

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*This is the story of one woman, Annie Linder, who find herself living a dream she was unaware she wanted ... until it was given to her. She finds the rare opportunity to do the very thing she has found to be a part of her very being, her very soul. Helping others ... sometimes in unusual ways. She loves pleasure and loves assisting others in their achievement of pleasure. She also loves helping others finding themselves. She didn't always know that. It took two other very special people in her life to show her the way through their unselfish and unconditional love and support. [This is described in the story, Resurrection; the first book in the Resurrection Series](#). Her resurrection in that first story is a rebirth, renewal, or resurgence for their own separate lives and issues. A process of discovering things about herself ensues; a process that would lead her into a new future of her own. In the process of discovery and experience, she realized things about herself she had never before considered.*

*The setting for this story is modern day on an island about a two-hour boat ride from the islands of Trinidad and Tobago. The resort, Erotico Fantasia la Isla (or, Erotic Fantasy Island) owns the entire island. The resort is a clothing option, adults only resort intended to aid its guests in the realization and enjoyment of their sexual fantasies. A part of the resort and the fantasies of the resort is bestiality.*

*Annie finds herself not only employed by the resort, a paradise location and setting even without the sexual fantasies, but being a major part of the resort. Annie is the Director of Guest Experiences. She finds her major role and responsibility is to ensure that the guests' experiences on the island are everything they had imagined ... and then some, if she has anything to do with it. To accomplish that, however, she needs to look within herself to see what her own limits and boundaries might now be, now that she has been unleashed by Jake and Bobbi. To consider other people's fantasies, she looks closely at herself, at her own possible fantasies and longings.*

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## CHAPTER ONE

Everything still seemed like it was happening so fast. In actuality, it has been three weeks since Sylvia Contreras came to Tucson wanting a meeting with me to discuss her revised resort on the Caribbean island she purchased. I went to the meeting with Jake and Bobbi. I nearly insisted on it, although they would have gone anyway unless I was going to object, which they knew I wouldn't. Miss Contreras confessed to us that she took full blame for the complete and utter disaster of the two weeks the previous resort was open. We, Jake, Bobbi, and I, were guests for the grand opening. She took the blame ... but fired her husband's business manager, the resort business manager, and the entire management team. Her mistake, she said, was being foolish enough to allow others to manage something so delicate.

Delicate. That brought a smile to my face at the meeting and did again now. Delicate was a very delicate way of describing the resort marketing target and its clientele. The resort was marketed, very privately, as a tropical retreat location for those interested in indulging in bestiality. It had been a long-hidden fantasy of hers, something she hoped could become a reality now that ... well, her husband had died leaving her with, as she put it, obscene amounts of money, successful businesses, and homes scattered around South America. She made two mistakes, that she mentioned: one, she didn't really know anything about bestiality, except what she fantasized, and she didn't make sure there was qualified people on the resort staff that did; and, two, she figured a business manager was a business manager and they could be 'plug and played'.

The resort redux was going to be five months in the organizing. She agreed with our critique, mirroring others, that the target was too defined. If it was going to be sexually focused, then it needed to be more encompassing. The original resort had 8 cottages on a portion of a sandy cove; it was being doubled. The original idea of bestiality was expanded to be just a part of the idea of sexuality at the resort. And, instead of allowing a place for the free expression of sexuality, it would be focused on the identification and satisfaction of the fantasies of the guests.

At the time we met with her, she was traveling to interview and hire key managers for the new resort: a chef from Atlanta; a hotel manager and his wife who were looking for something different and risky; a human resources manager with a very open mind; and, a maintenance manager who was tired of the city and 20-story buildings. The last manager she said she was looking to hire was me. She wanted to be sure to have that someone on staff who knew what bestiality was about, at least with some animals. She also wanted someone who wasn't going to be afraid of the challenge of working with the resort personnel to assist guests in the satisfaction of their declared fantasies. Even she had agreed that there was a lot of "whatever that means" to that description.

After a long discussion with Jake and Bobbi, I knew this was an opportunity I needed to at least give a try. The 'discussion' with Jake and Bobbi was more encouragement and reinforced challenge than it was a dialog of pluses and minuses. We had known that it would take an extremely unusual and special situation to give me a reason to think about leaving the ranch. Even more so to get me to leave. They saw how much I had grown in spirit and confidence, how much stronger and self-reliant I had become since the three of us started living together after that fateful episode that brought us together. They also saw how I reacted to the discussion with Miss Contreras. They had succeeded in challenging me to move further outside myself in the pursuit of my desires, releasing myself from my past insecurities and fears. I could now see that those steps they pushed me to take were a prelude to a moment like this at some point in time; a time when I would need to go off on my own to discover and experience more than the ranch could provide. Despite my love for Jake and Bobbi, the unpayable gratitude for what they had done for me and given me, this time was bound to happen as I continued to grow and experience what my life could or might be.

So, here I sit. In the DFW airport after my flight from Tucson and changing concourses, waiting for my next flight. The day started early ... very early. The 7:10 AM flight required me to be at Tucson airport at 5:00 AM since it was an international itinerary. Losing two hours going east (Arizona doesn't go on Daylight Savings Time) made it lunch time by the time I found my way to the appropriate concourse for my flight to Miami. A nearly three hour wait in DFW gave me a leisurely walk through the airport and eating at one of the restaurants rather than fast food. I was enjoying a Southwest Chicken Salad and iced tea in the Chili's on the concourse and was still reliving the past few days of parties and goodbyes. It was shocking to me that in such a short time I had found so many new friends. This train of thought was a continuation of my thoughts and private giggles since the flight took off from Tucson, during the two-hour flight, and the hike through the concourses. I felt myself blush at the detailed memories of the night two days before when Bobbi, Kaye, and I enjoyed some of the animals together while Jake and Matt watched from the side. Kaye made me promise to email, with photos if possible, to let them know what new things I was learning or teaching. That was some night and Kaye finally tried the goat, though I couldn't get either of the other women to try the hog. That's going to be memory for all us, the guys included. The three of us standing naked in the pen, having fucked the dogs, jacked-off the horses, me fucking the pony, Kaye fucking the goat, and we're arguing about fucking the hog or not. We were a mess of dirt and animal cum. The guys drank beer, laughed, pointed, and adjusted their pants frequently until we took showers for the rest of the night spent with the men.

I walked to my gate, intent on taking out my Kindle from my bag. I had two very large suitcases checked and was carrying a backpack with essentials for a night if my bags were 'diverted' along the

way. My large carry-bag had my necessities for the trip. And, I needed necessities. The entire itinerary was almost 12 hours, arriving in Port of Spain, Trinidad at 9:38 PM. I would be meeting someone from the resort in the morning for the hour and a half to two hour boat trip to the island almost directly north, putting Trinidad to the south and Tobago to the east. But, Miss Contreras had insisted that I fly first-class the entire trip. During the three weeks before I left, they sent me an American Express Corporate card for all my expenses. It was billed directly to the company and I was warned by her not to chinch on my needs; I was now a company senior manager. This was hard to get used to. Jake told me something as we parted in Tucson, though, that I carried with me. He believed that the resort would be a complete success now that I was involved. It wasn't that I had so much power or so much business savvy, because I don't. But, being paid so much, being given a dream opportunity, being given the perks of leadership, were all things that I couldn't allow myself to have without the company getting their money's worth and that was what would drive the success, my work ethic and my natural knack with people. I hoped so. Now sitting in DFW, with time to kill, my memories faded back into my mind and the novel didn't hold my attention. I became antsy. What was I getting into? What if I didn't succeed? What if I was in over my head and people found out?

I thought about the resort. I knew the concept of the resort. I had a basic understanding of the island from our visit earlier. But, much was changing, being remodeled, being added onto, new cottages being built, new facilities being added to accommodate a wider range of guest needs. I was anxious to see the new facilities for the animals. I was told they were being moved. I was anxious to see what animals they still had. I smiled at the thought and ducked my head as I flushed at thoughts my mind raced toward, hoping nobody would notice in the bright light of the gate.

Then, I thought about my position. Director, Guest Experience. What exactly was that? Sure it was sexual experiences, as well as other more mundane vacation experiences like snorkeling, horseback riding, beach and swimming, fishing, and jet-skiing. But, also the animals. Also, guest fantasies.

On the flight from DFW to Miami, my mind focused on that aspect of what I was getting into. Fantasies and experiences, what might they be? What might I expect? How might I need to fulfill them? I couldn't do anything about the last part without knowing something about the first part. What fantasies and experiences might be expected? Sitting in first class, a glass of white wine next to me, a blank page of my I-pad on my lap, my mind began to work on the problem. What would my fantasies be? What might I request if I were a guest? That would give me a start in the thought process. I definitely was not without experience and variety. I started working the thoughts out, listing them in no particular order, just recording them as they came to me. My first thoughts were around animals; it was after all what originally brought the three of us to the island to begin with. Horses were at the top; could I take being penetrated by a horse? Right behind that was something I hadn't even mentioned to Jake or Bobbi ... being a kennel bitch. The list went on.

Then my mind changed directions. Certainly, I had other experiences, experiences with men that were enjoyable before ... well, before. What might I like to experience or re-experience now that I would have control and safety? Threesomes wouldn't be new, but they are always enjoyable. Group sessions. Gangbang, as the center of the attention? The idea was intriguing and exciting, especially in a situation when it was safe. I was definitely something of an exhibitionist, so what about performing ... a live demonstration?

What would guests be looking for? A certain number might be looking for something tame, never having had any opportunity to include others. A threesome or sharing with another couple or swapping might cover it. Others, like me, might be far more adventurous. Might someone want BDSM, being treated like a slave or submissive? Interesting ... what might the resort's limits for safety and control exclude? How would all this come together? Leave the guests to freely experience

among themselves? Or, does the resort actively lead, guide, and direct certain encounters?

By the time the plane landed in Miami and I made the mad dash down the concourse to the flight to Trinidad, I was feeling more connected. I had no answers, but I had ideas and questions clearly identified and organized. The rest would come together with the resort management and staff over the next weeks and months to the arrival of the first group of guests. I knew Sylvia had some plans and actions underway with most of the new management group. I was coming into the group late and needed catching up.

After a fitful sleep on the plane, I arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad. Trinidad and Tobago is an independent country made up of two islands. Trinidad is the largest and has the capital, which is Port of Spain. Tobago is a 3-1/2-hour boat ride or "hour plane trip away. Managing my luggage of two large cases, backpack and carry bag was a struggle through customs and out to the taxi line for the trip into the city for the Hyatt Regency, which I was told had easy access to the docks where the resort ferry would be available in the morning. Once in the hotel room, though, I collapsed into bed, having requested a wake-up call by the front desk.

I had left my two large cases with the front desk to hold overnight. I had enough in my backpack for the night and saw no reason to drag the cases with me. In the morning, I went to the lobby, checked out, and made my way to the restaurant where I was to meet someone from the resort for breakfast.

I was sitting at a table for two drinking coffee and speculating, again, what was about to come of this decision to change my life when I noticed a young woman standing at the entrance in a short sleeve buttoned shirt, mid-thigh shorts, and canvas shoes. She was attempting to make eye contact with each woman sitting alone and there weren't that many of us. I rose from my chair and walked to her.

"Any chance you are looking for Annie Linder?"

She smiled in embarrassed relief, "Yes! Thank you. I was told who to meet, but I had no idea what you looked like."

We sat and had a nice breakfast. She introduced herself as Amy Brandt from Iowa, originally. That seemed interesting to me, from Iowa and working at a sex-oriented resort. But, before I could formulate a tact to dig into that, she started describing the island, how far by boat it was, what was happening now at the resort, and the other managers and supervisors who had arrived in the past couple weeks. She helped drag my cases to a taxi and we made the short transition to the docks.

Along the way, Amy tells me that dolphins and whales can be seen in the waters around the resort island and Tobago, as well as in between. There aren't as many seen on the northeast side of Trinidad that they use for access and that might be because of the much heavier shipping traffic. As we continue the ride, I finally learn more about Amy.

She starts the exploration into each other, though. "Do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Not at all, ask me anything. I think it is important to be open and honest with people."

She smiled shyly and toyed with the bracelet she wore on her left wrist, the only form of jewelry she seemed to have on. "Is it true what they say about you?"

I chuckled, "Well, that would depend what is being said."

"Yes ... true. They say you are an expert at mating with animals. Is that true?"

I laughed loud enough to catch her by surprise. "Expert!? I'm not even sure what 'expert' would be for something like that. Let's just say that I have experience, but there is more I want to know and experience." She nodded and smiled.

I pursued into her, then. She said she was hired for the failed first opening of the resort. She was and still is assigned as a server in the restaurant and café. They are on a rotation between the two. The restaurant is a more formal setting with finely prepared entrees, while the café is far more casual and café/pub type fare. I asked about her background to find out how someone from Iowa ends up working at a tropical resort. She just graduated from college and was thinking about something completely different for a temporary diversion before pursuing what she hoped to be a satisfying career, probably back in the Midwest. She was born, raised, and educated in Iowa and had never so much as gone to Florida for a Spring Break. She worked hard in school and drove herself to complete her degree to get on with her life. Midwest farm work ethics, she figured.

Amy was a 24-year-old, single woman on the cusp of being a professional in her field. In her mind, there was just enough time for a diversion to work for a period at a resort on a tropical island. She had worked serving in various restaurants throughout school, so taking a job like that temporarily seemed like a no-brainer to be on an island for a while. She was medium height and medium weight. To me, she looked similar to Bobbi in body shape. There was a strength in her that didn't come from a gym, but a strength that came from using her body to power large animals around the farm and move heavy bales of hay and sacks of feed. She obviously had a love for animals. As I listened to her going on about her home and school, I wondered why in the world the resort hired her as a restaurant server. She just completed her Masters in Animal Husbandry from Iowa State with an advanced option track in pre-veterinary medicine. Unlike some programs, she didn't specialize in only farm livestock, but also included companion animals, which she explained as dogs and cats. Her enthusiasm was a joy to listen to, but ... why was she a server?

The approach to the island took my breath away. Miss Contreras, Sylvia, had said she was making a lot of modifications to the resort, but I didn't expect so much. The approach came from the south, of course since it was north of Trinidad, but it was like I hadn't noticed it before. The shape of the island was an oval that was about 1-mile-deep and 2-miles-long. The boat was approaching the southeast section where a new dock jutted out into the water inside a reinforced little harbor. Inside the harbor were moored catamaran sail boats and jet skis. Far to the west on the island was the highest point, which was a hill with a ragged cliff dropping into the rocky shore below. I could see the administrative building directly behind the docks with a small road leading to the left of it. Amy saw my interest and further described the island for initial reference. On the north east section was a natural cove where the guest cottages were located, strung along the beach that encompassed the entire semi-circle cove. On the north side was the employee lodging, which was more cottages with four separate little bedrooms in each. They were stacked in front of a beach. About north-center of the island was where the new animal barn was located with separate kennels, pens, and corrals for the various animals. Just a bit north of that was another little cove that already had two cottages constructed just off the beach.

Amy led me up the dock and sloping walkway to the administration building. I looked back at the boat to see two men bringing my cases behind us. I was introduced to several of the employees in the lobby. I made uncomfortable chit-chat with them, more coming out of doorways as we talked. I was getting uncomfortable because there seemed to be much more knowledge about me and my arrival than I understood about any of them.

A woman of about 50-years stuck her head out of a door down the hall, probably to see what the commotion was about. She saw me and her eyes lit up. I had no idea who this woman was walking to me so deliberately and confidently. As she came closer, I could see by the lines in her face that she

was indeed around 50-years-old. But, the lines were smile lines and her face was now reflecting that like a beacon of pleasure to see me. Her hair was longish to her shoulders and streaked with grey. She was short, but trim. The legs sticking out from her mid-thigh shorts and her arms out of her sleeveless blouse were toned and fit.

“Annie!” She took me into an embrace. I was stunned and my body must have reflected it with tension. She patted my shoulders on both sides and laughed. “I am sorry dear. Miss Contreras has talked so much about you that I feel like I know you, already. I have been looking forward to meeting you.” She looked me in the face, then gasped, “Oh, my! How rude, I am sorry, dear.” She stuck out her hand, “I am Patricia, Pat, Connors. I am the head of Human Resources. And, we have some things to talk about.”

I chuckled. “I am very pleased to meet you Pat. Everyone seems to know me, which has me at a huge disadvantage ...”

She patted my arm, again. She was certainly a hands-on person. “Don’t worry, we’ll get the introductions made as you go. Right now, though, your timing is impeccable! We were just starting our management meeting, so come and meet the team.”

I grabbed her arm when we were about half way down the hall, “Pat, I would really like the personnel files on anyone currently assigned to the animals.” She nodded. “And, I would like to see the file on Amy Brandt.”

“She’s the one who went to bring you?” She looked into the lobby at Amy. “But ... she’s in the server group.” She looked at me and smiled. She called one of the women over and told her what I needed and to bring them into the meeting. She looked at me, again. “I like that. You are young, but you what you want. I like that.”

The normal business-like management meeting became a mess with my arrival. It quickly degenerated into introductions and understanding each other’s roles with Sylvia leading the discussion. In the meeting was:

Pat Connors, who I just met, and the head of HR. She was 51 years old. She had spent much of her life running HR in large hotels and five-star resorts across the Southwest USA. She found herself wanting something dramatically different after her husband left her three years ago for a younger woman. That’s when she got back into shape and started looking. A tropical resort island, clothing optional, adult only, and erotic fantasy had her too curious to pass up.

Carlos Silva, who is the head chef. Sylvia described him as the best chef she had ever encountered. I liked him immediately ... he blushed. He’s 45-years-old and never married. He had worked at several name restaurants before starting his own, but he was also looking for something different. He decided a tropical island resort fit the bill.

Jim and Mary Harris were a married couple. Jim’s the General Manager of the resort. Mary heads housekeeping. He’s 40 and she’s 38-years-old. They have been married for 15-years. With their careers, they never had children and had moved around to successively higher and more challenging positions but sometimes found it unsatisfying as their career path sometimes seemed to pull them in different directions. They yearned for the chance to hang it all up and be ‘normal’. This seemed to them to be a very abnormal way to try to find normal. They hoped to have found a situation where it could be managed well because of its size and they could have true quality time together. All the other stuff the others mentioned were enticements they felt they needed to investigate. Their life had been pretty straight, they looked forward to being brought out into something different.



They all turned to me. I went through some of my history, leaving out the bad stuff and ending with the ranch with Jake and Bobbi, and the discussion with Sylvia in Tucson. Sylvia took over, telling them about my stay at the resort during the first of two weeks that it was open. She talked about what had since become clear about the failure to live up to expectations. She talked about her idea of a completely unique resort based on the fulfillment of fantasies ... erotic fantasies.

"As you all heard, Annie has none of the experience or professional qualifications that all of you hold for your jobs. You could manage a very good vacation resort in the Caribbean, like the dozens that exist. But, this isn't going to be like all of those. This going to be unique." She looked at me, smiled and continued to the others. "I assure you all, Annie is not a whore, a prostitute of any sort. And, we have no intention of turning anyone into it. This is the part of the resort that will be the most challenging for us to manage and accept, I think. If it won't work, we need to determine that, but I have brought Annie here to make it possible."

The meeting was breaking up when the files were brought in. I was looking to talk to Carlos when Mary came up to me with a deep hug. "Dear, the fantasy idea was what convinced us this was the place for us to gamble. I want you to know that we are both excited about the idea. I can't wait to hear your ideas." I hugged her back, assuring her how much that meant to me.

I didn't need to trap Carlos, Pat grabbed both of us and led us to her office. I gave Carlos Amy's file. He read through it. He was nodding his head. He affirmed how smart and competent she was, mumbling it as he made his way through the file. Then, he read closer and looked up. Even Pat didn't know what I was wanting the file for. He looked at Pat, "Why was she in the server group?"

Pat shrugged. "None of us were here when most of these people were hired."

Carlos looked at me, "You want her in your animal care group?" I nodded. He smiled. "A Master's degree! I knew she was smart."

I found Amy in the restaurant getting ready for the lunch serving. The resort served meals to the construction workers and gave them lodging to speed the construction.

"Amy, I just talked to Carlos. You said you were putting your professional aspirations on hold in order to work on a tropical island for a while?" She nodded. "How would you like to have the tropical island and your professional work? Come work with me taking care of the animals."

Her mouth dropped open and her eyes lit up. Her mouth started moving, but nothing was coming out. Instead, her arms went into a flapping kind of motion of disbelief and excitement. I smiled at her. I told her to find me at the barn after she was done with this shift.

As I was leaving the restaurant, wondering what I should do next, I thought about finding a quiet spot to read the three other files in my hand of the other employees for the animal care. Sylvia grabbed my arm as I was settling into a chair in front of a big window looking into a garden area. She pulled me into an office that was empty of any personalization. The only things on the desktop were two monitors and a laptop in a docking station, and a handset phone.

"Your office." She put up her hands as if in a defensive position. "I know your responsibilities are ... what? ... different than most, but you need an office around the rest of us. Even Carlos has an office across the hall, which he won't use. I know he will be in the restaurant area. And, I know you will be with the animals much of the time so I have a little office area for you there, too."

"Sylvia, I don't know that I deserve all this. These people are professionals."

"If the fantasy idea works, you deserve it. Now, let me show you where your cases are located."

She led me to an electric golf cart. No gas engines were on the site except for the boats and the generators for electricity and water pumps. She drove and took me to the barn. It was rebuilt and looked amazing but there seemed to be a lack of animals visible. She kept going but noticed my interest.

"You can spend more time there this afternoon and the rest of your life, if this idea works. And, yes, there are fewer animals. I am told the previous manager sold most of them after being fired. I think some might be wondering around the island, but ..." I looked at her bewildered. "The mess after those first two weeks was worse than even I thought."

She went a little further until I could see the ocean through the trees. She stopped at a cottage that opened onto the beach of a small cove, the one Amy talked about. About 50 yards further down was another cottage, only larger.

"This one is yours. It is a two bedroom. The other one is four bedrooms. I thought it might be good for your animal staff. You'll be close to the animals and your group will have less direct interaction with guest than the other service people. It's completely up to you if the second bedroom is used or remains empty."

"Is the other cottage occupied, yet?"

"No. I thought you should decide on your staff, first. I heard about Amy Brandt. You're right. All employees need to be reviewed. We have to be sure we have the right people and the right people are in the right jobs. We will have to hire more and we need to know what kinds of people we need to hire."

She led me into the cottage from the back. Stepping inside from the back, it was nearly completely open. The door on the opposite side and the large windows offered a stunning view of the beach and cove just outside. The back was a small dining area on one side of the door and small kitchen the other. The front was a living area across the width. On either side was a bedroom. My cases were in the center. A ceiling fan spun quietly overhead. There were hardwood floors and rugs scattered around near the seating areas. It was beautiful. It was like paradise ... and this was now home.

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

Sylvia left me to investigate my new home. I told her not to worry about the cart. I was very capable to walk to the barn area from here. The two bedrooms were identical, each with its own bathroom with shower and tub. There was a door on the side of the bathroom and I peeked outside. There was a shower outside, too. It was surrounded by foliage, but otherwise completely open to the world. I was sure it was intended for showering off sand and grime from the beach. I knew I was going to be using it a lot more often than that, though. The idea of showering outside, even if with some foliage as protection, would be too much to ignore.

I picked a bedroom at random, ending up in the one on the left side when coming in from the beach. I quickly unpacked, sat on the bed ... why do we do that almost first thing? There was another laptop on the small table in my room. I checked the other room and it was equipped the same, shower outside, laptop, etc. I already knew what I was going to do with the other bedroom.

I read the personnel files of the other three people currently assigned to the barn. It appeared that

they had been hired well, at least from the perspective of the caring experience for the animals. I wanted the opinion of Amy, though. I didn't have experience in management or leading people, my style was to do what seemed right. As a result, I was a little unsure of myself in this new role and responsibility.

By the time I got to the barn, the lunch serving had ended and Amy was waiting by the horse corral. I was surprised that I only saw four horses, two males and two mares. I walked up alongside Amy and leaned my forearms against the top rail in the same manner that she was and fixed my gaze on the horses, too.

"You like horses, too?" I didn't turn to see her answer, just waited and kept my demeanor casual.

"I love them. My parents had 4 of them. They were just for riding on our farm, although us kids would take them out and pretend we were herding cattle when all we had to herd were the cows that would come in at the proper times for milking, anyway."

I laughed. I could picture it in my mind, she and her brother pretending to be on a cattle drive as they rode behind the cows, which were already moving to the barn on their own because it was milking time and their utters were full. I pushed my body away from the fence and turned to face her.

"Did I get an answer from you about my offer?"

She laughed. "Yes, but I may not have actually verbalized more than the expression of my excitement. Yes! I want to work for you here with the animals.'

"Good, because I am putting you in for a promotion to Manager of Animal Services. I just made that title up, we'll think of something more official sounding."

"Annie! You hardly know me ..."

"I know enough." I winked at her. "Don't let me down." I put my arm around her shoulders and turned her around and walked away from the horses. "Wherever your stuff is, I want you to pack it up and move it down to the two cottages by the little cove. Move into the smaller one, there is an empty bedroom. There are also three personnel files on the counter, read them. Let's meet for dinner."

She hugged me, then looked embarrassed, then ran down the path. I went back to the administration building and met with Sylvia and the Harris'. There was something important that needed to be discussed.

The salads were already served by the time Amy arrived for dinner. For a minute she didn't recognize me. She was probably looking for a single woman. In fact, I was sitting with three others and we were in deep discussion. I excused myself and intercepted her on her way to the table. We spoke for only a moment, but the outcome was as I had expected. After she took her seat and ordered some wine, I introduced them to each other. The three others were the people previously assigned to the barn: Tamara (Tami) Peterson was 26-years-old, single, and a certified Veterinary Technician. She grew up on a farm outside of Sioux Falls, SD. Dorothy (Dor) Garland was 21-years-old, single, and grew up on a farm in Arkansas. Adam Werner was 22-years-old, single, from Alabama. Unlike the others, he had no experience with animals, but was strong, hardworking, likeable, and protective. The protective had already been documented in his file by Tami, Dor and a few others after he interceded on their behalf against aggressive men who had too much to drink.

As dinner was winding down and we were enjoying an after-dinner drink, I dug a little further with them, but I was curious about Dor and pursued that, first.

I gazed at her as I spoke, "Dor, I have the oddest feeling that I have met you before."

The three chuckled and I looked at them bewildered and intrigued. Dor responded with a giggle mixed in with her words, "You were a little preoccupied. I was fumbling around you trying to assist you as you helped the other guests with the dogs. Remember? The first week when you were here?"

