings. Some of those slaves would certainly know Rayner as the hunter. It just wouldn't work. He remains firm. The slave men gain even more respect for him. The sacrifice he is making for his wife is huge and they recognize that. They commit their efforts to our safety and care. My father in turn commits to leading slaves to the East, across the river, and changing the slave escape focus in that direction and away from us. Years later, I learn just how successful he was. But will I ever see him, again. Would he be proud if he did? In a way, it feels like the loss my mother must have felt at being separated from her parents. At least in our case there was choice involved.

On the other side, we are acclimated into the village. After my mother gains some strength, she is instructed in the ways of the village for newcomers. It is modelled after 'the hunt' pursuing running slaves. When a newcomer arrives, after they have recovered their strength (usually very weak on arrival), male or female, they run into the forest within prescribed boundaries of the mountains, the rivers and the lake. The mountains are an obvious limitation; nobody would want to go back over them. The rivers cannot be crossed and the lake is to be avoided but it is exposed and near the village, anyway. 'The Hunt' occurs periodically through the year. All who are eligible for a particular time would go together into the chase. The more that are involved in 'The Hunt', the more men from the village would participate. The people get a two hour head start. The result of The Hunt is a preliminary indicator of the person's assignment in the community. The people are a commune of shared effort. No one person is solely in charge, a council of elected people govern with town meetings. There are four basic groups with the village:

'Farmers' who are responsible for growing, harvesting, and distributing foods, caring for livestock (horses, cows, pigs, chickens - all stolen from the plantations on the other side).

'Caretakers' who are responsible for children and common activities such as cooking for non-family groups, nursing, building cabins and community structures, etc.

'Hunters' who are responsible for killing game for the village, collecting fire wood, and locating good stands of trees for building cabins, etc.

And, finally, 'Warriors' who are responsible for protecting the entrance to the sanctuary. The warriors are few. Many have died. They are made up of only the bravest, strongest, most cunning and fierce. Only men have been in this group.

Within each group, except the warriors, are family groups and singles. There are mostly men in the village; they have been the ones strong enough to find their way or to escape at all.

The Hunt is a maximum of three days, but only one woman and six or seven men have made it into

the second day. It is designed, like the name sake from the plantations, to test the person. So, the hunted is forced to survive by wits and cunning and physical ability. Nobody has lasted into the afternoon of the second day much less the third. After the two hour head start, men from the 'Farmers' and 'Caretakers' pursue them. They can take their dogs but they are not trained for tracking but they can cover more terrain. If the hunted lasts to the second day, the 'Hunters' are sent out also. Their dogs are trained to track. If someone were to make it to the third day, the 'Warriors' would be sent out. It has never happened. But, if it did, the 'Warriors' have made it known that they would not allow any others in the chase on the third day, fearing it would only confuse the scent trail for their dogs who are highly trained. And, at the end, once captured, they alone will dictate who uses the hunted. If the hunted were to last through the third day, considered impossible with the 'Warriors' in final pursuit, the hunted decides who would be allowed to use them for their pleasure, if anyone.

The premise of The Hunt, again, is to identify likely vocations for the person to start in. If someone shows a propensity for a different group later, that group might select them or allow a trial period. Mostly the village community needs 'Caretakers' and 'Farmers' as they are the most labor intensive. Also, the longer a hunted survives in the Hunt the more options of choice they have. A woman who is caught early on the first day may be taken as a wife by a single male of age. A woman who is caught late in the first day or later can veto that if she wishes. Also, she has the ability to choose between 'Farmer', 'Caretaker', or 'Hunter' if she goes into the second day.

There is one very important part of the ending of The Hunt. The hunted submits to sexual use, male or female. Males are used for the pleasure of the single females until he is unable to remain or regain hardness. Females are used for the pleasure of the single males, all the single males who wish to participate. And, they usually do. That is, unless the hunted goes into the later days.

The community commune share everything. That includes the singles sharing their bodies for pleasure and making babies. Since escaping slavery is likely only to be successful for strong adults, new young are a necessity for the long term survival of the community and expansion into the lands to the West. All women, married or single are expected to have babies. It might seem strange at first, but it is a necessary lifeblood for the future.

The Hunt is primarily established for new escaped slaves entering the community. But, in anticipation of the future, it was also established to be used for males and females coming of age at 18 years old. At that age, they would take an occupational grouping and begin their sexual participation in the commune.

Hearing all this had an element of the bizarre to Sarah. But, she had largely existed in an isolated and somewhat pampered life until she started trying to escape. These were all former slaves, people who were used to physical and sexual abuse and use. In that light, the idea of sharing themselves as well as their labors for the common good and prosperity really didn't seem so strange.

But, for mother, a run with her peg instead of a foot was intolerable after her ordeal. She begged to be spared and to be allowed to be in the 'Caretakers' group where she could care for the young, including me, but I am well past that stage. She had no problem making herself available to any male, but her ill health does not make that necessary. Although I assist my mother and others in 'Caretaker' duties, I often escape into the forest and the wilderness surrounding the village. I not only practice my father's training, but I prepare myself for my eventual time for 'The Hunt'. I am now focused on my goal in life. A goal that was destined to be mine.

Only a year after our arrival in the village, mother dies, her body too weakened and depleted to fight off the infections of her leg. I experience my second loss. And the pain that I thought couldn't be any

worse at the loss of Dog ... is much worse. Much, much worse. Maybe having Wolf at this time was what they meant by destiny. That I would have someone to help me through this time of pain and loss. I would lie awake at night, Wolf next me, wondering what my father was doing, how I could possibly get word to him about his Sarah. Or, maybe I shouldn't. Would that devastate him? Make him crazy with rage? I wondered if I would be able to see him ever again.

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### **Chapter 3: THE HUNT**

'The Hunt' is a reminder of what we are not. We are not pursued slaves any longer. This mocks that element of slavery but provides a real function, too. We are dressed in the village. It is another thing about not being slaves. Nudity is a matter of choice .

I have prepared myself as best I can. I am convinced nobody understands what I am capable of. Only a few of the 'Warriors' met Rayner and me on the other side. And they have probably already forgotten. I will find out if I indeed am capable of what I want to achieve through the unique opportunity The Hunt provides.

There are three other newcomers for this hunt. I have requested my own hunt, however. They try to change my mind. Everyone is aware that I want to go past the first day. They argue that the multiple people will spread the attention of the pursuers thinner and increase my chances. But for me, just being out longer 'somehow' isn't the point. I want to make a point that it wasn't a matter of taking advantage of an opportunity, but that I am truly and uniquely skilled to survive against this challenge. I want it very clear that I deserved and earned the right to the choices and options The Hunt gives me. The council relents, fully expecting that my insistence in going it alone will lessen my success. I see it differently. I can imagine that some of the others could attempt to follow me, making it even harder to melt into the surrounding forest.

On the day of the first one, I listen closely to the rules and instruction given to the three. I can already see that the one women and possibly one of the two men don't have their heart into an extended effort to avoid capture. Like most, they are just thankful to be free from slavery and would be happy to serve the village in any capacity. They are used to doing what somebody else tells them to do, the drive or desire to gain as much independence and self-determination as possible is foreign to them. For me, though, having been raised and instructed by independent minded parents, it is what I desperately desire. And that requires that I can survive in The Hunt for as long as possible. There is an additional motivator, too. Wolf isn't just any dog and his presence in the village is a regular source of tension. I have considered just leaving the village and continuing further West, but I am not a complete loner, and I want to show that Wolf and I want to be outside most of the time. That is why I have to get well into or past the second day.

The first group are captured pretty quickly, as I would have predicted. The one man lasted to about mid-afternoon, which isn't too bad, relatively. The council decides that my time will begin the next morning. That's fine by me, I am anxious to get this going. There is nothing in the rules about having a dog with the runner, but I am sure it is an unexpected or considered element, so I don't bother asking. Wolf will be out in the forest and meet up with me later. I don't anticipate using him on the first day, but on the other days when they use dogs he might be helpful. I can feel my excitement growing and sleep is all but impossible during the night.

But, there is another reason for part of my growing excitement. My participation in The Hunt means I have passed my eighteenth birthday. I am an adult, officially. I can hardly keep my eyes off Wolf. As I lie on the floor, curled into him, it is all I can do not reach for him like I had seen my mother do

with Dog before. But, I have decided that will be our prize to celebrate the passing of the first day. I have seen that the pursuing men return to the village for the evening. The restricted area means that no part is so far away that an hour jog doesn't get it covered.

The next morning is bright and clear. Wolf has already left. He often spends time in the forest being a wolf. At one time that concerned me, but on reflection I was happy that he did. He was a magnificent beast, still wild in ways, but also fiercely loyal and protective of me. I stood in the middle of the village surrounded by those who would be my pursuers this day and most of the rest of the village population. These events were like celebrations, partly for the sexual implications after. Almost everybody was captured the first day meaning the party after would include all who were interested. An interesting thing was beginning to happen, though, as the village stabilized and more marriages and families were formed, the participants were increasingly just the singles. It didn't really matter to me, though, I had my goal on a specific group and it would be a challenge.

The bell in the commons was rung signaling the start and I set off at an easy jog into the forest where I was quickly joined by Wolf. The bell was officially a signal to gather the population quickly for important or emergency needs. It was also the official signal for The Hunt, indicating the start, the end of each day (midnight), and the end, although nobody had ever survived even into the third day much less to the end. The 'Warriors' were always present even though they had never been able to actually participate.

My adrenaline was pumping. I have been looking forward to this moment for so long. I kept having to slow myself down, this was not a race, but evasion. But, when I heard the bell ring again indicating that the men from the 'Farmer' and 'Caretaker' groups were now in pursuit, I couldn't help myself, any longer, I heard the excitement of the villagers sending off the pursuers, the yelling, the dogs that joined the men in the chase, and I wanted to panicked. But that was exactly what I had to guard against.

I was wearing the simple dress that was common of the women of the village. That and my moccasins. The dress is simple and loose so running in it is okay. But, I expected it to be caught on brush and branches in the forest. It was not as close fitting as the trousers and shirts of the men. I would also need to be aware of that potential. I would hate to be caught only because my clothing got entangled in the brush. The idea of running naked had a certain appeal in a tight situation; that or stealing some men's clothing from the village at some point and that idea had merit, too.

Despite the impulse to panic, I quickly realized that was not going to be necessary. These men were relatively inexperienced in this activity except for this event. And, add to that the fact that I didn't need nearly so much time. The two hours was enough for me to get to the furthest point within the area allowed. It also gave me time to check out areas along the river and the rocks and ledges of the mountain side for escape routes. The rules were very clear that the hunted could not CROSS the river. The rules said nothing about being IN the river and that seemed like a good escape route. But, not for today. Today, my tactic was going to be alternating between being just evasive and playing hide and seek. I had a good head start and from the elevation of the ledge I could see them heading my way, so my first move was to the river, follow it down toward the lake, then cut diagonally across. I figured if I left enough markers along the way on the perimeter, I could hide in the center for the remainder of the day. And, it worked. I barely saw them the rest of the day. I could hear them, however, and they were royally pissed. They were having to return to the village with the decreasing light not only without me, but not having hardly even seen me.

I had planned to spend the night on a cliff ledge that I had spotted earlier. In the dark it would be next to impossible to reach us and I had an escape route up, if need be in the morning. I would have to leave Wolf behind, but they weren't out to harm us, just capture us and I would like to see them

try to take on Wolf.

Along the way, I came around a large tree and found two large grouse. I froze and they didn't appear to have heard me. I looked around for something to use as a weapon and only found rocks. Rocks might work. Two quick throws and I had two stunned birds that were very soon two dead birds. I carried them with me and collected wood along the way. On the ledge, I dropped my load and returned down with the fading light and collected more wood. Tonight, I was going to be a mean player in the game. From the ledge I could just see the lights of fires in the village. That would mean that from the village, they would be able to see my fire, as well. That was being a mean player, not only did they not capture me, but I was staying warm with a fire.

I started the fire the way father taught me with dry wood turned quickly creating an ember that can be sparked into a fire. After establishing good coals and plucking the feathers from the birds, I put them to cooking. I sat next to the fire and patted the ground for Wolf to join me. Although I was watching the fire and the cooking birds, it would be terrible to go to this effort and overcook the meal, my thoughts were more directed to the animal under my hand as I stroked his heavy fur. All the comments and images of my mother with Dog came rushing back to me. I was now an adult. I had kept my promise to my parents and waited, even patiently, to become an adult. Now, suddenly alone with Wolf, very alone, the thought was nearly consuming my attention. But, I forced myself to wait. There was good protein here to consume and regenerate us both and it might well be the last good source for the remainder of The Hunt.

I clean the meat off the bones of one bird and placed it on a rock for Wolf. He looked at it, then me. I put my bird to my mouth and bit a piece off and chewed. He then ate quickly and greedily. The darn guy then sat there watching me eat until I relented and gave him more.

After eating I just sat by the fire, Wolf lying behind a little further from the fire, which might have made him uncomfortable, anyway. I leaned back against him, resting my head on his chest and we became very quiet. There were only the night sounds of the forest ... and Wolf's breathing. I was very aware of him, not only because my head rose and fell slightly with his breathing, but because of his very presence, his essence. I had been looking forward to this time, this chance, this possibility and I didn't know what to do. All the thinking, imagining, and planning for this moment and I can't move. I am finally alone with him as an adult and we are on a rock ledge in the midst of being hunted by men in a big, elaborate, complicated, but very important game. But, I am sure it's okay, that was the decision I had come to before making the fire, which was now slowly dying down.

I rolled to my knees and looked at him. I bent down and kissed him and the side of the face. He looked at me. In the fading light of the fire, he looked majestic, regal, maybe. He was a stunning animal, dwarfing most other dogs of the village. He raised himself slightly so his head was up. I reached forward at the same time that he did. We touched noses and his tongue came out and licked my lips and nose. I tentatively put my tongue out and we touched, our tongues together, testing the gentleness of this moment. While we touched tongues, my hand stroked down his side to his belly and further ... further, very slowly. It was like I was nervous, shy, uncertain, and timid before him. I suppose I was. I had purposefully not thought of him too much sexually, like Dog had been. I had made the promise and I wanted to keep it. Now ... now I could fulfill my fantasy, my dream, and my desire.

Reaching down his belly I felt his sheath, but that wasn't all. I had bumped his sheath before while stroking his belly, but this was different. This time I wanted to touch him ... and, there was something different down there. Sticking out of the sheath was an inch of his cock tip and I wanted to feel it, touch it, and know it. I touched him and whispered to him, whispering my intention, my love, and my wishes for our life together. Mother talked about an animalistic bonding while mating

with Dog, a feeling of the dog taking her completely, dominating her, and making her his. That's what I whispered to him, that I could feel that way with him, that I could be his in that way, and he would make me his. I was so hot and horny right then and my whispering and feeling of him was having the same effect on him for his cock was far out of his sheath.

I knelt up and took hold of the hem of my dress and pulled it over my head and I discarded it to the rock face of the ledge. I was kneeling in front of him and his head came alert, he was sniffing the air, sniffing me, my scent in the air. I shuddered that he could already be alerted to me and my need. He crawled to me and moved his snout between my legs, following the scent until his snout touch me, touch my pussy, the first time anyone but me touched me there. I shuddered, again. I couldn't believe the sensations coursing through my body. I put my hand on his head and he pulled back. I smiled at him and bent over hugging his head and neck to me. I needed more, much more.

I lifted his head and kissed him between the eyes, "Can you do that more for me, Wolf. I need more, please." I let go of his head and sat back on the rock ledge and opened my legs to him. He looked at me and moved closer until he was again licking my pussy. I lay back and raised my knees and splay them open for him, brazenly displaying myself to him, opening myself to him, offering myself to him, and committing my body and love to him.

He sniffed me more deliberately. It was almost like he knew he was in the dominant position and this female was splayed out only for him, to do what he may. That thought and image sent a chill through my body and I raised my hips up off the rocky surface as a further gesture of offering myself. I felt completely and utterly submissive to him at that moment and it was all I could have wanted. His tongue shot out and licked from my puckered asshole over my pussy and clit. I shuddered like I might never stop. And, he didn't stop, either. Once he licked and I raised myself to him further, offering my pussy to him, he licked and licked. He was lapping at my juices and the more he licked, the more juice flowed from my now open pussy. I wanted something inside me. I had never dreamed of feelings like this and I wanted more. Then ... oooooohhhhhh ... yessssssssss ... his tongue actually entered me! And I came! For the first time in my young life, I came and it was on the tongue of my wolf.

When my brain stopped flashing and I, again, had some sense about me, I realized he was still licking me. I closed my legs and rolled to me side. My body was shaking and the muscles twitching involuntarily. Even before my body fully stopped shivering on its own, I rolled to my hands and knees. I had to have him completely!

He licked me, again. "OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!, NNNNNOOOOOOOO. I ... want ... youuuuuuu ... Wolf! Pleeeeeeassseeeee!" I reached back and grabbed a handful of his scruff around his neck and pulled. He jumped onto my back and he started humping into me but not finding my hole. OOOOOOOhhhh, pleeeeee. In a flash I remember an image of mother with her hand between her legs helping Dog into her, that must have been what she was doing. I reached between my legs just before Wolf was ready to dismount in frustration. I found his distended cock and guided him to my open and waiting pussy hole. UUUGGGGHHHHHHHHH! "OOOOHHHHHHHHHH, Yessssssssss, Wolf! I am yooooourssssss!" In that definitive moment, that exact moment, I became a bitch to Wolf. I never wanted to be far from his wonder cock!

I felt like my mind was ready to separate completely and forever, leaving me a helpless, blithering, wanton, and degenerate bitch when yet a new thing intruded into my consciousness. Something was bumping into my pussy, pressing me, stretching me. My mind was nearly beyond rational thought, but this new sensation was bringing me back to the moment. I reached back my hand to his cock and felt a ball of muscle at the base of his cock. That will never fit inside me ... will it? But at the moment I wasn't Maia, I was Wolf's bitch and he was intent to put that thing into me and being the bitch that I was now, I pressed back into him. If he wanted that inside me, it wasn't my place to say, no. I was

his and he can have me any way he wants me. I continued to press back against him and when it finally popped into me, I screamed. A delicious, glorious, and completely satisfied scream that might have been heard over the entire valley.

I came for the second time and he still wasn't done with me. His strokes were now shorter but not because of his intention, but because of the ball inside me. Every time he pulled back to slam back into me the ball bumped into my pussy but now from the inside and sometimes, not every time, it hit just the spot inside my pussy that sent a jolt of pleasure through my body. What was that?!? Oh, I have so much to learn. But, now he is seeming so much more intent and deliberate in his fucking of me. I feel that ball inside me swelling even more, his cock growing in length and size. I feel him twitch and jerk inside me ... Oooooohhhhhhhhh, yesssssss ... and then I feel him spurt his seed into my pussy, I actually feel it and my body explodes, yet again! Feeling the jerks, the spurts of his hot seed into me, my pussy convulses, clenches, and clamps onto his cock inside me and he howls into the night.

If there was a conscious thought or mental image after that, I don't know it.

I am awake with the first sounds of the new day. The sun is still not up with the mountains to the East. As soon as I stir, Wolf is sitting up with me. I can't resist taking him in my arms and feeling him against my naked body again, even if for just a moment. Last night, finally being with him, was the most wonderful thing I have ever felt. It lived up to everything I had come to anticipate from the conversations with mother about sex in general but with a dog in particular.

We move off the ledge carefully and make our way to the stream below for water and washing the sleep off. There is nothing like a quick cold bath in a mountain stream to get the blood coursing through your body and to bring you alert. I had purposefully evaluated that food would not be a priority from this point on. Last night was a luxury and I was certain those men would not be remaining in the forest at night. The fire last night gave the opportunity for a last bit of protein and also a taunt at the men. The only concern would be to stay well watered. The remaining two days was not going to be a problem for a lack of food. I would keep my eye out for berries and fruit, nuts and edible roots, as we passed, but not to find meat, that would require cooking it and a fire would alert them to our location. The 'Hunters', and certainly the 'Warriors' the next day, would be much more adept in the forest.

I heard the bell rung in the middle of the night and it marked officially that I was into the second day of The Hunt. Today, there would be men from the 'Hunters' group joining men from the other two groups. The forest may seem filled with men and dogs. I anticipated with the hunters that they would attempt a flushing tactic to catch me quickly. It is a common tactic with a large group of men and dogs. A large, noisy group is sent out to drive the prey into a predetermined funnel location that steadily narrows the prey into the others who are waiting. Generally, though, those flushing the prey were just creating chaos in order to cause the prey to flee. They weren't the real hunters and that could be the escape for a prey that understood the process. A deer or other wild animal was subject to the instinct of flight from fear. Father had talked about the natural reaction of fear and danger, 'flight' and 'fight'. In a battle or conflict situation, he said, you often have to resist the instinct to flee in the face of overwhelming odds, but that does not mean that you have to turn and charge headlong into an unknown fight. But, staying, concealed, and prepared, it is possible to take advantage of an enemy that has become overconfident. That might be my best option here, but the situation would determine that.

I was sitting in the cold water, still naked, thinking out my possible options for the coming day. I had anticipated more time, but the men must have gotten an even earlier start than I had this morning. Suddenly, it seemed, there was crashing and noise coming from deeper in the forest. Perhaps my

fire on the ledge last night was too much of a taunt and I had managed to anger them with it. I jumped out of the stream and took up my simple dress and put on my moccasins. I had already determined my initial route and I ran along it.

But, I appeared to be running headlong into one of the their lines of men. I stopped for just a moment to take in the direction of the sounds. They were focused on the location of the ledge where they had seen the fire last night. Their line seemed to be in a curve and nearly enclosing where I was. My reaction was to flee in the direction without sound but immediately stopped after twenty feet. No! That is exactly their intention. That is where the hunters will be waiting. I didn't believe I could surprise them and charge through their lines, they would still be too organized this early in the chase. I had only one remaining option and that was the remaining forest up the mountain slope and crevices. It was hard work, extremely hard work and my footing was unsure, the rocks beneath my feet were slipping and not providing the footing I needed for good progress up the slope. Between the slipping, the noise behind me, and the work to steadily go up the slope, I was getting closer and closer to a feeling of panic. And then it took hold of me and I was scrambling like a crazed animal.

They're gaining on me, I can feel them back there and hear them as though they will grab me at any moment. My heart is beating so hard it feels like it might actually burst from my chest. My lungs are gasping for enough air to feed the demands of my body, demands that can't possibly be satisfied if I continue at this pace. But, worse to me is the burning in the muscles of my legs as I demand their continued effort up hills and down slippery slopes. I have to stop but I don't dare, I can feel them. They are almost on top of me. I know I am finished. I know all is lost, my dreams of a future life different than what THEY would give me. No option, no choice, just what THEY choose for me.

I am climbing a rise and that will give a vantage point. I have to stop, if just for a moment, to evaluate my situation, determine my pending fate, and mostly to relieve the aching in my body, legs, and lungs. They will be slowed by the climb as well and that will give me a moment. When I reach the top of this slope, I stop and turn, looking down the slope, then peering through the trees and brush, squinting finally because I don't see my pursuers at all. What I realize is that my fear of being caught and returned by these has me over-reacting. And, that over-reacting could easily cause me to fail in my quest, my need to escape them and evade any capture. I know that eventually the dogs will also be coming. When the men are frustrated, angered even by my elusiveness and have failed in this initial pursuit, they will bring in the dogs and the dogs will have my scent from clothing left behind. I've seen it done before to others who have tried this, to gain some form of independence and choice.

Not seeing my pursuers, I give myself the much needed moments to rest my legs and recover my breathing and fully slow my beating heart. I nearly ran myself into exhaustion and certain failure. No one has more practice in this effort and the necessary skills than I, my success is not limited only by using my head and relying on natural gifts; my physical gifts and my father's training give me a chance not otherwise realized by others. My opportunity is here, my efforts have to succeed, my very life goal is in the balance.