I looked at her and was thinking back to that time. Then, the light of recollection came to me. "I do ... you were wearing shorts and a t-shirt. The rest of us were naked, but ... yes, you were right there on your knees gently touching the women and dogs." I looked at the others, "You were there, too?"

Adam got embarrassed, "We were. Tami and I didn't know what to do, though. I guess we decided we were better off staying out of the way."

"So ... you don't have a problem with the idea of animals mating with women? It doesn't offend you? Any of you?" They were all shaking their heads, even Amy.

Tami, "Annie, we know who you are, what you do with animals, and why you are here. We know you have the most sexually charged responsibility at the resort. We've talked about it ... at least the three of us ... and we want to support you in any way we can. We mean, ANY way. We are thrilled to have you here; thrilled to have someone to work for that really cares about the animals; thrilled that your concern is the safety of the guests, but especially the animals; and, we're thrilled to have the opportunity to explore our own fantasies and desires through assisting you."

"Really? You all feel that way?" Dor and Adam affirmed it unison. I looked to Amy.

"What can I add to that, Annie? Since I talked to you on the boat coming over, my mind has been churning over possibilities of what might be possible to experienced Yes, I agree completely."

I was all smiles. "Unbelievable! Wonderfully, though." I filled the others in on the discussions Amy and I had, as well as Amy's background and qualifications. "I have installed Amy as the Manager for the barn and animals with her qualifications, but she ... and I ... will be leaning on you heavily. No one of us has all the experience or knowledge about what we need to do or be concerned with, especially for the animals. Just after reviewing the personnel files, Amy's comment to me was that we would have a 'hell of a team', if you agreed to continue on with us."

Almost in unison, enough so that it caused others to turn to look at our table, "We're in!"

Adam cleared his throat to get our attention, "One thing, though. Annie, you said animals with women. Why just women?"

I was prepared for this, even if I hadn't cleared it with Sylvia, yet. "I believe sex in any form should be consensual and safe. It can include challenging situations and exploring the limits of your perceived boundaries, but it means being safe and controlled in the process. That means, to me, a freewill involvement. Does an animal have that; you ask? I break it down this way: If a male animal mounts me and begins seeking to penetrate me, then fucking me, he has made a choice; if a female animal is mounted by a man, has she been given the same choice? And, how would we know?" I looked at him and he smiled. I saw that Tami and Dor were also smiling and holding something back. There was something those three knew that Amy and I didn't.

Dor cleared her throat, looked at the tables around ours, and lowered her voice, "Adam is bisexual.

He doesn't mean him fucking them, he means ..." She didn't finish, but she didn't need to.

I looked at him, studied him, "Wow ... sorry, I didn't mean being bisexual. I think I am, at least with women I like. Maybe it is easier for women to express sexual interest with another woman than it is for men." I studied him further and saw him getting nervous. "That's interesting ... only because I have never taken an animal anally. A few men in a previous life, but not for a while now. Never an animal." I shivered at a thought. "I could take a dog cock in the ass, but the knot? What a thought ..." When I looked at them over the rim of my wine glass as I took a bigger than usual drink, I saw them all watching me. I might have blushed. Jake always marveled that I could be so sexual and still blush. "That sure took an interesting turn in the discussion. But, yes, Adam, in that context, I would amend the comment to include an animal mounting a man, too."

I saw Adam flinch and saw that Dor's arm was extending toward him under the table. She smiled, "Yes, and the conversation turn had quite an effect on him."

That caught us off guard, but we recovered with a growing laughter until they saw my look of interest into Dor's eyes. "And you, Dor ... did it make him harder than you are wet?" Everyone looked at her, waiting for her response. She conceded being just as turned-on. I looked to the others and they were all agreeing. "Me, too. We're going to be one hell of a wild team!"

I got up from the table and asked them to follow me. They looked bewildered by the directness of my command, but they merely shrugged to one another and followed. I exited the restaurant building and turned down the path to the barn. In the trees inside the island, the light of the evening was fading much faster. An interesting feature of the island came to view with the decreasing light. Small light fixtures were installed at ground level that showed the way of the path more than lighting the way. It was still very dark, but it was easy to see where the path went. At junctions was a marker showing the destination of each branch of the path and a light illuminating the marker. I was still very new to the island, but I wanted to find the barn and I soon saw the lights of the building come into view. I stopped short of the building's main door and turned to the others.

"Two things and both are at your discretion. You have agreed to be a part of the team. First, we have the ability to have our accommodations separate and together, closer to this spot. If you are interested in joining Amy and me at the little cove, move your stuff first thing in the morning."

Tami, "The little cove?!? We get the little cove? How did you manage that?"

"I'll take that as agreement. Second, the night isn't too late for a ... what would I call it? ... training sessions? ... no ... team building event. Yes, I think a team building event. In simple terms, a mini-orgy. Any takers?" The earlier conversation and openness had them intrigued about possibilities and I already knew that. "How many dogs do we have that we can trust not to bite or nip?"

Tami looked at Dor and ventured a reaction, "I'd say only 3 of the 4. One is ornery."

"Okay, that will work just fine for us ... for now." I smiled at them. I turned to Amy, "Amy, remember that we need more dogs ... trained or that can be trained." I turned to the building and led them inside and down to the separated area with the dog runs. Tami came up and pointed out the three dogs. I looked at each of them, "Last chance, but I feel in the mood for some fun and sharing in that fun." I was unbuttoning my short sleeve blouse and had it unbuttoned to the top of my shorts when the others, each and every one of them, started doing the same.

I was naked, crouched in front of the kennels, talking to the dogs when the others came up alongside and behind me. I looked up from my crouch at them. My mind and heart were fluttering in reaction to what I realized as I looked at them. The four of them, standing naked, three women and one man.

They were the small group I would be working the closest with and they were ready to trust in me and follow me, not just in work but also in playful adventure.

With all the naked female flesh around him, Adam was firming up as he waited to find out what would happen next, waiting like the others. He ventured an inquiry, "What do we do now?"

I stood up and turned to them, putting out my hands to Amy and Dor who were next to me on each side. I waited and they in turn put out their hands to Tami and Adam, the circle becoming complete.

"You four are special people. Amid all the chaos of the resort failing, the mismanagement and uncertainty, you stayed with the animals. And, you've accepted me. You don't know how important that felt to me. You need to understand that when I agreed to accept Sylvia's offer to come here, I left a relationship and life situation with two of the most wonderful people I could ever have been with. I have been nervous ever since making that decision, wondering if I was making the worst decision of my life. We can't say how successful the resort will be, but ..." I made eye contact with each of them, squeezing the two hands in mine, "... I am feeling much better about my decision since meeting you."

It was awkward for a moment and we were standing together naked and that added an additional level of awkwardness, an awkwardness that needed to be broken. "Remember what I said about sex. Open, honest, consenting, and safe. If you don't feel comfortable with something, just don't do it. There will be no judgement, no negativity." They nodded, but the interest was back in place where awkwardness had just been. "To answer Adam's question, we have three dogs and three women who have not experienced anything of canine pleasure. You really need to experience a dog licking you. We'll work up to more as we go." They looked at the dogs shyly. I indicated a nice spot for them to lie down, then went to get the dogs. I knew the women were aroused and the dogs would pick up on that quickly enough.

Adam assisted in maneuvering the dogs between the nervous legs of the women. At the first sniff and bump of nose to their crotches, a chorus of sighs and gasps came from the women. I smiled as they moved their hands in the air, not knowing what to do with them, already afraid of distracting the dogs from the attention they were quickly giving them. The first licks were tentative, looking up at the females as they twitched and flinched and made noises, checking to verify they weren't doing something they shouldn't. After a short time of that, though, the tongues were in constant motion, lapping at the wet pussies. The more lapping, the more wetness escaped for them to lap up. The women, in turn, went into full moaning and groaning mode.

I adjusted my footing and bumped into Adam. I didn't look at him, just slid my arm around his waist, then up his back and down to his ass. His back was strong and broad, his ass tight. I turned to him and pulled him into a kiss, pressing my bare breasts into his chest, my bare crotch into his hardened cock. He was a good three to four inches taller than me and I looked up at him, "You have to settle for me. I hope that's okay." We kissed, again. He mumbled something as he pressed his cock into my lower abdomen. I took that as positive. I pulled back and spoke into his mouth with short gasps, "We'll work out ... the ... other thing for you. I ... promise." But, then I pulled him down onto the floor on top of me.

There was little need or desire for subtleties at this point. The arousal of the situation, the newness of our relationships, the dog action going on alongside us, was all too much for either one of us. He was the kind of lover I need; I could already tell. He was urgent and direct, not wasting time, but I could feel him struggling with his brain. On the one hand, he wanted to give me foreplay and gentleness, but his body and mine refused the delay. There was a conflict playing out, but even in the midst of the conflict he was gentle, even in the urgency he was attentive, and even in his desire

to be inside me he watched my reaction as he pressed in, further and further, until my mouth was wide open and I gasped out as I felt him completely inside me. His was the largest man-cock I have ever felt. Maybe it was the situation, the newness, the group together, but I doubted it. But it wasn't the size that made me gasp the most, made me hang on to his shoulders, made me wrap my legs around him and clasp my ankles on his back. He was good. He drove into me firmly, but with care. He changed his pace and angle, kissing my mouth, arching his back to kiss my breasts, nip my nipples. I heard sounds around me and couldn't have cared less about the others. I wondered if the others had been with him before. Did they know about this? Between groans I smiled, knowing that soon they would all have had his cock inside them. Yes, we were going to be a wonderful team!

I was lying on my back, my head resting on Adam's shoulder. The building was quiet after the tumultuous climax of the five of us in fairly close proximity to each other. The dogs were lying near the women they had just satisfied with their tongues, perhaps wondering what might happen next with these crazy females. I heard someone behind me stir, one of the women, then the sound of faster movement followed by a piercing shriek. That brought everyone to a sitting position and before I could look around to see what had caused the first shriek, it was followed by two others. I looked at them, then turned to look in the direction their eyes were focused. Then I saw, standing in the open doorway at the end of the building, only partially illuminated by the lights at our end of the building ... Sylvia Contreras.

She stood in the doorway, her hands on her hips, her face hidden by the bad light. The others froze, twisting and turning to seek out any item of covering they could to cover their bodies. There wasn't anything to grab near enough to be of use. I simply smiled and stood up, walking towards her as she started walking toward us. I was very much aware of my body, naked and exposed, as I approached the owner of the resort, my boss in this venture. I was positive it was that fact of her being the boss that had the others frozen. This was the big boss, the owner, and they were here naked after having sex with each other or the dogs. I didn't forget where we were, though. This was the future of *Erotico Fantasia la Isla*, *Erotic Fantasy Island*. I also knew that the reason for its existence, the reason why this woman was willing to invest her own money, risk losing more of that money, was that she too had her own *Erotico Fantasia*. I knew what some of them were. Our private conversations leading up to my agreeing to join her venture had exposed to me the desires of this woman and she had learned of desires that I still yearned for. She also suspected, perhaps was convinced, that even I didn't understand the range of potential desires that lay within me, waiting to be uncovered, resurrected, if you will.

We met half way between the door and the others who were now huddled together, very conscious of their nudity. As I took the last steps to her, she opened her arms, and I stepped into her embrace. She hugged me tightly, her hands moving over my bare back and touching the top of my ass. She separated us slightly and looking longingly into my eyes.

"I've wanted to hold you and touch you like that for so long, Annie. I hope you don't mind an old woman taking liberties?"

I put my hands on either side of her face and brought my lips to hers. The first kiss was a simple touch, exploratory, a feeling and hint of what might come. She didn't flinch or pull back. The second kiss was long, fully exploring, our bodies coming together in the embrace.

"Sylvia, my dear lady, you are neither an old woman or taking liberties. I freely give myself to you. I not only desire to making this venture a success for you, but I desire to fully satisfy any desires you bring to me to be satisfied. But, you know that. I have already professed that to you." I spoke just loudly enough for the other to hear clearly what I was committing. I turned and led her, arm in arm, until we were standing in front of the others. "You all know Sylvia Contreras, the owner and our

boss. But, I don't know that she knows you." I half turned to her, my arm still wrapped around hers, "Sylvia, I want to introduce you to the best team in your employ." They shifted nervously as I introduced each separately by name and responsibility.

She moved to hug and kiss each cheek as the introduction were made. When she came to Adam, she couldn't help but glance down, then embarrassed, looked up into his face and repeated the greeting. Before stepping back, she couldn't resist a comment, though. "Adam, you are quite the strong, young man." There was a wink from her as she said it and everyone caught it.

I chuckled at his nervousness at the attention, naked and exposed before the woman. "Yes, well ... I can certainly attest to that", I stated. Everyone laughed, even if Adam's was a bit self-conscious.

She said that she was out in search of me when she saw the building's lights on and decided to investigate. She had wanted to further discuss comments and ideas I had presented to her earlier. She had thought about them, agreed completely, and was looking for more assistance in how to bring it the others and seek their understanding and acceptance.

"I fear, though, that this might not be the most appropriate time for that discussion."

I moved over to be with my naked team standing in front of Sylvia. "I think you may be right about the timing. I would suggest about 30 minutes from now might find us all more relaxed and at ease to have that discussion. It is something I would like them to hear as well, if you don't mind."

"That's fine, Annie. I yield to your guidance. But ... what is going to happen in 30 minutes that will make a difference?"

"I know for a fact that one of your fantasies that you are most urgent to live out is with dogs. It just so happens that these three young women took their first step into having sex with dogs tonight. So, you would be in good company, if you allowed us to lead you through that same first step."

I head gasps in unison as they heard what I was saying to her. Sylvia, however, was only looking at me, as I was at her. She nodded and smiled, her hands moving to the buttons of her short sleeved blouse. I kept my eyes on Sylvia, partly as encouragement and partly to show her my own desire. I spoke to the others, "We will need the dogs, again. You three can take the second step tonight."

Amy came up behind me, "What's the second step?"

I chuckled, "It's not really so well defined, but tonight you were licked by the dogs, now you can return the favor to them." Again, I heard gasps, but they retrieved the dogs and held them at the ready.

When Sylvia was undressed like us, I led her to the same area we had been and laid her on her back. I stroked her stomach and breasts, "Tonight, dear Sylvia ... tonight you will feel the delights of a dog's tongue." Her eyes followed Tami closely as she brought a dog over to her and led him between her spread legs. Sylvia looked up at me, then at Tami, and settled on the dog as it sniffed at her crotch, gave her a tentative lick, hesitating an instant to watch for a reaction, then licked more when all he encountered was a moan from this woman, too.

I then directed that the other two dogs be put down on their sides and two of them start playing with the sheath and cock tip. I reminded them about its sensitivity from being in the sheath and to use saliva and pre-cum to lubricate the cock as it emerged. I then had Dor, the one who didn't move quickly enough to the other dogs, and directed her onto her side under the dog licking Sylvia. I sought out some soft items to use to prop her head for comfort. Adam was standing, just watching at



this point. I had forgotten that he said he was bisexual. He could just as well have taken one of the cocks, but this would work better for the group tonight.

I touched Tami and Amy to get their attention, "Either of you object to Adam joining in with you while you are busy?" They both shook their heads. "Adam, there are two needy pussies. I am confident you can help them out."

Adam knelt behind Amy and slowly, gently, entered her pussy. He went in easily. I knew she was ready. When he was fully inside her, she moaned out around the cock she had just put into her mouth. Tami looked over at her, then behind to see Adam stroking in and out. She smiled around the cock and gave it renewed energy. Adam stroked into Amy five or six times, pulled out and got a groan of disappointment, then penetrated Tami, getting a moan and sigh as he fully stroked into her.

I checked on Dor and she had a mouthful of dog cock. Sylvia was in the throes of moaning and groaning under the relentless licking of the dog. She was mumbling an assortment of unintelligible words or sounds, many of them in Spanish. Occasionally, though, I heard repeated, "Thank you, thank you, thank you ..."

I saw several of the dogs twitch and jerk. They might be close, wanting to have their knots embedded, but that wasn't going to happen. "Okay, ladies, you've been getting a lot of pre-cum up to this point, much more than a man would give you. Their cum will be the same, meaning much more and waterier. Be ready for it. Keep a hand on the knot and feel when he is about to climax. Take what you can, swallow it if you can."

I heard Sylvia scream her release, bringing my attention back to her. Then, I saw Dor under the same dog jerk her head back with a gagging gasp and cum dripping over her face. She knelt up giggling, smearing the cum over her face and neck. The other dogs were also cumming, but Adam was still plowing into the two pussies. I directed Dor over to the other women and she quickly took up her position alongside Tami on her hands and knees. Adam saw the new pussy, pulled out of Amy, and moved past Tami to penetrate Dor. Maybe it was just timing; maybe it was a new pussy, but Adam came going into Dor.

I stood at the side and surveyed the scene in front of me. Sylvia was lying on her back, her eyes closed, her breathing still heavy but relaxing. The dogs were off licking themselves clean, their cocks and knots still large. Adam was collapsed on the back of Dor who topple to the side taking him with her. Tami and Amy were lying on their sides, both with smiles on their faces.

I had a smile on my face, too. Not bad. Not bad at all. A lot worse ways to bring a group together ...

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

We did have that conversation with Sylvia after. We all adjourned to the larger cottage. I thought it was another excellent indication about the group that everyone, including Sylvia, picked up their clothes and carried them to the cottage without putting them back on.

The conversation Sylvia wanted to have was about the function of the resort relative to the fantasies of the guests. I had argued to the senior management group that we could anticipate that creating an open environment, clothing optional and adults only, wouldn't be sufficient for the guests to 'somehow' match up to satisfy all of their specific fantasies. They may certainly have sex in various forms, but would that necessarily match up with all the fantasies they brought with them. Sylvia wanted to delve into that line of thinking deeper and, as it turned out, having my group their helped

tremendously. They brought their own ideas and considerations forward. Of course, several bottles of good wine helped the openness of the discussion.

I tried to convince Sylvia to spend the night. We had an extra bedroom in the other cottage, but she declined. "I've intruded on all of you quite enough for one night."

I did insist, though, that Adam walk her back to the administration buildings where she had her apartment. Since she spent only part of her time on the island and other times at one of her homes in Venezuela or Brazil, an apartment was more to her suiting. We were finishing off the wine when Adam returned and he was chuckling. I asked why.

"She's quite a character. If her attitude is any indication, I cannot imagine how this resort idea can fail."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, as we were walking back, she thanked me for accompanying her, even if she thought it wasn't necessary. This was her island, after all. But, she confessed that she 'wasn't going to pass up an opportunity to spend more time with a naked young man.' When I got her to her apartment door, she gave me a kiss." He seemed to blush. "It was just a friendly kiss." The women joked with him about getting something going with the top boss. "But, as I was leaving, she said something interesting. I was to be sure to ask you, Annie, about her expectations for the resort being a success. She said she thought we were right on with our ideas and we shouldn't be afraid to suggest things that increase the cost, if it makes the resort what she envisioned it being." He looked around the circle and stopped at me. "What did she mean by that?"

"She is very impressed with you guys. All of you. She was sincere about how she felt being accepted tonight. There is a big difference in position status through this group and up to Sylvia. She didn't feel any of that. You helped her begin to realize one of her fantasies. She was also impressed with the passion and commitment of your thoughts and ideas about the resort and the guests that will be coming. Management succeeds at nothing unless the people in contact with the guests make it a success through their actions and passion. You guys have demonstrated that to her. I felt it almost immediately, I knew she would, too."

Amy said, "I think maybe that we are just a good compliment to you. It seems to be the attitude that you have. You don't act like a manager of people like we are used to. You flow with us, hear our ideas, and adjust as we go. I for one really appreciate that. And, I think Sylvia relates to that, also." The others were nodding their heads.

It got quiet as I considered the 4 of them sitting in our little circle continuing the talk we had with the owner. Sitting naked in a circle, sipping wine, and talking about business. Everyone seemed comfortable. Dor had her legs crossed, but it seemed like the natural thing for her to do. Adam was slouched in his chair, his legs sticking straight out and his feet about a foot apart. His soft cock was fully in view. The other two women were sitting with one leg tucked under them, opening their pussies slightly to view. I was sitting back in my chair, my knees about six inches apart. Jake and Bobbi wanted to be able to see my pussy without making a big deal about it, but in the process I became very comfortable not always sitting like a lady.

"Thank you for saying that. Then, that's what makes us such a good team, a high degree of respect and comfort with each other." I looked at them and thought about the words that Sylvia shared with me many weeks before. "Sylvia was very disappointed with the execution of the last opening of the resort. It was why she revamped the resort physically by added more facilities and updating what

was here. It was also why she fire the management team. That in itself is refreshing when the management group is truly held accountable for not having better vision, leadership, and training of the people. I am not sure how much I should be sharing, but ..." I held the gaze of each individual. "This is how she said it me. And, since I am not sure how much she intended for me to share, please hold this is strict confidence within our group." They all nodded their understanding. "In her words, she has no end to money when her husband died. She wants this resort to work, partly because she has her own repressed fantasies and she is sure there are many others who would look for a place where they could safely live out some of those fantasies. She is not looking to base success on the amount of profit she makes. In fact, it is just the opposite. If she can merely break even, she would consider it a success. We are going to be holding in our hands the desires and fantasies of people, not just pandering to their comfort and excess. There are numerous Caribbean resorts; many that are clothing optional; some of those that are adults only; but, there are none that are quite like this one where we will not only allow, but encourage and support sexual adventures of people who believed there fantasies and desires were unattainable in their normal lives."

Amy nodded in thought, then offered, "And, that's why she's encouraging us to continue with our ideas and critique."

"Exactly. Everybody is thinking about the resort starting up from the standpoint of a typical resort structure and function. It is what they are used to, what they can relate to. That function of the resort is important, too. But, it isn't the entirety of this resort. She wants us to continue to challenge the standard approach."

Amy was very engaged, "I think we all see holes in the way this might work. As we've talked, there are issues with uniforms depending on the intention the staff is going to represent. There are the issues of how do we support the guests in their fantasies? Who? How? What do we expect from the guests to live up to during their stay?"

Tami added her concern, "If there are this many issues and we need more animals that have to be guest friendly, how does all that happen in the time remaining?"

"All good questions. That's why we need to focus and pull together. I trust you guys to be able to do this. Don't feel like you need to run things past me or get approval. There is a meeting of all the managers and above to be held the day after tomorrow. I think it is 1:00 PM, isn't it Amy?"

"Yes."

"So, between now and then, the animals are first, but then we divide up and conquer. This is what we're going to do ..."

The next morning, I woke from a sound and restful sleep. I woke with energy and purpose. I left my bedroom and entered the common area between the rooms. I stood there and looked at my new surroundings. I found the coffee makings and started the coffee, then went into the bathroom. The coffee was ready when I returned and I took a mug out to the porch on the front of the cottage. At least, I was calling the beach side the front. It was nice to sit and look out over the beach and the quiet cove beyond. It was too much for me to resist. I refilled my mug and took it out onto the beach, then to the water's edge and into the water up to my knees. It was idyllic. The quiet cove water and the ocean out beyond. The palm trees and white sands. I was so lost in the scene that I didn't hear the gentle sounds of water moving behind me, which would have announced the arrival of Amy.

Holding her mug in her left hand, she wrapped her right arm around my waist and pulled us together. She too was naked. I looked at her. An Iowa girl so comfortably naked outside. She

squeezed me in closer, "This is amazing, Annie! Thank you!"

"Not me ... I didn't create this."

"No, you didn't. You did invite me into it, though. I won't let you down. And, I can tell the others feel just as committed to you."

"It's not me, it's the resort and the guests."

"We know. We also know that following your lead will be the best for the resort. We all trust you."

I turned to her. "Amy, I feel way over my head here. I don't have any management training or experience like you do. I don't have animal care training like Tami. I didn't grow up around animals all my life like Dor, Tami, and you. I think I need you guys more than you need me."

She put her hand out, her index finger under my chin, and raised it, just like Jake did. "Then we're a team! Annie, you instill passion, conviction, and courage in us. Sylvia is confident in you and that's all we need." She leaned in and kiss me lightly on the lips. I was taken by surprise at the tenderness and feeling. "You lead us ... we'll support you. Surely you realize by now that there isn't anything the five of us can't do." She was smiling broadly.

I stepped into her and we hugged. The feel of her breast against mine was nice. It flashed back to me memories of Bobbi, and I hugged Amy to me tighter. She whispered in my ear, "Until you, I didn't know I had a bi-side to me. I hope you don't mind me saying that ..."

I looked into her eyes, "Thank you for telling me ... I am feeling the same way about you." We kissed. This time not so gently.

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The day seemed to go quickly, too quickly for as much as I felt we needed to get accomplished. We spent the morning with the animals, making sure their schedule was unaffected, then we scattered to attend to our assignments, then reconvened for dinner. The contractor had assured Sylvia that he would be completed in the next week. Then the resort could go to normal mode for training and preparation for the first guests' arrival. Sylvia had sprung a surprise on all of us. The first group coming would include many of the first guests who the resort had disappointed. Six of the eight original couples or groups had accepted her invitation. As an incentive, she waved the resort fees. All they had to do was get here. Since the original resort premise was strictly beastiality, the pressure from them would be largely on our group.

At dinner I got an update from everyone and I was very pleased. I felt that with just a little reinforcement effort in the morning, we would be ready to present to the management meeting. I held up my wine glass and extended it into the center of the round table, "To you! I am honored to be able to work with four such outstanding people."

Amy, ever the manager worrier, "Are you sure you want us to present this to them? Don't you think it would be better coming from someone at their level?"

"You know the managers will also be at this meeting. Shoot, some of the supervisors might be there. No, trust me, this will have more impact coming from you. Guys, don't forget, it isn't the senior executives that make the impression on the guests. You'll do great. I'll be there, if needed. I'll start it off, then call on you."

We just finished an after-dinner drink. It is nice having our tab on the resort. I could see they were still somewhat nervous about the meeting tomorrow afternoon, but I had already decided how to divert their overactive minds. They had done a great job, they needed to relax.

I stood up and looked at the three women at the table, "Ready for step three?"

Almost in unison they said, "Step three? What's step three?"

"Get mounted by the dogs."

Amy shook her head, but not in a way of indicating 'no', more in a way of disbelief. "You're amazing, Annie!"

"Too much, too fast?"

"No ... no, I'm not saying that ... it's just ... you're amazing. You are so passionate about life and experiences."

I looked at them quietly, soulfully. I looked out the window at the moon rising over the water and through the palm trees. Then, I refocused on them. "Sometime I'll share with you why that might be. Soon. But, you're right, I guess I am. There is a reason and that reason taught me something. You can't do passion halfway. Living your passion means you're all in. You trust your heart, trust your gut, and trust your companions you bring along on the journey, wherever that takes you. I took you as my companions on this part of my journey."

She chuckled, "We're glad you are taking us. We trust you, too. We're just trying to keep up!" They all laughed and stood up with me. Amy took my hand and pulled me toward the door with the others following close behind.

When we got to the barn building this time, there was no wasted time or hesitation. Everyone stripped out of their clothes. The three dogs came to the front of their runs and sat expectantly. But, there were only three. I asked about that and Amy said she had it sent to the Humane Society on Trinidad where it can be adopted. I smiled at her, she was making decisions and not waiting for me. I liked that.

The dogs were brought out and the four of them plus the three dogs stood opposite me and waited. The three women showed their readiness in their erect nipples. Adam's cock was stiffening just a bit. The three dogs were showing the tips of their own cocks from their sheaths.

Tami broke the quiet, "You should write this down, Annie. Whether this is the only way to introduce a woman to mating with a dog or not, I think it is a good way. I find that it moves my consciousness to the final act."

"That's good, maybe I will then, if you think it could be useful to guest who are newbies." We chuckled. "But now it is you three. Sorry, Adam, you are stuck with me, again."

"No problems, Annie. I'm a little intimidated by the dogs and those knots."

"Good, but it is something I am interested in now, too." I winked at him and he smiled. I thought it might be helpful knowing someone else would be taking a cock up the ass with him. "You're all in?"

"All in!"

“What a group! You’re going to let me corrupt you, aren’t you? Okay ... things to keep in mind. This isn’t the final stage, just the beginning of your understanding and experiencing dogs. Different dogs, different experiences. You are familiar with their cocks. My choice for being mounted is to encourage the cocks out of the sheath. You can develop your own preferences, but for now ... heed my guidance. My partner in Arizona and I found that coaxing the cock out for deeper initial penetration worked best. The natural way for a dog to mate is to just mount, stab (repeatedly), find the pussy, thrust like crazy, end up pulling out and doing it all over, again. Me, I much prefer avoiding the frustration of having to try all over again.” They nodded. The three women were stroking the dogs’ heads, but watching and listening to me closely. “You know how to coax the cocks out; you gave them blowjobs last night. You can see by their attentiveness tonight that they remember that. Once you have them out, I’d say three or four inches, then you can assume the position. You’ve heard of the doggy position; this is where the term comes from. Hands and knees, present your ass to him. He is likely to sniff you, maybe lick you some. I don’t think you will mind too much, but when you want to get to the mounting, push his snout away and pat your ass. In a sense, we are in the process of training these guys so they may need some encouragement. Once they mount you, jumping on your back, he will probe with his cock for your pussy. Do yourself a favor, slip a hand between your legs and assist him into your pussy. When he is inside you, he is going to seem to go crazy. It is just that way they fuck. It’s frantic. Don’t try to match strokes like you might with a man, present a rigid base and let him pound you. Soon, you will feel his knot. That knot is going to go inside you. You want that. Believe me, you want that. That is one of THE things about dogs ... experiencing the knot. It will stretch you. Some dogs more than others. Once inside you, it grows. Amazing! It seems huge going in, but it gets bigger once it is inside you. It ties you to him. It is a way for him to hold his semen inside the bitch, to help insemination. Don’t be surprised if you actually feel like his bitch at that point. You might feel like you are giving yourself to him as his bitch. It is a weird feeling. After he cums, you will be tied to him. Literally, you will be stuck to him. He is likely to turn so you are ass-to-ass with him. It will pass. The knot has to shrink. Usually, it might be five to ten minutes. He will test the tie. He will pull. Enjoy it. Move with it, change your direction and pull yourself. Bump the knot against your g-spot enough and you could find another orgasm while tied.”

When they realized I was finished with my instructional, they did what they needed to do. They put the dogs onto the floor and proceed to put their attention on the sheaths and exposed cock tips. They were quick and eager learners. Whatever happened with regard to the success of the resort in the future, it wouldn’t be for lack of effort on the part of this group.

Momentarily satisfied with the activity of those three, I turned to Adam and put my arms around his neck, sliding my naked body into his. As I reached my mouth to his, pressing my breasts and groin into him, I felt his cock against my abdomen as it stiffened against me.

“So ... what would you like to do with me this time? Do you have a particular position you would like?”

In the embrace, he lifted me up and slipped his cock between my legs before setting me back down on my feet. In so doing, his cock head was pressed along my pussy. I moved back and forth along it, the position cause constant pressure up onto my pussy.

He smiled at me, “You are very wet.”

I gave him the same smile back, “You are very hard.”

“Yes, as a matter of fact, I would like to do anal with you. After all, you said you wanted to try anal with the dogs, so ...”

“So, you’re just trying to be helpful ...”

“Exactly.”

“You’re so sweet to only think of me. But, you aren’t going in there without lubrication.”

He smiled, again. He kissed me on the lips, then pulled his hard cock out from between my thighs, turned and knelt down next to Tami who was kneeling at the rear end of one of the dogs. He said something to her. Her mouth stopped the up and down motion she had been using on the dog cock, pulled her mouth off, said something quickly to him, and returned to the cock. Adam rushed into the examination room that had access from both the outside and inside and could accommodate both dogs and other animals, except the horses.

I turned to see the progress of the women and dogs. What a sight. Three nice looking asses pointed my way, each with pussies visible. All three were different, but in basic body shape. All the women were fit, but their body shapes were different, like Bobbi and I were.

Adam returned in minutes holding up a tube of lubrication. “Tami has this for working with the animals. It’s water soluble and odorless.” He was smiling like the Cheshire Cat.

The women were transitioning to moving to all fours, but stopped to look at us. Dor spoke up, “You’re going to do it? I don’t know if I could take a cock up my ass.”

I smiled at her and the others, then turned to Adam and kissed him. “He’s such a dear for trying to help me ...” I winked at him and moved to my hands and knees in front of him like the other women were moving into the same position for the dogs. I turned my head to look at him over my shoulder, “You will lubricate me really well, won’t you? All kidding aside, Adam, it has been a while.”

“We don’t have to do it anally, Annie. I just thought ...”

I turned around so I was kneeling before him. I took the tube from his hands, squeezed some into my left hand and rubbed my hands together before applying it to his hard cock, which instantly got harder as the implication became clear to him. I then handed the tube back to him, looking up into his face. “Any questions?” He shook his head.

I resumed my position on my hands and knees and soon felt his fingers applying the lube to the outside of my anal opening, then a finger with a glob of it being pushed past my sphincter. I felt him saw his finger back and forth several times, then he pulled out only to be replaced by more fingers. With two fingers buried in my ass, he turned them right and left, then pulled and pushed into me. When he pulled them out the next time, I immediately felt the head of his erect cock pressed against my asshole. I noticed that I was holding my breath, then noticed in that moment how quiet it was. I looked to the other women and saw them in the same position as myself only with a dog on top of them. All three of them had their hands between their legs and I saw that they, too, were holding their breath. By complete coincidence, all four of us were penetrated at nearly the same time, each of us gasping for the air we had been depriving ourselves of, gasping and moaning at the same time.

Satisfied that they were well on their way to experiencing their first doggy fuck, I concentrated on my own situation ... my first anal in a long time. I could hear the women alongside me moaning at the feeling of dog cock in their pussies and I related to that first experience. Now, I was tense about taking man cock into my ass. I told myself to relax, breath, think about the pleasures I could anticipate, but all I could think about as his cock pressed against my unyielding sphincter, insisting on stretching it open, was what I was thinking about when I stated a desire to take dog cock in my ass. I took a deep breath, decided then and there to relax and cooperate instead of being afraid. I

pressed back against him, feeling my sphincter opening, stretching around him. He was leaning over me, his body against my back, his hands cupping my breasts as they gently swung from our efforts.

“You know you want this, Annie. You want to feel a cock inside your ass, again. But, this time, you want it on your terms, you want to have it because, this time, you want it, not somebody else. You also want it because it brings you one step closer to realizing a fantasy, a desire, of yours. Remember the dog cock anally, Annie. You want that, you want this to have that.”

God, he was good. He was inside my brain, talking not to my mind, but to my desires. He wheedled his way into my desires, finding a way to motivate me to go further. I had never really liked anal before, why did I ever think doggy anal would be different. But, he was right, for whatever reason, I did want it. And, he was right that it mattered that this time and going forward it was because I wanted it.

I felt my sphincter opening, stretching, and I knew this was it. I was going to tense up and it would end or I would have what I wanted. I sucked in a breath and he lifted himself off my back, as if he anticipated what the intake of breath signified. If he did, he was right. With that breath held in my lungs, I pushed back ... hard. I felt the last vestige of resistance and, with my will to have what I wanted, my sphincter relented and his cock was inside me. Only the head at this point, but he was past the tightness, and ... and, he was very good ... he held in that position, allowing my invaded ass to adjust, waiting for me.

In only moments, I felt my ass relaxing and I pushed back a little more, taking more of him into me. I pulled slightly away and pushed back, taking more. I looked over my shoulder, straining my neck to look at him as much as I could, “Thank you, Adam. You are very good at this, very considerate. Tell me ...” I was moving smoothly on his cock and he picked up the action, too. “Have you ever ... have you ...?”

He kissed my bare back, then moved my long hair to one side and kissed my neck. “Have I taken a cock myself?” I nodded as we settled into a smooth and comfortable rocking forward and back. “No. I don’t really have much bi experience. One guy in the ass and some joint sucking. I am very interested, though. Maybe the dogs ...”

“Hmmm ... you are good at this.” I noticed movement to my side and saw a strained look on Amy’s face. She was taking the knot; I was sure of it. I was definitely sure of it when she cried out suddenly and it turned into deep, guttural moans. A smile taking over her face where the stain had been showing. She looked my way and we shared weak, knowing, and understanding smiles. Her eyes got wide and her mouth started forming shapes that sounds should have followed, but didn’t ... not for moments.

Then, “Oh my god! I can’t believe the feeling ... the knot is huge ... his cock is huge ... he’s ... he’s ... oooooooooohhhhhhh ... yesssss ... Annie ... yesssssss.”

I smiled and pushed back on Adam harder, more deliberately than before. He was guiding me, too, his hands on my hips, pulling me, pushing me, pushing into me as he guided me along his shaft. I felt him twitch inside, grow incredible hard; then, he held me tightly to him, his cock buried deep inside me. My hands shifted as I balanced on one arm, the other sending its hand to between my legs and pressing on my clit, strumming it, rubbing it back and forth, fingers sliding along my empty pussy, dipping inside, then out to my clit. The first spurt of his cum inside my ass and I was joining him, cumming with a combination of the act, my imagination of the dogs, the dog activity around us, my fingers strumming my nub, all playing into an incredible orgasm.



My hand between my legs dropped to the floor, desperately providing balance against a shivering and shaking body in the throes of orgasm. I sank my chest to the floor, Adam following down with me, his body lying on my back, his cock remaining deep inside me, his hands finding my breasts, pushing between them and the floor, gently, lovingly fondling them.

I heard sounds to the side and remembered the others. I turned my head to them and saw Amy in a similar position, her chest and face on the floor but a dog attached to her pussy. He had already turned and was ass-to-ass with her. Her eyes flicked to her rear and I followed them and saw what she was indicating. She remembered. I saw her butt giving small pulls against the knot buried inside her. She smiled at me. I saw her mouth move and I focused intently on her lips as they formed unspoken words, 'Thank you'. I smiled back at her and closed my eyes. The future guests were not going to have the same problem of not having experienced staff to guide them in beastiality. I released a deep and contented sigh. I never thought anything could be better for me than the ranch ... and, maybe this isn't better ... but it is very good.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

The management meeting started off as usual, except this time it included all managers, not just the directors. Given that the resort had limited guest bookings with only 16 cottages, it was planned for an intimate experience for the guests while providing sufficient other guests for exploration of mutual experiential fantasies. As such, the number of staff and management required was significantly less than most other resorts or cruise ships, even the smaller ones.

Sylvia had Jim Harris, General Manager for the resort, lead the meeting as usual. She jumped in with comments and question as needed to satisfy herself on the progress of bringing the resort to preparedness for the first guest to arrive in about two months. The construction was completed and the contractors would be completely off the island in two days, at the latest.

Carlos, chef, indicated that the kitchen, restaurant, club, and the bar and cafe just off the beach, were all fitted, equipped, and stocked. He was in the process of finishing the hiring of cooks and bartenders, then completing their training. There was a need for a few more servers to completely cover the restaurant, bar, club and café as they might overlap.

The beach and aquatic manager, reporting to Jim, indicated the same readiness. All the toys (boats, wave-runners, paddle boards, and beach games, loungers, etc. were received and stocked. He thought they were covered for staffing the games and equipment.

Mary reported that housekeeping and laundry were ready. It was agreed that housekeeping would maximize coverage to provide excellent care of the cottages. Where a normal hotel or resort might have a person cover a dozen or more rooms, she had reduced that to five.

I had Amy report on the animal side of the resort. "We have sent one of the dogs back to the main island to the shelter for adoption. He just didn't work out to our satisfaction. The other three dogs are working out well. We could probably use a couple more dogs, though. We currently have four horses, two male and two mares. We need more if we are to provide horseback riding activities. Other animals don't exist, if we are going to provide that as an option for the guests."

Sylvia looked at her with a wink, "You say the other three dogs are 'working out well'. You mean temperament or what?"

"Temperament, of course. As with the fourth dog, we can't have animals that are not suited to being

around people without fear or nervousness. But, also, they are experienced in ... other more intimate activities." She ended that with a knowing smile.

Sylvia looked at the others around the table who were watching Amy intently. Despite the nature of the resort, the discussion of sexual involvement and detail of support had been noticeably reluctant to be brought out into the open. She looked at Amy with support and appreciation, "I think everyone understood what you were saying, but let's make sure. Make it clear what you were saying."

Amy looked at her, then to me. I had a sense she was hoping I would step in. She was still new to the idea of being a manager of a group so early after graduation and uncertain about her role. I was very casual and open in my relationships, personal and professional, and she applying the same approach, which was contributing to the easiness of our group. I just patted her hand in encouragement. She took a breath, "You're right, boss." She smiled at me, taking on my casual and familiar approach in relationships. After all, the entire group has shared intimate moments together with Sylvia. "Aside from needing a few more dogs, the ones we have are experienced in mating with women. In addition, and I think this is important to note after the failure previously, our group is personally experienced in mating with the dogs. Annie has provided excellent guidance for us to not only experience the dogs ourselves but to lead others into the experience."

There were a few mouths hanging open around the table. It wasn't lost on Sylvia. "Thank you, dear. That was exactly what I was wanting to hear." Without looking at Amy, but instead focused on the others around the table, "Do you expect that you'll have sexual relations with guests as a function of bringing guests and animals together?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I don't think there is really any question about that. We think it will be mostly the woman involved with the animals, but her partner will likely be present and that will ... well, he may ... likely will ... need some satisfaction." She giggled and Sylvia laughed. I just smiled. I couldn't be more pleased with the way Amy was handling the attention. I could see our team in the hallway who were waiting to come in for their presentation. They were trying to stay out of sight, but they were inching closer to the open door to hear this dialog. They had smiles on their faces and holding back their own laughing. The sexual participation with guests was a subject of early discussion and, now, anticipation.

Sylvia was all smiles. Her acceptance by the team in sexual activities proved to her how much our group could lead the rest of the resort forward. She also knew that we had more to present to push the expectations of the rest of the employee groups. She had personally challenged us and was aware of some of the ideas that were going to be presenting.

"Do you have anything else for us, Amy?"

Before Amy could respond, another manager challenged her. "You said 'other' animals would be needed. Why? Don't you think dogs are enough? What other animal mating do you think guests are going to need being available?"

Amy felt the challenge and became defensive. I could see her irritation increasing as she leaned forward, slightly turning to confront that manager. It had taken enough for her and the others to openly take the steps they had with the dogs and freely discuss the other options they might have to prepare for. I put my hand on her arm, she looked at me, took a calming breath, and she sat back in her chair.

"Thank you, Amy. You've represented your group exceptionally well. We could only hope for the organization's sake that every manager and group put themselves out to anticipate guest fantasies

as you and your group have.” I glanced at Sylvia and she gave me a subtle nod, indicating her approval. The manager in question was now on the defensive. Others were sitting back, as if wanting to be unnoticed.

“Amy does have more, but first to address this challenge. So everyone understands, I was brought here for a vague responsibility that hasn’t become any clearer during my time at the island. Her group has supported me in a proactive way, as opposed to the way that everyone else has tried to avoid. This is Erotic Fantasy Island. It is NOT a cute name. It is a very graphic name and explicit name. Yes, we need more and different animals. Some women will come here hoping to experience something they have only imagined from the internet or stories and dogs would be very effective in satisfying that curiosity. Dogs are loved by everyone, they are easy to relate to and get close to. Others will want more because they have already experienced dogs, or once they have done so here they may want something even more kinky or outrageous after that. How about a goat, or a hog, or a llama ... do you know that llamas mate for 20 to 45 minutes? Might a woman already into bestiality be fascinated by such a prospect? What about a tapir? The thing is, who knows what will attract a fantasy? We are here to satisfy fantasies. We may have limits to what we want to provide to them, but we shouldn’t judge.”

Nobody had anything further to add.

Sylvia turned to Amy, “This might be an appropriate time for you to continue.”

Amy got up and went into the hallway where she was greeted by Tami, Dor, and Adam. Tami embraced her, “You were wonderful! We heard everything. Thank you.” The three of them were dressed in the uniforms they had come up with. Adam held Amy’s out to her as she unbuttoned her blouse, removed her shorts and panties. The other employees in the admin building passed the word around until many of them were standing at the end of the hall watching as Amy got undressed, then dressed like the others.

The giggles and discussion just outside the door caused many inside the conference room to be curious. Not nearly as much as when the team filed in after Amy. I heard gasps from many of those sitting around the table. All four of them came into the room in the same outfits ... such as they were. They were bare above the waist, their hips covered with 12 inches of a soft white material that was wasn’t sheer but gave that illusion with a light behind it. It was held together by a single snap at the left hip. The women and Adam were wearing the same thing. They completed the outfits with only leather, strapped sandals, and black leather collars around their necks. All the women had their hair down long from the ponytails that had become common.

Someone exclaimed, “My god! Really? You plan on your team wearing that?”

I was sure the exclamation was directed at Amy. I stood and just smiled. Sylvia leaned back in her chair at the head of the table and turned slightly to me as I did. Amy handed me a similar piece of cloth and I proceeded to remove my blouse, shorts, shoes, and panties. I smiled at the team and fastened the material around my hips, setting it low on my hips like they had theirs. I noticed Dor poke Adam, which apparently woke him up for something he needed to do. It was then that I noticed he had something in his hand. He stepped back out of line and walked behind the others to be behind me. He whispered for me to raise my hair. He reached around me and fastened a collar around my neck ... like theirs. The team and I were standing before the rest with the barest amount of cloth around our hips and bare breasted ... or chested in Adam’s case.

I reached up and touched the collar. It produced a strange sensation to be wearing a collar. Sylvia broke my inner thoughts and feelings.

"I love it! Very suggestive, very erotic, very inviting. Please explain your thinking, though."

Amy nodded down the line. Dor and Adam took a half step forward, drawing attention from Amy to themselves. "Adam and I were assigned this part. Our goal was to come up with a uniform to be worn around our guest that would put them at ease and ... well, as you said, Sylvia, provide an appearance that was provocative, erotic, and inviting. We anticipate that most of our guest will be naked, or nearly so as often as possible. If we are interacting with them, it is because of beastiality or horseback riding. One you have to be naked; the other you can be naked. And, frankly, we think they will want to be naked if they interact with us dress like this."

"What about the collars?"

Adam spoke up, "This was a problem for us. If we are dressed like this, and we wanted to be, then how do we have a name tag to identify ourselves? I thought that since we are dealing with animals ... collars." He paused and Dor nodded to him, so he continued. "We fussed a little about how to minimize how much needed to be inscribed on the name plate. We thought a dog paw print, followed by our first name and first initial of the last name. Below our name is our primary responsibility. Dor and I have "Handler"; Tami has "Vet Tech"; Amy has "Manager"; and Annie has "Boss". My fingers went to my name plate, which I couldn't see. "Just kidding, Annie. Yours has "Guest Experience"."

There was an immediate stir around the table as groups started talking. Sylvia called for some order.

"I think finally you see the implication of this resort's expectations on all of us. These guys have met it head on. I am not suggesting you follow their uniform idea. Maybe you shouldn't, just to be different. Think about it, though. Also, think about the reality, like they have, that guests are going to be naked and looking to fill their sexual fantasies. If you think that doesn't impact you ... talk to Annie more."

Mary Harris called over the others, "Adam ... Adam, right? ... Adam, just out of curiosity, did you think about something for the name tags that wasn't a collar?"

He smiled and slid a necklace down the table to her. "We actually made one up for Housekeeping. It could be a delicate necklace for a woman or a heavier necklace chain for a man."

She looked at it, smiled, and handed it to her husband. "Using a bed is very descriptive and obvious." She looked around the table and settled on me. "Annie, I am very impressed. I like all of this. I think many of us have been ignoring the implication of this resort and how it would impact ourselves or our people. I want to talk more, as soon as possible."

I smiled at her. She said she and Jim were looking for something radically different. "Dinner tonight. Join my group, please."

On the way out of the room, Amy, Tami, Dor, and Adam were gleeful. I was pulled to the side and found Pat Connors, HR. She was standing with Mary and Jim.

"We need to talk about all this."

We agreed to all meet for dinner. Sylvia came up and put her arm around my bare waist.

"Dear god, Annie. I got so wet in there watching you guys in front of that group. But it worked, they finally see what needs to be done and what to expect to have happen. Thank you."

"No, thank you. Thank you for giving me this opportunity, for trusting in me. Join us for dinner, a

large table. We'll have a round table discussion and you'll feel even better. Then ... after dinner ... maybe we can take care of that 'wet' situation." I winked at her and she smiled, but her eyes filled with desire.

The dinner was fruitful. My team was joined by Mary and Jim Harris, Pat Conner, and Sylvia. The discussion eventually came around to the meeting earlier in the afternoon and our expectation of the kind of employee engagement with the guests that might result. Mary was becoming realistic, though.

"I think I see what you mean, Annie. Like your group who might end up 'taking care of' a husband while the wife is being mated by a dog or other animal, my group could easily find themselves assist a couple looking for a desired threesome." She giggled, "Which, come to think of it, could complicate the schedule for getting cottages cleaned." She looked a little embarrassed by the comment, but others were chuckling and nodding in understanding.

After dinner, my group lingered with Sylvia still with us, as if there was something more desired or needing to be spoken. If there was, it was by Sylvia. We were feeling good about how the meeting and discussions had gone.

"I think we all took this job at this resort for the same general reasons. A desire for something different, whether later in their life, me, or just starting out, you; but, we all wanted something different from life. Throw in a tropical island, clothing optional, the obvious sexuality ... it's what attracted us." She looked to the others but more to the me. "But, then we get here and we get into our jobs, enjoy the warmth and feel of the tropics ... but, the sexuality ... how do we do that?" Then she looked directly at me. "Confession time for me, but I feel like this is a safe group, even with the span of years between us. I want to be more involved, to experience more, things I never had before and maybe even other animals. I guess I have to appeal to you guys." She looked down at her hands, which she was ringing together. "I'm being a silly woman, right?"

The table went quiet. It was awkward, but she hit something that was shared. I watched the group, not sure how to continue it. Tami saved it, however. She pushed her chair back and walked around the table to stand behind Sylvia. If she noticed, she didn't indicate it. Tami put her hands on her shoulders, causing her to flinch. She looked over her shoulder at the younger woman. Tami was smiling at her, rubbing her shoulders.

"You aren't alone, Sylvia. I hope you don't mind me using your first name, but Annie has made it so comfortable for us." Sylvia shook her head, but didn't say anything. "You aren't a silly woman. We're a small group and we came together quickly, but in the time I was here before Annie, I felt the same way. I was with the animals full-time, but didn't know what to do. Annie was the catalyst ... ever since then ..." She winked at her cohorts who smiled. "We have to trust in each other to fulfill our wants and to help our guests when they come. I guess what I am trying to say is that we are here for you, you need to let us know what you need. I understand it is counter to good management style and training to get too comfortable with those who work for you."

Sylvia was smiling shyly. "That's doesn't seem to have been a problem with your group, though."

Amy laughed, "Well, that might have more to do with the fact that Annie and I have never had any management experience. And, we have never felt like this group needed strong management."

"Well, thank you. You have been very good to me ... for me. I love what you came up with for your uniforms and the name tags. You make me wish I could be a part of your group."

Dor leaned across the table and took Sylvia's hand, "You are hereby made an honorary member of

our group.”

I stood, “Well then, if that is the case, it seems to me you mentioned something earlier about ... something getting wet?” Sylvia seemed to blush and divert her eyes from the others, but she too stood, ready to follow.

On the way down the path to the cottages, I asked her preference, “What is your pleasure leaning toward tonight? The cottage and us or the barn and the dogs.” The others were following closely behind, close enough to hear exactly what I asked.

She glanced behind her, “The dogs. I have to mate with a dog.”

I stopped her. “You have to? What do you mean, have to?”

“I will explain later. Right now, just help me accomplish this, okay?”

Of course it was okay with us. When we came to the fork in the path, we took the one leading to the barn. It still bothered me, though. There was something about the way she said, ‘I have to mate with a dog’ that bothered me. It didn’t sound like a desire or the fulfillment of what we had been leading up to. This sounded pre-emptive; it had to happen now. I was going to hold her to that commitment; she would explain.

Entering the area with the dogs, I started explaining to her why the steps were used in my approach. It didn’t seem important on the ranch, but here, thinking about how to bring a new woman to bestiality, it occurred to me that there really were rational steps that could be used for that introduction. The rest of the group went on to the cottages, so this would be just Sylvia, me, and one of the dogs.

I sat her down with one of the dogs, one that I had found to be good. While she was petting the dog to get it comfortable with her, I explained in as much detail as verbal communication could about dog anatomy, their style of fucking, the knot and the reason for it in their mating process, and the time being tied afterward. Then, I let her do it. She was nervous about that, thinking I would lead her through it. I assured her I would be there, if she needed me all she needed to do was ask ... I would be right there for her. But, truth be told, this was a personal experience, something she needed to feel her way through, if it was going to be truly a part of her experiences.

She smiled, came to me, and gave me a kiss on the lips. “You are a special woman, Annie Linder. I am so glad I found you.” I smiled at her, but that too felt somehow strong, more intense, than I expected from her.

She stepped away from me, looking into my eyes as she unbuttoned her blouse, pulling it from her shorts, slipping it off her shoulders and arms before handing it to me. Then her bra, shorts, and panties. When she was naked, she was still looking at me. She held out her arms from her body, as if to say, ‘this is me, only me, it’s all I have to give’. I smiled at her, stepped forward, and kissed her as I took her into my arms. I whispered into her ear, as if there was anyone else around but the dog, “You’re beautiful. Enjoy yourself.”