I turn and look above me. He is watching me and seems bemused. Damn him! How did he get up there so fast? But, I smile at his casual attitude. He waits for me, his tail wagging like he expects us to start playing. I give him a hug and scratch his ears and go down to a knee to accept the kisses of his tongue on my face. As I lower my face further to finally escape the tongue, I see between his legs. I smile, take hold of his head between my hands and kiss his snout. "I see you liked what we did last night. Me, too. But we can't, not now. But, tonight, when the men have left the forest, again. I want that, again, too." I glanced down, again. My smile got bigger with that new feeling once again coursing through my young body, the top of his cock was poking out of his sheath. "You better put

that away, though, boy. We're going to be charging through the brush in just a few minutes."

And, just like that, I was in control, again. The game wasn't going to change today, or likely even tomorrow, if I can take this that far. It will continue to be evasion and hiding. It will just become increasingly difficult.

I managed to scramble along a ledge over the narrowing line of men and drop down behind them. They continued to make noise and pushing forward to enclose in the corner formed by the cliff and the river drop. The only problem would be that I wouldn't be inside. I jogged diagonally to the river but at the lake end of the boundaries. I would be far from them, again. That would provide me the opportunity for Wolf and me to hydrate leisurely and rest for the next effort. Besides trying to stay away from this larger group of men and hiding when necessary, my goal was to have them crisscross the forest chasing me and destroying tracks in the process. It generally works, but sometimes I have to fabricate tracks by breaking limbs and leaving torn pieces of my dress on branches. Ultimately, I stay just out of their sight except for one time when I thought I was trapped. My tactic of crisscrossing and creating confusion worked too good. Some of the men were simply wearing out and instead of actively chasing, they had begun to pretend and were walking, well behind the others. And, that was when I almost got trapped. I was in a simple jog ahead of a pack behind me, they were crashing through the brush and branches, completely dominating the sounds in the forest which created even confusion for me. Suddenly, Wolf stopped and crouched down. I immediately stopped with him and saw four men ambling towards us down a path that was crossing my route. The noise behind me was now getting closer and the men in front now stopped at the approaching group. I was trapped between them. I wildly looked around for some escape route. This was going to really suck if I was captured because of these four who couldn't keep up with the chase.

I was about to decide to try charging through these four and hoping for surprise to get past them, when I spotted a fallen, rotting tree. It had a large hollowed section and open at the end. I crawled feet first into it and pulled with me layers of moss and sticks to cover the entrance. I told Wolf to run, hoping that the men might believe that I was simply ahead of the animal. I did see Wolf leave but then apparently stopped. The other men were now approaching and their dogs were sniffing the area. Wolf returned part way and began growling and threatening the men and dogs.

Then I heard an amazing thing, "Look, that's the animal with the girl. See how it is defending that trail. I bet anything she took off that way and he is trying to stop us."

Another man stepped onto the log I was in and his weight crushed it. It was that hollowed out. He swore when he fell and the men all ran off in the direction Wolf went, now sure they were again on my trail. I was definitely going to have to reward Wolf tonight.

Later in the afternoon, I again used one of the streams to erase my trail. That time I went upstream away from the village. It was getting late, the light was beginning to fade and I sensed the defeat in the men. Their enthusiasm was nearly gone. When my trail ended at the stream and didn't come out on the other side, they seemed to be finished. In fact they were. I watched from my hiding spot above them in the rocks as they milled around, walking up and downstream looking in vain for my tracks leaving the stream. But, they weren't to be found because I continued upstream and didn't leave it until I was stepping onto rock, not dirt.

Wolf and I were getting an early reprieve from being hunted, which was welcome because tomorrow would be the 'Warrior' group. And, although their egos would limit the chase to just the three of them and their two dogs, I expected the chase tomorrow to be much more difficult to survive. With the remaining light, we made our way to a location along the river under a cliff overhang that would provide good protection even if someone decided to stay out overnight. That would be difficult and

require the use of torches, but this location was at the falls and any sounds Wolf and I made would be drowned out. Of course, any sounds they made would be drowned out, too.

There would be no fire tonight and no eating. There was just over 24 hours remaining. We had a good source of water and it was dry. A fire could attract attention, but otherwise this location was almost impossible to get to in the dark. We would have to be extra careful in the morning leaving it and the earliest possible time would be ideal, but I was feeling secure in the dark.

But, in the darkness, what I really needed was a good bath, including my hair. Not so much because I was just dirty, that was a part of being in the wild. It was the log that was crushed over my body. As soon as the log collapsed onto me, I was covered in all sorts of creepy, crawly things. Of course, the sense is worse than the reality once they get into your clothes and hair, but to be comfortable meant getting everything washed out. And it felt good, besides. I stripped off the dress and my moccasins, entered the water and quietly swam out into the river and going under the surface to clean out my hair and rinse off the rest of my body. Swimming back to shore was invigorating. Wolf, for his part, seemed intent on licking off the water from my thighs, stomach, and pussy. Yea, those are the only places I am wet, guy. But, the attention was nice.

I took my dress and considered it, as well. I went back into the shallows and turned it inside-out and washed it thoroughly, turned it back right-side-out and rewashed it. I wrung the water out and hung it over some branches. It would still be wet in the morning, but it might be a little bit dryer. I turned around and bumped into Wolf ... again. He was not letting me very far from him. And for an animal whose shoulders came to my waist, it wasn't hard to be bumping into him in close quarters. And since I was bumping into him so much, I decided it was time to thank him properly for saving me earlier.

I indicated for him to lie down on the ground and I knelt near his head. I took his head in my hands and kissed his snout. His tongue shot out and we found ourselves licking each other's tongues. I smiled. None of it ever seemed gross or weird, just all came out of a seemingly common bond of sharing and being together. I pulled back slightly, still holding his head, "Wolf, I want to try something different, tonight. I saw mother do it to Dog, once. I think it will feel good, I hope so. Then, we can do it like last night, again."

I kissed his snout one more time, then stroked his body, working my way to his belly and his sheath. I smiled when I saw in the low light of the moon that his cock tip was again showing from his sheath. I touched the sheath, I had done this before. But, now, the part I had never done and now wanted to very much. Like he had licked me to such pleasure, I wanted to return that special favor to him. But, after tonight, it might not be so unusual for us. I lowered my head to his belly and moved to his sheath. My tongue came out and tentatively touched the tip of his cock. I felt some liquid at the end and brought it into my mouth. It tasted nice. My tongue went back to it and the more I licked it, the more cock came out. Now, more tentatively, I put my lips to the cock, opened my mouth and took it inside until I could suck gently on it, feeling it lengthen more inside my mouth, encouraging me to suck harder and slide my mouth down onto his cock and then pulled back up before descending back down.

It felt amazing in my mouth, like it felt amazing inside my pussy, the shape of it and texture though were so much more apparent in my mouth. As I sucked and slid my mouth up and down on it, taking it deeper and deeper into my mouth until I nearly gagged on it as it touched the back of my mouth and the entrance to my throat, I became greedy and wanting more and more. Finally, after repeated attempts and repeated gagging, the tip slipped into my throat and I felt him jerk and his cock swell and I felt the ball, the knot, in my hand as I held his cock to love it. The knot was hard, I reached for his balls and they were swelling, and I felt his cock in my mouth twitch and jerk. I pulled back more



on the cock, still holding it in my mouth but with just the tip still inside, and that was when I got a new experience with Wolf, an experience I want to repeat many more times after. He shot his cum into my mouth, shot after shot of his hot cum, his seed, into my mouth. It was more than I could take down my throat, despite my attempts, I was unprepared for the amount coming out, and it spilled out of my lips and dripped onto his belly. When he was done, after I had licked and sucked the excess from his cock, I licked the spilt cum from his belly.

I felt so wanton, but at the same time I still wanted more. I wanted to cum, to explode, and feel the same earth shattering experience as last night. I wanted to scream into the night, again. Even as inexperienced as I was, I knew that he would be ready immediately. Already his hard, distended cock was shrinking, so I knew there would have to be time and encouragement. Hmmmmmm, encouragement ... I can do that.

As a diversion, I went to the edge of the water and called him. He looked at me but seemed game to try this with me. I walked out into the water and he followed. I went further out and made myself swim and he followed, swimming like a dog. He tried going back to the shallows and I called to him, again. And, again, he turned to follow me. But, finally, he went back to the shallows and barked. This was fun, but I couldn't have him barking. I didn't think there was anyone else in the forest, but there was no need in pushing our luck. Back on shore he again came to me and licked my thighs and into my pussy. I spread my legs while standing, giving him better access to my dripping pussy.

Then I sat on the ground and moved his head into my lap. There I stroked his head and neck, down his body and slowly, carefully, worked my way to his belly and, once more, touched his sheath, casually, accidentally. His cock wasn't showing but we had just come out of the cold water. I continued, not focused on his sheath, but his body and occasionally lightly touching his sheath, then lightly stroking it before returning to his belly and body. Then, I felt the tip coming out, again. Immediately, I move alongside him, kissed the tip and took the growing cock into my mouth. I was going to be fucked for the second night in a row.

Back in the village, the members of the Warrior group are interviewing the Hunter group about their experience in the Hunt. The leader, Tupac, has been reacting to the other group in the typical Warrior arrogance. "What was so different about this one? Any that got into the second day were always caught by noon. What happened this time?"

"We don't know. It was like she was a ghost. We would seemingly have her in a trap and then she would just disappear. We were sure we had her hemmed in against the mountain cliff, forcing her to the river cliff where we were waiting for her. This was early in the day. But, when the line squeezed in, she wasn't inside. Somehow, she got out, maybe she got into a crevice and scrambled up without being seen."

"She sounds clever this one. I understand she also has a dog?"

"No, it's a wolf. A full blood wolf. She calls it that, Wolf. It seems to be just as clever. The girl had us moving back and forth across the forest. The men had traveled over the forest in so many directions, the dogs couldn't make out anything in the trampled ground. She had us moving so much that some of the men were getting tired. In fact, once in the late afternoon, we had her, again. She was leading us back through the forest when she bumped into four who were stragglers. She saw them with the main group behind her and those in front of her. She apparently made a run for it and her animal delayed us by stopping our dogs."

"What do you mean, stopped you?"

"It was the damndest thing to see. He stood there growling at us in front of the trail. We hesitated probably long enough for her to escape because we couldn't see her after we took chase. But, it wasn't that much time."

"Are you sure she didn't just hide somewhere? In the trees or in a fallen log or under some brush?"

"No, we looked for that. One of the guys even jumped on a large rotting log and it collapsed. It was the only one large enough."

"But, you didn't look inside?"

"The end was covered with moss and sticks. And it collapsed."

"Yes, she would have to have a lot of control not to yell out if she was inside. As you said, very clever."

Wolf and I were curled together under the overhang in a light sleep when I heard the bell rung loudly indicating the end of the second day and the beginning of the third and final day. Midnight. Now I can't go back to sleep. What will the Warrior group be doing? Could they reasonably come out in the darkness of night? And, if they did, where would they be heading? This location was chosen just because I had not used it yet in the chase. I trusted that this would not be the first place they would be heading. There will be only the three Warriors and their two dogs. These dogs will be much better trained for tracking by both sight and scent so my tactics will need some modification. Hiding in a log, for instance, just might not work this time with these dogs and they may not be quite so intimidated by Wolf, although they should be. But, more importantly, I had no clear idea of a better place to be. They might have torches to light their way, I had nothing but darkness and a very real possibility of injury, if I tried. I was too close to success to mess it up in panic now. I settled back into Wolf and tried, again, to find more sleep.

I was alert at the first sounds of the morning, though. And, that brought Wolf alert, too. We both cocked our heads to listen to what the sounds were but they were merely the sounds of the forest coming back to life. I carefully walked to my dress and felt it. The light of the morning was still very faint but it was time to leave this place. Being found here would be a certain trap. My dress was predictably still damp, but at least it wasn't actually wet, any longer. I put it on and then my moccasins and trudged along the water's edge to the location that would take the two of us up to the forest floor. At the top, I stopped and listened. Nothing. I thought of my options. I had to assume that these three would have talked to the Hunters for information and my habits and abilities. The problem for me, though, was that this was a restricted area and new options were very limited

I opted for the rocky cliff and its ledges. They had served me well the past couple days. The rock made it hard to follow tracks and my dress had just been washed so it might not give off as much of my scent. I figured I had a good head start with my early rising and the light just coming to the forest so I just walked at a steady pace. But I crouched and froze when I heard a shout from behind me in the direction of the river. It seemed like very near the location I had come from.

"Over here! You were right, Tupac. This is the spot she picked but she must have started the day early, too. There are barefoot tracks and then they turn to moccasins. She came out right where you are standing."

"She's clever, indeed. The first night on the ledge was good, it gave her a good vantage point and escapes. But, knowing we were coming, she picked a more isolated and protected location. I wouldn't have considered it except that they said how cunning she was, how thoughtful. Now that we have her trail, let's go get her and put this game to an end."

A game, is it? Okay, they think they are so clever for guessing my location, but they were too late. You have to be pretty early to catch this worm. Okay, let's see how they do on bare rock.

I jogged now to the crevice and scrambled up and onto the exposed rock surface and made my way to the ledge that wound around the curve in the rock. I heard them behind me. These were definitely much better at tracking. True, it was visual, but they were moving quickly and still on my trail, but now I was on rock, let's see they follow a trail up here.

Behind, the men stopped at the crevice. These men were experienced and had worked together for several years. Tupac as the senior in experience and age and was the clear leader, though they worked so well together that it was generally just a team function. They used a technique that had one of them and a dog out in front pursuing the trail while the other two and the remaining dog lagging behind, watchful of movement and deception to the sides. The technique worked very well for them. As the two behind came up to the lead, "She went up the crevice?"

"Yes, both she and the dog. And, they went up fast. I have to say I am already impressed with her. Her stamina must be good to take this climb as quickly as it appears she did."

"Be impressed with her all you want after we catch her." He spoke to the other man, the youngest, "Dreng, get up there and see what we are dealing with."

He scrambled up and slipped repeatedly before gaining his footing at the top. "Tupac, it hard, exposed, bedrock. No trail marks are possible, but she would almost certainly have to moved inland, away from the river."

"You follow up there and we'll follow down here, somewhere there must be an escape, she'll come down somewhere."

From my vantage point I could see what they were doing. The others just let me slip around them and escape. These were watching places of getting off the ledge. I had to come up with a new and bold option. Then I saw it but I had to do it before they reach view of me. I was at the dead end of the ledge, there was no going further and no turning back. I sent Wolf down the rock face and made my move as Wolf hit the ground and burst through the brush with a crash.

"It ends up here. It's a dead end. What was that?!?"

"They just came down and crashed through that brush, get down here and follow us."

I smiled. Wolf made quite a spectacle crashing through that brush. I wasn't with him, however. I made a daring leap off the ledge and grasped the tree ten feet away like my life depended on it. With the men gone, I lowered myself from branch to branch before hanging from the lowest one and dropping to the ground. I made my way to the river and followed it downstream before heading back into the forest. I found a small rise to sit, catch my breath, and gauge the next exciting moment to occur.

I figured they would have discovered by now that I wasn't with Wolf, returned to the ledge area, picked up my tracks where I dropped from the tree and were again in pursuit. This was much harder than I anticipated but time was passing steadily. I guessed from the placement of the sun in the sky that it was already about noon. I had to come up with another dramatic, but effective, ruse to kill more time. Something that could balance the field would be good, too. These dogs seemed very capable of following scent and that gave me idea. Now I only needed some wild cordage and Wolf.

"Do you have a good trail?"

"Yes. She is doing a good job of moving from rocks to logs to moss, but there just isn't enough of it and she is speeding up. Also, the dogs have a good scent of her now. But ... I think they are a little wary of that wolf of hers."

They laughed. These men liked a challenge and respected a worthy foe. "I can't say I can blame them on that." They all agreed they were glad they had the dogs in front of them.

In a matter of minutes, the dogs had a strong track on the scent and were pulling hard on their leads. They ran behind the dogs until they came a small clearing. "I don't get it. The dogs are going nuts, but I see no tracks."

"She must be using something behind her to erase her tracks. But the dogs have her. I have to agree with you guys, she is clever. I can't wait to run her down and meet her. Let's finish it this time. It's about noon and this is embarrassing enough."

They ran after the dogs and they ran after the dogs and ran. Every now and then they came across a piece of cloth that was clearly from the standard woman's dress used in the village. "Damn, this girl can run, but she can't keep this up forever. Suck it up and speed up."

They ran for what seemed another hour and they were making enough noise to let anyone know where they were, but that was fine with them. They had to be gaining. Every now and then they thought they caught a glimpse of a dress going into some brush or behind a clump of trees. Then, they heard a cry, but a male voice. They stopped. Tupac sent the other two on the chase and he waited for the head Hunter to get to him.

"You're not going to like this, Tupac. What are you chasing?"

"You know, that damn girl. You're right about her being clever."

"More clever than any of us gave her credit for, it would appear. Whatever you are chasing, it is not the girl."

"Of course it is. We've found scraps of torn cloth from a standard village dress. And, we've seen the end of the dress turn around some trees. We were getting close."

"Does she seem to be running awfully fast for a girl?"

"Spit it out. What do you have?"

"Like I said, you aren't going to like it. She just ran through the village. She grabbed some clothes off a line in the process. She was in a hurry, too."

Tupac was having trouble with this. "Clothes? But ... we saw the dress, the torn pieces ..."

"Tupac, she was naked when she ran through the village. You aren't chasing her, I guarantee it."

Just then Herve, the second oldest Warriors returned with Dreng and the dogs, "Here you go. We caught her dress." The two laughed but Tupac wasn't amused. "Okay, we found it. It was lying on the ground, this cordage tied to the sleeve. This is what we saw, not her in a dress. It also explains why there were no tracks, this was dragging behind that damn animal of hers. It was standing on a small rise looking down at us. If he could laugh, he would have been, I know it. This girl is driving me nuts."

The Hunter stepped forward, "You want help, yet, Tupac? Or, is this still your stubborn Warrior ego?"

He looked at the man challenging him, "Damn it. Okay, get your Hunters and the dogs. Only the Hunters. Not the others. Spread out along the opposite side and drive to the river. We're going to put an end to this."

I had circled back to the edge of the village and scoped out the various cabins with wash hanging to dry outside. I wasn't particular about the exact size because I knew I was small in comparison, but I didn't want the clothes to be too big. And they had to be men's. I was now naked, and although it didn't particularly bother me, I knew it might bother some in the village very much. I spotted the cabin of my choice and ran at full speed around the cabin, grabbed the clothes and continued out of the village at the other end. I could hear the shouts of exclamation as people caught a glimpse of my naked form streaking through the village. As unusual as it undoubtedly was for a hunted to return through the village, there was also nothing in the rules against it.

Once outside of the village and into the edge of the forest, I cut diagonally to the East where I hoped to rejoin Wolf. Once further into the trees, I stopped and put on the trousers and shirt. Tucking the tails into the trousers, I cinched up the cord at the waist and rolled up the pant legs. I then started jogging until I did find Wolf running up to me. He didn't stop, though, but turned and continued to the North. I shrugged and followed, trusting in him completely.

It wasn't immediately clear to me that the Hunters were joining forces with the Warriors in tracking me down. But, as I climbed a tree at the edge of a rise, I saw the Hunters coming directly up the East side but they were spacing themselves, dropping a Hunter every so often. They were clearly intending to push through the forest and drive me to the river where I was sure the Warriors were waiting. The sun was getting lower but still not low enough for my final move, which would hopefully be for my ultimate survival of The Hunt. I needed to delay them just a little longer. The sun was still too high and I needed a faded light at the end. And, a delay required causing just a bit more confusion. I waited for the line to pass underneath my position, then I descended and prepared Wolf and me for this bold move. I hugged him, then sent Wolf through their line splitting two of the men, then I moved down the line and visually signaled for Wolf to charge through again back the opposite way, but this time it was between two different men. We did this several times and the line stopped. They weren't sure what was happening or where the next dash was coming from. That was when I charged through right after Wolf charged through. It worked perfectly. It was several moments until it occurred to them that I had breached their lines and was now inside them. It was what they wanted, anyway, and that too made them pause, thinking I was about to charge with Wolf back through the other direction, they stopped and waited. But, I didn't, I was now headed for the waterfall. The light was fading and the small canyon containing the river would be even darker.

There was yelling now up and down the line as they took chase after me. Now, though, Wolf was acting on his own and he saw a wonderful game of suddenly appearing in front of a man or darting across the front of several of them before retreating back into the center. All of this added to the sense of confusion and made it that much more difficult for them to keep track of my route. The clothes I was wearing eliminated the dogs from tracking my scent and it was now all visual. And the visual was getting harder as the light faded.

As I approached the edge of the river canyon, I slowed to a walk, then stopped completely. One of the Warriors was indeed standing along the edge. Wolf joined me and I had a final idea for him. I pointed in the direction of downstream and hoped he would understand. He started to move and I pulled him back with my hands on the sides of his head, "Thank you, Wolf. This has been a lot of fun with you. If I make it through this, it will be after the bell is rung for the last time at midnight. Then,

you can help me warm my body. Then, maybe we can make it three nights in a row.” He licked my face and pushed his head into my chest. I stroked his neck and back, then gave him a gentle pat on the rear. And he was off in the direction I had pointed. He was crashing through brush and it had the desired effect, the Warrior’s attention was diverted to Wolf, and I made my run.

His attention was diverted but not completely. He heard me crash through some brush and he was pivoting to my direction, but he was much too late to do anything about it. But, as I neared the edge of the drop, I heard him shout out to the others. I smiled at that, though, because I was airborne, hitting the edge at full speed, I jumped with every bit of remaining energy and projected myself off the edge and over the water, targeting the waterfalls where the water should be deepest. My trajectory was by necessity a little diagonal and to my surprise I almost made it to the falling water, but hit the river surface a three feet short. The water was about twenty feet below the edge that I jumped from so the impact hurt and knocked some of the breath from me. I went under the water surface and I was a bit panicked at the depth my fall propelled me, but the water depth was sufficient that I didn’t hit bottom and was able to kick back to the surface and take much needed air. I looked up to the edge above me and saw two of the Warriors watching me while the third was just arriving. Now, for the next part of my plan.

On top, Tupac was swearing, again. “What is it with her? Is it her personal mission to embarrass us?”

“I don’t think so. I think it is her personal mission to improve her position of getting what she wants.”

“You’re right, I know. I also figured out who she is. Remember that man and daughter we met on the other side? We went to their cabin, agreed to bring the mother who had one leg and the daughter? The daughter seemed like a wild creature at the time, living in a small cabin deep in the forest.”

“I remember, now. This is her? No wonder she is so intent. She would probably run away from the village if she had to be part of the Farmer or Caretaker groups. It makes sense now.”

“But ... I still want to catch her. It is getting dark but she is in the river.”

The river current wasn’t real fast but it did move. It was moving, though, slower than a comfortable jog and I was soon watching two men sliding down the slope and entering the water behind me. Above, on the edge, I could see men lined up, watching and moving at about the same pace. Then, most of them moved faster down the river, lining the edge a regular intervals. So, they were lining up to take me wherever I came out of the water and they had two men coming down the river behind me. I squinted behind and saw in the moon light that they were separated and coming down. If I stopped they would catch me, if I swam for shore, the others would catch me.

Then, I heard their clincher, “You two continue down and don’t miss her. We’ll get a line across the river with men secured to stop her.”

So, they had me boxed in. But, I was coming to a rapids section with plenty of rocks and fallen trees piled up against them. I angled to a large boulder with logs against it and grabbed on as I hit it. That was going to cause a bruise, I could tell, but I was stopped and I waited for the men. Then, an idea came to me and wrapping my legs around a log, I wrestled my way out of the shirt, then with one arm around the log, I stripped out of the trousers. Bunching them together around some sticks, there was some size and I let them float down.

The men coming down the river yelled up, “I don’t see her, do you?”

The answer was reassuring, "Just barely in the moonlight. She is ahead of you to the left. She must have gone on the other side of that large boulder next to you."

I watched as I saw one man float past, he was further away. I didn't see the one that should have been closer until I heard flailing in the water on the other side of the boulder. "My foot is caught on a branch underwater. I ... can't ... get it ... loose." There was panic in his voice.