She lay down on the floor and unceremoniously spread her legs before the dog. It approached, sniffing the air, following the scent to her crotch. He licked her and she sighed. He continued licking her and her hands moved to her breasts while her throat released moans of pleasure.

Her mind was on going much further tonight, though. She soon wiggled away from the dog and got it onto its side on the floor after a couple tries. She then started on him, easing him with soft, gentle

touches and strokes, then approaching the sheath with more intention and purpose. I watched discreetly as she coaxed the dog's cock out of the sheath. First, using her fingers on the sheath; then, using her tongue, lips, and mouth on the tip and cock as it emerged. She had done all of this before and there was little concern on my part about how she would handle it. It was the next stage that she had only witnessed.

With the dog's cock well out of the sheath, she moved her head up to the dog's and nuzzled it with her face, all the while stroking the dog along its side. She then turned away from it and presented her ass to the animal, patting her right ass-cheek at the same time. The dog was not unfamiliar with the actions she provided to him. He scrambled to his feet and approached her ass, sniffing her, again. Just because, he gave her a couple more licks, renewing a feeling in her that caused her to rotate her hips and arch her back.

For something that has become so familiar to me, seeing someone else experience it, especially someone who is new to the experience, is always amazing. The thought occurs to me that this might be a part of the job that will be one of the most interesting ... seeing the moments of impact on a woman as she fully feels this new way of experiencing both an animal and sexual gratification.

I watched with satisfaction as she moved her hand behind her and shooed the snout from her ass, then patting her ass-cheek, again. This time the dog approached her with a different intent and I could see it in his approach. He came up to her and leapt onto her back, his hips started humping as soon as he was on her. Again, Sylvia was an excellent student. His hand slipped between her legs, sought out, found, and assisted the dog's cock into her pussy. There was an immediate gasp as she felt it, the dog cock inside her. She did it and it seems to be that reaction, that sudden realization that it is done, then the acceptance of it, and the enjoyment of it. The dog was quickly into full frenzy mode, pounding into her, eliciting not only gasps from her, but moans and groans.

I lowered myself into a crouch alongside her, watching for glimpses of the knot forming as he pounded at her pussy. I could see it forming; I could hear her recognition of what was now happening, what was now bumping, pressing against her pussy. I wondered ... is this the first cock she has had besides her husband? What a delicious thought. I will have to ask sometime.

I leaned closer to her, the first time during this that I have offered anything. "Press into him, Sylvia. Take his knot, become his bitch."

She turned her head to me, her eyes were glazed, but there was recognition there. She understood. I saw her become rigid. The pressing and thrust from the dog weren't moving her as much. She was doing as I suggested, helping him, aiding in him getting the knot past her opening and into her pussy. I heard her grunts and gasps and sighs as the struggle continued, the struggle to pass a ball into her pussy. If I wasn't aware, if I hadn't experienced the same thing so many times, I might have been concerned when she cried out, a cry that pierced the nighttime quiet of the building. But, then, it was more of the groaning and moaning, the gasps and sighs as she experienced not only the unusual dog cock but the knot at the same time. I knew she was feeling an increased amount of pre-cum flowing from the cock, feeling the cock and knot growing, expanding.

Her orgasm hit her like an explosion. Her body trembled, her mouth screamed, her muscles trembled.

After the dog had turned, making them ass-to-ass, I lay on the floor alongside her. She turned to me with a weak smile. I smiled back at her and teased, "Didn't enjoy that at all, I can see."

She put a hand on my arm, "Thank you!" She took a deep breath as if to compose herself, but she

was still tied to a dog. All her lady-like training and living wasn't going to get past that fact ... she was tied to a dog. She blushed. "I'm tied to a dog. My god! Annie, I am tied to a dog."

"Yes you are. How does it feel?"

"Wonderful!" She reached to me and we kissed. "Thank you, dear. I ... ah ... I have more ... more fantasies."

I smiled softly to her, stroking her shoulder and back. "I am here for you, my sweet Lady."

Later, as I walked Sylvia back to the admin building and her apartment, I stopped her on the path. "You know, if we had gone to my cottage, Amy would have been pestering you about more animals."

"I know. Something has come up ... a great opportunity. I ... I ... there's a complication."

I look into her eyes, pleading, "Sylvia! Tell me. What?"

"Annie, we are going on a shopping trip for animals. We're leaving the day after tomorrow. Allow for two weeks."

"Two weeks? Where in the world are we going that it takes two weeks?"

She gave a nervous smile. "Get your group setup for your absence. I don't think that is too much of an issue with your group."

"Sylvia, where are we going?"

She took a breath, "Brazil. The jungles of Brazil. Some villages that are difficult to get to." She paused and searched my eyes for reluctance. "Somewhere that has plenty of animals already experienced in the activities we need them for. Somewhere that Gueros rarely are allowed."

"Guero?"

"A Guero is a fair-skinned person. These people don't like outsiders. They really don't like a Guero."

"Then, how do we ...?"

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

The following day, Sylvia showed up at the barn. Sylvia had looked around the administration building, but nobody had seen Annie. That's what led her to the animal complex. Amy spotted her exiting the building to the area of pens and corral. She was manhandling one of the horses to the side as she assisted Tami in the inspection of its hoof. When Sylvia got in a position for a clear view of the two women, she was surprised. They were both naked, except for the collars around their necks.

"Sylvia! What a nice surprise. What bring you out here?"

"Annie. I can't find her and we need to talk."

Amy stopped wrestling with the horse, causing Tami to stop, also. They both stood leaning on the horse, breathing hard. Tami smiled at Sylvia, "Sometimes, these guys get little obstinate."



Amy, "Annie seemed out of sorts this morning. She wouldn't say why, which is not like her. Tami or I are usually able to get her to open up. Whatever it is, she is holding it in. Did something happen last night when you two were here?"

"Yes ... well, no ... I mean, I might not have handled something very well. I think I have worried her. I told her that she and I are going to the mainland for animals tomorrow. Getting the animals will be complicated ... I think I gave her reason to be nervous."

Amy, "Well, you know Annie, if she can help you, she will. It won't matter if it is complicated or difficult. She has faith in you and would do anything to help you and the resort. You know that, right?"

"I know that. Sometimes that bothers me. And, I feel you guys feel the same way about Annie. I feel like there are some people who are blindly following my vision. It's more than I am used to."

Amy and Tami stepped away from the horse and each put a hand on Sylvia's shoulders. "Annie has faith in your vision. That's good enough for us." Amy looked at Tami, "The cove?" Tami nodded. "The cove, I think you will find her swimming in the cove. Lately, she has taken to using swimming in the cove as an escape. She's so passionate about this that it is surprising to realize, but Annie is more introvert than not. She needs her quiet space."

Sylvia turned to crawl through the railings to short cut to the path. The two women looked after the older woman, looked to each other, and shrugged. They went back to working on the horse.

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Swimming in the cove had become a tranquil, peaceful form of getting away without being very far away. This might be a little different because it was a time when the rest of the group were attending to the animals. They seemed to sense my need for this time, though. I sensed that, in large part, that was Amy's recognition and influence on the others. None the less, this time was what I needed. Sylvia had left me the night before with an unresolved worry and it had frustrated me. This swimming, though, was easing not only the tension in my body, but the tension in my mind.

I stopped swimming near the middle of the cove and treaded water as I scanned the water surface toward the open water beyond the cove inlet. A couple of days ago, I had seen a lone dolphin breaking the water surface periodically. I have since been hopeful of being in the water when it might return. No such luck, though.

I turned slowly in place to scan the surrounding shoreline, more in curiosity than concern or anticipation of seeing anything in particular. I did see something I wasn't expecting, however. Sylvia. And, she was waving at me. I waved back to her and stroked in to shore and the beach where she was standing. When I touched the sandy bottom on my stroke, I pulled my legs forward and stood in the shallow water. She looked my body over as I walked to the beach, water glistening off my naked body, my long hair plastered smoothly on my head and onto my back. I studied her, as well. To my satisfaction, she looked sheepish.

"I'm sorry for last night, Annie. I handled that badly. I realize that now. I left you with too many questions and uncertainty." She opened her arms to me. I looked at her, then, and walked right into them, getting her wet in the process. "You're already too important to me in far more ways than the resort. You deserve better from me. I'm sorry."

I took her hand and led her up to the cottage porch where I wiped the sand off my feet and took the towel draped over the railing. "Then tell me. What's going on, Sylvia? Why did you say last night that

you 'had' to mate with the dog? Why are you insisting on going somewhere that doesn't like outsiders and really don't like whites?"

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She started the story and warned me that it would be long. She always knew that the resort would need more animals and she also knew they had to be experienced animals. She knew exactly where to get them, but ... it was complicated:

She always thought the talk was legend, rumor, mystical talk that often comes out of the jungles. She heard bits of conversation, words strung together that made no sense, at least not to a sophisticate woman of money and status. She married a dashing, dangerous seeming Brazilian man who was the talk of many parts of South America. She wasn't young or impressionable, but she was completely taken by him. He was a good decade older than her but it never seemed to matter. If she was taken by him, it was returned completely. He was devoted to her and they were open and sharing. That is, open about everything but his past, his family, where he came from. There was a mystery there, one that took years of gentle prodding to unleash. At first, she was convinced he was creating a fabulous story to cover something else, something that she began to worry was far worse. There seemed to her that there was two ways to acquire the kind of wealth as his: illegal manipulation and activity; or, legal manipulation. She began to worry that it was illegal and began to wonder if she shouldn't be afraid. It was only her fear that allowed him to completely open up to her, but even then it took him many trips to Brazil before he could divulge what she wanted to know about him. Even then, there were promises and assurances that needed to be made before he was allowed. It ultimately meant a trip herself, the first of many to follow, to his family's home.

Those same promises and assurances were still intact. They were the reason for her delay in making plans. There was, in her words, 'problems' with her request of us going to the villages to procure animals.

She was to learn that her husband's family was from a string of villages in the Brazilian jungle inhabited by an indigenous people with customs and society uniquely their own. Not unlike a hundred other indigenous peoples in the vast Brazilian jungles. These villages are far to the northeast, much closer to the southern Venezuelan border than the big cities of Brazil. She explained that the languages of the area are sometimes a mix of indigenous, Spanish, and Portuguese. She said that Brazil had two conquering nations attempt to take it over. The Spanish came in with armies and warriors. They were defeated and driven out. The Portuguese came in with trade, giving as they took, creating a dependency. It is the reason Brazil speaks Portuguese and not Spanish. But, the area still retains some of the Spanish mixed in. She likened it to the mix of Creole in the bayou of Louisiana.

Her husband's father, as a boy, left the village to attend schooling in a town. He was one of the first. When he became a young man, he saw the dangers of the societies outside. He saw the greed, the evil, and the unrelenting wanting. He returned to the villages, partly to avoid the outside but partly to warn the villages of the dangers the outside represented. But, he wasn't naive to think they could live in isolation forever, not against such societies. So, when his oldest son, her husband, was old enough, he too was sent off for outside education. His son, her husband, had a strength that the father didn't have, a strength needed to dominate even on the outside.

Her husband was driven, a fanatic, to succeed in gaining wealth and influence. But, he had an advantage. He knew where certain reserves of minerals could be found. By the time he was 30 years old, he was already a major influence. By the time he was 40, when Sylvia met him, he had influence with the Brazilian government. It is that influence that has guaranteed the security of the villages.

But, it also took a strict adherence to secrecy about not only the location of the villages, but the uniqueness of the villages' customs and society.

In their society, females and males are equal in the society, each with responsibilities and roles. Neither with more society powerful than the other. There was/is another part of their society where that's not true. There is a part where women are revered by their sexual prowess, but not with men. The society is open to women and animals, not that all women are involved, many are not ... but, most are at some level. Women who attain the highest levels are revered and honored in the villages. It is a part of their everyday life privately and a part of their festivals publicly. Never, however, are outsiders allowed to participate or be present. It began simply generations before when the people were entirely primitive and completely isolated. The people gave thanks for the abundance they had from the environment around them. The people gave thanks in many ways, the women offering themselves to the males of the species was one and it became a key to the people, coincidentally, as their abundance seemed to increase. It became a traditional custom of the people and their isolation eliminated any guilt about the practice. It became an intertwined part of their life.

Word slowly, over generations, spread out from the jungle, however. Initially, not in a recriminating way, but an interest kind of way. Gentrified women on estates heard about the legends and, being used to the new idea of getting whatever they wanted, sent scouts out in search of these women. The people were enticed to assist, show, teach, and train this new rich class of women in the ways of the village practices.

Sylvia stopped, looked at me, gauging my reaction so far. "Have you ever heard of the practice of belly riding?"

"You mean the legend. I have heard of it. I have researched it. When I decided that someday, when I would take a horse cock, belly riding was the next thing that came to my mind. But, everything I can find on the subject is conjecture, presumption. There appears to be no first-hand knowledge or evidence. Unlike almost everything else, there are no pictures, much less video."

She said that it is a practice. The practice spread from these villages to the estates and the surrounding villages. The estate women even participated in festivals while belly riding. Until real civilization came and the recriminations of the civilized world. The practice died out as a result of guilt and condemnation. Except in the remote villages where it began. But, in response to the encroaching civilized world's negative influence, they isolated themselves even more, eliminating contact and access to the outside.

Today, the old traditions are carried on still. Privately. Outsiders are not allowed. Sylvia is accepted in the villages because of her tie to her husband's family. But, even that acceptance does not extend to her viewing the playing out of the traditions. Now, only native women are even allowed to participate and only native villagers are allowed to witness the traditions. Despite the pressures from the outside, they have withstood the encroachment, largely by the influence of her past husband's efforts to ensure the villages' isolation and protection. Young women are still encouraged to take up the practice and honor the traditions. They are not required to participate. Some do not. Most do, though.

This is where they can get a plentiful supply of animals for their purpose for the resort and that are experienced in being with women. It is also where Annie can be trained in taking a horse. But, getting animals from the villagers will not be straightforward.

Sylvia paused. The background seemed concluded, she was considering her next comments, comments more immediately affecting them.

“With my connections through my husband’s family, I am able to get both of us into the villages, but even that was questionable for a while. But, for us to get the animals we want, it will be a trial. I mean a literal trial. They are reluctant to deal with outsiders, even with me for the animals. It is still a matter of control of the traditions.”

I watched her. She was struggling but I could see that she was completely open and honest. “What kind of trial? What can we do to convince them?”

She smiled at me and sighed, “Not we ... you. I described you and what we were needing the animals for. They asked questions about you and found it interesting that you were already familiar with several species, that you wanted to mate with horses, too. I told them that you may be like them.”

“So they decided they would test me? What does that even mean?”

“I don’t know. But, whatever it is, they will need to be impressed. They aren’t abusive, Annie, but they may be demanding. You can stop at any time and we will just leave.”

“But without the animals?”

“Maybe.”

I felt tired and it hadn’t started. Animals had always been about pleasure and relating to the animals. It had never been to impress someone or as a reason to get something. Would this coming experience change the way I considered animals?

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Travel to the villages in such a remote location proved as challenging as Sylvia had described it. We moved by boat from our island to the Trinidad island, then a commercial plane to Caracas, Venezuela; another commercial plane to Manaus, Brazil; and, finally, a small plane to a remote airstrip located at a friendly ranch. That took the entire day of daylight. I was told that traveling the rest of the way into the jungle would only be done in daylight. We were met at the little airstrip by a man from the villages in an old, rusty pickup truck. We were given accommodations at the ranch for the night and told that we would be on our way after breakfast in the morning.

Sylvia and I shared a small bedroom with a single double bed. The day and night had been hot and humid. I was told this was what the time in the villages would consist of with occasional afternoon down pouring of rain, which would do little to relieve the humidity, but instead magnify it as the sun came back out. The people we were headed for were of the Guarani tribal grouping of villages. The villages of the people consisted of two larger villages and more smaller villages. The village we would enter first was the face to the outside, for the few times that happened, mostly from government visits from departments of health, welfare, and natural resources. The other villages were strung out further into the jungle along a river that was still used for transportation and fishing. The smaller villages were located at points of specific advantage for growing, fishing, or timber. In the middle of the smaller villages was the larger, main village, which acted as the hub for the tribal, cultural, and social activities. Sylvia reinforced to me that it would be at the first, outside contact, village where the first test would be evaluated by some women. If we were allowed further, it would be to one of the smaller villages. If we were allowed further after evaluation and judgement, it would be then to the larger inside village. If I made it to being accepted to training for mating with a horse, it would be there.

The trip from the ranch and into the jungle would be by the old truck. The cab was very small. The box in back was very dirty, open, and exposed. The ride was approximately five hours depending on

the rain, rivers, and blockage of the trail. Sylvia indicated that the road was little more than a trail from lack of use and intentionally to discourage its use by outsiders.

The man put our two suitcases into the back of the truck. In it, already, was a large mutt of a dog. It was clearly used to being outside and, probably, essentially on its own with minimal real support from the man. This was not a pet by any stretch of my imagination, but its demeanor was easy enough to be around. The man then got into the cab behind the steering wheel and leaned over to open the passenger door from the inside. He pointed at Sylvia to sit, then pointed at me and indicated the back. His face displayed a grin that was devilish, at best. Sylvia saw the look, too. As I started to climb into the back with the dog, Sylvia put her hand on my arm and whispered to me so the man might not hear with all the windows of the cab open.

"I think the testing might already have started. Remember, you can stop anytime, do what you want, or not what you don't want. We can just go back to the island."

I put my hand over the one on my arm, "Leave without the animals? I don't think so." She looked at me with concern. "You'll have your answer soon regarding my decision." Now, she looked at me puzzled. I just smiled and climbed into the back, stroking my new travel companion.

After about 30 minutes into the drive, I observed that the road was indeed turning into more of a trail than anything you could call a road. The jungle was closing in on the trail with low overhanging foliage. The foliage alongside the trail became so close that on occasion the truck couldn't avoid being rubbed by it. The trail surface itself deteriorate along with the other. And, it seemed especially noticeable riding in the back of the truck with nothing other some rough blankets and coverings to provide any cushioning between my body and the hard steel of the truck bed.

The dog's presence was just another part of the ride that I noticed becoming more prominent. He may have seemed every bit the mongrel, and I was sure he was, but there was another side to him that I saw as we shared the same space, bouncing around, jostling against each other. He was very comfortable with me ... very comfortable. It suddenly occurred to me that something Sylvia said might be right. She had said that the test may have already begun. I took it to mean the ride, not complaining about the length or roughness or solitude or confinement with a dog. I now was thinking it might be different than that, very different. To test myself and the situation, I moved to the side where the dog was lying. I purposely stroked him, his shoulders and side, then moving to his stomach. I glanced over my shoulder and found the driver adjusting the mirror to watch. I was feeling more confident about my suspicions all the time. I touched the dogs sheath and found his cock slip out an inch almost instantly with no flinch from him. That alone is unusual except in an animal very familiar with being with women intimately.

I tapped on the back window of the cab and indicated for the driver to stop. Sylvia got out of the cab and I jumped over the side of the box. I stepped up to her for quiet conversation, even though I had only heard the man speak Portuguese.

"Do you really think the evaluation of me has already begun?"

"Since we got into the truck, yes. Why?"

"Since we have no way of knowing what they are looking for, whatever I do, can I embarrass you?"

She looked deeply into my eyes and put her hands on my shoulders. "Never! Annie ... I want you to know something. I am not saying this because we are here and what you are prepared to do to get these animals. If I had a daughter ... I would want her to be like you. You are strong, but loving. I don't want you to be hurt. Animals aren't worth that to me."

I took her face in my hands and smiled at her. "Don't worry. You are the only one on the island that knows my whole story. You know the changes I have been through." I smiled at her and kissed her on the lips. "I feel another big change coming ... somewhere along the way ... something significant."

The driver said something. I looked at Sylvia and she interpreted, "He says to hurry, we are losing time."

I hugged her, reached into the truck bed and removed my suitcase. The driver saw and stepped out of the truck to protest, but Sylvia held up her hand as she saw me unzip the case and flip it open. I removed my shoes and socks, then my blouse and bra, and completed my strip by removing my shorts and panties. I dropped each into the case and zipped it back up, throwing it back into the box of the truck. I felt like I was getting ready to start an episode of Naked and Afraid. I was indeed naked, but not afraid ... anxious and excited perhaps, but not afraid.

I climbed back into the box of the truck and the driver started off, again. It wasn't long before the mangy dog and I got much friendlier. It took a little persuasion to get the dog on its side. I had little question but that it would have jumped right up onto my back if I turned to him. Since I don't like the incessant poking and frustration of several tries before a dog is well seated inside, I prefer my method of getting the dog hard and expose with my hands and mouth prior to being mounted. Despite the appearance of the dog, I put my faith in the anatomy of dogs and the cock being hidden inside the sheath. He may be mangy, but hopefully his cock wasn't.

This proved more difficult than normal, however, by the jostling and bouncing of the truck on the poor road. In fact, I had my mouth around the cock and was thinking it may be out far enough to be mounted, when the truck hit a hole in the road and the bounce threw both the dog and me six inches into the air. I heard the immediate laughter from the driver. I turned and saw him watching through the mirror, but I also saw Sylvia slap his arm and indicate that he should pay better attention to the road. She looked back at me and winked. I had no idea what the 'testing' and 'evaluation' and 'impressing' was all about, but since the women of these people were into animals, this should be a good start.

The bounce scared the hell out of the dog and it took me moments longer to settle him down. I noticed, though, that the speed of the truck had reduced somewhat and he seemed to be making a better effort to avoid holes and bumps. I made a final suck of his cock, having a good four inches of it exposed. I moved blankets around quickly to kneel on and moved to present my ass to him. I could hear him scrambling to his feet at the sight of my ass. I knew he was experienced! He was on my back in an instant, his weight causing me to groan. I slipped my hand between my legs, felt his cock probing, and guided it into my pussy. I sighed at being filled by dog cock, again. This seemed so obscene, riding in the back of a truck being fucked by a dog. At the same time, it felt so liberating. I sensed that there was another change coming and the sense was being magnified now. At the same time that I had the sensation of obscenity, I also had the sensation of something new happening, something beyond who I had been. A sensation or awareness that what was about to come, what I was about to experience in the coming days, was going to change me, again.

It seemed that I couldn't stop moaning and gasping. The sensation and experience was completely different. Not because of the dog; this was just a dog and one that I had no emotional connection with. The experience, though, was driven by being mated in the back of a truck as it jostled and jolted us back and forth, side to side, and bounced us up and down. The normally frantic humping of a dog was overridden by the wild movements of the truck. With a sense that the movements could jolt us apart before we were tied, I put a hand to the back to hold his thigh to mine, but the movements were too much for a three-point support, I needed both arms to stabilize myself, especially with the added weight and support required with the dog on top of me.

The passing of the knot into me was almost violent, not by his actions but the situation. The knot was jammed into me by the movements of the truck and my cry of surprise and pain caused both people in the truck cab to turn around to look at me. I only had a sense of that, though. Now, with the knot inside me locking us together, the experience moved to another level. The jostling and bumping of the truck moved the knot and cock wildly inside me, hitting very familiar spots as well as new and interesting spots.

I exploded before he did ... but only moments before, my pussy clamping and clenching around the cock and knot providing additionally wonderful sensations. The time afterward, tied to the dog, was awkward but interesting. While this is often a time of quiet enjoyment and reliving the recent experience of mating, the constant and erratic motion from the truck was more erotic and stimulating than any intentional pulling against the knot I might perform. My body's reaction to it was slowly rising toward another minor orgasm when the knot was suddenly jerked out of me during a sharp drop of the back wheel into a hole. Although disappointing, I was assured of a need to experience this dog again ... it was, after all, going to be a long ride ...

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## CHAPTER SIX

By the time we arrived at the outermost village, the dog and I had mated three times. The dog seemed well satisfied ... and I was as well. As the truck pulled into the village and stopped in front of a building near the center, the dog was resting with his head in my lap. I looked over the side of the truck to see everyone in the village wearing clothes. From the building we stopped in front of, four women exited and stepped alongside the truck on the driver's side. Sylvia got out, walked around the front of the truck and joined the group talking to the driver.

I was led to believe that full or partial nudity was common in these villages, but that was not the case right now. It was too late to do anything about that now, though. I hopped over the side of the truck on the driver's side and the dog went over the back. I walked up behind Sylvia and noticed the dog coming with me and taking a position alongside me. The driver was talking to the four women who consisted of one in her 60's with grey hair, two others in their late 30's, and another in her 40's. The driver used his hand to indicate backward and I realized he was indicating me, saw me and the dog, and seemed to blush under his heavy brown skin. All four of the women turned to regard me, looked me up and down, then seemed to begin to argue among themselves.

I leaned closer to Sylvia, "What's going on? What are they arguing about? And ... I thought you said nudity wouldn't attract attention."

She turned and smiled at me, "Nudity wouldn't attract attention. A naked white woman will."

"Now you tell me. What about the argument ..."

"This was to be where you would be tested first. These three are arguing that you have already passed that test on the way here. The driver confirmed that you not only mated with the dog on your own, but you did it three times, and that should prove that you are qualified to continue. The older woman is being an obstructionist." I watched the drama unfolding before us, when it suddenly became very quiet. The people who had gathered around us seemed particularly intrigued by the spectacle. It occurred to me that this might be something they hadn't often seen, certainly not over a white woman.

The older woman seemed to give up and stormed back into the building. The other three turned and faced Sylvia and me. Sylvia acted as my translator.

"We are sorry for this to happen. She is ... stubborn. Maybe too much of the old ways to accept this to happen. You will be taken to the next stop, the next village from here but only another hour. It is the furthest the vehicle is allowed to go. After that, it is an hour walk to the village for your next ... test? ... trial? I am not sure what we call this. It is new for us, too."

"Sylvia, thank her for me. Ask, though ... why the test is any longer necessary. Haven't I already shown what they need to see?"

Sylvia turned to me, "Annie, it is their choice to demand anything they want of us. We are the ones coming with requests. Remember, you are not only an outsider, but a white. It is complicated, okay? It goes to the roots of their culture with animals. These women are different from even the other women of the villages. I will explain on the way."

Sylvia and I rode the hour trip in the back of the truck and two of the women crowded into the front with the driver. The others would be brought later. Sylvia explained some of what I needed to know about the women, but said there was more that I would learn as I went, if I was taken in by them. I wasn't sure what 'taken in' meant. She said that most of the women of the villages mated with animals as a part of their culture. Most had families and mated with animals as an aside to their husbands. It was the way of their culture. She stressed, though, that it is always a choice of the woman ... to mate with animals or not. But, status in the villages and among the people as a whole was partially a function of their mating. Most seemed content to simply mate with a dog or another animal, perhaps. The women who rose in status were the most inclusive of women and those women tended to choose a life in a convent-type dwelling. It wasn't a religion with them, so 'convent' wasn't really right, but it was the closest she could get to the type of life devoted to animals. But, it was much more complicated than that.

I asked if she had seen the inside of these dwellings, what occurred inside them. She said, no. Only women who attain a specific level with animals are allowed. She laughed, "But, men go into the compound, but a very segregated portion at the entrance."

"Men?"

She smiled, "Yes, men. They don't completely devote themselves to animals. Men go to the entrance and, if a woman inside is inclined, she may take him into a chamber."

"This just gets weirder and weirder. I guess what you are saying with all this is that if I am to impress them, it would be on the scale that I might have been able to be one of them, if I was of the people?" She nodded, perhaps. "And I have something like ten days to accomplish this?" She patted my hands; she gave me a weak smile. My mind spun. How could I accomplish such a task in ten days when these women evolve into it over years?

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Arriving in the next village, the truck was greeted with some excitement. This confused me. In the first village, we were met solemnly by the people. This was completely different. When I jump out of the back of the truck and helped Sylvia down, I found people crowding around, indicating me and talking to each other. The women we had met in the first village wasted no time, however. They had some men take our luggage and bring it behind us as we were immediately led out of the village to the next village. It was evident to me that my luggage would not be opened until we were leaving. Many women of this village were bare-breasted, many with a simple sarong around their hips. I smiled to myself as I remembered the scant outfit that the team had decided on. It was the same except for the type of material.



Walking into the next village, we were again greeted excitedly. I walked close to Sylvia, "They seem almost excited to see us. They knew we were coming?"

"News in the jungle travels faster than you might think without the aid of our modern technology. Yes, they are excited. The word has probably beaten us here about your arrival and the dog. Plus, a white woman walking comfortably naked through the jungle like one of them ... something they may never see again."

We were led to a small hut with two cots for our sleeping. I was encouraged to get rest, tomorrow was going to be the start of something new for me, they said. I was assured that more would be explained about the next trial in the morning. With those being the last words from the women, I might never have been able to sleep except for the level of fatigued from the lengthy travel, not to mention the time with the dog. My last thoughts before succumbing to exhaustion: 'what did I get myself into?' And, 'don't let Sylvia down!'

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We were brought food for a morning meal. It wasn't like the breakfast food I was used to, but food was probably food in the jungle and not so much an experience as much as a necessity. As we ate, questions that had intruded into my mind during the night pushed at me and Sylvia could see the struggle within me. She in turn pushed me to talk, but reminding me that she had little more knowledge of what would happen than I did.

"This is different ... more about the people." She nodded her okay. "The women ... most of them have one or more symbols tattooed on their breast. What is that about?"

She smiled at me and was quiet a moment as she got her thoughts together, perhaps remembering her own conversations about them. "Yes, always on the left breast, signifying over the heart, but really their spirit center. The first is always just above the nipple, signifying the life source of mothers. Then, in succession up the breast and onto the chest, if necessary. As I said, mating with the animals is very common and generally it is with dogs, then moving to other animals, but that depends on the woman." She put her hand under my left breast and lifted it, sliding her fingers to that nipple and squeezing it, making it hard. "This is going to be a very sexual time for you. You should know those women that came with us were talking about giving you the first tattoo symbol. They decided to wait until after this trial, however. They believe you will complete it, only time being the factor."

"Do I get a choice about the tattoo?" She just stared at me, then lowered her eyes and touched the spot above my nipple that would have the mark. "Not if I want to be one of them, right?" She nodded. "Tell me about the marks."

She admitted to not know all the symbols. Other women probably did it that lived here. The most common, existing on almost all the women, was a dog paw mark. This signified that she mates with a dog. If the that mark has dots around it, it signifies several different dogs. There is a maximum of four dots, not that a woman couldn't be mated by more than four different dogs. The next with some commonality was an ornate circle, usually above the dog paw. Inside the circle could be up to three dots. The dots signify different other animal types that have been mated with. There were others, but less common. So, not only was I going to be mating with dogs to impress these women to get the chance to learn to mate with a horse and take back animals, but ... I was going to go back with a symbol or two tattooed onto my breast?

When we went outside, I couldn't help but notice that most women were indeed bare-breasted. That

also made it difficult for me not to look at the left breasts of women, curious of the tattoos I would find there. All that I could see in my scan had at least the dog paw symbol just above the nipple. I looked in front of me and saw one of the women who led us to this village looking at my curiosity of breasts. She touched the dog paw with dots on her breast and touched my breast in the same location. I nodded. She touched the next symbol, circle with dots inside and repeated the action. I nodded. She touched the next one up that I didn't know. It looked like an inverted 'V' with two triangles attached to the top at the apex, each directed to the sides. I had no idea and I shrugged my shoulders and looked at Sylvia.

She spoke with the woman and Sylvia turned to me, "She thinks you will." The woman was smiling at me.

The woman then held up her hand high in the air and the crowd that had formed went quiet. I noticed, too, that they were parting behind the woman. I looked over her shoulder. Coming behind her were the other two leader women, each leading a dog on a rope. They both made me pause. They were both large dogs, strange to be in this environment, and ill mannered. One was a Great Dane, white with black markings. I would find out that he was 135 pounds and 36 inches to the shoulders. The other was a German Shepherd of some mix, coal black in color. From the shape and color of the eyes and shape of the ears, I guessed it was mixed with Malamute. The eyes were a stark yellow-green and against the complete blackness of the animal, it presented an evil impression. I would find out that he was 80 pounds and 26 inches to the shoulders. Their size was enough to think brute, but they also seemed unruly by the way the women were working to control them. They were very distracted by the people.

I looked at the woman and asked, even if she couldn't understand me, "What are those for?"

Sylvia jumped in with a translation and the woman responded. "Not our idea. The older woman ... she does not like the idea of you being here. She chose these for you. You prove yourself with these and she cannot interfere, anymore."

I turned to Sylvia, "Prove myself with those? What does that mean? What am I supposed to do? Mate with them or ... what?"

There was some discussion. The woman took my hand and put my finger on the next symbol up from the circle on her breast. It was the symbol of the inverted 'V' with the two triangles pointing to the sides. "This signify control ... um, leader? ..."

She was struggling with a word or Sylvia was struggling with the translation. They talked back and forth, then Sylvia's face lit up and she took my arm. "She is saying mistress. It signifies control over the animal. Annie, remember when I mated with the dog before we left ... you told me to release myself ... to become the dog's bitch. Remember? This is the opposite. You aren't the dog's bitch to be taken. You are the dog's mistress, the dog's dominant, and you allow the dog to have you." We both looked at the dogs and I let out a long breath. But Sylvia saw the light, even if I was reluctant to. "Annie, that's the way you are. Maybe not always, but you became that way. I know that your Jake called you the 'ranch slut' and that was fine while it was, at first. But then it all changed for you. You released yourself and things changed. You told me about it. You enticed the other animals. You weren't submissive to them ... you weren't a female for fucking ... YOU enticed THEM."

She was right. That was what happened, there was a significant change in me then. Even now, just yesterday on the way in the truck, I felt another change was coming. I couldn't describe it or anticipate what it was ... was it this? Was this situation for Sylvia putting me into a position to break through another barrier I didn't know was there or existed? Was that old woman putting obstacles in

front of me of any importance any longer? Was she a non-issue, relegated to the bleaches as a bystander from here on out? That attitude will do it.

I asked, "I will take these two and I will show you, everyone. Then ... then, you train me to mate horses and we get our animals?"

Sylvia translated. The woman smiled. She looked over her shoulder to the other two women who were also smiling and nodding. "Yes! That other one wants you to fail, but you do this and you will have what you want and more." The woman smiled, "Later. Now ... these."

She took me by the hand and led me into the enclosed area, hidden from the rest of the village. Passing through the gate, I found a large open area with trees and shrubs and many small huts similar to the ones outside. There was a larger hut. That was the one she led me to. Sylvia was no longer with me, but I understood that this was the building I would use until I succeeded ... or gave up and left to return to the island.

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The hut was spartan, but that was for the better. I closed the door to the hut, me and the two dogs. I wouldn't need much. It wouldn't take that long ... a day or two at the most. It couldn't take much more than that. If it did, how impressive would that be? Would the old woman win? Would Sylvia lose her access to the animals? This wasn't so much about ego or me. This was about Sylvia and what this would mean to her, for her. She was only quasi-accept here and now that her husband was dead, how much more fragile might that acceptance be?

The dogs were wandering around the hut, seeking out something, but I wasn't convinced they knew what. They were just being dogs, seeking out new places and smells. How to do this? They were both young ... mature, but just so. The Great Dane was a massive beast. He could be a pony. The German Shepherd with those Malamute eyes was just plain spooky. German Shepherds seem fierce to begin with, those eyes added ... damn.

I had never trained an animal. Jake's dogs were Jake's and even then not so much. He said they were essentially wild and stayed because of food and a place to sleep. Somehow that wasn't true and it became less so. When did that happen? When was the real change? A smile a some sequence, remembering ... Bobbi and I started playing with them. Dogs in general are not dumb, they know a good thing when they stumble on it. Those three did when Bobbi and I started giving ourselves to them. German Shepherds and Great Danes are very trainable. Hmmm ...

I figured lunch would still be several hours away. That would be the first opportunity for having bribery pieces for social training. But, there was something we could do for building some rapport ...

I made sure the door was closed tight and there was no other way out that the dogs might wander through. I then started stroking them, talking to them, and stroking them more. I let them smell me and wander around the hut smelling it, looking in the nooks and crannies, generally getting used to these surroundings and me. It wasn't that big a space and it didn't take much time before one at a time they returned to me as the only other object of potential interest in the room. These were both large dogs, so I sat on the cot with my legs extended over the side and leaned back with my shoulders on the wall at the opposite side. I spread my legs and slipped my left hand between my legs and stroked my pussy slowly. Obscene, yes. With a man in the room, it would be the raunchiest form of enticement. With the dogs, however, it was simply preparing my body so it would entice them. They reacted to scent, not to subtle approaches. My plan was simple: first, be their bitch; then, use that against them to take control.

I closed my eyes and let my mind wander to time of sexual fun and intense pleasure. There were many, many times to choose from that fit that criteria, especially since being released by Jake and Bobbi to be myself and experience everything I could. That was where my mind settled, at the ranch, but not on a specific time or activity or partner. Instead, my mind flowed from time to time, partner to partner, and activity to activity. The memories alone were enough to bring my body to excitement and my fingers working over my pussy, clit, and nipples made the process faster to accomplish.

I was almost startled when I felt a snout pressing between my spread legs and seeking my aroused pussy, or at least, the source of the scent that attracted the animal. Opening my eyes to the animal, I was surprised to see that it was the German Shepherd that came to me first. I would have bet that the Great Dane, being the gentler of the two types, would have been more comfortable making the initial approach. Those eyes still gave me pause, but that seemed to add something to the connection. I moved my hand from between my legs, allowing my other hand to continue manipulating my breast and nipple as the dog sniffed closer and closer to the open source of the scent. He was a virgin in all senses of the word, not just with human females, but any female, bitch or otherwise. Instinct takes over quickly, though.

My mind wandered on that consideration: is it easier or harder when they have absolutely no experience with bitches? My mind considered that it might be less confusing to the animal if they have never experienced females of their own species, but how would I really know. Setup a controlled study group, perhaps. It made me giggle until the first swipe of his tongue sent a jolt through my body. Yes! That's what we need, that's what I want. He considered me for a moment, sniffing again and looking at me, then licking at my pussy, now with repetition and interest. With my reaction providing encouragement rather than resistance, his licking became more intense and rapid. I had both of my breasts gripped in my hands as his licking quickly brought me near a climax, largely from the realization of what I was attempting to do with these dogs and why and how it would be perceived by the other women, and ... the tattoos. And, with that thought, tattoos, I climaxed. I cried out, my hands leaving my breasts and thrust to my thighs, holding them apart forcefully, afraid that my orgasm might cause me to close my thighs around the dog's head and scare him away. Through my quaking orgasm, the dog continued to lick, lapping up the increasing juices leaking from the opening in my body.

As the wonderful sensations coursing through my body slowly ebbed, allowing my heart and breathing to become more regular and controlled, I noticed movement at the door to my right. As the door was closing, I saw the three women turning to leave, smiles on their faces, undoubtedly drawn to the hut by my cries.

The second dog, the Great Dane, was now easier. Although his size seemed comical as he bent his head down to access my wet and pliable pussy, the wetness and aroma from my orgasm was all the attraction necessary. His tongue was also wonderful, but the orgasm he brought me to was diminished, not because of his efforts or the feel of his tongue, but by the new thoughts streaming through my brain: now that I had them interested so quickly, what was my next step; not just in getting mated, that was obvious, but in the general scheme of establishing my dominance and control?

I walked around the room, aimlessly but staying in motion. As I guessed, the dogs followed me with their attention, if not always actively. I had their interest. I wasn't sure how they would react to the next step, but I had made up my mind. I knelt on the floor and called both dogs to me. I didn't ask their names, if they had any, so I just used English words and hand motions. I patted the floor in front of me and to my surprise the dogs came to me. It was difficult to encourage them to lay on the floor and it was impossible for me to man-handle the Great Dane down. I managed to get the German Shepherd down, however, and I hoped that the activity with it might get the Great Dane to

follow.

I ignored the Great Dane for the moment and put my focus on the German Shepherd, which was at least on the floor and showing some willingness to cooperate. I nuzzled his head, careful to listen for sounds and watch for anxious movements that might indicate a defensive and possibly aggressive reaction. Not getting any, which might not be so surprising given that the entire village is reverential of animals, I proceeded more deliberately. His cock tip was already evident as he lay on his side without me doing anything more than getting him on the floor. I proceeded slowly, though, aware that touching his underbelly and down toward his sheath would be ever increasing sensitivity and nervousness on his part. He squirmed slightly as I stroked his side and onto his belly, but flinched when my fingers grazed his sheath. He raised his head, looking down toward his rear and my hand, but as my hand held his sheath, he lay his head back to the floor and raised his leg.

The tip was peeking out from the sheath and, as my light stroking continued, I was rewarded with several inches of exposed cock. I dropped my face to it and licked at the tip, then taking it between my lips, gently sucking the pre-cum into my mouth. As I took more of the exposed cock into my mouth, it grew as I worked on it, growing steadily inside my mouth as my hand continued to lightly stroke the outside of the sheath and my mouth worked up and down on the exposed cock. In seemingly minutes, I had about five inches exposed, making me wonder just how much he would have to give me. It wasn't going to be long before I knew the answer to that.

I had lost track of the Dane when I felt a swipe of his tongue along my pussy and ass. I sat back to break his availability to it and turned on my hands and knees so I was faced backwards to the Shepherd. I patted my ass and he scrambled to his feet and sniffed at my ass, licking several times. I moved my hand across my ass to break his attention and patted my ass, again. This time, instinct seemed to connect with him and he jumped onto my back, his hips thrusting at my ass to find my pussy. I was ahead of him, though, my hand between my legs and guiding his cock into me. I gasped at his wild thrust into me, his cock driving deep and strong on the first thrust. He hesitated a moment, adjusted slightly, and began thrusting firmly and eagerly into my hungry pussy. I continued to gasp at the wildness of his first time until my gasps changed to moans of pleasure. His cock continued to grow inside me and I was pleased with what he was giving me, then I became eager to see what the Dane had to compare to this.

It wasn't long before I felt the knot pressing against me on the outside. He thrust firmly and aggressively at me, wanting and needing to tie with me, the basest of canine mating instinct. I pressed back against him, matching his pressure with my own. This was only the beginning. There was so much more to come, but this was the start, building the idea and desire of mating, then using that for what I needed.

I pressed against him as he pressed into me. I felt my pussy lips spreading around the ball as it demanded entrance, and entrance that I desperately wanted, too. When his knot passed inside, I moaned loudly. My pussy clamped around his cock and knot, locking us together. I felt my pussy pulse and clench around him, then I felt his body, his front legs around my middle, his hips pressed hard against my ass, his knot and cock jerk and grow even larger as his climax crested inside. I felt the first spurt of his cum and I shuddered, my pussy clamping tightly around him, clenching and relaxing and clenching, and he continued to shoot his seed into me.

As we were tied, I called out to the Dane. He had been attentive, walking around us the entire time I mated with the other dog. Now it was his turn to be prepared. I heard his feet behind me and I patted the floor in front of me, calling to him, encouraging him. I found his legs and paws alongside, then he was in front of me, but not lying down. I patted the floor to no avail, remembering the effort I had with the other one, knowing that wasn't going to work while tied. Frustrated, I became more

firm with him, slapping the floor hard with my voice sharp and demanding. Even if he didn't know what the words were, he apparently could respond to the tone. He came to me, again, this time bring his snout to my face. I stroked the side of his head, down his body and up under his belly to his sheath. Dogs aren't general dumb and this one wasn't, either. He had seen what the other dog got from the same actions he was now going through with me. Eventually, my insistence or his final understanding, he collapse onto the floor in front of me. I dragged the Shepherd who had turned on me, the foot or so that I needed to reach the Dane's cock and sheath.

By the time the Shepherd was able to pull out of me, the Dane's cock was well out of the sheath; a good deal of beautiful cock. I knew my pussy was still gaping from the exit of the last knot and this was the perfect time to pursue the Dane. I didn't know how large his knot would be, but if the size of his cock was any indication, it was large. I pursue the Dane in the same manner; I gave his cock tip a last kiss and sucked the length of exposed cock into my mouth before pulling my mouth off and sitting back onto my heels. I stroked his body and turned on my hands and knees until my ass was pointing at him. He didn't need any more invitation than that.

I had never consciously trained an animal before. My interaction with Jake's dogs was more cohabitation than control, but Sylvia was right about how it had evolved. The effort I put into the goat and hog wasn't so much "training" them for any other purpose than mating, but the effort had indeed produced their acceptance and compliance despite being untrained, otherwise. My effort and intent with these two was decidedly different. This was beyond simple mating; I wanted to be able to control them and show others that control existed between us. If successful, and I intended that I would be, it would be a pity to achieve that and then leave the dogs behind. I never talked to Sylvia about what animals she expected or hoped to get from these people, but I had assumed that dogs were included. I now wondered about these.

My ass being turned to the Dane, of course, was ineffective. Despite his initial attempt, he was not going to mount me; there was a significant gap between my back and his belly as he stood over me. I crawled out from under him and moved over to the small table in the hut, lowered my front to my elbows and bent my legs. I patted my ass, again. He came to me, made a small jump to be on my back and moved his rear into my ass. I shifted my weight to allow a hand to move between my legs in the same fashion as before and helped his cock into me. I gasped out as his cock entered me, already much larger than the Shepherd. Instinctively, I braced myself as this dog thrust harder into me. He pushed me against the table and the legs scraped against the rough wood flooring.

I was lost in the feeling of his cock deep inside me when I felt a pressure on the outside of my pussy and it occurred to me what it was. I was about to find out about his knot. He pressed against me and I against him. I had taken the pony inside me at Jake's and it was larger than any knot I had before now. This was taking longer than it had ever taken to pass a knot into me and I was beginning to think I wasn't going to manage it ... but I knew I could. I had taken the pony ... that was the driver. The difference with this was its shape, its rigid shape. The pony had the pliable, mushroom shaped head like a larger horse. This was a rigid shape. But, I knew I could do it. I pressed with renewed determination and the Dane must have recognized the change in me because his thrust and energy increased along with mine.

I hadn't heard the door to the hut open. I hadn't noticed the shift in the light or shadows across the wall or floor. But, I did notice the Shepherd stand and face the door. I turned my head to the side to look at the doorway when our combined efforts succeeded. At the moment that my mind registered the appearance of the three women in the doorway, the knot passed through my pussy lips and drove into me. I cried out in pain and relief, my eyes closing, my mouth open, and my heart and breathing racing. It was several more moments before I thought to open my eyes, again, and check the doorway. They were still standing there, filling the doorway, watching and sharing comments

among themselves in low voices that I wouldn't have understood even if they were loud enough. The last thing that I saw, that I recognized, was the approving smile on all three faces as they backed out of the hut.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

I must have dozed after the Dane was able to pull his knot out of me. In fact, we all did. When the door to the hut opened, again, the three women found me curled on the floor with the two dogs. I looked up at the same time that the dogs did. The women chuckled at the scene before them. One of the them was carrying a tray of bowls and another had a jug of water and two bowls. Walking in behind them was Sylvia. She gave me a smile and a hug as I stood up from the floor.

"How are you doing, Annie?"

"Pretty well, actually. We've made some progress."

Sylvia smiled, "So I have heard."

The women had brought in bowls of food for my lunch. One bowl was chunks of meat that looked like chicken, but I didn't ask. If it wasn't, I might not want to know what it was. There was a bowl of rice and another of cut up fruit. The extra bowls were for water for the dogs.

I turned to Sylvia, "Please thank them for the food and water." She translated and the women smiled. "Can you ask them if the dogs have names ..."

"They say they don't. They only just got the animals and they usually wait until someone claims them to give names. However, they say it is okay if you want to give them names ... you are, after all, getting rather ... close to them." Sylvia gave me a wink and smile.

I already knew what I would call them. The Great Dane was Thor. The German Shepherd mix was Wolf, because that's what he gave the impression of ... a wicked looking wolf.

After the women left, I sat on the cot. As soon as I sat down, the dogs came to me. I scratched their ears and hugged each of them. Yes, we were certainly getting close ... I wondered how interested they were, though. I leaned back on the cot and opened my legs as they hung off the side of the cot. Wolf came right to me, his head moving between my legs and his snout pushed into my pussy. He lapped up the mess remaining from our earlier mating session. I pushed him away and twisted slightly toward Thor to see what his reaction would be. He responded the same, only he had to lower his head more to get to me. I smiled as he licked at me and pushed him to the side, also.

I got up and went to the counter where the women had placed the food, water and bowls. I poured water into the two extra bowls and placed them on the floor for the dogs. I sampled the meat and found it good, grilled with some interesting spices. I switched to the rice and fruit, though, saving the meat for a better purpose than my nourishment. While taking spoons of the food, I cut the meat into small pieces, almost nibble sized. This was going to be my training rewards for the dogs, since usually dogs tend to be food motivated, at least in the early stages of training. I had another motivation idea for the later stages of training.

Training started right after I had my light lunch. It revolved around just the very basics, starting with them getting used to hearing and recognizing their names, then combining that with 'sit' and 'down' positions. The 'sit' command is very useful initially in order to get their attention when they

wander. The 'down' command has obvious uses when I want them on the floor or ground, especially when I want access to their cocks, which I planned to do frequently. I had every intention of getting through the training cycle I had in my mind over the next 24 hours or so. It was going to be intense, but there was reason to believe that it was possible if they had breaks from training and performance with activities completely separated from that. If I had leashes and collars for them, I might take them for walks or jogs to break the stain of training. Since I didn't, I would use myself ... it was a burden, for sure, but you do what you have to do.

The dogs quickly got the concept of 'sit' and 'down'. The 'down' command got reinforced in their minds when I added a quick kiss and lick to the end of their sheaths. Before long, when I gave the command and they complied quickly, the tips of their cocks were peeking out of their sheaths. These were smart dogs. But, it also established who was in charge here. They would get plenty of what made them feel so good, but on my command and terms.

After 'sit' and 'down', I moved to 'stay' and 'come'. They were very smart dogs and they started catching on even quicker when I stopped using bits of meat for reward and started patting my pussy. I had both of them sit, then to stay. I then walked to the other side of the hut, turned around, and called each of them separately, "Thor, come!" Then I parted my legs and patted my pussy, drawing their attention to what they could have. Each one came to me, sat in front of me, and started licking my pussy until I moved their snouts to the side. I then gave them a command to 'heel', which we worked on to have them come to my side, Thor on my right and Wolf on my left.

We worked on it hard, but we took frequent breaks so they wouldn't become frustrated and begin to rebel. Sometimes I would lay back and let them take turns licking me; or, I might suck each of them, but not to climax; but the best was when I would offer myself to them and let them mount me. As a defensive measure, I had always started with Wolf and then be mounted by Thor. That way my pussy was still gaping from Wolf's knot exiting me, allowing Thor's larger knot to pass easier.

Late in the night, to reward them for all their attention and cooperation during the long day with me training, I decided to live on the wild side and take Thor first. Even as the thought crossed my mind, I wondered why. I believed the dogs were in a position to prove my abilities with them and after the next day, I may never see them, again. But, partly because I thought I owed Thor the consideration for being such a wonderful animal, and the reality that I still wanted to take a horse, if they allowed it. A horse would certainly stretch me for a longer time than Thor's knot.

These two had amazed me with their recovery capabilities and their unending interest in my pussy and me licking and mouthing their cocks, not to mention always being ready and eager for any chance I gave them to mount me. So, despite the fatigue that I knew we were all feeling from the day, I was sure they had one more good mating session left in them.

I handled it differently this time. I walked up to Thor and parted my legs in front of his snout. He looked up at me and I nodded, which wasn't a signal he could properly interpret. I patted my pussy. In this short, compacted time, that meant everything. His long tongue shot out and lapped at my pussy. I crouch down and took his head between my hands and kissed his snout. I then moved to Wolf and repeated the actions. I then gave Thor the 'down' command and he nearly fell to the floor, so sure was he about what was about to follow. When I got back to my knees and went to the cot, bracing my upper body with stiffened arms to withstand his weight, he went onto my back.

I was still tentative about this, but my hand went between my legs almost by instinct: dog on my back, hand between my legs, and guide cock into pussy. Thor was definitely bigger than Wolf and his cock sliding into my ready pussy was wondrous, perhaps because of the anticipation of this, the expectation.



I pressed back against him as he set into his humping motion. I was now anxious to feel his knot without the benefit of first having Wolf, without my pussy already being gaping when I took him. We played, teased much of the evening and night leading up to this moment. We were both ready and eager, it wasn't going to take us too much longer to climax and I believed it would be together, just like the times before for the three of us. When I felt his knot forming by the bumping into my pussy on the outside, I pressed more firmly against him. He was stretching me and I could feel it differently without my pussy already stretched. It wasn't deterring either of us, however; we pushed in opposite directions against each other, forcing the knot further, forcing my pussy to stretch and open further each time. There was a steady stream of moaning and groaning from my mouth and throat as we worked, as we fucked.