The other man yelled back, "I can't fight the current. I can't get to you."

There was rushing around on the bank, calls for a rope, anything. But, I knew that before they could do anything he would have drowned, being pulled below the surface by the current. I inched my way around the opposite side from him, then went under water, feeling with my hands, my feet braced on the boulder. I touched his foot and found the 'V' of the branch that had him trapped. I pulled with all my might to break it, but it wouldn't. Wet wood doesn't break easily.

I needed air and rose to the surface, fighting to stay in position against the current. The man was spending nearly as much time underwater as he was above and he wouldn't last much longer. I went under again and felt in the other direction, now having another idea. I found the same branch and pull it and it moved. The current was holding it in place, I just needed to offset that balance. After I managed to pull the other end far enough upstream, the other end, trapping him, swung around the boulder and he and the branch floated away.

Then the news I, and everyone else, wanted to hear, "The branch came free, I don't understand, but the branch is floating down now, and I am getting my foot loose. I ... thought I ... was dead."

Whether I lasted to midnight or not, now this felt good.

Then, what I was waiting for, "She did it, again. We're at the rope and she isn't. I want to meet this girl, Tupac."

From the shore, all I heard in response was, "Damnit!"

The bell rang loud and repeatedly. It was midnight. I had won! But, I was going to wait the night out and not return to the village until the morning light. The men were called out of the river and to return to the village. They weren't happy that they failed to capture me. I just hoped they weren't also mad.

The water was cold and probably colder just because it was over and the adrenaline was gone. I heard a 'woof' from the shore and squinted to catch an image of my Wolf. I kicked off the boulder and swam for the shore. I sat on the rocks of the shore and Wolf was licking me, again. A random lick across my breast and nipple sent a shiver of pleasure through me and I smiled. I stood up and made my way to the top of the bank which was only about five feet at this location.

I thought about getting a fire started, it was past midnight so I would be safe. But, I couldn't find the right kind of wood to make an ember and was too tired to search in the dark. I simply moved to a grassy spot on the bank and lay down. Wolf joined me and I wiggled into him, feeling comfort in the contact of this furry body against my naked back. I wiggled my butt into him and I felt his sheath poke me, I thought I even felt something more poking me in the ass. But, I was too tired, too tired to even think about it. And, my mind went blank. Sleep came over me like a curtain being pulled closed. And, for the first night in days, sounds didn't disturb my sleep.

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Chapter 4: MY CHOICE

The next morning I am awakened by Wolf. But this is different, this is the morning after my successful survival of The Hunt. And not just any Hunt, the first ever Hunt when the hunted has survived the full three days and nights. The concept of The Hunt is very specific, but I wonder if any of the leaders who established the criteria, rules, and rewards had any anticipation that someone might actually evade capture all three days. Was the outcome even defined for this condition? Would my unique situation create conflict? There was only one way to find out and that would be very soon.

The sounds of the forest waking had not been enough to wake me this morning. There was no tension in me last night or this morning. There would be nobody searching for me, trying to capture me, or establishing a trap for me to happen into. Today, they would simply be waiting for me to return to the village. I stretch my body out while lying on the ground and I feel aches in many parts of my body. The effects of my ordeal over the past three days is now very apparent, especially yesterday from jumping into the trees, running naked through the forest, and going through the rapids in the river. Wolf comes to me, though, and my worries about my body quickly dissolve under his attention. He begins licking my face, then to my neck and shoulders, and to my breasts and nipples. He then moves down over my belly and I open my legs for him, giving him access to me completely. He is my first, and so far only, lover; the only male to have touched my body with mouth or cock and in just three nights I have given myself completely to him, yielded my body to him much the same way I would sometimes see my mother do with Dog. Wolf has been my protector and constant companion during these times since coming to the village, suffering through the death of my mother, the long alone times of not knowing or feeling a place within the village. And, over the past three days, he was repeatedly my salvation in evading the men seeking me out, trying to trap me and capture me. So, yes, I opened myself to him, gladly, willingly, and with deep desire that I have only felt for him. And, for his part, the core of my womanhood now spread before him, he focuses his tongue's attention on my pussy. And I moan out in response to that attention.

His tongue is so good, so very good. But I want more now, not a want for myself, but a want for him; I want to give more to him, to thank him, to reassure him of our bond together, because I know our lives will be changing in many ways when we return to the village this morning. So, I put my hands down between my legs and hold the sides of his face, his massive head, and I raise my shoulders to look at him. What a magnificent beast. How did I end up with a wolf as my protector and lover?

I pull my knees up and roll over to kneel in front of him. Holding his head, I kiss his snout, put out my tongue in offering to him, and we lick each other's. I hug his head to me and stroke his neck and shoulders. I kiss his snout, again, before patting the ground for him to lay himself before me. I stroke his side down to his hind leg, then move to his belly, stroking him further and further until I graze his sheath. There is no mystery about what is happening now, not after the past nights together. He raises his hind leg for me, like I opened mine for him only moments before. I smile at him, at his reaction, at his assumption. No matter what happens today, no matter how I might be accepted or rejected by the Warriors, at least I knew Wolf and I would have each other.

With there being no mystery as to what was about to happen, there was also no real surprise at seeing that his cock tip was poking out of his sheath. I looked at it intently as I slowly bent forward to get even closer, even as my tongue was coming out of my mouth, I was looking at it for the first time in full light of day. It had felt different than I imagined and it now looked different. Mother and father were always very open and casual about their bodies and encouraged the same response from me. As a result, the sight of a naked penis was not completely unfamiliar to me. I had even gotten a glimpse of my father's hard one on occasion when I unexpectedly came upon him and mother in the field or in bed when I wasn't supposed to be around. But, Wolf's was different. The tip was pointed, the shape in general was different and the color was certainly different. But it felt wonderful in my

mouth, on my lips, on my tongue, and very definitely inside my pussy. And, the knot ... what a powerful, full feeling that gave me.

It all made me wonder what a man's cock would feel like when I finally got the chance. The Hunt was an indication of coming of age for young women, the time of taking her place in bringing the needed young into the village to grow our community, establish families, and to establish the beginnings of tradition. It was a role of all women in the village and, like my mother, I was willing to do what I could, but I also wanted the freedom of choice to determine how and where and with whom I lived. That was the purpose of wanting so badly to survive The Hunt, to earn that freedom to choose.

But these thoughts and musings didn't really detract me from my current mission. I had my tongue on the tip of his cock and I was lightly stroking his sheath. More cock was showing and as soon as there was enough, I took it between my lips and sucked, lightly at first, but then harder. That gave me more cock and I took it deeper into my mouth, stopping only when my lips touched his sheath, then pulling back and taking more, again. Over and over, I took him into my mouth and then pulled back and sucked the tip. His pre-cum was nearly running out of the tip and I licked and sucked it out. I wondered if a man was like that, too. Would he produce pre-cum like that or would it be different, also.

I now had nearly a full mouth of Wolf and I wanted him somewhere else, a different hole, I wanted us joined as male and female were designed to reproduce. I wanted to be his, again. I wanted to be bound to him, to be tied by his knot, to be his as if he really was breeding me, to be joined to him as only a canine animal can do. So, I released him from my mouth, but I continued to look at it, to study it, and admire it. Then I knelt up and looked from his cock to his head. He raised his head and looked me, waiting for my action, waiting to determine his next action.

I didn't make him guess, I shifted onto my hands and knees and turned so my ass was pointed directly at his head and patted my ass to further indicate my intent. I didn't need nearly so much for him to take the hint. Before I could pat my ass the first time, he was already rising to approach me. And in only a few breaths he was on my back. I remembered what helped the previous times and put a hand between my legs to assist him in finding my pussy hole. When he penetrated me, my breath was literally taken from me. I gasped and moaned at the sudden and deep penetration. After only a few strokes at the furious pace I had already come to expect from him, I could feel his knot forming and hitting the outside of my pussy, beginning to stretch open my lips and then my hole, insistent in his determination to fully enter me, and to tie me in our mating.

I orgasm quickly, as soon as his knot passed inside me, in fact. My need is pent up and my senses completely relaxed now, after The Hunt and after my coming of age, and finally in the light of day, even more aware of the act we had only done in the dark previously. But, I am not done and he certainly wasn't. He is still pounding into me, smaller strokes restricted by his knot, but pounding at me nonetheless. When I feel him jerk and his hips drive into me hard, pushing his knot and cock into me even deeper, then holding himself there with his front legs squeezed even tighter around my waist, I feel it, the spurt of his canine cum into me, I feel the new wetness drench my pussy and undoubtedly my womb. He is so deep, deeper than I have ever felt him before, forgetting that this is still only the third time. He seems to be nearly at my womb, nearly about to try to enter my very womb, to send his sperm directly into my most womanly of places. And, with those thoughts coursing through my brain ... I explode into an even more powerful orgasm. I cry out, no longer caring for hiding where I am but for the moment forgetting that this might not be completely understood by others in the village. But, it is a physical and mental reaction not to be denied and my body's release sends a verbal response that seems matched by Wolf's own guttural sounds.

When he finally releases me, I fall to the ground, my legs splayed, one side of my face in the grass, and the other side being licked by Wolf. I smile. What a guy. He's just given the best fuck of my short, sexual life and he is now showering me with kisses. At least, that is how I was taking it.

I rolled over from under that tongue, laughing and giggling as I do. I come to my knees and give him another hug, I then stand up. I can still feel some soreness from bruises that will show more later in the day, but for some reason Wolf has made me forget most of it. It is still early morning and it is time to return to the village. This was about my future in the village; and, it will begin to be decided today. I am anxious to see what that will be.

I am still naked. That hasn't changed. My clothes floated down the river as a ruse in the poor light of previous evening to confuse where I was in the water. It worked very well, but it also left me, once again, naked. I am now coming out of the edge of the forest, walking to the village, and I realize that I have not accounted for this in my planning. I will enter the village, victorious perhaps, but also naked. Hopefully, I will get some consideration for my ordeal, but I remember that I also ran through the village naked early yesterday. But there is nothing I can do about that now.

Once I have cleared the forest edge, which is nearly at the edge of the village, I see a crowd of villagers waiting and a loud, long applause goes up as they see me. Then, it dies off as they see me naked. The whole crowd goes hush.

Tupac is standing in front of the village with Herve and Dreng. He is looking at me, smiling even, then his face changes and he comments to the other two, "Look at the insides of her thighs."

"Is that ... is it? She's been by herself. Except ..."

"I do believe it is. She has cum leaking from her pussy ... and she has only had the animal for company."

Herve chuckles, "Well, I for one thinks she is going to fit into the team very nicely, if that is her wish. And, ours. But, I think I know where my vote is now."

Tupac laughs. He then steps away from the others and is taking off his shirt. I stop and by the time he reaches me, his shirt is off. He has a powerful chest and flat stomach. His arms seem nearly the size of my legs. His body seems hard and chiseled. Even Rayner didn't look like that. He puts his shirt on me and I button it up; it hangs down below my ass and does a good job of covering my body. He is smiling at me, "I certainly wouldn't want the village men getting any ideas."

I look up at him, "That makes it sound like you have some ideas of your own." Damn, did I just bat my eyes at him?!?

"Dear, girl, it most certainly does. In fact, all three of us do." I smiled at the thought. And his smile got bigger. There was no apparent conflict with these Warriors. Their inability to capture me did not appear to have hurt their egos enough to damage my chances to join their group on good terms.

The council members had discussed this most unusual of outcomes in The Hunt and had concluded that the conditions that can be set by the warriors were limited, very limited. My success in The Hunt had given me the ability to have my own options and decisions.

I want to be a full member of the Warriors, they agree on a trial basis, of course. But, at this point, based on the outcome of The Hunt, their expectations are that I am the right person for their group, even if I am small and a woman. Their inclination was to make the conditions severe enough to discourage others from having similar thoughts, but my performance has taken that away from

them. But, Tupac has recalled having met my father and me on the other side and that additional point gives them extra reason to believe I will succeed with them. They only admit all this to me after leaving the village, however.

They still want to test me, however, and I have been expecting this all along. I hoped only that my performance in The Hunt would give the chance to be with them, not that it would be a guarantee to be with them. I want to now earn the right to be a part of their group. They have a dangerous job for the village, but they have their freedom and they are nearly revered and looked to in awe, if not also some element of fear, by the villagers. The Warriors are made up of three men, all strong, fierce fighters, and experts in cunning, stealth, and weapons. Except for some draft horses for plowing and hauling logs for cabins and making wood for various uses, they have the only other three horses. As part of their group are two dogs, also large, strong, and fierce. The men I met with my father several years ago were this group, I now realize. It is a hard and dangerous life. Some die, some retire to the 'Hunters'. This group has been together for five years. It is the leader who, having known my father, is particularly interested in seeing me succeed. I do not remember him, though, those were fleeting meetings and so much was happening with my father's anxiousness about discovery and my mother's failing health.

They exist for the most part away from the village. They, by their natures, do not fit well into village life or mix well with other people. They prefer to spend most of their time alone, protecting the only access to the valley, which would appear to most on the other side as an impassable mountain range. Yet, they originally found it and have led others though the secret and nearly invisible passageway through the mountain. It is also the route used to bring my mother and me to the village. They also are watchful of runaways that can be rescued and brought to the safety of the valley. Both situations sometimes are best accomplished by leading the slave owner's trackers on wild goose chases rather than actual combat. But, if combat is the only option, that is acceptable, too. But, since largely closing off the opening, they have also begun to focus their attention further south, now concerned that others might find their way from the coastal lands as people spread in search of new opportunities.

They come to the village periodically to replenish supplies when they cannot raid it from the plantations. They also come to get drunk and have some women. It is just their way of supporting the village's need for children. Like other single men of the village, the communal women are available to them, as well. Their long intervals away from the village means that their arrival is nearly always a source of turmoil and chaos for the few days they visit. As revered as they are for the danger they face for them, the villagers are also tentative of their wild natures. And, it is not just the communal women who are tentative about their arrival; it is joked that even the female dogs of the village disappear when the warrior's male dogs arrive.

This is what I was getting into by wanting to join the Warriors. No other group seemed suited to me and, yet, no other group seemed so unsuited for a young woman. But, I didn't think of myself as 'like a young woman'. This was a way for me to live in the manner like my father had prepared me for. The only other option seemed to be to leave and explore further West, perhaps over the next range of mountains, far enough away from all the elements of people owning other people and performing unimaginable horrors upon them. Unimaginable, that is, until you have seen it.

Normally, they would stay in the village for more days than The Hunt. But, this time they want to leave right away. I am told that if I want to come with them, to get my things together and be ready by noon when they plan to leave. It isn't going to take me nearly that long. I go into the woman's communal cabin, take off Tupac's shirt and put on my only other dress. I walk back outside, hand him his shirt and go to the communal kitchen building for what may be my last meal in the village for some time. I then go back to my bed, take up my bow and the quiver of arrows. The quiver

contains twenty arrows. I also have the makings of another twenty consisting of the blank wooden shaft, arrow points formed from antler, feathers, and cordage used for tying it all together. Then, with the knife Rayner gave me, I have everything to my name.

I am back outside and waiting within only two hours, which is still two hours until noon. I sit on a patch of grass with Wolf and spread out my arrow pieces and begin making more arrows. It isn't too long before Dreng sees me and wanders over to me. He stands in front of me, but I don't look up until I have completed the tying of the arrowhead I was working on. Wolf, however, has been watching him closely and when I do look up, I can see him glancing furtively at the animal.

He sits down, "May I take a look?"

I give him not only the one I am currently working on but also one from the quiver. "You can see the in-process and the completed."

He checks by looking down the length, checking straightness, the point, and the feathers. Then he puts the arrow on his finger and checks the balance. He hands them back to me, "Are you good with them?"

"I think so. My father was afraid of using guns for fear of drawing attention to our cabin and my mother. We hunted almost exclusively by bow and arrow and trapping."

"The same with us, at least from the perspective of the guns." He picked up my bow and felt it, then pulled on the string. "This is a tight string and strong pull. You're able to handle this?"

I was busy with the arrow, again. I didn't bother to look up to acknowledge the question, except to say, "It's my bow, isn't it?"

"May I?" I indicated for him to go ahead. He took an arrow, threaded it onto the string and looked around for a target.

"That oak to the Southeast, the growth about fifteen feet up." He just looked at me, then again at the tree.

"That's a ways away."

I didn't say anything, just nodded as I finished another arrow. I put it in the quiver and stood. "If you want me to, fine. That's what this is all about anyway, right? Tupac is watching from somewhere, isn't he? Give that to me." I took the bow from him, took my stance, pulled about half way, studied the leaves on the tree I was targeting and the leaves on trees in-between. I adjusted, pulled back the rest of the way, the muscles in my arms and shoulders taunt from the pull. I drew in my breath, slowly exhaled, and held it. Just like Rayner taught me. Only then did I release the arrow. It flew true and stuck in the upper middle of the growth. From my left came a whistle. I turned to find Tupac and Herve.

I was going to be tested a lot. I was expecting that and I would just roll with the challenges and questions. I didn't care what their questions were or what challenge they threw up, I only hoped my calm response would be sufficient answer.

Tupac was a man who wasn't used to beating around the bush. I was going to find out that it wasn't always true, however.

"If you are ready, let's get going. Is that all you have? Bow, arrows, a knife, and the dress you are

wearing?"

"That's it. I don't have anything else."

He walked to the building I had come out of, my former barracks. He came out with a cloth bag and a blanket he was folding and rolling. He tied it to his stuff on the horse. He put my arrow making items into the bag with some food he also had. He pulled up my dress nearly to my waist, took some cordage from his waist and tied the knife to my right thigh, dropped my dress back in place. Herve and Dreng were getting onto their horses, Tupac got into the saddle of his and reached down with his left hand. I grabbed it with my left while holding my bow in my right. He swung me up behind him on the horse. He kicked the horse and I grabbed tightly to his waist as we left the village. I didn't even look back. This is where I wanted to be, there was nothing back there that held any meaning to me.

At the far end of the lake, the opposite side from the village, they pulled up and milled around. It was as if they were waiting for some kind of sign, then they proceeded along the river coming out of the lake, riding through a long meadow land that covered the distance from the river to the forest along the mountain slopes. Over a rise to shortcut the bend in the river, we came to a stand of trees alongside a quite pool of water in a slow part of the river. Further downstream, not far, I could hear what must be either heavy rapids or a waterfall. The land was teeming with game and abundance for living off the wild. Even more than we had known on the other side of the mountains where there were people. This was almost like virgin land, as yet unspoiled by the advances of man.

Tupac put out his hand and I grabbed it. He eased me off the horse to the ground. This was where we were staying for at least some time. It was also a location they had used numerous times in the past. The fire area was well used, a lean-to shelter stood to the side, and makeshift table and wood stumps for seats.

From hiding places everywhere, they started pulling containers, baskets, and then they pulled some matting off and opened up a cool storage underground. Dried meat and fruit. Herve didn't seem real pleased, though. "We could have stayed in the village a few more days, Tupac. Get some good meat and food. Some alcohol, maybe."

Tupac looked at me, then the sun. He looked at Herve, "You want fresh meat for dinner?"

"Yeah, I think that would have been good."

"Maia, there is hours left of the sun. You think you can get us some meat to cook?"

"What do you want? Fish, deer, turkey, anything I find?"

"Not just anything you can find, but the best you can find."

I looked at them and smiled. Another challenge. I grabbed my bow and the quiver, put both over my head and shoulder and left at a jog up to the edge of the forest and made my way downstream. I edged around a stand of trees running further into the meadow and gazed over the rise. There was what I really wanted. A small herd of deer. Several fawns that I ignored. Mostly doe that were promising. A few bucks and a large buck. The large guy would be tempting but I eliminated him, too. It would be flashy to down a large buck, but it would be too much and even skinned and butchered he might be too big for me to get back to camp. The doe were the most promising. Chances are that the meat would also be better. I got down onto the ground and started crawling along edges of brush, small ravines in the ground, etc. But, I kept silently cursing the dress. I was forever crawling into the dress and having to pull at it. Finally, I took the quiver off, then the dress. I put the quiver

back over my head and shoulder. There, that felt much better and more familiar from the hunting expeditions with Rayner.

Soon, I was within easy distance of them. I crouched on my knees, took an arrow out of the quiver and put it onto the bow string and peeked over the grass. They were right where they should have been if they weren't spooked and they weren't. I knelt on one knee and went through my ritual of aiming, seeking hints of the wind, adjusting, breathing, exhaling, and ... the doe staggered for a moment as if it didn't know what had just pierced its heart. Then she dropped to the ground. The others seemed just as bewildered at first, then became wary. When I stood, content with the one that I had, the others ran away from the river and into the forest.

I approached the doe, first retrieved my arrow, then went to work gutting, taking the hide, and laying it in the sun. It would have to be scraped and worked before it could be used for whatever we would need: moccasins, clothing, bags, or a blanket. Then I went to work on the meat, slicing off large chunks and placing them on the hide. After rolling the carcass and trimming off every decent piece of meat I could find, I wrapped the hide over the meat. I then went to the stand of trees and found two saplings large enough for the job. With them I quickly constructed a travois. I used my ever present cordage to tie the ends together at one end, then with several others tied across them to form an 'A', I rolled the hide of meat onto it. I raised the peak end, got inside and pushed against it and moved it a hundred yards before I remembered that I had left my dress behind. I put the travois down and ran back for my dress. I hated to even put it on.

As I came out from a small stand of trees and brush, Dreng spotted me. All I could tell was his pointing and the others coming to him to look. I could see Tupac smiling and he pushed Dreng, the youngest, in my direction, too help, I hoped. The load had become heavy.

With his help, the travois was dropped by the fire pit, which Herve was busy getting started. Tupac moved the hide pack off the travois, then inspected my construction of it. He stood and opened the hide, seeing the cut up meat he looked my way, again. He stood and moved to stand directly in front of me, "Maia, you are a constant source of surprise. You were during The Hunt, then in actually making a good kill, and finally in getting it back to us without help. Is there anything you can't do?"

"Of course, I suspect a lot. I am not as big or strong as you three so there will be plenty that you can handle that I would struggle with or not be able to manage. But, in terms of wilderness skill, survival, hunting, tracking, and evasion, I am expert as you should know by now. You can certainly continue to challenge and test me or we can start working together as a team."

That was spoken boldly for a new member and such a small one compared to them, but it seemed I was constantly being tested and evaluated. It was time to make the point that I belonged. Both Herve and Dreng watched with sideways glances at the exchange, now waiting for Tupac's response and reaction. He looked off into the distance over me, then at the smiling other two before returning his attention back to me. I looked up at him and he was now smiling, too.

"Good for you, Maia. You have spunk and ability to back it up. You're right." He called the other two over to us, "We made the decision we needed to make it rough on you to see if you really belonged out here. But, frankly, that was before we couldn't capture you in The Hunt. As I said, you continue to surprise. So, the challenging and testing ends. Life out here is enough of a challenge. There are things that she can do better because of her skills or size and there are things we can do better for the same reasons. Those aren't better or worse, they just are and we will take advantage of being able to combine them into a more functional unit."

Herve let out a long breath and we all looked his way, "Well, that's a relief to have out of the way.

Now, let's get some of this meat cooking."

I looked around the area, "Is there something to put the meat onto? I want to start on scraping the hide." They looked at me like it would not have occurred to them to actually use the hide. While others worked over the fire and around the camp, I spread out the hide on a packed section of ground and started pulling the edge of my knife over the surface of the inside of the hide. Cleaning the residual fat and muscle from the hide was a necessary first step in preparing the hide for tanning and eventual use.

After an early evening meal of venison, some boiled roots, and nuts, I returned to the hide. I soon felt the others watching from a discrete distance. "It will make it go faster if you help rather than watch. Each one of you take a corner and we'll work into the center. That way we are pulling against each other and it will keep the hide taut."

Dreng went to an opposite location from me, took his knife out and started duplicating my actions. "What do you do with the hide when you are done?"

I looked up at him. I took off my moccasin and flipped it to him. "Compare my moccasin to yours." He caught mine and felt it, then looked at me. He took his off and compared them closer.