I gritted my teeth and pressed back as hard as I could, willing, demanding the entry of this knot into me. And, when it finally went in, I shrieked my relief, my acceptance, and my pleasure. I continued to moan as the huge knot and swelling cock moved inside my pussy. I felt my body shiver, centered in my gut, but not my gut, my pussy, from inside, deep inside ... I felt my body begin to shake and tremble as my orgasm overtook me, my pussy clamping, clenching around the cock and knot, squeezing it as it tried to move inside me. Then, through the fog of my climax, I felt him stop deep inside me, as if buried as deep in me as he could be, and he jerked, his cock twitching inside, then a spurt, the first of several huge spurts of his seed splashing into my pussy, soaking my womb, overflowing my insides until it squeezed out around his knot and my clamping pussy.

We remained tied a longer time than I remembered before. But, at least now, I called Wolf and had he lay down in front of me, which he readily and eagerly did. I prepared him with my lips and mouth. By the time Thor's knot managed to pull out of me, releasing a torrent of cum in the process, Wolf was well past ready. I wasn't sure how long he would last or if I had another orgasm inside me to join him; but before I could move, Thor was turning around and lapping up my pussy, greedily taking in our combined juices leaking from me. In the process, I also realized that it didn't take much for me to rise to another orgasm.

By the time Wolf and I were released from each other, I was exhausted and by the reaction of the dogs, they were, too. I crawled to the cot, collapsed on top of it and pulled the thin covering over my naked and sweaty body, a low, contented sigh escaping my lips as I sank into a deep sleep that wasn't interrupted until the next morning, well past the sun's rising.

I did not rise to the knock on the hut door, but the dogs apparently did. When I turned in the cot, the light in the hut now bright, I turned to find Sylvia sitting on one of the two straight backed wood chairs. I was half turned back over toward the wall when it sunk in what my eyes had just seen and I twisted back to face her. I looked around the room, seeing the door open and no dogs.

"Where are the dogs?! I was careful to make sure the door was closed firmly last night."

She smiled, got up and crossed the room to sit on the cot next to me. "The dogs are fine. They are right outside the door. The women tried to get them to leave to give you some peace for more rest, but it was hard enough to get them to leave you. You must have been exhausted." She gave me a smile. "The women are shocked by the change in behavior of the dogs. That older woman is coming later, but you have convinced these women."

I sat up, rubbing my eyes, and groaning at the stiffness in my back from the sagging cot. I put my head in my hands, supported by my elbows on my knees. "I don't think that woman likes me."

"She doesn't like any outsider, including me. You, however, a Guero ... you are almost too much for her to tolerate. Don't focus on her. Focus on these women. They are being careful around me, but I

have picked up bits of conversation and talk in the village from women who have been helping inside the compound. They are saying things ... good things about you." She put her hand on my shoulder and pulled me to her.

I put my hand on hers. "I will do everything possible, Sylvia. You know I will. I just hope, for your sake ..." I looked up at her face, "... for our sake that is will be enough."

She smiled at me and took my face into her hands. "Oh, Annie ... You know I never had children?" I nodded. She kissed my forehead and hugged me. "I would have loved if you had been my daughter. No matter what happens here, you have already shown more strength, courage, and devotion than could be expected from a young woman." I smiled into her chest. I didn't say it, but I felt it: She's the kind of mother I wish I could have had.

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The dogs and I spent several hours outside of the hut training. We needed more room than the small hut provided. I really wanted to test them and see what their range of control was and we had to be able to be separated by more distance and distraction to fully test that.

Sylvia had expressed surprise at the progress of the dogs in such a short time. I, though, knew how much time we expended in our effort. I was also familiar with trainers who could train dogs in specific behavior in a matter of only hours. True, I wasn't one of those trainers, but I wasn't as surprised by our progress, especially as we were building a very intimate relationship at the same time.

We quickly drew a small crowd in the confines of the compound as I put them through commands and increased the distance between us while I had them in 'stay' positions until releasing them. When I used the treat of patting my pussy and allowing them to lick me several times, it provoked some giggles and whispers from the watching women.

I took the dogs outside the compound and tested their ability to follow commands amid the distraction of the village. Sylvia and a woman from the compound were watching from the opened gate of the compound. They were talking back and forth. Sylvia smiled and nodded.

I called the dogs to heel and we walked to the gate. At the gate, I had the dogs sit, Wolf on my left and Thor on my right.

"I am going to take the dogs for a run. I could use the exercise and they can, too. We have been too long in controlled behavior; it will do us good to burn off some energy. Can you ask where we should go?"

Sylvia talked to the woman, discussing something. The woman finally shrugged, then pointed in the direction we had come from when we arrived, then turned and pointed down the trail in the opposite direction.

Sylvia relayed the instructions, "She suggested back to the previous village, turn around, then back through here and continue to the next village. That should be long enough, though she doesn't understand the concept of running without having to. She was firm that you stay on the trail and you should not be bothered by snakes. The dogs should be sufficient to ward off any other animals." She looked at me concerned. "Please, be careful."

I hugged her, turned back to the previous village and called the dogs. What a freeing experience to leave the village completely naked at a jog, but watching my footing to protect my feet. Since the

ranch, I haven't been this active while naked. Never have I been so publicly exposed as I was now before coming here. Now, it wasn't just in a location where the women of compounds were testing me, but freely and openly in front of and among the people of several villages in a matter of a few hours. That sense was exhilarating as I headed toward the edge of the village.

Within moments I had several children running behind me and the number increased as our group with the two dogs was observed. I heard many calls, laughter, and exclamations that all sounded positive and reinforcing. I couldn't understand any of it, of course, except for the smiles, waves, and sounds of encouragement. One word came to me the most often ... "see-leen-a". I didn't know what it meant, but it seemed to be positive. I would have to ask on my return.

As I approached the edge of the village, I stopped and turned around. A number of adults were following the group at a walking pace. I pointed the children back to the village and waved to the adults who waved back at me. I turned and went off at a faster pace with the dogs initially slightly behind, but soon just ahead of me down the trail.

As I came upon the next village, I found women along their huts tending small garden plots, laundry, or taking care of children or animals. Nearly all the women were bare breasted, some completely naked. All the children were naked and most of the men wore a simple loin cloth around their hips like most of the women. I received the same attention as I passed them and entered the village proper. I heard the same interest and greetings. In the center of the village, I stopped to turn around and return the other direction. My body was shining with sweat and I could feel it running down my body once I stopped. The temperature was hot but not that hot, the humidity of the jungle made it impossible for pores not to be open and any exertion produced volumes of sweat.

From the side, I saw a woman and a young girl exit a hut with bowls and a cup, all of them carved wood, which was a very common utensil form. The woman had thin, worn cloth tied around her waist. In the heat and humidity, the thin cloth stuck to her hips. The piece of cloth was a mere attempt at a covering, but not a serious one. The young girl, perhaps nine or ten, was completely naked as were all the children, even the ones entering puberty. Nobody was ashamed or self-conscious of their bodies, regardless of their size or shape. The body was a body, and it was refreshing to see such acceptance and openness in their treatment of the body.

The bowls contained water and were for the dogs. As soon as that was clear to me, I sat the dogs in anticipation, then released them after the bowls were on the ground. There was an immediate flurry of comments between the people and, again, I heard that word repeated. I knelt on the ground in front of the girl, smiling at her as she handed me the wooden cup. I sipped the warm water and said 'thank you' in their language, one of the few expressions I was able to repeat. I sipped it slowly because I was intending on more exertion soon. I turned and called the dogs away from finishing the water, they could get sick too if they ran with too much water.

The girl stepped forward and touched my left breast, which wasn't only bare of clothing but also bare of any markings. It was interesting to me how free these people were about touching the bare body of others. In my world, even if you encountered another naked person, as at a beach, it was still awkward to casually touch as you might if both were clothed. Here, none of that awkwardness existed. The naked body was just a natural part of their world.

The girl turned her head to her mother and said something. The mother stepped forward and I rose to greet her. She, too, used her right hand to cup my left breast, then used her thumb to stroke over the unmarked skin. She held her hand in that position and looked down at my right hand, then up to my eyes and nodded. I raised my right hand and cupped her left breast, then tracing the tattoo over her nipple. She smiled in approval. It was as if I was being introduced to a secretive handshake, but

this one was something that was used by all women, a recognition of their bond. I wondered, even on an island resort that supported and encouraged nudity, would we become this comfortable? Was it even possible coming from our society?

The mother placed her index finger over her tattoo of a dog paw without dots alongside it. She pointed at Thor and Wolf and asked something. I shrugged my lack of understanding. She pointed at them, then touched her tattoo. I nodded my understanding. She was looking intently at me, considering another question that couldn't be verbalized. She put her finger on my chest, then pointed at the dogs and held up her hand, first one finger, two, three ... I smiled. How many dogs.

Three at the ranch, three on the island, two here. I held up both hands and raised eight fingers. A murmur went through the large group that had assembled. A naked white woman not only in their midst, but communicating about mating with animals.

She called to another woman. I noticed her left breast had a paw with four dots around it. Sylvia had said that four dots was the most. It only indicated that four or more different dogs had been mated. The new woman put her right hand on my left breast and I immediately did the same to her. The group smiled and buzzed with pleasure. The mother touched the new woman's mark and touched my breast. I nodded.

I glanced down at the girl who had brought me the water and still held the cup. She was beaming in joy, perhaps with some personal pride that she was connected to me now.

The mother then called another woman over and she and I went through the same greeting touch. I saw that besides a paw mark (without any dots), she had a circle over it with two dots inside. Sylvia said this indicated two animal species had been mated by her, obviously one was a dog. The mother touched the marking, then my chest. I smiled and glanced at the group around us. The group was now 30 to 40 strong, adults and children, all comfortable with the interaction occurring before them as part of their culture.

I considered the unspoken question. Since leaving the ranch, I had only experienced dogs. But, at the ranch, there was goat, hog, the pony and horse, if using hands and mouth counted. I had no way of asking the question. It seemed a pantomime in front of the children would be in bad taste. So, I held up one hand, then raised four fingers, hesitated, then added the fifth. She poked her finger into my chest and looked intently into my eyes with the question buried in hers. I nodded. In the midst of the chatter that followed, that word, "see-leen-a", was repeated between the people.

I turned to leave, waving to the group who followed behind me as I walked to the edge of the village. An older woman, maybe 50 but in the jungle it is hard to tell, came to me from the side and said that word, again. The quick learner that I am, we touched breasts. She took my hand and led me to the side of the hut she came from. I turned to look at the group assembled on the trail and saw that the children were all being herded back to the village center, only adults of both sexes were remaining. I wondered what that meant as I was led to a pen next to the hut. I found that she had several pens, the one she brought me to had goats inside.

She entered the pen by bending through the horizontal rails. She gestured and I followed her inside. She touched a specific goat and point at me. I thought I knew what she was intending, but the thought of misjudging the intent and making a fool of myself took over my mind, making me uncertain. She touched my chest, then point her finger on the circle on her left breast. I nodded my understanding. She backed to the railings. Okay, I was nodding that I understood and she took that to mean that I agreed to mate with her goat? Something was happening that I did not understand. I understood the mating request, but the people were gathered around the pen with particular

expectation in their faces. I could see none of the women from the compound in the group watching. This was not one of their tests, this was something else, something spontaneous of the people.

I looked down at the goat before me and then, again, at the people now encircling the pen. If this was something just of the people, not planned or contrived by any others, what purer form of communion would there be than to show my acceptance of them and their life?

It occurred to me in that instant of determination, that since coming here, I had not seen any woman being taken by an animal. I didn't know what their practice was or how they might go about being mated by their animals. A moment of trepidation passed over me, but I resolved that I could only do what I was comfortable doing. It was who I was and how I was in the mating. All my mating followed the same process, so I proceeded with that resolve to be true to myself.

I knelt on the ground, petting the animal around its head and flanks, gaining my own comfort with the animal and allowing it to gain comfort with me. I moved to stroking his underside and onto his belly, his head jerking to the side to look at what it was I was doing. But, he didn't move away. I lowered my head and reached underneath him, assuming that in the time I had available to spend here, I might not be able to encourage him onto the ground. I licked the tip of his cock sucked on it as it moved out with my coaxing. I could hear the murmurs and comments being made around the pen, but I could not understand any of it.

It wasn't long before I made the decision to take the final step, assuming that his now exposed cock was an indication of his readiness. I had spent much more time on the goat on the ranch to insure what I wanted to do was good for him, also. I didn't have that kind of time, now. Sylvia and the others would begin worrying, if I was delayed too long.

I moved to my hands and knees, just the way I had successfully done on the ranch. The animal was slow in understanding, so I encouraged him, taking hold of the fur around his neck and pulling (encouraging) him up to my ass. He caught the scent from me, sniffed, and ended up jumping onto my back soon after. I guided him inside my pussy and heard more murmurs around the pen from the women. The men seemed to be just enjoying the show, causing me to wonder how often they might see a woman besides their wife mating with an animal.

I moaned at the initial penetration and sighed as he drove further into me. I had not found the goats to be as stimulating as dogs or the pony, which was larger in size. This arousal must have something to do with the demonstration, the exhibitionist scene of this mating, a scene where I was mating an animal, a strange animal to me, in front of maybe 30 people!

After the goat came inside me and I had a nice, if little, orgasm, the goat unceremoniously jumped off my back without a lick or thank you. I giggled at the thought, but dogs are so much more attentive, especially dogs I have had bonding with.

As I stood up in the middle of the pen, I could feel escaping cum leak onto the inside of my thighs and was sure it must glisten in the sunshine. A couple men removed two railings for me to more easily exit the pen, then replaced them quickly. As I passed through the reassembled crowd, the women all attempted to touch my left breast, the men touching my shoulders or back. When I remembered the dogs, I found them in line behind me, making their way through the crowd in my wake. I turned onto the trail, waved to the people, and the dogs and I resumed our run, now back to the village with intention to go to the one beyond it before returning to Sylvia and the compound.

As I ran, I realized that I had no idea what had just happened back at that village. Why was I taken to that pen and the goat? And, why had the entire village stayed to witness it? Of the six or seven

goats the woman had, why did she so purposely go to that particular goat? I needed to stop wondering how strange this trip could become ... apparently, it could become stranger than I might be able to anticipate.

Entering the village, Sylvia and several of the women were waiting. I didn't stop, but Sylvia called out the expected question, "What took you so long? I was beginning to worry."

As I came up to her, "Sorry ... I was ... delayed in the village. All is good. I will explain later." And, I continued on my way to the next village.

I was met with a similar response in this village, too. Water and fruit were brought for me and water for the dogs. This time, though, they were ready and waiting for me in the center of the village ... almost as if someone had warned them of my coming. The children approached with curiosity at the size of Thor who I put into a sit and stay. He looked a little nervous at first by the increasing attention, but I stayed next to him and he soon was licking and bumping the children playfully and they were screeching in delight.

When I was ready to leave them, I saw that women were holding the children back from following me. I looked ahead of me to the edge of the village and saw a small group of women waiting. One was holding an animal I didn't immediately recognize, and walking it off from the tail where I was to find a small clearing where animals grazed.

I slowed as I approached the women and walked up to them. The women stepped up to me and touched my left breast, an action I returned to each. After the previous village, I knew what was coming, what they were going to suggest that I do. I waited for them to initiate it, though.

They did, too. Two of the women took my hands and led me to the clearing along a narrow path through a few separating trees. I glanced behind me for the dogs and was reassured by them following close behind. When we reached the clearing, the other woman was holding a llama with a rope around its neck. I was led up to the woman and the rest of the people formed a circle. The woman was with a llama and stepped to me, put her hand on the llama, then the mark on her left breast with the circle and two dots, and then on my left breast. I looked at her, pointed to the llama, then touched the circle on her breast. She shook her head. If I understood properly, she had not mated with this animal, but she wanted me to. I nodded. I understood very well what she, they wanted from me. Again, I didn't understand why; I did understand what, though.

I proceeded along my usual method, first establishing comfort with each other. After petting and stroking him, I moved my strokes underneath, working my way slowly to his sheath. I was stroking from the side, not yet kneeling down underneath him so I was surprised when my hand felt something at the end of the sheath. He had exposed his cock but not much. I moved underneath him, taking his sheath in my hands and stroking it, his cock coming out.

I was very interested in see the cock most of the way out. I had never thought of such an animal, in fact was surprised that one would be in the jungle, but what did I know of such things. Maybe it was used for carrying supplies and goods further along the trail to other villages. I didn't know if the llama's cock was as big as a donkey or pony or just large like Thor, or just ... a cock.

The animal moved when I got underneath him and put my mouth to his cock. Again, my actions brought comments from those watching. It seemed my style with animals was of some difference. The woman held the rope steady, though, and soothed him with sounds and touches. Soon, I was sure I had most of the cock out, but I was surprised by the appearance. It was long, but not big around. It also had a hook shaped projection at the tip. I was now wondering what this was going to

be like.

I back out from under the animal, stood, and looked around the clearing. There appeared to be a large enough rock about 20 feet away. I took the rope from the woman and led the llama to it. I returned the rope to the woman and noticed all the people followed and reformed their circle around the new location. I bent over at the waist and braced myself on the rock, then nodded to the woman. I think she was confused at first, but then she realized what I was doing. I thought I had to be higher for this animal than if it was a dog. Of course, this came from what I needed to do for Thor, thereby, believing I had the experience in positioning myself. How wrong could I be.

The animal was led up to me and pulled over my back until his cock bumped into my ass. I reached under and found it and jerked my head in an attempt to indicate that the animal needed to be moved further onto my back. But, instead of trying to penetrate me, he seemed frustrated and put all his weight on me, causing my legs to buckle and I went down to the ground. The animal tried to remount me, but I was rolling away. I looked at him and saw that he also seemed to be on his back knees. I repositioned myself like I was mating with a dog and he came over me, his back knees on the ground and his front knees bent and resting to support himself over me. He moved forward and bumped his penis into me. I reach under, found it and despite its peculiar feel, slid it into my pussy.

I moaned at the strange feeling as it moved forward into me. It must have been a good eight or nine inches long and I felt the odd shaped tip tickling my cervix. I thought of the hog and how it sought out my womb to deposit its seed. This animal seemed to be attempting the same thing.

When he came, it was a surreal experience. I came from the sensation of it all ... plus the many people standing around watching it happen. The animal quickly got off me and I lay on the ground, rolling over to stare up at the blue sky above. Now, I truly have mated with five different species. Without a doubt, the llama was just as peculiar as the hog had been.

When I stood up, I was again greeted by a group of people that almost seemed celebratory, like the other village. I was beginning to appreciate the custom of touching the left breast as an indication of respect and appreciation. Perhaps, when I return to the other village, I can find out why all this happened. Perhaps, Sylvia can explain to me, or find out, what this word "see-leen-a" means. A word that again was being repeated by the people as I passed through them.

I had been intending to run back to the village I had started from earlier. I reached the trail that ran from village to village along the string of villages of these people and turned to leave when a woman grabbed my arm, then indicated to wait. In a moment, it seemed the entire village was assembled, men, women, and children. Included was the llama I had just mated with. I was puzzled, but I had determined long enough ago since arriving here that I would be better off taking an attitude of acceptance and going with the flow of the place. It seemed they were all going to accompany me back to the other village. Hopefully, I would find out why that was happening, also.

I called the dogs and the crowd parted as the Thor and Wolf charged through to come to my side. I scratched each of them at the ears and leaned their heads in to mine, "Either of you have any idea what is going on?"

They didn't answer, of course.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

What had started as a desire for exercise through a run with the dogs to burn off a buildup of energy

and tension, turned into something very different. And that couldn't have been demonstrated any better than the scene in the village on my return.

There was a mob of people with me from the last village I was in and seeing the people gathered in the village where Sylvia was waiting for me was a sight. There were far too many people in the commons area and the area in front of the women's compound for it to be just from that village. People in the crowd closest to us began turning in our direction and pointing. The crowd seemed to part and I spotted Sylvia and several of the women who seemed to be of importance. I walked directly up to them and shyly accepted a welcoming hug from Sylvia.

She seemed to be having a time trying to control herself, but it was from outright laughing at the scene. "You have created quite a scene, young lady." She hooked her thumb behind her at the mob back there, "Half of those are from the village back there, the rest are from here. When they saw you run through with the dogs alongside you, they were curious about your return. Then, all these people came with a story about you in their village. They all wanted to see what might happen upon your return." She pointed behind me at the people from that village, "And now another village added to the chaos." She was smiling widely.

"What do you mean they wanted to see what might happen?"

"Dear, it has put the women in the compounds in a conflict." She lowered her voice, "The old woman ..."

"The one who doesn't like me ..."

"Yes, well ... she is adamant that you are not worthy. Apparently, that was always going to be her judgement."

"Can she do that? Is she the final word?"

"Ordinarily ... maybe. But, it isn't just the other women of the compound that are disagreeing with her. I am hearing comments that this is the first time anyone can remember when village women are making demands contrary to the lead woman. As I said, you've caused quite a stir. What happened out there that got all these people so involved in you?"

Just then, a woman cried out from behind me. I turned to find the woman who had been holding the llama in the clearing. She came alongside me, stopped and touched my breast. She said something that Sylvia translated as, "Don't worry see-leen-a, it is okay."

She then walked up to the other arguing women. Behind her was the same llama.

I turned to Sylvia, "What is 'see-leen-a'? I have been hearing that word much of the day since I left for my run."

She looked shocked. "I admit that I have heard it, too, from the women coming from the other village. But, I thought ..."

"Thought what?"

"Annie, it isn't a word. It's a name! They have been talking about you? It sounds like see-leen-a, but you and I might recognize it more as Celina. Oh ... this should be very interesting."

I stood with Sylvia as the discussion/argument unfolded in the midst of the crowd. Suddenly, a



woman somewhere in the crowd shouted out, "See-leen-a!" There was silence for several moments, then the entire crowd erupted into the chant, "See-leen-a! See-leen-a! See-leen-a!"

As if on its own, the crowd parted to form an opening from the women talking to Sylvia and me. All eyes moved from one to the other. I stood where I was. I still had no idea what was happening. Why were they referring to me as Celina?

The older woman was furious in response. Her eyes were glaring and her face was red with anger and fury. She argued with the others but even I could tell it was lost on them, she was arguing as a lone voice against a hurricane gale wind. Her words and authority were being lost as another chant took up somewhere in the crowd and spread from one end to the other like the wave in a football stadium. Then, everything stopped and it became very quiet. I looked around before seeing the older woman walking determinedly toward me. If the quiet could have gotten quieter, it did.

The woman looked so mad, enraged, that for a moment I was fearful of my life, at least of injury. Then, as the woman walked menacingly toward me through the opening in the crowd, another woman shrieked something, which brought the older woman to a stop and she turned around. I looked into the crowd as it opened to the woman. It was the woman with the goat I had mated with. She walked deliberately toward me, but focused on the older woman. She yelled at her and shouted; at one point she screamed something.

Sylvia grabbed my elbow and pulled me back slightly, "I've never heard of anything like this. A village woman lecturing one of the elders on the fundamentals and principles of their culture and tradition."

Several of the women that had assisted me over the past couple days stepped forward into the gap, they walked slowly toward me, the crowd started to become quiet once again. One of the them held up her hands into the air and the rest of the crowd became quiet.

Sylvia whispered that she would try to keep up with the translation. The woman lowered her hands and stepped up to me. It was then that I noticed the other women from the compound, the older one now on the fringe. The women with the goat and llama were among them. I tensed. They could be very unhappy that an outsider, a Guero, was causing so much trouble among the village people. That wasn't it ... she smiled at me and shook her head in bemusement.

She had each of the women with the animals repeat the story they had told about me entering their village, my being asked to mate with their animal, and my acceptance and success in mating. There was a strong murmur when the llama was identified as my mating partner in her village. Apparently, that wasn't a common thing. It was hushed. The woman asked Sylvia about me, having her repeat something of my history with animals before coming to their villages. She talked about the animals and dogs on the ranch, she talked about the dogs on the island, she pointed to Thor and Wolf. Again, there was murmurs and talk as people seemed to be adding up in their heads the number of animals. The woman then told the story of my being challenged with the two dogs that now sat peacefully at my sides. She told of their unruliness, that they were inexperienced with women. She told of my mating with them, my training of them. She looked over the crowd.

"Do any of you have question of her ability with animals?" The response was an immediate "NO!"

"Do any of you question her worthiness to be among us?"

It was quiet for a moment. This is the issue that had been the core of the argument. Now, however, she seemed to be putting the question to the villagers. From in back came the word ... the name ... see-leen-a ... Celina. It was repeated and repeated from the outside to the middle of the crowd where

I was standing before the women.

She looked out over the crowd, then turned to me with her hands raised for quiet, again.

“They seem to think, or wish to think, that you are our beloved Celina. Celina ... is a story that has been passed down from mother to daughter over generations and generations and generations. When my grandmother was a little girl in her village, the oldest woman in the village only knew the story as told to her by her mother who was told by her mother. Nobody knows how far back the story goes.” The people around were hushed, all listening to the story being told, again. It appeared to be a beloved story that was told and retold with care and love. “There is much to the story of Celina that has been added about experiences of others, additions of new animals, the need for continuing tradition, the power of people united, sharing, and supporting. But, for you to understand the story and why they repeat the name ...”

The story goes back in time to a time when maybe, for these people, time was not something that was important. Life was life, it was as simple as that. And, at that time, life was not a good life. Life for the people was hard and there was much hardship. The animals of the jungle seemed to have disappeared. Their choices for food and survival were becoming fewer and fewer. It was becoming increasingly difficult to survive. Life for the people became moment to moment with little or no consideration for a future. Each day was survival; the next day, if it came, would be, too.

In the midst of all that, one day that was just like so many others before it, a woman appeared out of the jungle. She was naked. She wore neither anything on her body or feet. That wasn't so unusual in itself. The only thing on her body were markings on her left breast. But, she was not of the people. She did not belong where she was. She looked strange to them. But, as she walked into one of the villages, following behind her out of the jungle, came animals with her. There were many animals; some wild that belonged in the jungle; others that were domesticated that belonged in pens and corrals and used for work or food. She did not speak. Perhaps she didn't know the language of the people or she couldn't speak, or she felt no need to speak. Whichever, she communicated by actions ... and through the animals. In front of everyone, she dropped to the ground, pointed to an animal and touched her ass. The animal mounted her and they mated. That scene was repeated over and over for much of the remainder of the day as the people stood and watched in amazement as this stranger, this unknown woman, was mated by the animals. But, every time, she directed the animals. The animals didn't mount her without her direction. She was in control of the animals.

As strange as it seemed to the people, the longer the woman stayed and mated with the animals, the more animals came to the jungle around them. Women of the people indicated more than asked to learn, be shown, how to mate and with which animals. The woman instructed and provided guidance to the women of these people. In return, she was housed and cared for by the people, moving from hut to hut while she stayed with the people. Soon, the people had learned to mate with certain animals and the animals of the jungle seemed to continue to come. Hunting and raising animals became abundant and the people were good, again.