The others were looking over his shoulder and Herve asked, "You made this? It has ties on it. To hold it to the foot better?"

"Yes. Dreng, what happened to your moccasins when you were in the river and got into trouble?"

"They came off. How did you know?"

Tupac was watching the exchange, "The branch that trapped his foot didn't just suddenly move away from the rock, did it?"

I smiled at them, "No. It never would have. The pressure of the water on both sides had it secured where it was. I had to pull with everything I had to get the pressure unbalanced onto his side so it would float downriver." They kept looking at me and I kept smiling. Another surprise, Tupac?

They were quiet but moved to separate parts of the hide and we were now all scraping the hide. It remained quiet for some time and that was fine with me. I had given them enough to think about over the past days. Wolf came from somewhere and lay down next to me, his big head nudging me periodically so that I stopping pulling the edge of the knife long enough to give him a long pet. Then he settle down for a time. There was a topic that had not come up for consideration or discussion since the tease when Tupac gave me his shirt this morning. It needed to be out in the open or it was going to be a very large, preoccupying distraction. Quite possibly for all of us.

It had been even more time without any significant discussion about anything important. I also knew that the way my dress was on me, my legs crossed, knees spread, that the bottom of my dress in well up my thighs and all three of the men were looking my way frequently. I decided to give them a test, I shift several times in quick succession and got the bottom of my dress pulled up to my hips and I continued to act like there was nothing wrong or that I knew how much I was exposing. That move brought all scraping to a stop except for mine. I let it continue like that for a little while longer before confronting it.

Without looking at them, still focused on my scraping, "At least now I know you like what you see." They seemed nervous that they were caught. "I know what you guys are like when you come into the village looking for women. I was beginning to wonder what was wrong with me."

Tupac was going to lead this, "Maia, there is nothing wrong with you. But ... well, if you are part of our group, I didn't know how ... well ..."

I smiled, these big, tough men were suddenly like butter. "Let's talk about this. I know it is on your minds. It is on mine, too. The village has an expectation of the women."

"You mean the expectation to have babies?"

"Yes. I know you guys have been very 'helpful' in assisting the single women in becoming pregnant on your stays in the village." They laughed. That was a delicate way of putting their activities. "It is also said that the bitches in the village hide when you bring your dogs into the village with you." More laughs and I had their complete attention now.

"Maia, being a part of the Warrior group means nothing about the village rules apply to you. We pick and choose what we abide by and what we use for our convenience."

"Like the women and taking supplies?"

"The supplies are to make them feel like we need them. But, the women, yes."

"If you had your choice, do you like being at the village? Or, would you rather just stay away and remain free and alone, your own selves without answering to the others?"

"What are you suggesting, Maia?"

"Let me be direct and to the point because you aren't seeming to want to address this. When you gave me your shirt this morning, you teased me about the other men getting ideas about me. And you said you already had ideas, yourself. You said that all three of you did. I'll be plain, I have not had a man, this was my coming of age. I know I like sex and I want more of it. So, I have some proposals for you, if you are interested in where my thinking is going."

Tupac didn't need to check with the others, "Interested? Are you kidding? Yes, we would just as soon stay away from the village except to deliver freed slaves occasionally and when we need to for a number of reasons. But we have needs." He was setting an expectation. An expectation I had been waiting for.

"You have needs ... well, that might work out then. I worked hard in The Hunt to avoid the village life, to be a single woman of one of the groups that labors and is available to the single men for making babies. I wanted more, I wanted choice of who and what the life would be like. I wanted this, this life, free to live and to live free. I know you have already figured out that even though I have not had a man, I have had Wolf. And that is how I know for a fact that I like sex, multiple kinds of it, but my experience is still limited."

"You want to have sex with us? All of us?"

"Yes, all of you. And I mean all of you, including them." I pointed in the direction of their dogs. "After all, if Wolf and you are, how can I exclude them?"

"You're serious? One woman and six males. How would that be managed?"

"With no jealousy. That has to be critical. That you don't mind sharing me, even with the canines. I think I have a large appetite for it, but only if it is satisfying and my choice to give."

This time Tupac did look to the other two to be sure. The stipulation of no jealousy and sharing, even with the dogs, was unexpected. They quickly were nodding their consent. "What do you want from us Maia? This was not a part of any expectation. Tell us, how would you manage this for us and for yourself?"

"It is going to be easy as long as we all get along. It appears that you three already have an easy and comfortable relationship, you trust each other, respect each other, and work well together. If that is no longer the case, it will be assumed because of me. I don't want to cause that conflict and I will leave, but I will likely not return to the village. I may go somewhere on my own, try myself against the wilderness somewhere. I will have Wolf."

"I can assure you, Maia, that will not happen with us. We have been together for years now. We will not ruin this opportunity." They all were nodding and watching me intently. Wolf had sensed something occurring and rose to sit by my side. I shifted from sitting to on my knees, pulling the dress from under my knees.

"I hope not because ... I confess to you that I am getting excited by the situation and would not like to see it end. Here is my proposal, since I have been thinking about this. We can discuss it after. We will all have things to do, responsibilities that will have us busy and we must all be sensitive to pulling our own share of the work and not to allow this to distract from that. But ... when we are not busy with other requirements, I will be available to you. This is my freewill offering, so I am not to be forced or thought of negatively or my offering taken for granted. As long as it is fun and satisfying for all of us, I will enjoy it as much as you if it is anything like with Wolf. And, I expect that in some ways it will be better. My mother certainly thought so, anyway."

"Your mother? Your mother also loved a dog?"

"Yes and she loved loving it. She called it 'fucking' and I knew it was wonderful to experience from listening to her, father, and Dog. They made me promise to wait until I reached the age, though. Now I am and I have experimented already with Wolf."

"We'll be pleased to assist you in experimenting." That brought a smile to my face and my responding released theirs, as well. We were past the uncomfortable part and Tupac was comfortable joking.

"That is good to hear. I was afraid I might have to force you." Now we were laughing. "There is one more thing and it might be even more different than what you are used to, so you need to let me know if it will make you uncomfortable. These dresses are awful, it gets in the way and I can't move like I want sometimes. I actually like and prefer being naked when the weather is warm. Besides ... you are going to be seeing me naked a lot, anyway. That way we don't have to pretend about my modesty."

They were quiet. They just looked at me but they also glanced down my body. I smiled at them, knelt up, took hold of the dress and pulled it up over my head and tossed it behind me. I stayed straight up so they could look at me, and look they did. I was very excited, my body was telling me things I was still trying to understand completely, but I did know that my body wanted them, all of them. Wolf put his nose in the air and sniffed, then licked my arm.

"Not now, Wolf. Later, I promise. I think I am about to be very busy." I put a hand between my legs and felt myself. Yes, that's what that feeling means. I was dripping wet. I stood up, separated my legs to shoulder width, opening myself to them. The sun was low in the sky but it was still light, for a time still. I absently put one hand to a breast and the other between my legs. "Would one of you

please show me how a man feels?"

They didn't utter a word, but Tupac stood up and walked around the hide to me. I knew it would be him. He took my face between his hands and kissed my lips, then again and again. He picked me up, it was as if I weighed nothing to him. I wrapped my legs around him like I had done this before but I hadn't. He continued to kiss me. This was all new to me, but it was almost instinctual and it was extremely enjoyable. This was already better. Wolf was a wonderful fuck, but there was none of this softness and shared intimacy. I already love this difference, but I also loved the animalistic nature of being fucked by Wolf and I knew that I would always continue that.

He walked me over to the fire and lay me on the grass there. I lay there before him, one leg stretched out toward him, the other knee bent and raised. He took off his shirt and I watched closely. Since my father, I have not seen a naked man. I smiled at him. He took off his trousers and, finally, I was looking at a naked man. But this time he wasn't just naked, he was about to fuck me and that was very evident by the appearance of his cock. It was hard, very hard, standing straight up from him. He was looking at me but seemed to hesitate. I dropped my knee to the side, opening myself again, inviting him further with my arms outstretched to him. He immediately responded by kneeling between my legs, kissing my lips, then each breast and sighing.

"Please, I want this so much." He smiled, took his cock in his hand and placed it against my pussy. He moved the head up and down along my lips, coating it with my juices. He pressed forward and was inside me. "Ohhhhh, yesssssss, yes, yes, yes!" When I looked up at him, he was smiling at me. I think I might have blushed, although that might seem peculiar since I had just offered myself to all of them and he was just the first, but it was so good and I was so verbal. "Love me, fuck me, whatever you like, please." And he did. He pressed into me fully in one smooth thrust and he was fully embedded in me. I continued to moan my pleasure as he stroked in and out of me, driving hard now, pulling nearly out of me, then thrusting hard and deep back in, mashing our groins together. I was going to cum and soon, this was so much, so stimulating, so intense. After him I had two more men and ... could I all in one night ... and ... three animals!

That thought combined with my first man fuck sent me over into a new world of pleasure. I felt my pussy clenching and spasming around the cock inside my pussy, much like I have around Wolf's. And while I was in my orgasm, squeezing him inside me, he was now frantic in his fucking, now almost like the actions of Wolf, not gentle and smooth as before, but driven and needing. Then, I felt him cum, also. I felt him jerk, his cock twitch and then jerk again. I felt the new wetness as he came, spurting his seed into me. And the orgasm I was in, just peaked anew, causing me this time to scream out my pleasure.

He collapsed onto me. What a feeling! From intimate, almost careful, to all out wild fucking, all in the same act. I rolled him over and followed him, still inside me and ending up with him on his back and me riding on top of him, his cock still inside me and ... wow, this was different ... and nice. He somehow felt deeper but it was the same cock inside me ... it must be the position. My mind was going crazy with all the thoughts. Tupac as going soft inside and I wanted more. I leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. It was only then that I realized I was rising and falling on his softening cock. I smiled at him and he returned a weak smile, "Thank you, Tupac! That was wonderful." But I was already getting up off him. I turned around to find the next one. Both of them were standing there, both of them were already naked and looking a little sheepish.

I only smiled, "Who's next?" I had wanted to fuck for so long and had put it off, waiting like I had promised, but now it was real. And I wanted more. Herve came toward me, they were apparently going in an order of seniority in the group. That was fine for tonight, but after tonight it would be as it was needed or taken. I smiled at him, "Lay down on the ground, Herve. I want to try a full fuck

riding you." It wasn't a request or a suggestion waiting for his response or acceptance. It was my wish and he complied immediately. He was on his back and I approached him, stepped over his body and knelt over his mid-section. I took his hard cock in my hand and held it up in the air, I rubbed the head along my slit like Tupac had, getting the head covered in my juices and the cum given to me by Tupac. Soon, Herve's would also be in there. I sat down slowly and sighed, moaned and sighed, again. He duplicated my sounds. After I was completely seated on him, I knew this was a good position, too. It felt so deep inside me. I smiled at him and bent over to kiss him and we kissed for a long time. Now, I had more control over this action and I raised and lowered my hips, generating the fucking action with my body.

He was looking at my breasts bouncing and swaying above him. "Take them, fondle them, play with the nipples. Do what you want to them." Oooooooooooooooooo, so good. He played with my breasts and nipples, squeezing and pinching. This was new for him, to play with a woman, instead of just thrusting his cock into a woman and cumming. And the different positions were amazing to me. I was so energize by the experience, the difference, the options and possibilities.

When we had both cum, I kissed him and thanked him, but was up, again. Now I was looking for Dreng. He actually almost retreated slightly at seeing the look in my eyes, but it was all going to be good. He looked at my body, not my face or eyes, "What ... what do you ... should I ... do?"

I smiled at him, "Have you ever done a woman like a doggy position?" He gave me a funny look. I got down on my hands and knees, then looked over my shoulder, "Here, like this. Get behind me and fuck me." He saw the possibility and I swear he got just a bit harder, rising closer to vertical along his body. He knelt behind me and put the head of his cock at my pussy and drove it into me in a smooth, if not gentle, stroke. I sighed, again. He moaned. He leaned over me, thrusting evenly in and out of my already well used pussy. This was going to take just a little longer with all the fluids already deposited in me. When he came, I felt him, too, twitch and jerk. And that sent me into my third orgasm of the night. I had the feeling I was going to be very tired.

When he was done, he pulled out and just sat back where he was. I fell to the ground, but with a very satisfied and contented smile on my face. I looked at them and they were all just watching me. "What?" I was still smiling.

"We're wondering if you will be taking care of all the males, tonight."

I looked at him a little puzzled and then saw one of the dogs sitting beyond Tupac. I smiled at the thought. Could I? Could I fuck three men and then follow that with fucking three animals? Wolf was the biggest by far and I mean his cock and certainly his knot. So, by the end it will be even easier to take his knot if he is the last. I sat up and looked at the three men, "You want to see me take the dogs now? Is that it? You believe I have been with Wolf, but now you want to see me do it. And you want to see me fuck all three of them. You are all three wicked men."

"You're the one who talked about taking care of all six males, Maia. We would have been happy if you were just for us. It is so much more exciting that the dogs will also get to mate with you. So, yes, we want to watch."

"It's okay, guys! I said you were wicked, I didn't say that I didn't like you being wicked in your thoughts. I like the idea of it being open. My being with the dogs will be real then for you, not just me. It will be a part of us and a comfortable part of our relationship."

I called to the dogs, got onto my hands and knees and patted my ass. "You might need to help them for the first time." They seemed very willing to play a role in this taboo act about to be played out in

front of them. A dog was placed behind me and he sniffed, then licked and licked some more. I sobbed out a groan. My pussy and clit were a little sensitive, already. I suspected that would change as time went on.

They encourage the dog onto my back and my hand was between my legs, guiding his cock to my hole, my open cum drench, gaping hole. He got the idea quickly, though, and once inside me, he thrust, seated himself and began frantically thrusting his hips at me and his cock into my pussy. His knot formed and I felt it hitting the outside of my pussy, spreading the outside lips and pushing, stretching my hole for entrance. This was another difference, a huge difference, with dogs. The knot is such a unique experience, but an experience I was already familiar with. I chuckled at the thought. Herve asked what was funny, they were all sitting in a semi-circle around me, not three feet away.

“Oh, I just ... mmmmmmmmm ... I just had a ... oooooooooooooo ... a thought about the dogs. Yessssssssss, doggggggyyyyyyyyyyy, like that ... most women would have ... have a big adjustment to take a dog ... mmmmmmm ... take a dog for the first time. But ... the dog was ... was my first ... mmmmmmmmm ... I already know the knot.”

I don't know what they thought from that rambling, but when I glanced up, they were smiling at me. Dreng was holding the next dog, partly holding him back. I wasn't going to get much rest in-between.

The knot pushed into me easier than I remember Wolf's getting inside. I suspected it was all the cock I already had use me and all the cum, theirs and mine. With the knot inside me, the strokes were shorter and more like spasms of energetic thrust until he drove into me and held himself there. He cock started jerking and the knot was now large. He came and that was the final stimulation I needed for my own orgasm. And, it was great, again.

I just stayed as I was when the first dog pulled his knot out of my drenched pussy. The next dog started by licking my dripping pussy, his tongue occasionally even slipping into what I was sure had to be a gaping hole in my pussy. I came on his knot and cock, too. So far five cocks had deposited their seed inside me. Only three could actually impregnate me, but all five were trying to do just that.

I fell to the ground after the last dog and Wolf came up to me, licking my face. The men watched this exchange. They could see the familiarity that existed between us. I rolled over onto my back, my legs splayed. He licked my face, then my breasts and nipples. He looked at me, then my splayed legs. He walked to between my legs and licked at my dripping pussy. It had to be. With just the cum from the men, it had to be enough to leak out. The dogs, though, provided much more volume of cum each time. I raised my upper back off the ground and touched the side of his face, “Are you ready, boy? You want me now, too?” Clearly, he did. I was about to get my sixth cock of the night, and fittingly, it would be Wolf.

But, first, I needed to take care of something else. I stood up and stretched, walked to where Tupac sat, “I need to go pee so I can enjoy Wolf.”

“Are you going to be okay out there by yourself?”

“The last three nights I have been out there and I am not alone as long as Wolf is with me. I'll be right back.”

When I returned, Herve and Dreng had given up and were asleep. Tupac was standing by the fire and turned upon hearing our steps. He was still naked, as was I. I walked directly up to him and

wrapped my arms around him, the side of my face pressed to his wide chest. I looked up at him, took his face into my hands and applied just enough pressure for him to follow them down to my lips where we kissed. I broke just far enough to speak, "Thank you, Tupac. Thank you for accepting me into your group, but thank you for tonight, too. I hoped it would be wonderful when it finally happened, but you guys made it better than wonderful."

"We're the ones who should be thanking you, Maia. Very selfishly on our part, you are the perfect woman for men who want to be away from other people." His hand was on my lower back and he pulled my body into his as we kissed, again.

I felt him this time, pressing into my abdomen. I made a little separation between our lower bodies, my breasts still pressed into him. I slipped a hand between us and held his hard cock. I looked up into his eyes, "You're hard, again."

"It's going to be a recurring problem with us, Maia. You are very beautiful, sexual, and ... naked."

I smiled. Beautiful ... that's not been part of my psychology before. I was beautiful ...

"I think I can take care of that for you, if you would like."

"What about Wolf? It's his turn."

"No, Wolf is next, but there is something I did for Wolf one night that I remembered my mother doing for Rayner and Dog. Lay your handsome, naked body on the ground."

I went to my knees at his mid-section and perpendicular to his body. I smiled at him and saw the perplexed look on his face. I didn't offer anything to clarify my intention. I supported myself with one arm, patted my ass with the other and then slipped it between my legs. Wolf was immediately on my back, I felt his cock, and guided it into my pussy. I sighed at the penetration, waited for him to release his grip slightly and readjust himself further into me and then grip me tighter. Already I was getting used to the rhythm of his mating.

With Wolf now working his cock in and out of my well-used pussy, I looked below me and the hard cock straining there. I shifted my hand from my groin to the cock in front of me. I lifted it up and descended my mouth to it. I kissed the head and licked the hole. I heard Tupac, "You saw your mother do this? An interesting family approach to education."

I smiled and lifted my mouth slightly to look at him, "We were a different family. Slave and free man, they vowed to always be open and accepting of each other's needs. Then, that I should be brought up in the same openness. You've not had this done, before?"

"No. When a woman pleased us, it was always with her pussy for fucking. You are a constant source of surprise, Maia. Maybe, between the four of us we can discover more new ways of enjoying our bodies."

"Mmmmmm, sounds delightful. Now, lie back and let me please you."

Wolf was still plowing into me from behind and in front I was now taking the cock fully into my mouth. When the head of his cock went to the entrance of my throat, deeper than I had taken Wolf, I gave a clench with my throat and he groaned. Meanwhile, Wolf was doing his thing on me, driving his wonderful cock deeply and frenetically into me until I felt his knot bumping into my lips. I moaned myself around the cock in my mouth. As I anticipated, the formation of his knot and its passage into me was much easier this time than it had been the previous three nights. Something

about already having taken five cocks and two knots and having five loads of cum deposited into my pussy. I came, again, for the sixth time tonight, as Wolf's cock jerked and went into spasms inside me before spurting his cum too into my filled pussy. As I orgasmed, I pulled my mouth from Tupac's cock but did not release it from my hand. As I calmed down just a little to regain my focus, still tied to my wolf, I returned to the cock with my mouth, redoubling my efforts on him. It wasn't long before I had a load of cum, my first man cum, in my mouth. HmMMM ... not bad ... not bad, at all.

Released by Wolf's knot, my pussy gaping and leaking, I crawled to Tupac. I don't even ask, I just curl along his, pressing my bare back into his naked front. He seems slightly taken aback at my comfort and presumption. But, his reaction is perfect. He puts an arm around me and pulls himself and me tightly together. I feel his breathing and beating heart against my back. I feel his shrinking and wet cock against my butt. I wiggle in closer, though there is no closer to be gotten. I am smiling. Completely content and satisfied with the indications of what my life will seem to be. And, rather than being scared or frightened, I see my destiny forged by my mother's strength of character and her penchant for kinky pleasures; and by my father's insistent and effective training of my wilderness skills. The conditions I have set for myself while with them: I am to remain naked except for moccasins when away from the village and the weather is conducive; I service all the men when they want; and I am their dogs' bitch. And, I not only proposed these conditions myself, but I am eager and excited for them to be a part of this new life.

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## **Chapter 5: LIFE WITH FREEDOM**

The next morning breaks early for me. When I awaken to the sounds of the new day, I realize just how early it is and that I am the first one of the group. Even the dogs and Wolf are still curled nearby. I sit up and move to the dead fire, then watch the others sleep for a few moments. My attention is drawn to my surroundings and their significance. I see the men sleeping peacefully nearby, the tranquility of the setting of the camp by the river near the South shore of the lake, the forest and mountains looming nearby. I breathe deeply and take in the freshness of the new day, the smell of the pine forest, the sounds of the water gently lapping against the stones on the shore, the calls of the birds in the nearby trees. The day's light is only just beginning to be evident over the tops of the mountains leaving the ground around us still in heavy dawn light while the mountain tops and peaks are in bright sun. It isn't that I wasn't as tired as they were last night, I was probably more so. This day is just different for me, this is a new start to a life I have hoped for without having a clear image of what it was I really wanted. The realization settles in on me, I am just too excited to begin my new life. I have never known the complete lack of freedom like the others of the village or like my mother. But, I am now an adult, finally come of age, and as such I can make my own decisions, and in this group, I am free to live as I want without the additional confines and restrictions of societal mores. This morning my life potential truly feels like a life with freedom for me to explore and develop.

I move to start the fire, again. The fire will take the slight chill from the air but will also be needed to prepare a simple warm meal to start the day. While I busy myself with creating a nest of dried grass, wood shavings, and small twigs to catch the initial spark for the fire, I glance repeatedly at the men sleeping, and I remember in detail what we as a group did last night. I smile to myself as I refocus on the smoldering spark as I blow and nurse it to a flame on which I carefully and strategically place pieces of wood in increasing size for the fire to catch onto. Then, I smile even bigger as my thoughts of last night expand to recollection of what all seven of us did, adding in not only the men but also the dogs and Wolf. I feel that tingle in my body core that I have come to recognize as my sexual excitement getting my body ready. I slip a hand between my legs and feel how I have already begun to moisten, just from remembering last night. It is all I can do not to wake one of them right now to

start it all over, again.

My mind may have been preoccupied by my carnal desires, but I see in front of me a well-started fire. I place several larger pieces over the top to create good coals for cooking, then I stand up to go to the river with the bucket for fresh water. In the protected pool I can see my reflection. They called me beautiful. I study my face, then lean over further and see my breasts. I am a woman. I look up into the sky at a soaring eagle high above, feeling like I am that eagle, now free to soar and live my true life. This is my life now, with these men as my father and mother taught me. Yes, this is my life; a life with freedom, to live as I want, to dream as I want, and to accomplish what I dream.

As I am bent over the water surface studying my reflection, I suddenly feel a wet tongue between my legs. I am at first startled but then know the type of touch, it is canine, a touch I have quickly become very familiar with. And, I know it is not Wolf. As I made my way to the river, I saw him lope off into the forest earlier. He is still a wild animal, even if we travel through this life together. He comes and goes as he wishes, also being free. But, he always comes back to me and is always nearby if or when I truly need him. No, this was one of the dogs. I see the other to the side, patiently hoping for his turn at the new bitch. I move back from the water's edge, not wanting to fall in during the mating, although a bath might be deserved after last night. I smile, again, at the memory of last night.

The dog backed away from me as I crawled backwards to move a few feet from the water's edge. Once satisfied with my position, I turn to him and pat my thighs. He comes to me so I can pet him and scratch his ears. At the same time I look down between his legs. He is just showing the tip of his cock, but he is clearly interesting in mounting me, I presume, or he wouldn't have come to lick my pussy. I remember the playing with Wolf and motion for him to lay on his side. I pet him and stroke his body, moving my hands ever closer to the his hind end and his belly. I touch his sheath, almost like it was incidental and he flinched but didn't move away or make a threatening sound. I touched him more deliberately on the sheath and an inch more of his cock came out. I pushed him fully onto his side and he seemed very pliable to my handling of him. I smiled at that thought. That only meant he was a smart male and knew what was possible if he behaved himself.

Now that more of his cock was out, I bent over and touched it with the tip of my tongue, again tasting the pre-cum that had formed there. I stroked his sheath while I licked at the tip, satisfied by the steady emergence of his cock until I took it between my lips, sucked the pre-cum from the end, then took more of it into my mouth, licking it with a swirling action of my tongue and sucking hard enough to pull in my cheeks. I soon had nearly a mouth full of dog cock, pulled back slowly until it was at my lips and I gave it a final kiss. I then turned on him and presented my ass to him, wiggling it and patting my ass cheek as an invitation. After last night, he knew exactly what was available and what he wanted and that the two were the same. I felt him on my back a moment later and his cock slide along my hand into my waiting pussy a moment after that. I gasped at the penetration and the difference between a man's and a dog's cock came flashing through my brain as I remembered the feeling of the men as I re-experienced the actual feeling of a dog.

They were both wonderful in their own ways and fulfilled different needs and desires in their own ways. Dogs had a distinct animalistic nature to the mating, not surprising, and the knot was completely unique. Men could be gentle, controlled, and sharing in the act of fucking, attentive to the feelings of a woman or dominating depending on the approach. I found last night that both were favorites, I like and love and desired to experience both in the many forms and variations that I trusted existed but were still unknown to me. That also was stimulating, that despite the night of variety, there was undoubtedly more to be discovered.

But now I had a dog inside me, his knot was pressing at my pussy, and I needed to again feel him

completely in me, tied and owned by him the way a dog takes his bitch. What a thought! He is taking me like I was just his bitch, to seed, to impregnate, and to make his own. It made me shiver in response. I pressed back against, instinct I guess, but it had seemed to assist Wolf and these dogs previously to get their ball of engorged cock into me. He pushed with short thrusts and I held rigid against him, pressing back to assist him. Then, I groaned out as the ball pushed through my stretched lips and opening and I felt that engorged ball inside me, filling me like nothing else I could imagine, moving slightly by the limited play it now had. Then, just as suddenly, I spasmed around that cock and knot as my orgasm came over me and that spasming provided the stimulation to the dog for it to jerk and twitch repeatedly, spewing my insides with his cum, his doggy seed, splashing against the walls of my pussy and the entrance to my very womb. My arms shook as all this washed over me, centered in that spot, my pussy, and spreading through my body, even into my nipples.

I allowed my body to relax to the ground, my ass still held by the dog as he turned to face away from me, somehow his cock and ball rotating inside me to allow that movement. I relaxed a few moments while continuing to feel an occasional release of a small amount of cum from his cock. That is another significant difference I have already realized between man and dogs: the volume of cum they give me.

Knowing I am to be tied to this dog for a little while, yet, I raise to my arms and call the other dog to me. He comes and I manage to get him to lie down in front of me where I can work his sheath and cock. I smile at the sight of several inches of cock already outside of the sheath. He was indeed waiting his turn. With the dog now on the ground, it is just slightly uncomfortable to reach him, barely out of my comfortable reach. I pull forward against the dog still tied in my pussy and manage to move him just that amount. I lick and suck on the tip like I did for the previous one, but this one is progressing quickly. I have to slow my efforts to this dog or he may cum in my mouth. Although that would not be a negative thing, I still want him in my pussy, to feel not only his cock inside me but his knot as well. I enjoyed Tupac in my mouth last night while being fucked by Wolf, but perhaps not the same preference level.

When the dog releases me, I momentarily sigh after the pulling of the knot from my pussy but quickly move around to the other dog, wiggling my ass to him. With the cum dripping out of my surely gaping pussy, the dog is instantly at my ass, licking me, until I pull away and pat myself to get him to mount. He does, then, clamping onto me at the waist with his front legs and humping his hips into me. I moan again at the penetration. I moan a lot, I realize with a smile.

Returning to the camp, I see that my fire has burned down to good coals and the all men are now awake, even if just so. They are watching me walking towards them carrying the bucket full of water, some sloshing over the sides as I walk, wetting my thigh and calf in the process. But, when you are naked, no harm in getting a little wet. The dogs are following me, being very attentive and staying very close. I can see the men making comments to each other as they continue to watch me.

The men are now standing, Herve comments without taking his attention from me, "Look at those dogs. They are following her as if they don't want to be far from her. They are like love sick young men."

Tupac isn't so sure, "No, we are making too much of a simple action from the dogs. Surely, last night would have been enough for her. She took the three of us and then the dogs and her Wolf. That would be more than enough for any woman."

Herve shakes his head, "You might think so, but she is still naked. It is obvious that last night didn't frighten her to change her attitude. See, the dogs lick her thigh and she smiles back at them."



I kneel down comfortably in front of the fire coals, my knees comfortably spread for balance as I reach for the flour dough I had prepared before going to the river. I now placed balls of the dough around the coals on flat rocks for baking. The rocks are hot enough from the fire and coals that the dough slightly sizzles as it is put down. I then cut strips of the pre-cooked meat from yesterday and put it into a pan over a pot of water that is reaching boiling and place a cover over the combination.

The men have taken up positions across the fire ring from where I am working. Dreng expresses the curiosity shown by them all, "What are you doing with all that?"

"Something my mother did with dried meat. The steam from the water in the pot heats and softens the meat in the pan."

I look up at a warm smile on his face, "You are full of surprises, aren't you Maia?" I smile in return.

After the simple breakfast, we are still sitting in a tight circle. I feel a need for talk and planning. I don't have the desire to take over, far from it. These guys know what they are doing and how it has worked well in the past. But we need to address the obvious before it becomes a conflict with our functioning as a group. From the time they saw me approaching from the river, through the preparation of the simple breakfast, eating, and now, they have been watching me intently. Maybe watching doesn't quite hit the mark ... staring.

"What's the plan? Are we staying here for a few days? Are we moving on? Where to?" A constant stream of questions.

Tupac holds up his hand to me signaling 'stop'. "What's going on, Maia?"

"I'm excited, I want to know what we are going to do."

"No, you were excited yesterday. This is different."

"Yes, it is. We have to get past something to really get comfortable. The sex. Having me here naked and the sex. Me here and the dogs and sex. We have to get some of it out of our systems."

"Maia, we didn't mean ... but, you are naked, and ... well, last night was ..."

"Guys, it's not just you. Although, you have been just staring at me ... or parts of me, all morning. Honestly, it's also me. I really, REALLY, liked what happened last night. And, I ... I already have been mated by your two dogs this morning." All of their eyes drop to my exposed pussy. I see smiles form on their faces and I look down, too. My lips are glistening from the cum inside.

Herve elbows Tupac, "Told you."

I smiled at that, "So, what's the plan. Can we stay here for two or three days and get used to the sex? Maybe then it won't be so consuming for us ... and I mean, all of us." There are smiles all around. Everybody admits to the need and the preoccupation. We agree to stay in this camp for the next three days and move out on the fourth to patrol along the mountain, moving South.

With that agreement understood, we go right into sex, again. The same positions are used as the night before but the who and how are changed around for variety. This time around Dreng fucked me while on my back, I rode Tupac with him on his back, and Herve fucked doggy style.

Afterwards, I just lay in camp, my legs somewhat spread, cum leaking out of my open pussy, and a huge contented smile on my face. I was just dozing when I felt a canine tongue at my pussy. I wasn't

even caring at the moment if anyone was nearby or watching, I raised my knees and spread them out to the sides completely opening myself to the wonderful feelings being generated as my pussy was licked and my clit rubbed at the top of each licking. I opened my eyes and confirmed that it was my Wolf. I raised part way up and took his big head into my hands, scratching his ears and kissing his snout. It was then that I saw Herve and Dreng on the other side of the camp, but watching carefully. I didn't see Tupac and one of the horses was also missing. But, no matter, Wolf was the only one who hadn't been around for a fuck this morning and I wasn't about to make him, or me, wait any longer.

As I held his head to my face, his tongue came out, licking along my lips and over my nose. Hmmmmm, is that how I taste? Why not give them even more to think and talk about ... I slipped a couple finger between my legs and dipped them into my pussy, pumping them in and out several times before taking them out and bringing them to my mouth. I sucked on them looking at the men, "HMMMMMM ...", giving them a devilish smile.

I look under Wolf and saw he was well out of his sheath. My scent while licking me undoubtedly triggered the memories and caused the reaction for arousal. Excellent, as far as I was concerned. I just rolled over to my hands and knees, looked over my shoulder at him, and wiggled my ass. He licked my ass cheek one more time before jumping onto my back with enough impact to cause me to grunt at the load. But then we both got our legs under us, redistributed the load, and he thrust at me, sliding into my pussy with a minimum of guiding. I climaxed with Wolf, each of us causing the other to go over the top, him with my pussy muscles clenching and relaxing around his cock and knot like a massage, and his cock jerking, twitching, and spurting into me. After we released, I was paying particular attention between my legs to see just how much dog cum leaked out at the moment of the knot coming out. I was surprised. It had felt like some did, feeling it along the insides of my thighs, but to see it actually run out and drip down onto the ground was more than I imaged.

I had moved to a sitting position as I noted Wolf lie down and start licking his cock clean. That made me curious. It felt like a nasty curiosity, but I was still very curious. I crawled to Wolf and he raised his head from his licking to watch me. I put my hand on his head and held it away as I move right in and took his still engorged cock into my mouth. A groaning sound escapes him as he laid his head down on the ground. I sucked on the tip of his cock after pulling back some and was rewarded with a little more cum. I continue to suck until I could no longer get more. Then, I licked and sucked the outside of his cock, then the knot, getting my first really good inspection of it in the process. I am more than a little amazed that it can go in and out of me without damaging me. And, I remember that this size must certainly be a shrunken size after coming out of me.

I return to the hide of the elk I had killed and continued to prepare it and stretch it out on the ground for drying, staking it out so it is slightly raised and air is allowed to flow on both sides of it. It feels like it will be good for new moccasins for the guys. I had examined theirs and I could not determine a practical way to modify theirs to have ties to stay on during strenuous efforts or to provide more padding to the soles. I had decided new moccasins would be required. Getting the hide dried and shrunk was the first part of preparing.

Tupac had set fish traps in one of the streams feeding the lake from the mountains. I asked to go with him to inspect the traps later in the afternoon. He climbed onto his horse and extended his hand to me. He almost effortlessly pulled me up and behind him. I positioned myself and held onto his waist without any of the shyness of before. And, this time he was without a shirt. Now I could feel, and did feel, his hard, muscular body under my hands, one hand over his stomach, the other a little higher. As he encouraged the horse from a trot to a gallop, my lower hand slipped just slightly in a bounce and moved just under the waist of his trousers. I could feel him tense, but he neither said or did anything to discourage me. Of course, I didn't know that he was encouraging me, either;

I still had a lot to learn about the subtle aspects of male and female interaction. I decided to be the aggressor and inserted my hand inside his trousers. He tensed again and I felt the horse slow to a walk. We weren't near any stream that I could see and figured it must be in the trees that were directly ahead of us. I pushed my hand further inside and I touched his cock. I smiled into his back as I pressed the side of my face to his wide, strong back. I turned slightly and planted a kiss to his skin as my hand clasped the head of his cock. He moaned and tensed, again.

"Loosen your trousers." I kissed his back, again. He transferred the reins to his mouth and with both hands untied his trousers and released the button at the top. He didn't say anything, ask anything, or request anything. The horse was still walking and I scooted up tighter behind him, giving my hand more access inside his trousers. My free hand moved up to his chest, stroking the slabs of muscle, which made me nearly cum just feeling them, the power, the strength they meant. Tupac was a big man, a powerful and strong man; I could feel it when he fucked me and I could feel it now as I rubbed, caressed, massaged, and fondled his chest. At the same time, my other hand, the 'not free' hand was moving up and down over his cock, a muscle on man that I was very much fond of after only a little experience.

My breasts were pressed into his back, one hand on his highly-toned body and the other stroking his rigid and highly tensed cock. He moved his back against, not pulling away, but from side to side, rubbing his back against my squashed breasts and nipples. As the horse continued to walk, now on his own, Tupac was steadily moaning and groaning from the manipulation of my body and hands. He would tense and gasp, he shivered and moaned, then he sucked in his breath, arched his back and became very tight and rigid. Then he came! He was still holding his breath against the release so there wasn't much sound, yet. That was to come. When it did, he arched the other way, away from me, his cock still spewing his semen onto my hands as I continued to stroke up to the top of the head, then down, and up again, squeezing as I moved up his cock, squeezing the last drops of seed out of him. For now.

The horse had stopped. We were at the stream. I grabbed his arm and slid off the horse to the left side. He sat in the saddle, hunched over, for a moment longer before stepping off himself. The front of this trousers was wet with his cum. I reached up and kissed his lips. He took me into his arms and hugged me, lifting me off the ground. "Maia, where ... did you learn that? No, I know ... you're just trying whatever comes to that pretty, beautiful, but very sexy mind of yours."

I smiled up at him, "I can always stop, I suppose, if it would be better ..."

"Oh God, NO! The three of us have absolutely no idea what you might come up with next. But, we love it that you are as aggressive about it as we want to be."

I giggled, "I don't know what is even possible, proper, or expected. I think that is the wonderful thing about this. I am learning by trying." I then pulled his trousers down his legs and looked up at him, his cock now semi-hard. I had to move only a few inches towards him to kissed the head. "Since I made a mess of your trousers, I will clean them for you and lay them out to dry. But that means you have to stay like me, naked. And, that means I get to stare at you."

He smiled at me and took me back into his arms, "That sounds fair. And, I am not complaining."

The fish traps were ingenious and I intended to remember this technique. They were woven from grass and reeds into a long cone shape with a wide end with a narrow opening. They were placed in the water pointed with the narrow end upstream. The idea was that fish could swim into the basket, but it was not big enough to turn around and they essentially got trapped even though there was an opening right behind them. And it worked, two of the traps had nice fish in them. That combined

with some of the meat and nuts would be a nice meal. We each cleaned a fish and lay the fillets on a nearby rock and let the rest of the fish drift downstream. They would be scavenged by some animal later today or tonight.

That night after our dinner and in the fading light of evening with the sun approaching the mountain tops of the mountain range to the West, it started all over again. In only a full day, all three men have experienced the three positions any of us have considered so far. I am realizing that I still don't have a favorite and with three men to satisfy that is probably good for variety. But, I have decided that the doggy position probably isn't with the guys since I get to experience it plenty with the canines.

After the men, I see all three of the canines are sitting somewhat patiently nearby. Wolf walks directly up to me and the other two stay back. He is by far the dominant male of the group. The guys are relaxing near the fire, remaining naked, and enjoying the show I am unintentionally, but unavoidably putting on for them. When the last dog mounts me, I shout out loudly, "No! Uuuuggggggghhhhhh!" I squirm away from the animal, then regroup myself, and help the dog mount me.

They rush to me, "What's wrong?!?"

"Sorry, the damn dog just pushed into the wrong hole." I laughed and they joined in with me but they stay to watch me mate for the last time tonight.

I have found that not only am I not only in demand for my sex, but also for sleeping with. I am now also rotating between the men as a sleeping companion. I also find it very nice to have someone to be cuddling with at night. I like the feeling of a strong male body pressed into my back or one that I can cuddle into from his back or side, my leg and arm over him or vice versa. Tonight I am in Dreng's arms but my mind isn't shutting off like it should be given my fatigue. That 'wrong hole' comment hangs with me. The dog tried mounting me in the wrong hole. And it went partially in and it might have gone further if I hadn't moved away from it. The thought doesn't leave me. Is that done? Do people fuck there, too? The possibilities open in my mind ... and even in my sleep, it is just on the edge of my mind.

The next day I went to the lake for a swim. Father's teaching me so long ago has turned into a good way for exercise and bathing at the same time. As often happens, the dogs follow me. Wolf is again off in the forest hunting for himself. I know Wolf will get his turn with me later in the day, but for now I am about to be mated by the other two dogs. As I come out of the water, I find them both sitting next to the water, apparently waiting for me. I stand in front of them, water running off my body and they both move forward and begin licking my wet body. Then one finds my pussy and my legs open. I am standing with my legs open wider than my shoulders to give them ample access to me. One moves behind me and I now have two dog tongues working over my pussy and ass. And the thought returns, 'the wrong hole'. Damn, it makes me hotter just thinking of it, envisioning how it might happen, what it might actually feel like, and I make a quick decision and I see a possible approach.

I return to the camp and am determined to try the lusty thoughts that have been swirling in my mind since yesterday. I want to try being fucked in my ass. As I approach the camp, the men are relaxing, but also working on little things needing fixing and mending. I walk right into the middle of them and stand in front of them. They haven't put trousers on since fucking me this morning, they too are getting more comfortable with a shared nudity in the camp. One by one they glance up at me as I stand deliberately and with seeming purpose. Then, I see them getting a little harder as they notice the dog cum leaking from my pussy and making the insides of my thighs glisten in the sunlight.

"I want to try something that might be very different. You'll have to tell me if you have ever heard of anyone doing it. Anyone want to help me?"

Tupac looked at the others as he replied, "Knowing how the last couple days have gone, it has to be about sex. So, I would guess we all would be willing to help with whatever you have dreamed up this time. What is it?" They all chuckled, gave me lusty looks, and nodded agreement.

"I want you to fuck me in the ass. Is that gross or something? Do people do that? Am I sick or something? I mean, since yesterday ... I can't get it out of my mind." Again, the questions and concerns come out in rapid fire without taking a breath, until Tupac holds up his hand, again, to stop me.

"Have you ever noticed that when you get nervous or unsure of yourself that you can't stop asking questions or talking?" He looked at the other two, "Either of you ever hear of a normal woman wanting to be fucked in the ass?"

Herve chuckled, "A 'normal' woman? No. At least not the 'wanting to be' part. I have heard of owners wanting to take a slave that way, though. My understanding is that the ass is a tighter hole than the pussy, especially a pussy that has been used."

I was shifting from one foot to the other getting more embarrassed by the moment and wondering why I even brought the idea up. "Excuse me, we're not just talking about any old pussy or asshole here, this is MY pussy and asshole. So ... I guess we should just forget it?"

"NO!" It was an exclamation in unison from all three.

"But, just so we're all clear about this, you really do want to do this? This is something that has been on your mind, because I don't think any of us have mentioned anything about it."

"Yes, definitely, absolutely, only me. There I go, again. Look, if it hurts too much or doesn't seem right, we'll just stop. But, when the dog penetrated me just a little yesterday ... after the shock and the moment of pain ... I felt so full, it was interesting."

"The idea is interesting to us, too. So ... how do you propose this happens?"

"I think, maybe, if I am on my hands and knees and I am taken from behind. I have two loads of dog cum in my pussy. If you put your cock in my pussy, first, and fuck me there for a while, then with your wet cock put it in my ass."

Tupac looks at Dreng. I can tell he is conflicted but I appreciate what I think he is considering. "Dreng, no offense but in this case it will be good. You are a little smaller than Herve and me. I think you should try it first. Okay?"

I was watching Dreng and could tell that at first he might have started to take it negatively until it occurred to him that it meant he was going to be the one to be able to fuck me there, first. When he looked at me, I gave him a smile and walked over to him. I reached up and kissed him on the lips as my hand went to his cock. I looked down at his cock as I slowly stroked it. It was already hard just from the discussion, just like the other two. I then looked up into his eyes and smiled awkwardly. "Will you do this for me, Dreng?"

"Of course, Maia, if that is what you want. But, if there might be some initial pain because it is so tight, you need to let me know if I am going to fast or ... even if I am going too slow."

“Thank you ... and I will. That’s why I want you to lubricate in my pussy, first.”

I look nervously at the group and take a deep breath. Before it was all fantasizing, now it was about to become real. I got onto my hands and knees and looked over my shoulder at Dreng and gave him a reassuring smile. I hoped I knew what I was doing. My knees were spread like I was about to be fucked like before but when I felt his hands on my ass, I flinched in anticipation. He slipped his cock into my pussy easily after the two knots that had been in there, stretching me out and leaving me somewhat gaping. I patted his thigh as indication that he could move his cock and he slowly pulled out of me. I then felt his cock head at my asshole and I could feel the wetness of it on me. He pressed against me and made no progress. He pressed a little harder, but I realized I was nervous, tense, afraid it might hurt.

“Wait a minute, Dreng. I am too tense. I need a diversion to relax.” Before I knew it, I saw feet in front of me and then knees. I looked up and Tupac had taken a kneeling position in front of him and he was holding his cock out to me. I looked up and smiled at him. “Hmmmmmm, yes, I think that will do just fine.”

I bent forward and without using my hands took his cock into my mouth. I started sucking on the head and moving my mouth over the length of his cock, filling my mouth nearly to my throat before pulling back, again. On the third stroke, I felt Dreng press hard against my asshole and I could feel it spreading open for him. My ass was opening and I pressed back against him to help. When he popped inside me, I screamed out around the cock in my mouth, effectively muffling it. It hurts at first, but only for a little while ... then it too is an amazing sensation. I am moaning and groaning around the cock in my mouth until I finally take my mouth off it entirely, my eyes closed and my head hanging, my hair flying back and forth as are my breasts. When I cum, my body tightens and my arms and legs quake. But, more significant to Dreng is that my ass squeezes onto his cock like a tight grip and the pressure and friction increase around him. That is all he needs then to cum, too. Along with my own body’s quaking and shaking, I feel his cock inside me jerk almost violently and begin spewing his seed into my ass, I feel the wetness increase in me and my back arches in response.

He has stopped thrusting into me, he is immobile and deep inside me, the last of his cum leaking from his cock. At first I have the weird feeling that we are tied, like the dogs, but it is only the tightness that my ass is holding him. I relax with my orgasm subsiding and he slowly pulls himself free.

I collapse to the ground, my face and breasts pressed into the grass. My ass is sticking up in the air and I can feel cum leaking out and dripping over my pussy. And, I can feel the big smile on my face. I move back up to my hands and look over my shoulder. I want more. And, anticipating or hoping, Tupac is there holding his cock in-line with my pussy. I smile at him and nod. “Yes, please, I want all three of you there.”

He presses into my pussy and after only a few strokes he pulls out and presses at my asshole. I open much easier, with less effort, and less pain; he also pops through my tight ring and he is inside with only a few strokes to be lodged deeply inside my, his public hair tickling my ass. Then Herve takes his turn. Each time I feel so full of cock and more full of cum with each man’s deposited seed. As Herve pulls out of me, I sit back on my heels and feel something odd. I look down between my legs and my mouth opens. The guys see my response and look at the same location and smile. Their cum is running out of my open asshole and collecting on the ground in a small white puddle.

Now I have two holes for fucking. Over the next day now, that is occupying my imagination. How can I take advantage of that? I’m a smart girl, how can that be useful? Then, another obscene idea comes

to mind. Wow, that would be amazing, beyond amazing! We have to try. But not right now. They are going to be convinced I am a wicked whore, at this rate. But sometime, yes, sometime, we will also try our first ever heard of double penetration of both my holes at the same time. I'll have to figure that out and decide on an appropriate time to suggest it.

That last day we try other things in combinations, though. While being mated by one of the dogs or Wolf, I suck one of the men. Sometimes to his climax, sometimes purposefully to just keep aroused for him to fuck me after. They like the combinations as much as the single times. That's when I can envision a time for all three of them at the same time, a double penetration plus my mouth. When we do that, I wonder if my mind will be blown away.

When we break camp, I ride behind one of them on their horse. Of course, I stay naked as I promised. I love it! It is another part of freedom, not confined by the mores of any society. I am naked with these men; I am fucked by these men and their dogs. And, by my Wolf. But I am not theirs. I am not commanded or demanded. It is just that I am free to give it to them.

We cover the entire length of the mountain range slope to as far South as they have normally gone. Near the Southern most part, we see a lone man on horse, leading a pack animal, far in the distance to the West. This is new and we note to ourselves to watch this area for others. There must be another route to this side of the mountains.