In gratitude, the people not only housed and cared for the woman, but shared their marital intimacies with her and all the people were happy, even honored, to share themselves with her, both male and female. The people became healthy and strong, their lives became rich in life and opportunity, the jungles were bountiful and providing. All was good with the people.

Then, as suddenly as the strange woman appeared to them, she left and she was never seen or heard of, again. At first, the people were afraid. They feared if the animals they raised, and of the jungle, would also leave and their lives would return to want and misery. But, the people continued to mate with the same animals as when the woman was with them and the animals did not leave; the jungles

remained abundant with animals and food. From that moment on, they made a community vow that they would continue to mate with animals and they would pass the story and the tradition on from mother to daughter as the daughters became old enough to mate with a husband or animal.

I looked at the woman, thinking about something that was confusing to me, she asked what it was. "I understand that Celina brought the custom to the people and that the people continued the custom after she left them. It continued in a form of respectful offering to the animals for the bounty and health they provide to the people. I understand that. I understand how that custom would continue and the isolation of your people would be required to protect your custom." She smiled at me as Sylvia translated. "The women continued to mate." The woman nodded. "I don't mean any disrespect, but ... where did women like you and the others in the compound come about in the villages?" Sylvia was even reluctant to translate, but I nodded for her to.

Then, it became interesting; she turned to others and asked the same question to them. After some discussion, "Some women were more adept at mating. Some were able to mate with more types of animals. These women became instructors or guides in the custom."

I was watching her and all I could think to say was, "Hmmm ..." There was something about that that was troubling me, but it was their custom, their tradition, their life. I left it alone.

The woman touched me, "One more thing, Annie ... Celina was white. Celina was a young, white woman. Undoubtedly, she was the first and only white person they had ever or would ever see. So, you were among the people, you accepted the offer to mate with their animals, animals that had never before been mated, and ..."

"And ... I am white and young." She nodded.

The woman smiled, a smile that indicated a real acceptance of me, a smile that indicated appreciation of me and who I was. She put her hand over my left breast, "Mostly, though, I think it was what they saw of you here, your heart and soul. I agree with them ..." She turned and swung her arm around her at the other compound women behind her, women from the three villages, "... we agree with them."

"What about that older woman? I always felt I would fail because I would not satisfy her."

"You wouldn't have satisfied her. But, she doesn't matter, any more. She has been rejected by the village women." She smiled, embarrassed, "You are very insightful, Annie. We are nothing without the support of the village women. We were meant to serve them in the ways of the tradition, not dictate our will upon them." She put her hands on my shoulders and pulled me into a hug that did not end for several moments. "Thank you for coming here to us."

I turned to look at Sylvia who was still trying to keep up with the translations. Her eyes and cheeks were wet and she put her arms around the two of us, joining the hug.

When the woman broke the hug, she smiled at me, again. She took my hand and led me to the gate to the compound, "It is time."

"Time? For what?"

"Your markings." Still holding my hand, she raised it high above our heads and cheers from the crowd carried me into the compound.

I had never thought about getting a tattoo before, much less on my breast. I was seated on a stool in

a hut I had not been in before. There was a woman in a corner mixing something in a bowl. I watched her for a moment, then looked at Sylvia who was beaming at me. I took that to mean that we had been successful. That what happened from this point on was independent of getting animals we needed for the island resort. We would get the animals and I would get the assistance I desired to be able to mate with a full-sized horse ... if that was what I still wanted ... and, I knew that it was. The idea of mating with a horse had always seemed like the ultimate in bestiality to me, and my desire for it had not diminished.

I was marked with three symbols. The paw print was barely off the areole of my left breast. Around it in a half circle over the top were the four thick dots signifying multiple different canines. Immediately above it was a circle with the top and bottom thicker and the sides gradually thinner and inside were four more thick dots, also signifying multiple different animal species mated. Above that was the symbol of control, the inverted 'V' with the two triangles coming off the tip and pointing to the sides. It symbolized a woman standing, feet apart in a power stance, her arms bent and hands on her hips.

The question of how the tattoos were to be made became very clear. This was the jungle, not some high-tech parlor in our cities. Very sharp needles of different sizes were tapped into the skin with a small hammer, pushing the ink into the skin. The skill and technique used by the man was remarkable. It was also quite erotic. There was some stinging as the points were pushed in, but the handling of my breast and nipple by this man in the meantime was ... erotic. I suspected that it was part of his technique to keep the woman distracted somewhat. When he was finished and my upper breast skin cleaned and salve put on it, the detail and smoothness of the lines, the symmetry of the dots and circles, the straightness of the lines were impressive.

I was returned to the center of the village where I was greeted with celebration. A small group of men started playing handmade instruments, food and beverage was passed around freely from huts of the village. Wherever I wandered, I was greeted with a gentle hand to my left breast, many tracing the markings with fingers, a warm smile on their faces.

The woman I had interacted with the most, along with Sylvia, stayed close to me. I noticed that the beverage must have been some fermented drink because I was feeling the effects of drinking it. I slowed down on my consumption and increased my eating. Suddenly, a village woman, I did not know which of the villages, walked up to me with her husband beside her. I smiled at them, but they looked nervous, especially him. I looked at Sylvia, but she only shrugged in confusion like me. The village woman took my hand and placed the man's in it. I looked at the village woman, the man, Sylvia, and finally the other woman. She turned me to face her. There were now many people who had seen what was occurring and had stopped to watch.

The woman said, "She is offering you her husband." I looked at the village woman in shock. "It would be a great honor for her and her husband and the village, if you accepted."

"I don't understand."

"Remember what they are thinking about you. Not that they really think you are Celina, but that you embody her. Remember what Celina did when she stayed in the village with our ancestors. Remember that she was brought into the people's homes and they shared in everything. We are a simple people, Annie. Some would believe you ARE Celina; others that you are her spirit; others that you are a representation, an embodiment of her. Tradition ... legend ... myth ... they are powerful element in our lives."

I looked at Sylvia who had a concerned look on her face. I smiled, "It's alright, Sylvia. This is turning

into quite the experience, isn't it ...” I turned to the woman, “Where ...?”

“She will know ... their hut or somewhere she has ready.”

I turned to the couple, I put my hands out to the two of them. The woman turned and led the way to a hut a 100 yards away and behind several others. The man continued to appraise me as we walked. This was different. The women of the compound, if there was interaction, it was inside the compound, away from others. This ... was different ... and I certainly was different. A Guero was one thing, but a woman with a mythical aspect was entirely another.

The woman, however, seemed determined and deliberate. She appeared in her actions and manner to be stronger than might otherwise be expected. The hut, once it was obvious where we were headed, was modest and simple, even for the huts we had passed. The couple were not young, nor were they old. They might be considered middle-aged but there was also no indication of children either currently or having grown in the hut. The woman had a single marking on her breast, the paw print with no other dots surrounding it and there was no evidence of a dog anywhere around the hut.

The woman pushed the door to the hut open and stood to the side. The man kept a hold of my hand and led the way inside. When I stood in the frame of the door, I stopped, still holding his hand but now reaching and taking the hand of the woman. She hesitated, seeming confused and reluctant that I wanted to include her, but my hand was strong around hers and my intention firm against her confusion and reluctance.

Inside, they stood before me, the feeling that this wasn't going the way she anticipated or expected. As if to clarify the situation that I might be misunderstanding, she touched my left breast, traced the new markings shown there with her right hand and put her left palm on her husband's chest. I smiled at them both. I was aware of the request, the intention, I merely wanted it expanded. I shook my head. They both looked concerned, embarrassed at the turn of events, fearful that now I was rejecting the invitation. I stepped up to the man, put my hands on the sides of his face and kissed him lightly on the lips. I smiled at him. I turned my head to look at the woman and smiled at her, then stepped to her and repeated the actions of the kiss. I again smiled at them. I put my palms on both of their chests and nodded. To be sure of my intention, then, I pointed with an index finger onto my chest, then touched each of them. They shared a look between them and grasped each other's hands. They then parted their hands, each taking one of mine, and led me to the mat on the floor in one corner.

I stopped them at the edge of the mat. I was the only one naked. True, they only had light cloth wrapped around their waists, but ... I stepped in front of the woman, took her face in my hands and kissed her on the mouth. She pulled back slightly, but not completely. I searched her eyes for a sign. Her eyes searched mine. I smiled at her as my eyes shifted to her lips and I kissed her, again. This time she did not react by pulling away, instead she relaxed into me. My hands dropped to her shoulders and down her arms. As they did, I separated enough to see her body. My hands were now on her hips, untying the fastening at her right hip. When it released, the cloth dropped silently to the rough wood floor. Stepped into her, again. This time, after kissing her on the lips, I trailed my kisses to her chin, chest, breasts and nipples, stomach and abdomen, and, finally, her pubic mound covered in soft hair, like that under her arms. I kissed her mound and using my hands on the inside of her thighs, gently encouraged her to open her legs for me. I kissed directly onto her pussy and she shivered. I rose up her body with another kiss to the lips.

I then stepped to the side to be in front of her husband and repeated the entire process. I felt the woman watching as I kissed and unrobed her man, as I kissed my way down his body, as I kissed his penis, kissing it until it was a fully hard cock needing attention. She watched me just as her husband

had watch before.

I moved them to lie on the mat, side by side. They took each other's hand. I smiled. Love is love. The biggest cities of the richest countries or the smallest villages of a remote jungle. These two weren't just husband and wife, tired partners of life; these two were still lovers, still energized by each other. And she had offered her mate, her lover to me in some token of thanks, gratitude, or respect ... or something. I didn't know what it was, why she had done it, but I was told to accept it. So, here we are, but I have turned it on them. Instead of them giving to me, I intend to give to them. Instead, it will be a token of my thanks, gratitude, and respect for their way of life and tradition.

With both of them on their backs, I spread her legs, stroking with my hands up the inside of her thighs, slowly turning my hands to the tops to brush over her mound, not yet touching her pussy. I lean over her and kiss her abdomen, down over her mound, but avoiding, for now, directly onto her pussy.

I then moved to her man. Both of their heads rose off the mat to watch what I did. I was now only intent on my intention, not what they had envisioned occurring when she made the initial offer of only her man being with me. I encourage his legs open, too. But, I also took his left leg and placed it over her right leg so they are in contact and can encourage each other to be open to me, together to be open to this experience.

I proceeded the same way, my hands sliding up the inside of his thigh, turning up to avoid his hard penis, leaning over to kiss his abdomen. But, his hard cock is right there, unavoidable as I kiss his lower body. I kiss on either side of his cock, but it is right there. Visually it is obvious to me, unavoidably obvious and present. My cheek grazes the side of it and I feel it twitch in response. My kisses move down into his pubic hair and I see his cock rise off his abdomen, straining without intention at my proximity and touch.

I end the anticipation for both of us. It was without conscious consideration or plan. It just was. I was kissing his abdomen ... the next instant his cock head was in my mouth. I sucked on it. I took more into my mouth. My mouth went down on it, then raised back to the head. I sucked and twirled my tongue around it. I pulled off and looked up his body at him. His eyes were squinted and his mouth was uttering soft moans. But, I also saw his wife's face. Her eyes were filled with lust, too. Her hand gripping his as I found my right hand at her pussy, fingers playing over her lips, her wet lips. As I looked into her eyes, my mouth kissing her husband's cock, I inserted a finger into her. Her head fell back to the mat, but they continued holding hands, both raising their hips partially off the mat in response to my touch.

Now was the time for the next part. I crawled over them, kissing each, then lay on my back, bending my knees and spreading them, opening myself to their view. I motioned to the man. I was preparing to make love to this couple and I didn't even know their names. He looked at my pussy, then to his wife who was smiling at him. He moved between my legs and lowered his body over mine, positioning his cock at the entrance to my pussy. I kissed the side of his neck as he placed his cock head at the opening into me and pressed gently into me, only inches, but inside me. I gasped and moaned at the feeling, capturing in my eyes the look of pleasure on his wife's face at that moment.

I put my hands on his shoulder and stopped any further movement. He looked into my eyes, confused and concerned. I smiled at him, then looked at his wife and motioned for her to come to us. She crawled onto the mat to join us. I took her arm and pulled, encouraging without the ability to speak, encouraging her to continue further towards my head until her knees were at my head. I touched her right knee and indicated to the right side of my head. She looked at me bewildered for a moment, then it came to her what it was I wanted. Her husband seemed to understand at the same

moment, lifting himself to his knees, his cock still inside me. I lifted my legs and placed them over his shoulders and he drove his cock further in. The woman straddled my head and, with my hands on her hips, I pulled her down onto my mouth and tongue. I felt him press into me, withdraw partially and press back in. He established a comfortable motion. Then, I used my hands on the woman's back to press her toward her husband. I could see nothing, but by their shifting on top of me, I knew they were kissing and hugging as the three of us made love.

We didn't cum together. There was no magical or mystical happening for us like that. Instead, it seemed that one climax seemed to be the fuse that lit the other two. The man was the first to climax and that released me. The woman must have felt my orgasmic response. I had been chewing on her pussy lips when my orgasm hit, my mouth opening and shifting very slightly. When I closed my teeth again it was on her clit. One ... two ... three. I was absorbed in my own orgasm, vaguely aware of theirs enough to find satisfaction that it was mutually experienced. It wasn't until later that I was to learn that our sounds and cries drew a crowd of curious celebrators outside the hut.

Outside the hut, now all three of us remaining naked, we walked into a crowd of villagers attracted by the sounds of our encounter inside. The couple were pulled in one direction, people seeking information and answers to questions. Sylvia pulled me to the side, "You keep doing it. The custom is for the man alone to be with the guide, which they apparently feel you are now."

I watched the activity around the couple, both of who looked over to me with smiles as they spoke to their fellow villagers in animated dialog. "Perhaps ... but I think it is what was bothering me before." Just then, the woman from the compound appeared and made a similar comment that Sylvia translated for me. "As I was telling Sylvia, it is what bothered me before. It may have become the custom for the village men to come to you in honor or respect or thanks. But ... and, again, I don't mean any disrespect ... but do you really think that was what happened when Celina was here in the villages? You said she stayed with families in their huts where the things of life were shared with her ... not brought to her at an isolating compound."

I was nervous that I might have over spoken, taken the liberty of dialog too far. The woman was quiet ... very quiet and I became more nervous. I could see the same reaction in Sylvia, too. Then the woman left, melting into the crowd.

I turned to Sylvia, "I may have said too much. I am sorry if everything has been ruined by that honesty."

My worry was for naught, however. The woman returned with several other compound women of the villages. She took me to the gate of the compound where it was now quieter, the celebration occurring in the village proper. She indicated that she had taken my comments to the other women. She admitted that the comments had caused some stunned reaction momentarily, just like it had with her. But, they quickly became embarrassed that what was so obvious to me had escaped their consideration and realization. Embarrassed, she conceded that they apparently were no better than others who had attained some element of influence and power. Somewhere along the way of living the ideal of Celina, over time, the influence the women had been given allowed them to turn the position from serving the women of the villages to being revered by the women of the villages.

She gave me a hug and thank you. The other women did so in turn. The woman I knew then touched the marks on my left breast, "Our newest member has shown us the correct path we wandered from." She gave me a big smile.

The villagers found us, again. Another couple came up to me, indicated with sign-language their intention, and they took me off to their hut. I was to learn from Sylvia the next day that it was

repeated with the other women, too. The compounds would be taken apart, the buildings remaining for demonstration and community, but the area of the buildings formally contained within the compounds would be integrated into the villages. All of that was to be discovered later, however. This night was not nearly completed. Several more couples would be taking me to their huts well into the night.

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## CHAPTER NINE

The next day we travelled two more villages in along the string of villages. This village was in a valley with large open fields, the jungle closing in around that. I wasn't sure what the cause or source of a field in the jungle, but it existed, and it was here that the people had the most horses, being of primary use for the work with larger herds of cattle and other grazing animals. It would be here that I would receive the training I desired to allow me to mate with horses.

Several men were accompanying us on the travel to that village. It would take us half the day to walk the jungle trail to attain that destination. A donkey was brought and Sylvia's roller case was strapped to it. I noticed that mine was not being taken. In fact, I had lost track of where my roller case had ended up. At the end of this I would need some articles from the case to go back to the island. I was assured that it would be waiting for me. By this time, however, I felt completely comfortable around these people while just as naked as they were. While some of them wore a cloth around their waist and hips, many normally didn't and the further along the string of villages I went, the more that didn't.

As we were leaving the village, I saw Thor and Wolf come to my sides, as had quickly become normal for us. I started instructing them to stay, only to be countered by one of the women. These dogs were now mine to keep. I smiled at the dogs for two reasons: I was happy that they would remain with me and I couldn't wait to introduce the team to them; but also, I smiled because these people just assumed that I would want the dogs. There was no asking if I wanted them ... they just knew that I did.

The travel was slow for the initial part of the journey as it allowed a huge procession that also included many of the villagers that had come with me after my activities with the llama. Once past that village, the group was smaller and the pace easier to manage without stragglers of young and old.

Approaching this new village was like Deja-vu. The village people were gathered at the edge of the village, obviously alerted to our coming. The scene of this naked, white woman who had attained the markings originating back to Celina was as curious for me as I was sure it was for them.

This village was no different than the other ones, except that it was bigger. Each village had its specialty and significance due to the materials, resources, or food that it could supply. This system was a true commune system of sharing effort and reward, not just within the individual villages, but up and down the string of villages, as well. This one was a main distribution center for the villages in addition to being the major location for grazing animals as a food supply. As a result, it was the main location for horses and the people of this village were experts in horseback riding and horses.

This would be the location for my training to finally mate safely with a horse. Many years, decades, generations ago, these people had devised a training method to allow their women to mate with horses. I was to learn that this location was also the source for the practice of belly-riding horses.

It was made clear to Sylvia and me that we would receive all the animals we wished for the island.



Every animal we needed would already have been mated by a human female, even if that was just me, as I was sure would be the case of the llama. As it turned out, Thor and Wolf were only two of the animals already identified for us to take back. The goat and llama I mated with were also identified, if we wanted them. While I was in training, Sylvia would be taken to identify the animals to return with us. But, Thor and Wolf would remain with me. Sylvia would then return at the end of my training in time to witness the end before we began our journey back.

Having played with horses at the ranch and experienced their size and cum, I was uncertain how they trained. It seemed to me that my pussy needed to be stretched to be able to take the circumference of the horse cock. The depth would need to be controlled and the method I had used with the pony seemed a reasonable approach. After arriving in the village, I was shown that there was much more involved in their method.

I asked how many of the women have mated with horses. It turned out that a number of them had in various forms and significance. In most cases, it was explained, the women were fucked by the horse but the depth of penetration was very shallow by necessity to avoid damage and injury to the woman. These women essentially used the same technique I had used with the pony at the ranch. They lay on bales of hay with their feet on the hunches of the horse to control the depth of penetration. It is still crude and the horse cock can still bottom out inside the woman, but she can have a measure of control.

I was also told that belly-riding required much more preparation for the woman. Once on the horse cock and strapped underneath it, there was much less control and the woman is at the mercy of the horse. Once that is mastered, there are techniques that can be used on the horse to make the experience last much longer, basically to delay the horse from cumming too soon or to delay the horse's cumming. All of which I would be introduced to in the coming days in the hopes of my being able to work with a horse to achieve my goal of a proper mating with it. I was warned that my coming days would be ... interesting.

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That day and night were quiet, filled with resting, eating, and interacting generally with the villagers through the translations of Sylvia. The next day would begin the effort towards achieving my goal and I was assured it would be in earnest.

The next morning, Sylvia accompanied me to assist with the explanations and expectations. The first day would provide me with the explanations of their training methods and what I could expect in the days to come to prepare me and my body for fully mating with a horse. Sylvia would then leave for several days while I was consumed with the training and it would be during this time that she would select the animals from the various villages to return with us to the island. Thor and Wolf would be my companions, but the goat and llama would be separated, awaiting the other animal selections to be moved as a group back to the location where all the animals would be transported.

The training area was isolated in a barn type structure but was much smaller than a barn we might envision in the USA or a larger ranch anywhere. This building could house the area they used for the woman and a single horse, purposefully contained to constrict the movements of the horse until such time that it was deemed appropriate for more. That was a function of both the woman's progress and the horse. I was getting the feeling that in their approach to belly-riding, it was as much coordination of horse and woman as much as a skill only developed by the woman.

The initial efforts would focus on preparing my body, my pussy, to take the circumference of the horse cock. It was explained to me that several processes and methods would be used. This

explanation was provided as we stood in front of a portion of the building with a raised platform. I would be on the platform, which had supports for my back and legs. It was basically a crude, wooden form of gynecological examination table. There were no straps; it was entirely voluntary and controlled. Along the nearest wall were cabinets. Inside were various shaped objects, bowls, containers, and mixing utensils. The objects were various sized tubes, some tapered, others simply different diameters, but all were wooden, but very smooth.

I was encouraged to move around the area, examine everything that I wanted to and to understand that all of it would be used to prepare me as it might be needed. Many times, the answer to a question was too difficult in the exchange of the languages and I would understand when it was used. It wasn't always reassuring, but my experience and sharing with these people had prepared me to trust in them completely. They had accepted me as one of the them through the markings on my breast, an honor of approval that was to be treasured.

I saw that the table could be removed and that against the far side was another apparatus consisting of two vertical supports taller than me and notches in the side of the supports that faced each other. The notches were for the insertion of a cross bar, much like a pull-up bar in a gym. The floor had a single tube sticking up several feet in the middle of the two vertical supports. I asked about that and was simply told to be patient. That was only necessary if I was able to progress far enough in the training. There were two phases in the preparation: preparing my pussy for the circumference; and, preparing the uterus for the depth. Women have babies and the heads are larger than the circumference of a horse cock, but the pain is also significant. The intention is not to make the pussy opening loose and lose pliability for enjoyment of other cocks, but to allow the muscles to open and close, as needed. That sounded interesting and puzzling at the same time. They neither offered nor had any medical explanation, just the assurances of generational experience. The uterus was described as a balloon that isn't inflated. It was a struggle to get past the translations, but patience and persistence got us through it. Unlike a balloon of our experience in the open air, the uterus can expand and contract due to the natural and ever present lubrication inside the body. They explained that the natural depth of a vagina might be anywhere from three to seven inches for an unaroused woman. Aroused, however, blood flows in the vagina and it can elongate to accept penetration of various sizes. The cervix and neck of the uterus will lift up and move out of the way. That is the second part of the preparation: training the body to accept deeper and deeper penetration. Some women can and others cannot. It isn't a function of the size of the woman, only the physiology of the woman's internal structure.

For them to begin, they wanted me to be aroused and opened as much as possible naturally. I smiled. I called Thor and Wolf to me and the women saw instantly what I had in mind and they approved. I chose Wolf first, of course. Wolf's was a good sized cock and knot, which always prepared me nicely for taking Thor's knot. Once the women saw Thor's cock and knot, the looks in their eyes and faces showed their interest and intention. I chuckled and they must have then realized their faces had given their interest away. I just laughed and asked that they didn't completely wear the two dogs out so I couldn't enjoy them myself later. They laughed outright and commented that having my pussy filled and having orgasms was not going to be an issue for me over the next days.

It was a remarkable exchange through translation. Sylvia's arousal as the intermediary in the exchange was obvious, not only to me but to the women as well. I knew at that moment that Sylvia would not be forgotten.

The dogs got me more than aroused, opened, and loosened. I was curious what was next, but I needn't have worried. Before I could properly come down from my orgasmic high, I was moved to the table and my legs placed in the supports that opened my legs wide and raised them. I was

completely exposed to these women as they conversed freely among themselves, knowing I could not understand anything they might said. They held up various of the wooden objects on the shelves and compared them to me. Finally, they made the selection and brought it to my widely splayed legs. It was a phallic shape that was about three inches wide. In my current state, I didn't believe that to be a problem for me, but it would be large. It wasn't just a knot to force in and then have more room for, this would have my opening extended for the duration.

They literally fucked me with it. My own fluids and the semen of the dogs providing ample lubrication. Interestingly, the wooden phallic was extremely smooth and I wondered how many other women over how many generations had been in the same position as I was and had gone through this same procedure.

Despite the fucking I was getting with this object, they didn't allow me to orgasm. They seemed to be masters at getting me to just short of the orgasmic point and then backing off slightly and holding me there. They continued to increase the diameter of the objects, fucking me and holding me just short of release. I was sure this was all purposeful to use my body's arousal for their benefit of training my body to accept these sizes. My head was back and it had been for some time. I no longer had any interest in seeing what they were doing to me. All that mattered was the feeling, the experience, as increasing sizes were switched out and inserted into my pussy for another segment of relentless fucking into my body.

Then, I felt something different as the large object sliding in and out of me was pulled out creating an unexpected and bewildering loss of being filled. The loss was short-lived, though, as I felt a mouth, a human mouth, clamp onto my gaping pussy and engorged clitoris. The tongue shot into my hole and teeth grazed across my clit. I exploded. I think I might actually have seen stars. At least I saw flashes behind my eyes. Capillaries bursting, or whatever, it was supremely amazing. A moment after I recognized the scream I was hearing as coming from me, the flashes ceased and my eyes went dark.

It went on like that over and over. The woman wasn't far from the truth when she said I would have no shortage of filled pussy and orgasms. Each session was separated by recovery time that included eating, resting, and some form of exercise, even if only a walk around the village. On the walks I would encounter people who were very friendly and supportive, wanting to share with me. There was no way for us to really communicate once Sylvia left, but I was amazed by the connections that seemed to be made none the less.

Each session also increased the size of the wooden dildo being used on me ... in me. I had the distinct impression in my mind that my pussy would be permanently gaping, my lips hanging between my legs like tired, old skin that had lost all elasticity. But it wasn't. The women proved it by selecting a couple for me to spend the night with. They were just one of a long line of couples who had come to offer their hut and themselves for the night. I surprised myself that I had more in me to experience, but I did. And not only to give, but to experience. Being fucked by the man was a wondrous thing for me, as I found that despite the stretching and filling me with increasing sizes, my pussy was very elastic, indeed. I was able to feel and enjoy the wonderful feeling from the man. Not to mention the woman, but that was different.

It took several days for them to be satisfied with my progress in taking larger and larger objects up my pussy, but when they were done, I was amazed that I had progressed to the size of a horse cock. Not the length, though, that was still to come.

Next, I found out what the pull-up bar apparatus was for. And, I was intimidated. It wasn't for doing pull-ups at all, of course. Strong lats would certainly come into play, however.

I was led the apparatus after the torture table, as I had begun thinking of it, was removed. I was shown to place my feet on either side of the tube protruding from the middle of the apparatus, the two uprights on either side. I was standing on blocks of wood over the tube. The blocks were about 12 inches high. I noticed that there were numerous other blocks along the side of the platform in pairs, each about three inches shorter than the other in decreasing heights. I was instructed to raise my hands high above my head. It was measured and the crossbar installed in the slots.