After several weeks, we are again near the South end of the lake and the old campsite along the river. Tupac wants to go to the village. I am curious why. "I hope it isn't for a woman."

"No, Maia, it is not to be with another woman." The other two are watching his response. "I think you have spoiled us from every desiring another woman as long as you wish to be with us. You are certainly more woman than I have ever encountered before."

Herve is nodding in agreement but adds, "I don't want this to come out wrong and offensive, Maia, but knowing me it probably will. But, in many ways you are also more man than many men we have encountered." He presented an immediate defensive posture, "Maia, you know that I think a lot of you as a woman. You are beautiful and sexy, VERY sexy." He was actually blushing now that he got himself into this talking point. "What I am trying to say, is that you have skills in the wild, away from civilization, that rival even ours and that puts you ahead of most all other men."

He still seemed a little nervous, but it was a nice thing for him say, even if it was awkward. I stepped up to him and took him in my arms. I looked up into his face, "Thank you, Herve. That was nice of you to say." I kissed him on the mouth and his hands moved on my naked back. I pressed my groin into him and felt him hardening. I smiled at him, again.

I then moved to Tupac and gave him the same. I looked at Dreng, "I would have said those things, too. But ..."

I hugged him and kissed him. "I know you would have. You're just a little more shy." I kissed him, "And I think that is nice."

Turning back to Tupac, "So, if not for another woman, why are you wanting to go to the village?"

"Two reasons: First, to drink. We need to introduce you to one of our past-times when we get the chance to enjoy it; Second, you need some proper clothes and the women there can help us."

"Clothes? You are tired of me being naked?"

He looked shocked, as did the other two. He recovered, "Are you insane? God, no! Are we tired ... damn, we'd have to be eunuchs." He was shaking his head. "No, no, no. It's just that when you have to be clothed because of others or our proximity to others, you have said how the dress just gets in the way if you need to be active. We need to be ready to be active at all times, so that village dress just won't do. I have an idea but we need to be in the village to discuss the options with a seamstress."

If I discussed it anymore, it would be just to tease him further. I left it alone. And we headed for the village ... after I put the dress on and climbed on the horse behind Tupac. I was so used to having the freedom of being naked that the dress seemed restrictive and made getting on the horse more difficult than it should have.

When we entered the village, there was an immediate buzz of interest, curiosity at seeing me, and some trepidation. The arrival of the Warriors usually brought its share of womanizing and drunkenness. Tupac rode the horses directly to the building of the seamstress, gave me his arm and swung me down to the ground. He directed Herve and Dreng to see to the few supplies we would be taking with us and to meet at the building housing the bar. Tupac entered the seamstress' building with me following behind.

"Tupac, what a surprise. Did you break through your britches, again?"

He smiled at me with a little embarrassment, "No, ma'am. Not this time. My interest today is this young woman."

She looked around him and saw me for the first time, "Maia, nice to see you, again, dear. I have to say, you don't look much worse for wear. And your dress looks like it hasn't been worn, what seems to be your need about her, Tupac?"

"It's not the dress. She needs to be in trousers and shirts like we are. The dress just gets caught on things and gets in the way. What can you do?"

"Well, I think we can start with what we have for the older boys, that looks to be about the right start, then adjust some in the hips and in the top. It's late in the day but if you stop back tomorrow I can have something to start adjusting."

We thanked her and left. The Warriors were usually quite abrupt and the villagers were used to it. But, I wasn't. I stopped at the door and turned to her, "Thank you. I know it is special work but it really will be better for me."

"Not at all, dear. How is it going for you out there with those men?"

"Oh, fine. They are very nice to me. We fit well together. I couldn't be happier." I turned and left before she could see me having trouble controlling my face, from showing the smile I was feeling. How shocked would she be to know just how well we 'fit' together?

Tupac was waiting for me outside the door. "How much are you going to be doing that?"

"Thanking her? She's going to be going out of her way to make these clothes for me. I thought she deserved a 'thank you'."

He looked at me and started for the building with the bar, "Huummmfff."

Tupac order food and beer for all of us. It wasn't quite late enough for the big drinking time so it was



still peaceful in the building. I was digging into the food but looking at the beer.

Dreng noticed, "You've never had beer?"

"No."

Tupac slid my mug closer to me, "Remember, Maia, drinking was the 'first' reason for coming to the village." He had a challenging smile on his face. I take up the mug and try a sip. Not bad. The men are all drinking it easily so I don't know why I would be surprised. I put it to my lips, again, and feel the bottom being lifted. I peek over the top and see it is Tupac with a finger applying a little assistance to raising the mug up for a healthy drink this time. I put it down finally and feel a little fuzzy in my head. That must be the alcohol, I reasoned. No, I have not had alcohol before, so the quick fuzzy feeling was a giveaway.

More mugs of beer seemed to appear on the table from nowhere. And always they came as four mugs. Thankfully, the guys helped me with mine. They seemed to be able to drink huge quantities of the stuff with little effect. After the first mug, I didn't believe I had the same capacity as they did.

Later in the evening some men from the Hunters came in and the room got instantly tense. We all noticed the lack of noise suddenly but it was Tupac who commented with only a glance, "Here it starts."

I looked at them. They were all trying not to make eye contact with the new men. "What starts?"

"It's Dreng's fault really. He's the reason they changed the rules of the The Hunt."

Dreng reacted in his own defense, nobody else seemed to be, "Hey, the wording at the time was 'survive', that's what I was doing."

"No argument from me, Dreng. I'm just telling it like it is. You see, Maia, it is commonly held that nobody has made it into the afternoon of the second day, besides you. Well, that's not quite true. Our companion here, made it late into the second day. When it was all over, Dreng was nearly beaten to a pulp and roped to a tree. There were also ten others injured in what was the only all out brawl of any Hunt."

I looked at Dreng, he seemed so shy around me, "So, to 'survive' you decided to fight them?"

"Not quite like that, no. A small group finally trapped me and I ... well ..."

Tupac laughed and was joined by Herve, "He cracked one of the guys with a very hard stick, nearly split his skull open." They continued to laugh. "Anyway, we thought the kid had guts and took him with us. Now, we sometimes get this, someone decides they can join us by proving how tough they are. It's getting tiring."

I picked up my mug, but it was empty. I had no idea who drank it, but I was now thirty. I checked with the others and mine was the only one empty so I said I was going to get a refill. From behind me I heard, "Is she going to be alright?" I didn't hear anything else.

Along the way I was bumped very hard by a man. I looked at him and he was sneering at me, but I was working out in my head how payment of the beer would be accomplished, so I just ignored him. He might have taken offense by that, or just his general personality, but he grabbed my arm and spun me around and pushed me with his hand sharply into my chest. I stumbled backwards and ended up on my ass on the floor. I saw Tupac rise from his chair but I put my hand up to him, 'stop'.

I stood up and approached the man while others gave us more room.

“Did I offend you in some way?”

“You’re with the Warriors but you don’t look so tough. If you can be with the Warriors, they are letting anyone in.”

I looked around the room with a big smile, chuckling as I turned back to him. “I don’t know, how long did you last in The Hunt?” He took a swing, but this time I was ready and he lost his balance. This time he stumbled and I put a foot to his ass and pushed just enough to send him sprawling across the room. Of course, I wasn’t helping the guy’s attitude any.

As I maneuvered to the side in anticipation of him getting up, I noticed that Tupac and the others were now standing on the edges but staying there for the time being. A chair went flying across the floor and like an idiot, I watch it. The next thing I knew I was having to duck another swing meant for my head, but only just in time. As I spun away, he grabbed my flying dress and pulled me back to him and landed a hard punch to my stomach, which sent me staggering back right into the arms of Tupac and Herve.

“Are you done with him? Can we take over?”

“No! He hit me.” I was angry now.

“Then, what did your father teach you about fighting?”

“Avoid it! But ... if it can’t be, my strength isn’t my strength; my strength is my quickness. Do you have something better?”

“No, I think he knew you pretty well. Only ... lose the dress, don’t let him have that advantage, again. Then use your quickness against his clumsy strength.”

I stared at him, then Herve and Dreng. “Naked? In here, you want me to fight naked?”

“I don’t want you to fight, at all. I would just as soon finish him. But, if you insist, I want him beaten so I don’t have to see him doing this ever again. Besides, when he sees you naked, you’ll have all the advantage you need. Then, I want him hurting. You understand? Think about what Dreng would do.”

I looked at Dreng, he was all smile. I looked across the room at the guy and he looked like he was ready to charge, except for the Warriors behind me. I smiled. Okay. I stripped off my dress and the place went silent. I felt a tap on my arm. It was Dreng and he had a length of cordage in his hand.

“Your hair, like you do when you are hunting.” I smiled at him, took the cordage and pulled my hair back and tied it. I smiled, again, at a memory. They said it looked like a pony’s tail.

Once completed, I stood with my hands on my hips facing him. The room had gotten past the initial shock of my sudden nudity and there was a buzz of whispers throughout the room, then the taunts started, directed at me and the man from the different groups of support. I heard the Warrior group behind me taunting the man about his problems with a little woman. This, of course, got him steamed even more and he soon ignored that I was naked and charged directly at me. I wasn’t going to be able to match his strength, so I did what I was trained to do, I pivoted out of the way and swung my foot around into his ankle, which sent him head long into men. I followed him, though, and when he put weight on that leg, I was there to kick directly into the knee from the side. That sent him to the floor holding his knee and shrieking out in pain. As he lay on the floor, holding his

knee, I jumped into the air and landed with both feet on the same knee. My father told me something else about fighting: If you can't avoid the fight, and you get the other guy on the ground, don't let him back up. This guy didn't get back up, not by himself, anyway.

I finally took my eyes from the guy writhing on the floor, searched the faces of the men surrounding us, then stopped at the Warriors, Tupac gave me a nod. I moved to the bar, leaned on it in front of the barkeep, "Now, the reason I was coming over here to begin with, I need another beer."

From behind me I heard, "Better make that four." I turned and saw Herve hold his mug upside down. I smiled at him and waved that I heard him.

"Like he said, make that four beers." I pushed the four mugs into a group and squeezed them together to carry them across the room. I turned around just in time to see two men helping the guy out of the building. I casually noted their exit but continued to our table and distributed the mugs.

Tupac held his up for a toast, "To Maia, what could be better than a naked woman kicking some asshole's butt?"

We took a drink, but Herve's mug was raised again, "To Maia, what could be better than a naked woman bring beer?"

We all drank, again, but now Dreng had his raised and I was worried, "To Maia, what could be better than a naked woman ...", he looked around us and lowered his voice considerably, "... than a naked woman at your campfire." This one resulted in a cheer along with drinking, causing nearly the entire room to look to our direction. Finishing our beer we turned for the door to leave. I was next to Tupac when I heard Dreng call out, "Maia, you might want this."

I turned around to see my dress flying toward me. I caught it and pulled it over my head. "Thank you." And we left the building with the room again buzzing.

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Chapter 6: A COMING STORM

We are told by the seamstress that the clothes that Tupac requested for me would be ready in a couple days. I had to laugh at the reaction from the guys. If getting the new clothes meant I was going to be wearing clothes more often, they were all in favor of leaving the village immediately and returning for them at some undefined future date. When I assured them that these new clothes did not change my attitude to when I was dressed, they were fine with remaining in the village for a few more days.

But even so, there was only so much we could accomplish while in the village and the consensus was now that even I was capable of getting into fights with the village men. And that suggested that we were better off spending a good part of each day away from the village where we could be more comfortable, stay out of trouble, and even expand on some new experiences. And, some of those experiences we never grew tired of trying to expand upon were sexual in nature.

After discovering that anal sex was enjoyable for all of us, the options that seemed possible became exciting. While being mated by one of the dogs or Wolf, I might suck one of the men. Sometimes it would be to his climax, while other times it was purposefully to just keep one of them aroused for him to fuck me after the dog. The same thing could happen with them, allowing me to fuck one of them and suck another. The guys seemed to like the combinations as much as the single times. So did I. That's when I began to envision a time for all three of them to be involved with me at the same

time, a cock in my pussy, asshole, plus my mouth. The only times we have done anal was singular, just one man involved, but my mind was certainly considering other potentials.

We left the village to be alone and it seemed to me to be as good an opportunity as any to put another idea into motion. When we reached a quiet spot along a fast moving stream running from the mountains to the lake below, Herve gave me his arm and I swung down from behind him from the horse. It would be nice to have my own horse.

Once my feet hit the ground, I scanned around us, removed my bow and quiver of arrows, laid them all against a fallen tree near the edge of the water, and pulled my dress over my head, then removed my moccasins. The guys were still on their horses, bemused by my deliberation.

Herve laughed as he looked down at me, "In a hurry, Maia?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact. We've been in the village for two days and generally behaving ourselves. And I am not used to abstinence, any longer."

Tupac chuckled, "Generally behaving except for that altercation in the bar, you mean."

"Okay, to put an exact point on it, behaving ourselves sexually. Satisfied? Now, if you guys aren't interested, I am sure the dogs will be."

That got them away from teasing. If the dogs got going with me first, it would be a longer wait for them. Despite the teasing, they were just as anxious as I was to put an end to our days without. It was peculiar to me how quickly all this changed for me. I haven't been with these men that long, and already sex was a daily occurrence for us. If all of us weren't fucked every day, at least I was. So, going without for two days seemed a sudden sacrifice.

Without any more teasing or hesitation, the men were off their horses, they were tied securely to trees, and were now standing before me. I stood before them, strong and self-assured. I was no longer timid or indecisive around them. They had fully accepted me as an integral part of the group. And, when it came to the sexual activities we regularly were engaged in, my imagination seemed to frequently trump theirs. They were always interested in what my mind might come up with for us to try. This idea I was pretty sure would be the same and figuratively blow their minds. As I thought about it, though, it might actually blow my mind, if we accomplished it.

Tupac could see it in my eyes and my posture, standing before them, straight, shoulders back, breasts thrust out, feet parted, and my hands on my hips. "We can see you have something in mind, Maia. We all know you have dreamed up some wonderful positions and combinations for us to try and enjoy. Don't keep us waiting; we can see you have another idea."

I smiled at them, dropped my hands to my sides and walked to each one, kissing each in turn deeply and heartfelt. "I love you guys. You've made me the happiest I could have ever imagined as an adult sharing my life. And, you're right. Of course, you are. If I have come to know you three, you have certainly come to know me and the way my mind and heart works. But, you might think this is the most bizarre so far."

They laughed. "Maybe, dear Maia. Maybe. But, at some point we have faith you'll exceed even whatever this is?" That made me laugh, too. I really did love these guys. I couldn't be more comfortable and at ease. And, I couldn't have more trust and respect than I had for these three. Except, how I felt about my parents. This relationship had quickly passed the point of comfort with sex and being a part of a team. It had evolved well beyond that, becoming much deeper for me and in a way tying them even together closer, as a result. I appeared to be a bond that brought all of us

together and held us together. Tupac was the leader, without question, but I was the one who provided that something else outside of the command decision needs.

I told them what I had in mind and their mouths gaped open. We had done parts of it but not all together. "I want to try it. Can you imagine, all of us at the same time, together in one activity, being satisfied together?" They had never imagined it, but now they were just as anxious as I was. In moments, they had their clothes stripped off and their cocks were growing as I watched. And, as they realized that I was just fixated on watching their cock grow, they were hard, standing ready for whatever sequence I directed them into. I told them they needed to decide who would use which of my holes this time. Assuming it was as good as I imagined we have more opportunities to rotate positions. That brought smiles to them. They thought this sounded perverse and thrilling, and that I was already looking to experience it more times just reinforced to them how fortunate they were to be in such a relationship.

I was a little surprised as they started moving into initial positions. But, I don't know why I would be, really. One of the reasons Tupac was such a good leader who held the respect of the others was his willingness to give to the others. This was one of those situations. He elected to be the third man and get my mouth, letting the other two to enjoy the first pleasures of my two holes being used at the same moment, the extra tightness, and stimulation that I expected that to produce. I smiled at him in recognition of his act. I was going to make sure he didn't miss anything as a result. I had some practice at sucking cock and I was now determined that this would be my very best effort.

Herve lay on his back on the grass and I went to my knees over his mid-section. I knew I was already wet inside and that would help Dreng so I called him up behind me to stick his cock into my pussy before I sat down on Herve's. They had all enjoyed my holes separately so they understood the intentions I was directing. Dreng came up behind me, slipped his hard cock into my wet and ready pussy, pumped several times and coated himself well with my juices before pulling completely out, moving a little higher to my puckered asshole, moved the head of his cock over it, wetting the outside, before applying pressure. I had him stop so I could sit down on Herve, first. Dreng sat back a little, giving me more room to maneuver and to watch. I reached between my legs, found Herve's hard cock, held it up, and poked it into my hole and sitting down slowly onto it. I then turned to look over my shoulder at Dreng.

"Now Dreng, fill my ass with your wonderful cock. You might have to press harder this time, though. Herve and you at the same time should make it very tight back there. Don't worry about me, I want this as much as you." I then leaned onto Herve, feeling his cock slide inside me as I shifted. Once I was lying on his chest, I smiled at him and stared into his eyes, "God, I love you three. You let me feel so ... complete, maybe. You let me feel like a warrior, like the rest of you. But, you also let me feel like a wanton woman and you don't hold that against me."

"Hold it against you?!? We think we have to be the luckiest three guys in the whole world." All the while, I feel Dreng pushing at my asshole. With a push back of my own, he is inside me, past my sphincter and he stops, letting my body adjust to his presence there as we have learned to do in previous efforts at this. As we are all relaxing our bodies, allowing time for adjustment, mostly my adjustment, I kiss Herve, deeply and meaningfully.

I lift my mouth off his and sigh deeply as I push back against the two cocks buried in my body. After a long moan, "Ohhhhhhh ... yesssssss ... okay, guys ... hmmmmmmmm ... fuck me good now." I look before me and see Tupac on his knees, his hard cock in his hand, slowly stroking it. I smile up at him, "Your turn, good sir. Put that wonderful cock in my mouth and let me pleasure it for you." He groaned immediately as my mouth closed around it.

It was every bit as good as I had imagined! I came twice as their cocks drove into my three available openings. We ended with all three of them climaxing in the respective holes: my ass, my pussy, and my mouth. I came so hard at the end that I lost hold of Tupac's cock in my mouth and collapsed onto Herve, Dreng still buried in my ass.

Tupac feels it is time for all us to go back to the East side of the mountains and get a better evaluation of what is occurring there. A few times in the recent past, we have split up to cover more territory. He and Dreng have gone to the other side while Herve and I have roamed to the South investigating any movements there. When we reached the Western entrance to the tunnel, we tied the horses at the mouth of the tunnel, which would take us to the other side of the mountain. Once on the other side, the men were surprised by what they saw in a clearing of the forest below. At the far edge of the clearing were five female slaves gathering kindling and piling it. Standing to the side was a single guard, a single horse tied nearby. I feel their eyes on me and when I turn to look at them, they sit back against the rocks near the mouth of the tight opening to the tunnel.

"What?"

"You're the girl we met with your father on this side several years ago, aren't you? Your father was Rayner."

"You know that." I get defensive; I knew what my father did before he changed. Before he took my mother for his wife and created a family after I was born. I also knew that he took as his penance to leave my mother and me to the safety and protection of the village and to try to help other slaves escape, and to lead slavers away from searching along the mountains by creating a route for runaways to the East beyond the river. "Yes, and I am proud that he is my father. So, what?"

"No offense, Maia, I am just piecing it all together. Your abilities in the wild, hunting and tracking skills. But you need to know some things before we go further." Tupac tells of the stories they have heard about slaves escaping to the East. The escapes are more and more daring, as if they are receiving assistance from others to make their way from the plantations and then seemingly disappear. There is open talk among people that it is a non-slave who has rallied a group of escaped slaves to accomplish this. There is also speculation that this non-slave is Rayner, my father. They have periodically watched from this very location and have encountered virtually no slaves in this section trying to escape. If they are running, they must be going to the East. The last group that was brought through the tunnel talked about a small battle between the closest plantation and a small band of others. In the chaos, slaves scattered in all directions. The group that was brought to the village happened to wander out of the forest, apparently being separated from the others, and becoming confused and lost. I felt a sense of pride and relief. Pride that my father was able to accomplish his promise to divert running slaves away from us. And, relief that my father appeared to still be alive.

They were quiet as I reflected on those two emotions. Staring down at the slaves below as I did. Coming from my reverie, I wondered what else they had for me. I didn't have long to ponder that.

"Maia, you should also know that the closest plantation, where those slaves are likely to be from, would be the same plantation your mother would have been from." I am surprised by the strong emotions that rose within me. I fall back against a boulder and stared straight ahead, not truly focused on anything. I am surprised at the anger, even rage, welling up inside me. I wanted to do something, to strike out at that plantation and the owner. Dreng, sometimes very perceptive in his quiet, offered in support, "We could take the five slaves, and kill the guard in the process."

Tupac and Herve are calmer, more thoughtful about the ramifications. "Yes, that would be

something. But, to strike and endanger the others in the village would be pointless.”

Herve adds, “If the guard is found dead when the group does not return, it will raise suspicion about this region, again. And, that may lead to a more thorough search. Maia, your father has sacrificed much and endured much to create a zone of safety for you and the village. Tupac is right; it could lead to endangering the village.”

Dreng, however, is still watching me. He wants to find a solution that will also provide me some satisfaction. “What if the guard’s body disappears?”

At first, I sense that Tupac isn’t amused by Dreng continuing along this line of encouragement. But, one of the strengths of the group is the ability to discuss options until a decision has to be made and then everyone falls in-line with one common focus. But, he allows the discussion to take place. How would that be accomplished? Bury it? That could be opened by animals or the disturbed ground of the grave discovered. I look at Dreng. There has to be an answer and be a win-win for all considerations. We can free more females for the village. I can have some measure of revenge against the owner of the plantation, even if he doesn’t understand the significance of the events. Am I proud of my reaction? Yes and no. I am proud that I have the courage and strength to avenge my mother. On the other hand, I didn’t know I was capable of such reactions. The solution, though, lies in the area of land where father built our cabin. Specifically, the canyon.

I look up at them and I am smiling. They stop their discussion when they see it. My voice is quiet, but my commitment to the idea I have comes through in it, “The body would never be found, if it is dropped into the canyon.”

Tupac is watching me, and then looks off into the horizon in the direction of where the canyon would be, in the direction of the cabin he visited only once. “The canyon ... that was just beyond where your cabin was.”

“Yes. Okay, forget my revenge reaction, that isn’t honorable. But the reaction was real and honest. Consider instead the village from a different perspective. The village needs more females, Tupac. The village will become whole only after more families are created. There are many men; they need more women. And, be honest, if it was you, can you say you wouldn’t have reacted the same way?”

He considers me and my words, and then shakes his head. “I would have reacted with even more rage and need for retaliation. You are also correct about the village. But, we don’t gain anything if one of us is hurt in the process.”

I am used as bait. The other three work their way around the small group with the dogs. If the guard hears something, the dogs can be used as a diversion. When they are in place, I wander, stumbling, like I am completely confused and disoriented, from the trees in front of the clearing. I am naked and dirty to give the added impression of having been in the wild for some time. When I am sure, I have been seen by the guard, I fall backward into the edge of forest, where I get up and fall, again. I stay down and wait for the guard. I have my bow and quiver of arrows ready at the location I fall. I wait for the guard as he yells a warning to the women, then turns to approach me. I have never done anything like this. I have killed numerous animals with little emotional response; they were food for our survival. But, this will be different. This was a man, perhaps with a family of his own. I know nothing about him, if he was even a bad man by nature or merely by whom he decided to be employed by.

I do kill him, however. Just like that. I waited and watched him, unafraid if he saw me watching him. I was nothing to him, just a lost slave to be taken control of, again. When he was separated from the

women, his line to me away from the women, I stood up steady and determined with the bow and an arrow strung. That alone seemed to confuse him, certainly not what he was expecting. Before he could bring his rifle from his back, I had pulled the arrow, completed my firing routine, and released it. I was surprised how easy and unemotional I was about taking his life from him. I stood over him to make sure he was dead. I have ended the life of many animals with the sharp blade of my knife across the throat. I now was sure this would have been just as simple. But, it was unnecessary.

Tupac brought the horse, loaded the guard onto its back, and tied him with rope found already on the horse. Tupac insists on coming with me to canyon. I initially refused, but he continued, as do I in my objection. I insist that Wolf and I would be fine. Besides, I plan to spend a little time at the cabin after I am done disposing of the guard. I point to a spot to the North in the mountains.

"Father and I always felt that the pass there could be a way over the mountains. Mother got much worse before we could investigate it. The height of summer is the only possible time to try and that is now."

"Why try? Use the tunnel."

I laugh, "I want the horse, and you don't know of another way over."

"You're nuts. But, we won't change your mind, will we?"

"No."

"Then, at least let me join you. Herve and Dreng will take the women through the tunnel and watch for us on the other side." He calls them together and sets the plan. "When we get over the top, we'll build a fire so you can see where we are coming from so you can meet us. It may take us several days." He turned to me, "Are you sure it is worth it?"

"It will be when it's done."

The women are led up to the tunnel hidden behind the rockslide. Tupac and I lead the horse carrying the dead guard to the North along the mountain slope, through the forest and to the edge of the canyon. I don't even ask for or wait for assistance from Tupac, but rather unceremoniously untie the ropes holding the body and letting him drop to the ground. I pull him by his foot to the edge of the drop and push it over the edge. I watch the body drop twenty feet to the steep slope below, then tumble and slide down the slope before getting hung up on the trunk of a tree.

It seems almost anticlimactic to me as I stand on the edge of the cliff looking down at the body. Tupac joins me quietly, taking a position alongside me but not intruding on my thoughts or mood, simply there and available. When I turn to him and put my face into his chest, his arms are immediately and tenderly around me, supporting me and comforting me as sobs come from deep inside me and finally wash out through me.

"It's hard, Maia. Taking another's life, ending what was once living and interactive ... now, nothing ... ended, no longer existing. It is hard for soldiers who are killing at a distance, even harder like for you at close range with a more restricted weapon."

"I was so angry, Tupac. I felt I had to do something ... something to extract some measure of retribution, revenge for my mother and all the others who suffered at that plantation. It was a feeling that was overwhelming."

"And ... do you feel better after having done that?"

“No ... no, I don't. I don't regret it because we were also able to save five women and deliver them to freedom and safety. Acting on revenge doesn't salve your wounds.”

“Good, that's a good lesson. And, to be honest, I would have been disappointed if you responded differently. I understand completely the response you had, but the Maia we know is not like that by nature.”

I sank back into his body and let myself be protected and comforted by him as the last of the sobs washed over me. Then he moved us apart slightly and lifted my chin to look me in the eyes, “You wanted to go to the old cabin for the night. I understand the need for memory and a way to pay respects to your mother and the life you were given. Do you want that time to be private? I can wait for you in the forest in the morning.”

I smiled up at him, stretched up, and kissed him on the lips, “Thank you. You are such a dear man for such a rough man.” I smiled at him and returned my face to his chest, but continued softly, “I thought that was what I would want. To quietly feel their presence in that place and feel some amount of satisfaction in having exacted some punishment in their name. But, now I know that's not what they would have wanted from me. I do want to go there and feel the place for perhaps the last time, but not alone. If you don't mind, I want your company and support. I would like to be in your arms tonight.” I looked back up into his face, “Thank you, Tupac, for insisting on accompanying me. I am glad you are here with me.”

That night we spent the time in quiet conversation, a dinner of wild turkey that mistakenly crossed our path. I had remained naked but I did clean-up at the creek near the cabin. I was in Tupac's arms on the bed, a fire in the fireplace. We were kissing and simply being gentle and tender. He was not pushing anything sexual, responding only to my initiation. Wolf, however, had other ideas. I felt his licks on the back of my knee that was stretched along the edge of the bed. The licks moved up my thigh progressively to my ass. My kisses with Tupac were becoming increasingly passionate as I was stimulated by the licking until I felt Wolf put his weight on the edge of the bed to get high enough to reach between my legs. I groaned into Tupac's mouth.

I rolled over onto my back and Wolf's tongue found my mound, snaked between my legs, and wound itself onto my pussy. I moaned as my hand roamed over Tupac's body and settled onto the spot where I felt his stiffening cock under his trousers.

Tupac kissed the side of my face, “That wasn't what you were planning for tonight, was it?”

“Hmmmmmm Nooooooooooooo ... but, I guess wolves don't have the same ... sensitivities to emotions as we do. But ... hmmmmmmm ... it does feel so ... so goodddddddddd. Maybe ... he knows even better ... even better what I need.”

“So, what do you want to do, Maia?”

“Mmmmmmm, I want you two to fuck my brains out. Can you do that for me?”

He laughed loudly enough to cause Wolf to raise his head from my crotch. “Yes, I think we might be able to manage that ...”

And they did, too. And this time it was Tupac who came up with a way new to us for attempting it. He had me get onto my hands and knees while he got up and went to the remains of dinner. I watched from my position, obediently still in the position he had me get into, and saw him gather some grease from the remains and approach me. I didn't have a clue what was happening until I felt him put his fingers to my asshole, spreading the grease around the opening, then poking fingers

inside to grease my hole.

“HMMMMMM ... you’re going to me anal ...”

“No, no, I am not.” He then took my hands, led me off the bed to a cleared section of the floor where he lay on his back, pulling me with him. I was confused but followed his lead. He held up his cock and I sat down on it, sighing as I did. Then he pulled me to his chest, reached behind me, patted my ass and with both hands he spread my ass cheeks. I looked up sharply at him but he only smiled back at me. “You’ve done us anally; have you ever taken Wolf there?”

“Oh, god ... that’s what you have in mind?!?”

There was no time for further conversation as I felt Wolf straddle the two of us, his exposed cock poking my ass. After several bumps, it landed in my crack and slid up until it hit Tupac’s hands holding my cheeks apart and it lodged just into my asshole. I gasped and pushed back against it, now wanting this perverse idea to happen as much as they did. It seemed to take forever, but finally the narrow tip was inside and that was followed by the rest going in, as well. Wolf pumped and pressed until he had almost all of his cock inside my ass. All the while Tupac was groaning at the increasing tightness and movement along his cock as Wolf pulled and thrust his cock into me. I was nearly delirious with the sensations until I felt something new bumping onto my asshole and panic set in as I realized it was the knot. I was sure I could never take the knot at the same time that I had cock in my pussy. But I had nothing to fear, as it turned out, because it couldn’t physically happen and my body was not conditioned to allow such stretching. But the tightness, pressure, and tension derived from the two cocks inside me was extraordinary, and apparently for all of us. I started my orgasm, which sent my entire body into a spasm that resulted in my ass and pussy clamping hard onto the cocks in each. That set them into their own climaxes and I was suddenly filled with cum in both holes.

Without the knot attaching us, Wolf pulled away soon after, very much like he generally tried to do but was restricted by the knot. With him gone from me, I felt his cum oozing from my asshole but I didn’t move from Tupac. I relished the feel of him still inside me as I settled onto his body, gently kissing his chest, shoulder, neck, and chin. I was asleep on top of him before his cock had softened enough to slip out of me.

The next morning we made our way up the mountain in the direction my father had speculated could possibly lead to a serviceable pass to the other side. The climb was uneventful for much of the way except for the effects of altitude and the steadily climbing. Near the top it became more difficult, made more so by leading the horse. But we were successful and found ourselves on the other side and well over the top by the time the sun was lowering on the far horizon. As planned, we built a bigger than necessary campfire to alert Herve and Dreng to our general location. The plan, then, was for them to meet us with Tupac’s horse somewhere on the downslope the following day. Tupac and I agreed after that experience that the route was possible but not a preferred.

A year later, we learned there was increasing rebellion of slaves on the other side of the mountain. We were uncertain if open conflict could bring the army. If the army got involved, could it lead to discovery of our life? Do we help the rebellion? Or, do we let it run its course independent of us?

On one of our scouting trips to the South, we found a single man on horseback with a pack horse in tow crossing far to the South from the mountains on the East heading in the direction of the mountains to the West. We tracked him to see his intent. We don’t do it close but at some distance. I recounted instruction from my father not to follow directly in the tracks of the one you are following. If he doubled back, he may discover the extra tracks and become wary. He did in fact cross the wide

valley, directly to a pass in the mountain range to the West of us.

Months later, we spot him, again. This time returning to the East. The pack horse was loaded with hides and furs. He was apparently a trapper or hunter. We followed him again to the Eastern mountains and saw him take a narrow path into the mountains. He got off his horse and walked both up a narrow and treacherous path. There apparently was a Southern way through the mountains, too.

We debate what to make of this man passing through the valley that we had always considered ours. We were split on what his presence might mean and, more to the point, what to do about him, if anything. I wanted to talk to him, see if he had useful information about the other side. Tupac was nervous about showing ourselves. And he had a good point to his concern, of course. Making our presence known, clearly appearing to be slaves but not living as slaves, could lead to a lot of curiosity and questions that might need to be answered.

But, a couple weeks later he was back, moving from the East to the West, again. In the meantime, we had made our decision regarding him. If he had found his way to our valley, certainly others might who are similarly adventurous. Or, he could simply mention this land to others. We decided we needed to know more about him and his intentions. So, when we found him, again, we had laid a trap to surprise him. We took him in the forest, the four of us coming in from all around him. But, he made no menacing moves despite having a pistol in his belt and a rifle in his pack behind him.

After some wary discussion of a general, non-threatening nature to size each other up, it began to move in the direction of what was happening on the other side of the mountains. He indicated that he only wanted to transverse this land between the two mountain ranges. He was now more interested in avoiding people than dealing with people. He returned to towns for the purpose of selling hides and furs from his hunting and trapping for supplies that he needed. This gave us some reassurance and we found we even wanted to trust him, he seemed to be a very honest and genuine man seeking a way to escape people. There was too much at stake, though, for the village and we kept its existence to ourselves.

But, he seemed quite forthcoming on his part. I was sure it was a combination of our appearing like slaves but living free and independent and our interest in events on the other side, that moved his comments specifically to the most unusual activity occurring. He started talking about the trouble and turmoil that a non-slave was making for slave owners in the region nearest the mountains. From his accounts, he said this man had formed a small army of runaway slaves and was causing all manner of problems. The number of slaves running and not being found had increased dramatically. Supply wagons to the plantations had been hijacked, the supplies, animals and wagons never to be seen, again. Caravans transporting new slaves north to the plantations had been intercepted and the slaves disappearing, while the slavers for the most part were killed.

By this time, we were comfortably grouped on the ground around a fire keeping coffee warm as we talk. His coffee was something that is not commonly consumed by us, but we share with him mostly for politeness. He acted as if we would certainly like some coffee. I found I don't like the bitter taste but sipped it the same way to show hospitality. We learned a little more about him in the casual moments during his making the coffee. His name was Jona, just Jona he said. He appeared to be between 45 and 50 years old and the life he was now leading appeared to be hard on him, but he also appeared at peace.

His mood shifted suddenly and he laughed, shaking his head, "Boy, does that bring back memories!"

Tupac looked bewildered by the change and comment. "Memories? You know the man causing this

trouble?"

He looked at the four of us, as if suddenly wondering what he had been telling us and if he should have. But, he continued, "Know him? He was the best man I ever knew. That is until his family was killed. A shame, too. It was as if his mind snapped. I tried to find him after that, but he just quit the army and disappeared. I heard some nasty things about him after that. Then, this started. The same man, I am sure of it. Something changed in him, again."

I was staring at him and the guys all know why. The similarities about the man seemed too close to be true. I cautiously pursue it, though, "Were you in the army, too?"

He looked at me, as if maybe it was the first time he really looked at me or considered my age and being out here with these three. "Yes, I commanded a company. We were very good, well disciplined, and non-political. This man was fearless, the best single fighting man I have ever come across. That's why it was a shock when he seemed to just snap."

"Wait, so you really knew this man very well? What is the name you knew him by?"

"Rayner. I suppose he had a last name, but I just called him Rayner for so long I think I forgot it. Why?"

"He's my father ..."

"You? No. You're a ..."

"Slave? NO! No, I am not and never have been. But my mother was, yes."

He looked at the men with me, and then focused his attention again on me. "So, you must be the reason he changed, again. When the hate finally left him."

"No, that was my mother. I was the bi-product of that."

"I don't understand. The man he became was irrational when it came to slaves. How could that have happened?"

I sighed and shook my head, "It's a long story."

Jona looked to the others, again. Perhaps he was checking that he wasn't overstaying his welcome. But, at this point, they were gaging everything by my interest and consideration. "Well, young lady, time I have and I would love to hear this story. Rayner was a good man and I respected him tremendously; well, up to when he snapped at least. I would like to hear how he regained his equilibrium. In fact, I will trade you information. I want to hear more about my old friend and I have a lot more information about the other side."

I stand up and touched Tupac's shoulder for him to follow me. "What do you think, Tupac? I feel like I can trust this man. But, I don't want it to be because he knew my father in the past. What should I do?"

"Your insight is as good as mine here, Maia. He wants to know about your father and that will require you to talk about your mother. This could be very good for you. And, he may have good information about the other side. Information we might need or can use." He started to turn to return but stopped, "But, just to be sure, let's not mention the others or the village. Let's keep that private until we need to share it, if ever."

We returned to the fire and decided to proceed with sharing but first established that it would take some time so we set out to find some food and prepare it for a meal, expecting to share the camp with him tonight.

Then the stories started. I gave him a fairly complete story of my parents and my childhood as I remembered it from my parent's stories to me. He asked question periodically, especially around what happened to my mother when her foot was amputated crudely. He seemed concerned if Rayner had been involved in that in any way. He then seemed very relieved that father wasn't. "And that's pretty much it. I never saw him again after he left mother and me with these men."

He studied us for a time. He was hesitating, deliberating on what was still on his mind and I sensed what it was. Finally, he asked, "But, once your mother died ... you just lived with these men? In the wilderness all by yourself?"

With all my strength, I kept from looking at any of the three. "Yes. They were very kind and have allowed me to continue with them." I didn't even look at Jona; I knew he suspected something else, suspected there was still more, but that it had nothing to do with my father.

Then he started. He did indeed have much more to tell. He talked well into the night and Tupac asked many questions about the general happenings. I tended to ask more details about my father. I was intrigue that he was apparently still alive and still creating havoc with the slave owners. There wasn't just turmoil over there. He said it almost seemed like a powder keg with a fuse burning to it. That it was only a matter of time and it was going to blow. He said there was open conflict but at the present, the slave side of the conflict was focused on guerrilla type of hit-and-run attacks.

That was when he smiled, again, "That was what Rayner, your father, was an expert in. Taking a small group of fighters and stopping a much larger force."

We parted ways but we stayed watchful after that for him and any others that might also follow him or also discover the route through the mountains. We finally spotted him crossing the valley to the East a number of full moons later. Interestingly, halfway across a wide open plain, he stopped, looked to the North, and raised his hand in an apparent salute. I smiled and commented to the others, "He knew we'd be keeping tabs on him and he isn't trying to pretend, otherwise."

Tupac moved his horse in front of mine, "You're thinking about going to the other side and joining Rayner aren't you?"

I frowned; I was that transparent to these guys? Perhaps I shouldn't be surprised; we had committed and practiced being fully open and honest with each other. Our sharing and intimacy demanded and resulted from that very kind of openness and transparency.

"The thought crossed my mind, yes. But, I would not have acted on it without a discussion with you three. I couldn't make a decision like that without getting your council. But, yes, I have thought about it."

"You'll wait on making a decision then until we have another opportunity to speak with Jona?"

"I promise."

It was another full moon before we again found Jona coming out of the mountain gap and down the slope. I point him out to the others and as I am about to ride hard to him, Herve reminds me to put clothes on. I know he is already wondering about a young woman riding with three men and that would take a lot of the mystery out of it. We met him at the bottom of the slope as he came out of the

trees. He doesn't have his pack animal with him this time and we know this was a different visit.

He waved and came to us at a gallop, "I was hoping you'd be watching. I wasn't sure how I would find you, otherwise."

Tupac was still the leader, "What wrong?"

"I told you before that the events on the other side was like a powder keg just waiting for a light. Well, the freed slaves lit it. The region to the East has exploded into violence and open conflict."

He went on to inform us about the conflict on the other side. There were apparently some retaliations against the slaves for the actions of Rayner and his group but it didn't have the intended result. Slaves at several plantations were publicly hung and left as warnings to the others. It was a gruesome demonstration, a desperate demonstration. Instead of striking fear and breaking resolve, however, Rayner's group attacked the lead plantation and the slaves there rose up to join them. The plantation was routed and the main house and housing of the non-slaves burned to the ground. The plantation men were killed in the fighting, but the women and children were allowed to leave as long as they headed East. The slaves gave them free, unharmed passage through their ranks. As a group, they then moved North to the next plantation. The fighting grew more intense as they moved North.

Tupac looked at me, then again to Jona, "And, what now? I assume you were with them?"

"Yes, I gather up a couple dozen of the old group from our company and went to fight with Rayner. We joined up with them at the second plantation and onto the third. By now they should be heading for the fourth and final plantation, the one your mother was from, Maia."

I turned to Tupac, "I want to go, Tupac. You don't have to, but I want to fight with my father."

"No." It was Jona, not Tupac. "No, Maia, that's why I came. Your ... your father ..."

"Dead? He's dead?"

"I'm sorry, Maia, but, yes. You have to understand, he died the way he wanted to. He died fulfilling his promise."

I turned away from them and walked twenty steps away, stopped and sank to my knees in the tall grass. And wept. Then, I wailed out my grief and frustration.

Back in the group of men, though, "I'm sorry, Tupac. I thought she should know."

"It was right, Jona. Thank you. She'll thank you, too, but after. She never thought her father would have survived in his quest to free slaves and, as such, the loss of her father was eased by the memory of his promise. But then you gave her hope. He was still alive and she yearned to once again be with him, to ride with him, to help him, to avenge the wrongs together. Now, suddenly, she has lost him, again. But, she's strong, she'll come back."

All four were very patient. It took quite some time for me to calm myself and regain the perspective on life that I had come to know and own. I walked back into the group, Tupac asked, "Maia?"

"I'm okay. Greatly disappointed at being so close to see my father, to let him know that I was good and happy."

Jona stepped up to me and put his hands on my shoulders, "That's why I came back, Maia. To tell

you about your father, but to also tell you that before he died I was able to tell him about you. That you are in fact well, strong, independent, and your own person. I told him that you travel the wilderness with three strong men, as an equal to them. He asked many questions with the last breaths he had. All were about you. I only wish I knew more about you, but he was smiling when he died. He was at peace, Maia. Can anyone ask for more than that?"

"Thank you, Jona. That helps to know. Then it is done?"

"No, he also said something else that is puzzling. There are many, many slaves wandering the region, displaced by the fighting, and having nothing after the dismantling of the plantations. He said to tell you that. To tell you that these people need a safe home like the others. What did he mean?"

So we told him. It took only a shared look among us to know that we all agreed that Jona could be trusted with the knowledge of the village's existence. Jona became only the second non-slave to know of the existence of our sanctuary on this side of the mountains.

"So it is true. I thought it was just a fantasy, something the slaves held as a hope, like heaven after death. You wouldn't believe how many slaves are wandering the slopes in some unfathomed faith that there is a better life waiting for them. I don't know how many. But there are men, women, and children, entire families, and extended families perhaps. They just don't know how to reach it. Faith alone hasn't been enough, they need someone to lead them to it, and they need to be gathered from the misery, humiliation, blood, and death of slavery and fighting."

I looked at the other three and none of us said a word. The words kept spinning through our brains, 'You wouldn't believe how many slaves are wandering the slopes' and 'men, women, and children'. But, I knew now what I wanted to do, what I needed to do.

"Jona, can you lead us through the route you know? Can you lead us to these people?"

He smiled, took the single step separating us, and hugged me to him. He put me at arms distance and looked directly into my eyes with a smile that felt so good and warm, "That's what your father said you would do. He just knew it in his heart. His last words expressed that."

In all we ended up bring back nearly a hundred freed slaves. The new slaves completely overwhelmed the village and drastic changes were needed immediately. But, if there was anything about slaves, hard and long hours of work was not a problem. New housing and enlarged structures were designed and built with almost non-stop dedication and effort. Growing fields were expanded and canoes were soon crafted for fishing. The village thrived despite the chaos that might be expected from such an influx of new people. But, there wasn't chaos and there was minimal conflict as those who had lived in the village eagerly welcomed the new.

One of the casualties of the change, though, was The Hunt. Suddenly there was no place for it. For one thing, there were now too many new people. For another, there were more families and more women, existing men quickly asked women, and women just as quickly accepted the opportunity to create new families with their new found freedom and security.

If we, the Warriors, had trouble with being in the village before, it was nearly impossible now. The village turned into a town, even if it didn't yet have the structure to show for it. But even that wasn't far behind, trees were cut at an increasing rate and wood planks made for fashioning homes and community buildings.

Our reaction to all of this, though, was to roam the South slopes of the range, particularly the area

around the access that Jona took us through twice. Once to go over to assemble the freed slaves and the second time to bring them to safety. Over the next three to four full moons, we encountered Jona several times. He no longer was traversing the valley for furs and hides. He came to see us and inform us on the events on the other side. As quickly as the conflict had exploded, it seemed to also burn itself out. All the plantations along the mountains had been burned out. Politically, the Commonwealth seemed to lack the resolve to do anything about it. A popular opinion among the people was that slavery might have seen its time and that time may be past. Slavery was not banished, there were no laws passed to abolish it, or to free the slaves. But, also, there was no heart in enforcing it. Jona believed that it might be years, maybe an entire generation, before slavery could die away. But, for now the slaves who took over the plantations, growing the crops and moving them with the aid of sympathetic people, seemed safe enough. We said goodbye, perhaps for the last time to this very good man.

So, what of us? What are Warriors to do when they are no longer needed?

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## **Chapter 7: OUR LIFE**

Only a half year later, everything had changed. The nearest plantations to the mountain range had been overrun, burned to the ground. With the mountains to the West and the canyon to the North, the rebellious slaves had become too numerous and organized to be recaptured and controlled by the few remaining slavers in the region. The army, for its efforts, has lost too many good men for the profits of others, and for a cause that was losing support in other parts of the Commonwealth. Political speculation was already predicting the end of favor for slavery. Yes, it was also well known that for the wind of societal change to take root firmly, years and more blood may still be required. But, the army had given up on the lands to the East of these mountains. Nobody had any interest in claiming the region despite its fertile land for growing. The slaves have taken over the land for growing what they needed and for trade. Sympathizers in the regional towns and small cities had provided markets and trade routes. There is still outrage, small violence, and political pressure from those wanting to return the regional economy and society to what it was before. Change of this scale would be slow. But, change was happening.

Our village has flourished, largely unmarked and unaffected by the turmoil to the East. It had become a true settlement, the population increasing with larger numbers of runaway slaves and young being brought into their lives. More families are being formed with the influx of women. As a result, life was becoming civilized. Although much more primitive compared to the region to the East, it didn't take long for the attitudes to change. At least before, if our way of life and attitude didn't exactly fit in with theirs, they still needed us and gave us some allowance and consideration as a result. It didn't take long for those considerations for what we had given to be forgotten.

For us, of the 'Warrior' group (three men, three canines, and me), we became bored, under-challenged, and unmotivated. Worse, perhaps, we became unappreciated. With less and less apparent need to protect the valley or guide runaways to safety, we left quietly, never to return. Initially, we left to explore to the West putting days, then weeks, and months between us and what was known to us as civilization. Such as it was. Our intention was merely to seek out the region beyond the mountains to the West that Jona had spoken of.

We have encountered new peoples and we had largely left each other alone. We essentially just wandered. We weren't at all sure what we were looking for or what we were expecting of ourselves, as a group or individually. We spent some time in the area Jona talked about on the other side of the mountains to the West. It seemed remote and it certainly had everything we might want. It was quiet



and undisturbed except for occasional sightings of a completely different race of people, which was fine. Actually, it was better than fine because we were clearly coming into their land and they didn't seem to mind as we kept to ourselves. But, in the back of our minds, it never left us that this was where Jona had been coming. Not that we wouldn't like to see the man, again, but if he found his way across the southern route, certainly others could just as well in the future, if not now.

It was that thought that kept our eyes on the next range of mountains much further to the West and South. Finally, we made up our minds and headed in that direction. I say we made up our minds, but there was never any real discussion or decision. One day, we simply packed up the horses of our camp and as a group we headed in that direction. Nobody said it, nobody questioned it.

It was nearly an entire year later that we found ourselves on the other side of that range, too. As we rested on the far side of the pass, after spending long days in cold and snow, despite being the summer season in the low lands, we gazed at the new land before us. I think as a group we sighed in unison. Before us was a truly magnificent sight. We had found a deep valley between two mountain ranges. Yes, just in front of us was yet another range of mountains just as formidable as the ones we had somehow managed to struggle over. There was an immediate and unwavering feeling or belief that no matter which direction 'civilized' man might attempt to migrate from, these two ranges would stop them for a long time. Only the most hardy and most desperate for escaping to something completely unknown and different would even attempt it. In other words, people as crazy as us.

To the North was a steady narrowing of the valley between the ranges. To the South was the opposite, it opened up into a wide valley. To the North was some of the heaviest forest I have seen with a jagged, raw scar running down the middle of it, which could only be a deep cut, fast running river. Directly below us and spreading to the South was a large, crystal blue lake reflecting the majestic snow covered peaks on the opposite side and the expansive blue sky with billowing white clouds sailing with the winds like ships carried on the sea. I smiled at the thought; I have never seen the sea, but my father had spoken of it, always with wonder and awe in his voice.

Further to the South, at the end of the long lake, is a slower moving river leaving. Apparently, the valley levels off and slightly depressed there to form the lake. There is forest along the slopes of both mountain ranges and meadow near the lake on all sides. Further South still can be seen an expansive prairie and even from this distance we can see the waving tall grass and herds of various species of grazing animals. It felt perfect to me, it looked perfect. But, as was our custom now, we held judgment until we had explored the area and seen what it truly had to offer.

The sun was approaching the tops of the mountains in the distance. It would be getting dark soon. Tupac indicated that we would make camp tonight down along the lake and divided us into tasks with the last of the light available. I think he was still amused every time he heard the words come out of his mouth, but he sends me and Wolf off to find some game or fowl for our meal while they get wood, a fire, and unpack the pack horse to set up camp. The lone woman was sent off to kill something, but to us it was a recognition of our strengths and one of mine was my ability with the bow. Silent killing of game allowed for less spooking of the animals in general and resulted in them moving less far after the kill.

A couple days later, we were still in the same location. What was a temporary camp forced on us by impending night had become comfortable. None of us seemed in a hurry to move further. It wasn't that we were excessively tired, tired of travelling, or lonely for what we had all left far and long behind. We were in no hurry because something felt right about this place ... and us in it. I feel at peace here. I feel completely at peace, comfortable, and nurtured. It was as though the surrounding mountains, the waving grasses of the prairies, the towering pines, the soft, languid waters of the lake, and the crashing, churning waters of the river feeding it were all providing life, energy, peace,

and safety all at the same time.

On the third day in this place I felt myself being completely and utterly wanton and insatiable for sex and love, a need to be taken by my men and the canines, sometimes hard, sometimes soft and slow (not the dogs, clearly), but always to feel them, to be one with them. We had never stopped being sexual, that's as much a part of who or what we are as much as strength, reliance on each other, and driving ourselves to not let the others down. But this was different. I couldn't explain it and as much as I might think I should understand the change, the need, I didn't really think it mattered. There was no place we had to be, no big event we had to prepare for, and no pressing demands on us. We were far, very far, from all of that. Our pressing issue before us was still unspoken, although I don't think I was the only one who repeated it frequently to myself: What are we looking for? What do we want for ourselves? I smiled; I know I did, because the question was never, what do I want? It was always 'we'.

There was another interesting thing happening. After our morning fuck, the dogs all took off down the valley with Wolf. I wondered if his natural instincts weren't more powerful here, too. An abundance of wildlife to hunt, they were off to take care of themselves. That was fine, they were never pets; they were dogs that aided in the efforts of tracking and defense. So, for the most part, the day was without them. The interesting thing was that I needed, wanted the men more than the dogs. Not that I wouldn't want to fuck them, too. But, it was as though my body was somehow hungry for man-seed, craving it.

I had dozed under the mid-day sun on a pile of cut grass that Dreng had gathered for a large bed. As I came awake, I was on my stomach. I could hear two of the men somewhere nearby. I stretched and rolled over onto my back. Before fall asleep, after fucking the three dogs by the lake, I had come back to camp and nearly attacked the men. I wanted and got all three of them in my pussy. Like I said, my body was craving their seed and without putting too much thought on it, it seemed to want it where it counted. Not that it really seemed to matter, though. I had been fucking them for all this time, seemingly constantly, and we had come to believe, maybe just accept, that I was infertile. It was something, however, that was never spoken, if it was ever consciously thought.

As I lay on my back, a shadow stopped over me. I opened my eyes and gazed up at Herve. I smiled. It could have been any of them and my reaction would have been the same, they were all my men. Even with the sun behind him, I could see a different look in his eyes, a quietness to his posture and attitude. But, he broke it very un-Herve-like, "God, Maia, you are beautiful."

I giggled, where did that come from? A feeling was coming over me that I hadn't felt for some time. "It that right? Are you sure it isn't just that I am lying her naked with my legs spread?"

He laughed, "Well, that doesn't hurt, I admit." But he was shaking his head, "No. Seriously, Maia, you have to be the most beautiful woman I have ever, EVER, seen ... with or without clothes." We both laughed that time. "You have been with us so long and most of that time you have been naked, like now. But ... and I know the others feel this way, too ... I don't know how we got so lucky that you came to be with us."

"Really?" I blushed slightly, but it wasn't embarrassment, it was more flushed. That was the feeling, teasing, flirting, playful. "Let me think, seems I recall you guys telling that trader way back that you won me in cards."

"You heard that? We thought you were asleep."

"It's probably good he didn't offer to buy me, then."

"Oh," he laughed, "oh, yeah, he did! A lot, in fact. He apparently thought we were serious."

"Well, at least I might know what I am worth to you guys, if I knew how much he offered."

"No, you wouldn't. You couldn't possibly understand how much you mean to us because we can't comprehend it ourselves." How sweet and completely un-Herve-like to try to verbalize all this.

I started to rise and he put his hand out to pull me up. I went right into his arms, surprising him but delightfully, pressing my naked and again horny body into his. Although he was again wearing trousers and his moccasins, he was bare chest. All my men are tight and muscled. I never get tired of putting my hands on them, as I was doing now.

I looked up at him with lust and he saw it. I put my hand behind his head and pulled him down to me and we kissed, pressing my body into his, my mound pressed into this stiffening cock. I parted slightly and spoke into his ear, "Will you do something for me?"

He chuckled, silly questions, "You know I will."

"Hunt me? Just a short lead, maybe a count of twenty."

"You are feeling frisky. But you still want to be caught soon."

"Very soon." He smiled and I already was.

Tupac and Dreng were at the edge of the forest above our location when they heard my screech. Both of them stood up and searched the space below where they thought it came from. They instinctively had started walking in that direction when they heard it, but this time followed quickly by laughter and giggling. They narrowed their scanning by the sound and found the source with the wild movement of the grass as Herve and I rolled along the ground. They didn't understand why we were so far from the camp, but they did understand what the noise was all about.

Herve started counting and I took off into the tall grass. That was when I realized how stupid that was. The grass was tall but tall was to my waist, it wasn't going to cover me fleeing from him. But, no matter, the idea was the chase, not eluding him for days like the real 'Hunt'. I did confuse him for a moment, however, when I ran ahead far enough to reach some small trees to get behind and duck under them to double back after he passed, realizing that the grass wasn't flattened. The next minute he had me with one of his arms around my waist and picked me up as he ran alongside. That was my screech. We then fell to the ground and rolled, the two of us tightly in each other's arms. When we stopped, we were both laughing and didn't stop until I pulled his head down to mine and we kissed. While kissing, I rolled us so he was on top of me, my legs apart, and my groin raising, pressing into him, pressing into his hard cock inside his trousers.

"Now, Herve, please." He knelt up, undid his trousers, and let them drop to his knees. He wiggled out of them and resumed his place between my legs, his cock already at the opening to my pussy.

I looked at him with a look of need and want. He smiled at me, "You're insatiable today. We'll try to solve that little problem." With that, he pressed forward and fully into me, our pubic hair mixed together. He watched my face as my body again adjusted to the presence of a nice cock fully penetrated into my pussy. When the 'O' shape of my mouth was replaced with a hint of smile, he pulled back and thrust back in. Over and over, until when I came, again, I screamed it out, my legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him into me harder, as if he could possibly get any deeper into my body.

That was followed in similar fashion with each of the other two and later in the afternoon with the dogs as they returned from their activities in the forest. That night I was so exhausted I slept through.

A month later, we were still in the same area. We had moved our camp to the North end of the lake, which was more protected from possible weather and offered a much better view of the prairie to the South from its more elevated position. We had worked hard all day making the camp a little more permanent over time, but it was still a camp. All of us were relaxing in the late afternoon at the lake. I had attempted to teach all of them to swim, but Dreng was the only one who seemed to have real interest in the activity. Dreng and I had found a game of riding the rapids and floating into the lake. As we treaded water and decided we had avoided serious injury against the rocks enough for one day, we started along the shore. He had turned into a very competent swimmer and we made our way very quickly until we were directly off shore from Herve and Tupac who were busy on the sandy beach. We were all naked, of course, since we had all used the time for splashing and frolicking in the water before Dreng and I went to the river.

I stopped when I could touch the sandy bottom and was about chest deep in the water. I assumed Dreng was right behind, but I didn't know just how 'right behind me' he was, when I suddenly felt someone, Dreng, between my legs and lifting me on his shoulders as he stood up. I wasn't ready for it and he didn't have the stability to counter my wild flailing. We both went underwater backwards amid my shrieking which caught the attention of the two on shore. Dreng picked me up in his arms and walked me further into shore. I asked to be put down at waist deep water and got their attention.

"How are you guys feeling about this location?" Dreng had continued walking and was knee deep when he stopped and turned to face me.

"It's good, why."

"I mean ... well, do you think this might be a spot to establish as our home? Would this be a good place to be a family?"

They all looked up at me. I then noticed that Herve and Tupac had been using a stick and were making lines in the sand. Tupac looked at the others, then back to me, "A home? You mean to make this a permanent place for us to live."

"Yes, I mean ... well, you know ... if that's what would be good for you, too."

The three of them exchanged looks and smiles. I sensed that they were already in some kind of agreement on something and my question fed into it. Tupac spoke for them, again, "Yes, we have come to the same conclusion. I think we are all tired of moving around. This seems perfectly suited to us. But ... you said something interesting. You didn't say 'a good place for us', which we expected. You said, 'a good place for a family'."

I looked at them shyly, tentative on how this might be received. I was walking into the shallower water until I was mid-thigh, then I turned to the side so they were looking at my profile. I knew they might focus on my breasts, but I put my hands on my stomach for affect, "Do you think I am getting fat?"

They started laughing, how absurd ... but they abruptly stopped and looked at my stomach. Almost in unison it was a stammering of, "Are ... you ... is that ..."

I put my hand up in our fashion to stop them, "Are you three ready to be fathers?"

They were off the sand in a flash and had their hands on my stomach, stroking the little bump, maybe still not obvious except for my drawing attention to it. I was showered with kisses and touches; Herve dropped to his knees and kissed my stomach, his hands on either side of it. "Is this good? Is this okay?"

Tupac was still the leader. He put his hands on the side of my face and kissed me deeply, then pulled me into his arms, pulling me into the air and carrying me to the grass beyond the sandy shore. I smiled. I had hoped they would be happy, but I wasn't really positive; they were after all men who had cherished being alone, free to move and do as they wished.

"So, it good that we are going to have children?"

"Better than good, Maia. This is wonderful, but ... how? After all this time of making love, you never became pregnant."

"I'm not sure. But, the same thing happened to my mother. She was used by all kinds of men, but it wasn't until she and Rayner fell in love and she felt safe that she became pregnant with me."

Dreng got everyone's attention, "Maia, you said 'children'."

I looked shyly at them, "Well, now that my body is ready and as much as we ... you don't think you're going to stop loving me, do you?"

"Are you kidding?"

"Well, then, I think we'll be having a lot of children, because I don't intend to stop loving each of you, either."

Tupac pointed to the sand and said to Herve, "We're going to need a larger cabin." They had already been planning it. They had selected this location for our home, too.

I was nearing the end of this pregnancy. I couldn't get over how big my stomach was. And, apparently, the men were having similar reactions. This is when being naked was very nice. But, that also made my changing body shape very evident to them. They were forever putting their hands on my stomach, stroking it and holding it. When the baby started regularly kicking, it became a common way for us to spend moments for the guys to try to be there when a kick was felt.

I found that the most comfortable position for me to fuck was to be on top. Or the doggy position. Of course, the dogs and Wolf had me in that position enough, so I preferred to be riding the men as much as possible. When I had an early contraction while mating with one of the dogs, I panicked. I shouldn't have, since it was the first contraction I had felt. None-the-less, the idea of being tied to one of them and going into labor, perverse as that might be, took hold. From that point on I stopped mating with them and relieved their needs by using my mouth. I was soon drinking more cum from those dogs than I ever guessed was possible.

Timing is everything or because we fucked so much it was just bound to happen. I had risen early in the morning, mostly because there wasn't a good position to sleep in. The cabin was about ready to move into, but I was so used to sleeping outside that moving in was just delayed. The men were always attentive to me, being the only female among them, but now it was even more so. I got up and made my way to the fire pit, one hand under my distended belly and the other on top. I started piling wood for the fire and gathering kindling to get it started from the coals buried under the ash. When the flame caught, I started adding small and then larger pieces of wood and felt a hand move from my lower back up to my shoulder. Then a kiss on my spine at my neck. I nearly purred as Tupac

knelt alongside me and took over getting the fire started. Then, although I walked to the edge of the river with him, he carried the buckets of water back to the camp.

Almost at the camp, I bent over at the suddenness of a severe contraction, then another. What had been spaced out nicely was now coming with urgency. My cry woke the other two and before I even knew what was happening I was placed on a bed of cut grass covered with a fresh hide. Herve put water near the fire to warm and Dreng had a pile of old, but clean cloths. Tupac was holding my hand; I think I was holding it so tight he had no choice.

Not knowing anything about the process, I thought we did pretty well. By high sun, not only did the baby arrive safely, a beautiful girl, but I survived. All three fathers did, as well. Although, it was touch and go there for a few moments when Herve told me to push harder. I think my hand went to his throat. I apologized afterwards, but he kept his distance through the rest of the delivery.

Five years later, we were once again repeating the process. We were much better and comfortable with everything by this time. We haven't lost a father, yet. In five years, I am again at near term with our fourth child. Beth is five, Rayn is not quite four, and little Sara is about one and a half. I am huge, really huge, and there is speculation about what that means. It has become something of a game in quiet moments that I have six pair of hands on my belly as they all discuss the possibility of twins. I find it delightful. Well, I don't know about the twins part, but the touching part for sure. I have never stopped being naked and the children have joined me. The men, too, but not constantly like we are. As a result, there is little shyness about touching and asking questions. And, we are completely open in our answers. Just like my parents had been with me.

I was busy in the vegetable garden pulling weeds and thinning out some of the plants. Sara was 'helping' me. Of course, that meant I was watching what Sara was reaching for more than what I was doing, but it was a constant effort to make sure she was reaching for a weed and not a good plant. But, I was too slow and she had a carrot hanging from her hand. She was just staring at it and finally looked to me, "This carrot, huh?"

"Yes, dear. That's a carrot. Those we want to leave in the ground and grow longer."

"Sorry, mommy."

"No problem, kiddo. We can still eat it. Let's save it for dinner tonight."

I sat back and then lay back on the ground. I had never been this big before and I was beginning to wonder if all the teasing about my size might actually have some validity. It seemed to just hurt, no matter what I did. I had always considered myself strong and tight, but my back just ached constantly. Of course, I got lots of lower back massages from the men, but that only seem temporary. When I got into this position and finding a level of relief, Sara saw an opportunity for play. And her favorite seemed to be to sit between my stomach and my breasts, her feet alongside my neck. Then, she leaned back against my stomach, like a big overstuffed chair. Boy, was I overstuffed.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, Rayn."

"Can you play Hunt with us?"

"Do I have to?" I arched my neck and look up at him, but he was upside down. How terrible was that? He wants his mother and I ask if I have to. "What about Wolf? He likes that game."

“He cheats.”

“Wolf cheats? I didn’t know wolves knew what cheating was.”

“Okay, but he finds us too fast.”

Not surprising I thought. They spend more time giggling and whispering than quietly hiding. It isn’t so much finding them as pretending not to find them. The dogs just didn’t understand that part of the game.

“Okay, but you need to help me up.” They struggled but it wasn’t working. I was about to roll over to my knee when a powerful hand and arm grabbed mine.

“Daddy, we were going to do it.”

Tupac looked down at them, and then at me still with my big butt on the ground, “Really, I was thinking we might need to get one of the horses to pull.” When he looked back at me, he backed up a step and then pulled. “Just funning with the kids, dear.”

“Yeah, funny ...” But I knew what I had to look like. My body always returned quickly, but this time ... wow, it might take some real work.

“What’s happening?”

“They just want to play Hunt. Okay, you guys go off and hide, Sara and I will come find you.”

“Shouldn’t we call it something else?”

“They’ll never know the other connotation we are familiar with.”

We gave the two oldest a chance to find good hiding places before we set out to find them. Remember, the idea wasn’t to find them very quickly. Sara was out ahead of us as Tupac stayed with me. He had his left arm around my shoulder, partially for support but I think mostly to hold me. His right hand was stretched across his body to rub my belly. As we slowly walked behind the hesitant and sometimes unsteady Sara, his hand rubbed over my belly, stopped, and he smiled. He felt the kick, too.

I was watching his hand rubbing my belly and occasionally stopping in concentration for any indication of movement inside. When he stopped us on the path, I looked up at him. His face was serious, intent, but very warm. “Has anyone mentioned to you how beautiful you are?”

I squeezed his hands on my shoulder and belly, “Yes, I think it might have come up at some time or other.” I smiled at him and leaned into his side as we continued after little Sara.

Moments later, Sara stopped in the path. She didn’t know it but we were close to her older siblings. “Mommy, where Beff?”

“Beth is hard, little one. She goes to different places to hide.”

“Where Rayn?”

Tupac helped me kneel down on one knee next our youngest. “Rayn is hard to find, too, isn’t he?” All the while, I was pointing at a tree about fifteen feet to the right off the path.

Little Sara smiled at me, then at Tupac. This was part of our little game. She learned not to give away that I was helping her find the other two or they would object. She gave me a hug and turned toward the tree. "Rayn, tricky, huh, mommy." She was already moving closer to the tree. I realized I was holding my breath even as Tupac helped me back up. It was always the same but they all seemed to enjoy it so much. As she slowly sneaked up on her brother, he was being still and waiting. The idea was to be found, but with Sara involved, it was also to delight her. As she started peeking around the tree, Rayn jumped out to surprise her. She, of course, screeched at a pitch that surely would bother the dogs more than us.

I was already smiling as the little one pulled on her older brother to get to her level and she whisper in his ear. I couldn't hear her but I knew the question, "Where Beff?" He pointed to a bush on the other side of the path and he followed behind her as she went to 'sneak up' on Beth. It resulted in the same screech.

That was lost to Tupac and me, however. I moaned loudly as a heavy contraction hit me. I grabbed onto his arm and rode it through. I breathed in deeply and began straightening up and relaxing, again, when a second one hit. "Were those two contractions in a row?"

"Yes and hard ones. They had been spaced but now ... ooooooooooooo ...", as another hit.

Tupac grabbed Sara into his arms and took my arm, "Beth, go get the cloths and the blanket. Rayn, go get your other two fathers by the cabin. Tell them to warm the water." He had to yell that last part because Rayn was already running as fast as his little legs could take him as he was in search of his fathers."

It took me so long to make the walk back to the area outside the cabin that everyone was assembled. Dreng had a bed of cut grass ready for the past few days and the blanket was placed over it. To my amazement, they all went into action as if they had assigned roles and responsibilities. And, maybe they had. Maybe I shouldn't be surprised knowing Tupac.

I was led to the bed of grass where Dreng was kneeling. Tupac and Herve helped me down and Dreng aligned himself so his knees were at my back and I leaned into him. His kneeling position created a natural angle for me to bear down in pushing, and his hands went to my shoulders and occasionally roamed down onto my breast. That elicited a giggle from Beth, especially after I playfully slapped each of his hands.

Tupac was between my legs and Beth and Rayn were stationed at each knee to help hold them. Herve seemed to be in reserve, kneeling behind Tupac but ready for anything needed. I had lost track of the littlest one, however. That is until she started climbing up on top of my belly, her bare feet pressed into my breasts for leverage.

"Hey, my baby girl, where are you going?"

"Up here to look." It sound so natural and reasonable the way she said it. She looked back at me, "Not baby, mommy. Baby down there." She was on top of my belly, her feet against my breasts and her head and shoulders over the other side and pointing down to my crotch. Even the next contraction couldn't keep my smile from my face and I saw that everyone else was, as well.

"That's right; Sara will be a big sister."

She smiled and turned to her big sister, "Beff, Sara big." Her face was lit up with pride, but Beth only rolled her eyes.



After the next contraction, which were coming faster all the time, I looked around me as I caught my breath. Two naked children holding my knees, a naked little cherub on my belly, and my three husbands attending to me. A tear went down from my eye and ran off my cheek. Could life be any better than this? "I love you guys. Thank you for being the best family a mother could ever hope for." The men looked at me and mouthed their love right back. The two oldest kids verbalized it.

The naked cherub, though, had other things on her mind, "Push mommy! Want see baby."

And push I did, even with my little one on my belly. Tupac gave me a running commentary of what he could feel with a finger inside me as the baby made its way. It was a sight that the men marveled at each and every time and excitement rose as the top of the baby's head began pushing out my pussy, stretching me wider and wider, feeling like I had to tear. But, I never have with any of the children. A private and perverse thought crossed my mind, wondering if take dog knots all those years had helped in that regard. But the thought made me smile, causing Herve, the only one to notice, to give me a quizzical look.

After the baby girl was delivered, screaming it's beautiful head off, Sara looked down at my belly and announced, "Oh, oh, daddy ... baby in there."

She felt what I was feeling. Tupac looked at me around Sara and I just nodded with a weak smile. All mouths dropped open and after a moment, everyone started laughing. The speculation was right ... twins this time.

I dropped back against Dreng and looked up at him, "Is there such a thing as too many children for us?"

He put his hands on my cheeks and bent down to kiss my lips, upside down. "No. Maia, I never knew life could be as joyous as it has been here growing our family. I love you, I love our family. I love it more each time it grows in size."

I looked to the other two and got the same reaction. Tupac had the element of 'except', "As Dreng said, we love you, completely. We love all the children and our whole family, completely. We love loving you, emotionally and physically, and want that to be a forever thing about us. Except, if it ever gets to be a problem for you. And you have to let us know that."

But, there was going to be no more thoughts or discussion about that now. Now, the twin was insisting to join the rest of the family. It was a boy. As I collapse back against my youngest husband, exhausted but excited, I felt very much like an Earth Mother. Living wild and naked far from any civilization, birthing healthy, strong children with my three virile, strong, and rugged men. After the two newest additions to our family were placed into my arms and they attached their tiny mouths to my nipples, I caught movement to the sides. Wolf approached from my left to investigate the new members of the family. I smiled at him and raised my face to him. He licked it. Everything I loved was right here. There was nothing else I needed or wanted. Life, for me, was perfect. And, became even more perfect with each new arrival.

**THE END**