They measured the distance from the top of the tube to my pussy, then had me step back. One woman went to the wall and selected a particular blunt ended spear. At least, that was first reaction. It was stubby, not anything like what a real spear might be like and it was blunted on one end with a longish rounded shape. It was put into the tube on the platform and it suddenly became clear to me what this process was. I was moved back to the blocks on either side of the tube. They indicated for me to reach for the bar and pull myself up. Hands moved my suspended body over the obscene spear sticking out of the tube. I then slowly lowered myself down, the blunt end of the tube penetrating me. I didn't know how far into me it was going to go, but I had a feeling it was intended to go deep. I now understood. I maintained tension in my arms and back muscles, my feet on tip-toes. With my body weight mostly supported on my tip-toes; I felt the object inside me bottom out against my womb and cervix. This was to produce constant pressure inside me, to force my body to adjust, to move organs and stretch my uterus to accommodate this intrusion.

Then, as I felt the first pangs of burn in my calves from being on my toes for an extended time, my eyes flitted to the wall from which this spear or pole object was selected. Not only were there smaller blocks of wood to stand on, there were every increasing, slightly long pole objects. Undoubtedly, to provide a greater selection of sizes. If some of the women in this village have learned to take a long horse cock without serious damage, even while belly-riding, now I understood what they went through to attain that ability. Two questions came to my mind: how many women started and failed? And, would I be one of them ... or not?

The sessions were similar to those of the large diameters. They were mixed with times of recovery and exercise. I was often brought to orgasm orally by one of the women. I was sore inside, but my muscles internally and externally around that area responded well. I noticed that a mixture was spread over the blunt end before it was inserted into me. It was more than lubrication. It did something to relax my muscles. It did nothing to deaden the feeling, but it seemed to allow my body to be relaxed and move without tension and cramping. It was an interesting process. Crude, but interesting. I could hold out in one position for only so long. My calves would start to burn from the effort of supporting me; my lats and arms would then start to tire when they took over to support me at the top of the pole. Eventually, occurring every time, I moved my uterus around the blunt end, slowly easing my body down over it out of necessity. Slowly, each time, my body found a way to ease more of the pole into me until I was comfortably standing, flat-footed, on the wooden blocks. The sequence would be repeated, over and over, using different combinations of pole length and block height.

Despite the soreness, the process was not without its rewards. I found myself looking forward to each session once I was into it. I knew my body anticipated the touches and sensations that would come. The women stroked my body as I stood over the pole, fondling my breasts and nipples, stroking my abdomen and thighs. Then, afterward, in-between each session, the orgasms from their mouths and hands as the women attended to my body. One woman between my legs, another at my breasts and nipples, another at my mouth.

After a day and half, when they assisted me off the latest pole, I was put onto the platform. Two women held a leg each and opened me up for a third woman. She wasn't a small woman. A fourth woman was behind me and provided support for my back so I could watch what was going to

happen. This was apparently for my benefit. This was to show what I had accomplished.

I leaned into the front of the woman behind me. The feel of her naked breasts and body against my back was reassuring. We were all naked and had been for the days of this training. I, of course, have been naked since getting into the back of that truck. The woman behind me slipped her hands to my front and fondled my breasts. She wasn't holding me tightly, simply helping me be comfortable. I turned my head and offered her my lips and she quickly brought hers to mind. Then, I turned my attention to the woman in front of me, between my widely spread legs.

She looked up at me and smiled. I noticed she spread something over her right hand and forearm, but it wasn't the same mixture that they had used before. This was just a lubricant. It wasn't the relaxant. She formed her right hand into a cone with all the fingers and thumb brought together. She smiled, again, at me. Then, her hand moved to my open pussy. I saw what she was about to do. I had never been fisted before. I was going to be now, though. But, it no longer intimidated me. I had taken over the recent days both wide and long objects. I also understood how pliable and flexible my body was, how easily it returned to size and closed up, my pussy able to take large and normal sized objects and cocks, finding pleasure and stimulation from both. I found I was curious and excited to see what she would do. I remembered that she had spread the lubricant to her elbow. Was she really intending to put that much of her arm inside me? As I said, she was not a small woman. Her hand and forearm was probably 17 to 18 inches!

With her pointed fingers at my pussy entrance, she moved them up and down, caressing my pussy, stimulating it, grazing my clit. She worked over my pussy as if she were getting ready to insert a penis by a loving man. As the fingers found my hole, as they spread my outer and inner lips to my pussy, as they began entering me, I put my head back against the woman behind me. She responded with kisses to my neck, moving one hand from a breast and caressing my cheek. I gasped as I felt her fingers, then her hand, enter me. I looked down, my mouth opened in the anticipation, the disbelief, of what I would find. The woman's hand was missing, no longer in view. What I could see was her wrist and her arm, but her hand was not in view. It was inside me. She looked up at me, a mischievous smile on her face, and I gasped, again. As our eyes connected, I felt her finger open and close inside me, touching the walls of my pussy as if to tickle me from the inside.

I felt her fingers close, curl, not fully into a tight fist, but not pointed in a cone shape, either. The woman's attention went to my pussy and her arm, the location where her arm disappeared into my pussy. And she pressed in. Her concentration now was her arm going into me. She pulled out slightly, then pressed forward. Over and over. Each time she pressed in, it seemed more of her forearm disappeared.

The feeling was amazing. Because of being fucked long and deep? Or, simply because I was being fucked by the arm of a woman who had already assisted me into such element of sexual exploration that might otherwise seem depraved? Touched and fondled by three other naked women, all intent on what was happening to my pussy and inside me. All of what they had led me through in preparation leading to this point, this experience, this test of how my body had reacted and adjusted.

I was already to orgasm and I saw that only half of her forearm was inside me. It was the experience as much as the stimulation. I was sure of that. But, it didn't matter, not really ... I came. No, I exploded. My pussy muscles contracted around the woman's hand and arm. She stopped, wiggling her fingers, flexing her wrist, but not pushing or pulling. She waited as I came, as I gasped and moaned and groaned. She waited as my body quaked and shivered. All the while the women around me stroked my thighs, stomach, and breasts.

When my body quieted, they were all smiling at me. I had the impression they appreciated a

responsive body, a body that responded to stimuli and still wanted more. That was me. I wanted more.

Her arm, and the hand attached to it deep inside me, began moving. In and out. The wrist never came into view, again. But, in and out. I gasped, not so much by the stimulation this time, but the sight of how much of her arm was inside me. I felt her fingers bumping into me deep inside, but my body accept more. And more. There was only inches of her forearm remaining outside me. Her elbow nearly at the opening to my pussy.

I saw the woman look at the other women, raising her eyebrows as if in a question. I looked quickly to the woman to my right and found her nodding. The woman between my legs pressed, again. In and out. In and out. Her elbow was disappearing. Was it the angle that I didn't see it? Or ...

She pulled back a good six inches and I saw her elbow was indeed wet, wet with my juices. She had her arm past her elbow up inside me. The women were talking, discussing something. They looked at me as they talked, but it meant nothing to me. I only knew that they were debating if they should do more. I had the sense that some wanted to, others did not. The woman between my legs shook her head and I knew she was making the decision. She had gone far enough for her satisfaction.

They may have agreed that they had gone as deep inside me as they wanted to go, but they weren't done with me, yet. The two women on either side of me pulled my knees up and out, further exposing and opening my pussy. It was so completely obscene to see an entire forearm lost inside me. The woman behind me began fondling my breasts with new intension, twisting and pinching my nipples. One of the other women put two fingers on my clit and began strumming it. The woman with her right arm inside me used her left hand as bracing on my left thigh, pulled her right arm out to the wrist and jammed it back deep inside me until her hand bottomed out with her elbow just inside me. Over and over. All the time my clit was being worked and my breasts and nipples fondled. To suggest that I climaxed would be an understatement. I screamed and shouted, I gasped and held my breath, I moaned and groaned, and then I screamed some more.

I woke once. I was on a cot somewhere. It was dark outside and quiet. There was a jug of water next to me and I drank from it like someone who had wandered the desert. Then, I curled up and fell instantly back to sleep.

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## **CHAPTER TEN**

In the morning, I was deep in dreams of being ravaged by large objects. One after the other these objects, seemingly of their own power, came to my widely splayed legs, penetrated me, and ravaged me. Over and over. There was even an arm ... not a person attached to the arm, just the arm and fist as it pounded into me. In this dream, I was climaxing continuously. I couldn't move my legs or body. I was spread out, open and exposed, and every possible object of any size seemed to be capable of coming to me and ravaging my body. I was crying out in my dream, but not in fear, or hurt, or anguish. I was crying out in lust and pleasure and yearning for more. In this dream, my body and mind and senses were in hyper-drive, experiencing it all and wanting it all and needing more of it all.

Something happened, something not in the dream. A shadow moving over my eyes or a sound that didn't belong in the dream or an awareness that perhaps the dream had ended but my body's responses hadn't.

I turned my head in the midst of releasing yet another soulful moan and found a woman, a woman I didn't know, standing over me. She was smiling at me and she glanced down my body. It was then

that I was aware that, like in my dream, I was on my back with my legs spread wide. But, unlike in my dream, my hands were between my legs, several fingers of one inside me, nearly my entire hand, and the other hand touching my clit. I sheepishly smiled back at her and retracted my hands from my pussy, which I now realized was sopping wet from my own juices.

The woman sat on the edge of the cot and handed me a bowl with water in it. She gave motions for me to drink and, as I sipped, I realized just how dehydrated I was. She stood and put out her hand to me, which I took. She led me to and through the door and outside where I found the women who had been preparing me, training my pussy and uterus for what was to come if I pursued mating with a horse. Surrounding them were many of the women of the village. There seemed to be a sense of excitement and anticipation in the air, the focus of everyone being fully on me as I stepped out of the hut. As I had been since coming among the people at the first village, I was still naked. Many of the women had some form of cloth covering around their hips and tied at one side or the other. Others were completely naked like me except for some decorative beads and artifacts in the form of a necklace. Despite the fact that I was not the only naked woman present, I was still the only naked white woman. The difference in our skin coloring was still markedly significant that my nudity seemed even more pronounced.

As it turned out, I slept for only a few hours after being brought to that intense orgasm, which finalized my preparation. These women were not wasting any time, however. That was probably intentional. I had been fully and completely opened only a short time before with objects both wide and long, including the entire forearm of one of these women. What better time to take the big step than after such an experience.

Two of the women took my hands and the rest of the women fell into a procession with us. This was different. In all other situations, I was with a small group of the lead women in beastiality. If this was leading to what I expected, this event was an open invitation to the entire village. Perhaps it was a significant enough event for any woman of the village that it was witnessed, encouraged, and celebrated by the entire village. It was the only consideration that made sense as I was led to a small corral with a single stallion in the center. He turned to look my way as the women approached, me in their midst. He seemed to look directly at me, as if he understood what was about to happen and who it was that was going to be his partner. I involuntarily shuddered at the thought that a horse might be so in tune with the proceedings that he was more sure and confident of the coming expectations than I was.

I stopped at the rails of the corral fence and the rest of the men and women of the village flowed around the outside of the corral, taking up places of vantage around the periphery until they were three or four deep at most locations surrounding the corral. My gaze was torn between the people gathered around me and the horse inside. My gaze was quickly focused, though. Inside the corral, in the center, was a bench. The height of it appeared to be perfect for this horse ... perfect if considering a woman lying on it so that the woman would be at the right height to receive the horse's cock.

The lead women go inside the corral and gesture for me to follow through the gate held open by another. It hit me like a jolt to my core, this is for real. Despite all the preparation and training, despite my long-held fantasy, the reality of this situation, of taking a horse cock into my body, is difficult to fully fathom, difficult to accept as a real possibility. It is not just a possibility, though. This is real. The women are intent and deliberate in their encouragement of me, their handling of the horse, and their preparation of the bench with blankets to soften the wood surface against my back. They took my efforts that led to this point at face value. There was no question in their minds. The villagers standing around the corral were just as certain. To them, I was Celina, or at the least, the embodiment of her. That alone took all question from their minds. The only one with any hesitation,

any question, any doubt what's so ever was me. This is what I had wanted. This is what I had fantasized. This was, after all, a primary condition of my coming here to get the animals for the resort. Not only was I putting myself out there to prove our worth to get the animals, but also that I was worthy of being shown how to safely and fully take horses, to mate with them, to fuck them. This is what I had abused my body over the past days to be ready for. It all did lead to this moment and this action and this commitment.

I entered through the gate and walked up to the women and the horse. I hoped that my strides were more confident and steady than they felt as I raised one foot after placing the other, walking more robotically than naturally. I found my hands stroking the horse before my mind caught up with my decision and actions. I stroked the horse's side, its mane, and up to his head. I nuzzled his head and worked my hands and body to a position directly in front of him. I bent my head forward, my forehead to his muzzle, then lifting my face to him, seeking out his eyes, those big, dark eyes. He blinked and I blinked. Not a staring contest, simply a moment of mutual recognition.

With my hands on either side of his head, I kissed his nose. I smiled. But, even I understood at the moment that the smile was less about my feeling toward him as much as it was reassurance for myself. It was also a recognition, a defining moment, that I was doing this. The smile an indication that there really was no other way this was going to go, not after everything, not with the opportunity of my fantasy in front of me.

Something else came to me as I stood looking into his big, dark eyes. Celina is something, someone, that these people honor and respect and live their lives in memory of the way she lived with animals. I still had no idea what that meant for me or to me. Did it mean anything? My actions since coming to these people said something about me to them. Whatever it meant to be associated with the myth of Celina might forever be beyond my full comprehension. At that moment, though, looking into those eyes, whatever these people felt about me relative to Celina, there was something in those eyes reflecting back to me about myself. Whether it was about Celina or Annie, I saw something of myself.

I kissed the horse's lips. It was then that I felt the hush that was in the air. All eyes were on me, more than even the horse, all were watching me. This Guero, this pale-skinned woman who had so quickly entwined herself into their trust and hearts. This act was not common even among these people, but the looks on their faces showed that they trusted in my ability to perform even this.

I walked along the horse, my hand sliding along its side until I reached near the flank. I smiled at the women attending to the horse and waiting at the bench. I moved to the bench and lay on my back, my legs bent at the knees, but not spread. Not yet. One woman patted my shoulder as the other two women turned the horse in a circle around the outside of the corral in a deliberate presentation of the animal to the villagers watching. A presentation of the animal about to mate with me.

After completing the circle, the women brought the horse to me in a line that approached my legs. I lifted my head to watch, my curiosity as heightened as every fiber in my body in anticipation of this fulfillment of my dream. I watched as the horse was brought to me, the two women walking on either side of my prone body, the horse's front legs moving on either side of me, as well. Then, the horse stopped.

I sensed a movement at my side. The horse's chest was right above my face, not six inches of room between us. A woman was kneeling alongside me. She said something, something I didn't understand, but I nodded and gave her a smile, anyway. She smiled in return and stroked my arm. I moved my arms to the horse and stroked along its sides, then felt my legs being raised and my feet pulled up alongside the horse's rear flanks. I felt his cock, the mushroomed head at my open pussy.



It was already hard and it probed at me. I felt it being moved and knew that the women were assisting the horse, assisting it to find and fold into my pussy. It was barely squeezed into me when the horse moved suddenly forward. I remembered the pony at the ranch. I remembered the dogs, the goat, and even the hog at the ranch. I remembered Thor and Wolf here. I remembered the goat and even the llama here. They all reacted the same way. I remembered even men reacting the same way. Every one of them, their cocks enter the pussy and they seek to reseat, to deepen themselves inside. A function of instinct? A function of nature? A function for breeding?

I was stuffed with horse cock! Maybe only a few inches at this point, but I did it! I had horse cock inside me and already I felt stuffed, filled. And, we had only begun. The woman said something to me, again. She patted my arm but it felt more urgent than a simple encouragement, but I didn't understand. Then, it occurred to me. Horses cum quickly. The times I had masturbated them and sucked on them, they seemed to need to penetrate and cum. She wanted me to hurry, to be ready. I lifted my legs and placed my feet on the flanks of the horse and raised my butt off the bench. The horse reacted to this change and thrust forward more. I felt him bottom out inside me, but I moved around on his cock. He pushed again, again, and again. Each time he penetrated me further and further. I didn't know how much of his cock was inside me but it felt like more than the arm had been. My imagination, perhaps.

I lifted and rode him. Working his cock inside me as he worked to be further inside me. He pulled back and drove forward. My god! My entire uterus was filled with cock! There was no remaining room. When he pulled back, my pussy was like a sleeve, clasped onto him, then filled as he pressed back into me.

I was crying out, moaning and groaning, gasping for breath as he pressed into me, seemingly driving the air out of my body with each thrust. He was deep inside me when I first felt his cock swell at my opening, then hearing him whinny, then he stiffened and he pressed into me harder still. His cock head was pressed firmly against me inside, at the top of whatever it was he was pressing into. I felt his cock swell even more and then a pulse running along his cock and along the length inside me until my body was filled with horse cum. I didn't believe there could be room inside me for the fluid and, perhaps, there wasn't because I felt my pussy open and cum flowing out alongside the cock buried inside.

The sensation of cum overflowing me ... the pressure on my clit ... the pressure inside my body ... the rubbing of the horse's chest against my nipples ... all of it at once ... I exploded after he did. My legs fell to the side, my arms falling away like wings of a fallen angel waiting to be retaken, resurrected. I was inert, at least consciously. My body quaked and shivered, spasms and shaking. The horse was rigid on top, content now to empty his seed inside this pussy. My body was on autopilot. It was reacting entirely on its own with no direction or motivation or control from me. And ... I was in heaven.

I did it! And, it was intensely wonderful!

The horse was back up away from me. With each tentative step it took, more of its cock slipped out of me until the mushroom head escaped and with it a torrent of trapped horse cum. It literally flowed out of my gaping pussy. I raised my head from the bench and looked between my legs. Not only was I gaping open, but there was a puddle of cum on the ground below me. It was so obscene. It was so deliciously obscene.

I glanced to the sides and found the people still watching. Quietly. I didn't know what I expected to happen, but the quiet seem unnerving. The women were there to assist me to stand. My legs felt like they wanted to stay open. I stood near the horse, its majestic cock hanging below him. I released my

arms from the women and walked the steps to the horse. I kissed his snout and lips, murmuring to him my appreciation and gratitude like a lover might to her lover who had just wondrously satisfied her. I put my chest against his side and slide down his length, feeling him not only with my hands, but my naked breasts, as well. When I reached his rear, I dropped to my knees, took his cock in my hands and licked the length of it. A murmur went around the corral as I stood up and looked around at them.

The women turned me to face the side of the horse and one put her hands cupped in front of me. Another indicated up and I knew what they intended. I put my left foot into her hands and jumped up onto the back of the horse. I grabbed a handful of mane and turned the horse, not sure what the expectation was. I saw the gate being opened and I rode the horse out into the mass of people. As I preceded through the crowd, the horse and I received pats and touches. Then, there was open talk and excitement. And, again, there was the repeated sound, "see-leen-a".

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That night there was another celebration. It seemed there was nothing I could do to disappoint these people. That was both affirming and intimidating. In this relatively short time, I was very connected and attached to the Guarani people and the same was clearly returned to me. The persistent reference to Celina, something that was originally flattering, was now becoming intimidating and daunting. On the one hand, I should be able to be myself and act according to the needs and requirements that brought Sylvia and me here in the first place; on the other hand, these people were putting their own desires and expectations on my continued presence among them. In reflection, I found my internal turmoil centered in a strong internal need of my own not to disappoint these people who had provided and shown so much support and acceptance.

My stay here was coming to an end, however. Sylvia was due to return shortly, hopefully with news that she had acquired all the animals we had hoped to take back with us to the island resort. As I moved around the festivities of eating and drinking, I resolved that I would do what I could and must with and for these people, but that time was now short. Then, my attention would once again be on matters of preparing for the coming opening of the resort. Those matters, once seeming so exotic in themselves, now seemed so mundane in comparison to the events around my stay with the Guarani.

That night, as the festivities wound down and my fatigue from the excitement of the day caught up with me, I was again approached by a man and woman. It was now a custom for some couple in the village to take me with them into their hut for the evening. No longer was it an offer by the woman that I might sleep with her husband. Since that time when I insisted on being with both of them, I shared the bed with the man and the woman. And, in nearly every time, they shared my attentions before and/or during the night. Fatigue on my part was sometimes the limiting factor, but I did my utmost to insure my enthusiastic participation with each couple. Tonight was no exception.

Despite everything I had experienced this day, like many before it, I was again eager to experience the different sensations of human contact, and especially that of a woman's softer and knowing touches.

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The next day was more of the same. Well, not exactly the same ... no more preparation activity was required now that I had successfully mated with a horse. Now, I was free to merely incorporate the horse into my activities. I was shocked at the end of the day when it occurred to me that not only was including a horse in my sexual adventures for the day seeming appropriate, but I was also still eager to include both Thor and Wolf during the day.

Perhaps I was just eager to experience everything that I could while I was with the Guarani. In a way, it was reminiscent of vacation when the end is in sight but you still want to experience and savor every last minute available. This was like that. I was going to experience and savor everything about the Guarani lifestyle that I could. These people allow a freedom and expression of my being that was begun by Jake and Bobbi. These people have taken me further, further than I could believe.

The next day found me refreshed and eager for another day with these people. I knew that Sylvia would be returning one of these coming days and it would all come to an end. There was a part of me wanting to return to the island and see the success of the resort that I expected we would all bring to it. There was also a part of me that was content and happy with these people. I woke between the couple I had spent the night with. They were still asleep as the morning sounds outside came alive. The birds, of course, had been chattering since first light. Now, there was also a mixing of sounds from other huts as life was fully coming to the village.

I carefully stretched my body between the two, intent on not waking them, but I knew I was trapped between them if I didn't wake them. I wasn't in any particular hurry, though. The matt we used on the floor was still not quite large enough for the three of us. As a result, my legs and body was in contact with the other two. In fact, when I moved in my stretch, the man sleepily rolled toward me, draping his hand over my side, nuzzling into me, and cupping a breast. When the woman performed a similar stirring, the two of them opened their eyes to the strangeness of the encounter. They looked across my body and smiled to one another. I put my arms out and pulled them into me, encouraging them with more contact. They first kissed each other over me, then in unison began covering me with kisses. The woman slipped a hand between my legs and the man took a nipple between his lips. It felt good; it felt very good. But, instead of encouraging more, I laughed at them and sat up amid their playful protests.

I expressed my gratitude to the couple the best I could after they shared a breakfast of fruit and bread with me. Outside, I encountered the same group of women who had been responsible for my preparation for taking the horse. I was curious what they were so intently debating. After all, I assumed my training and their responsibilities for me had ended after I successfully mated with the horse the first time.

One of the women noticed me on the fringe of their tight circle and indicated my presence to the others. They looked at me shyly with a little nervousness in their demeanor. One was holding a mass of leather straps and pads. I looked questioningly at the mess of leather, wondering what it was for and what it could possibly have to do with me.

"It goes under the horse."

I turned at the sound of that voice. It has been days of intense training and preparation since Sylvia had left to acquire the animals we would be taking back to the island. Now she was back. I rushed into her arms and I noticed Sylvia's joy at my reaction, but in my joy I failed to also notice the reaction of all the women around us. Everyone, as it turned out, had smiles of delight as Sylvia and I rejoiced in our reunion. So much had happened since she left and I was bubbling in need to tell her all about it in every detail I could recall.

But, first ... it hit me what she had just said, "It goes under the horse." Under the horse ... belly-riding? My arms still around Sylvia, I turned my head and shoulders to look back at the women. They had shy smiles on their faces. The woman who had guided me the most was nodding and raising the straps up toward me. I stared at the straps, the implication and the reality hitting me at the same time. I always thought mating with a horse might be a fantasy that I might not every experience. That's happened, though. Thanks to these women, that's happened. Now ... now, they are offering to

take my fantasies further, to allow me the opportunity to experience a fantasy I only allowed to flutter through my consciousness, never dreaming that it might ever be a possibility. Now I am being presented with that very possibility.

I knew I had to try. I knew I would never forgive myself if I didn't at least allow myself the opportunity to try.

I nodded to the women. I found my hands on the leather straps, not sure how I had moved from Sylvia to the women. My body, apparently, knew I would accept before my mind caught up with it.

I was soon at the center of another cyclone of activity as I was drawn back to the corral and the same horse as the previous times. He and I were becoming great friends.

As I passed into the corral, I turned to scan the faces around the corral as people again gathered to watch. I found Sylvia and gave her a smile, motioning for her to come inside with us. If the women tried communicating with me today, I would have my translator.

The setup with the attachments to the horse were complicated and my mind was having difficulty in focusing on anything other than the one thought: I was about to belly-ride a horse. Anything else passed before my eyes but made no impact on my consciousness. I hoped that Sylvia was better able to focus on what the women were doing with the harness and putting it on the horse.

I was moved to the same bench. This time, though, the harness was spread out over the top. It consisted of two larger pieces of leather that I found fit at my upper back and head and the other under my hips. Once in place, the horse was brought over me and the straps thrown over the horse, then cinched together. Once the straps were in the proper locations on the horse without twists or bindings, the cock was brought to my pussy and I was pulled up off the bench so there were only inches separating us. I was still free to move slightly and that was all that was needed for the women to ease my body onto the cock. He was rigid and ready. I was, again, nervous and intimidated. This time, I would have no ability to manage the depth of the penetration. I would literally be along for the ride, my pussy serving as a tight sleeve around the cock, its movement dictated by the movement and motion of the horse, not our humping.

As I was being eased onto the cock, I noticed that a woman was spreading a watery liquid over the cock as it slowly entered me. I craned my head and neck to the side to see further down and found the woman now working the fluid over the horse's balls. I looked up at Sylvia and she followed my eyes and the question in my face. She spoke to the woman, then smiling a smile that could have scared me, she relayed what was happening.

"She said, she is applying a natural mixture from jungle plants, steeped in boiling water, mashed, then cool water drained through it. The fluid acts as a ... hmmm ... in our words, like Viagra on steroids. It works even on horses to keep them hard." My mouth gaped open. "She also said that it can even assist in delaying an animal from climaxing." She saw the look on my face and continued. "Mating with a horse is one thing, Annie. You lay on the bench and the horse fucks you. Belly-riding, however, is much more involved. You wouldn't want the horse to cum shortly after all the fittings are in place, would you? What would be the fun in that? Belly-riding is an event, a happening, for you and the village. Annie, it has been said that women have ridden a horse like this for a couple of hours, sometimes while carrying on conversations and moving among other people. Think of it, Annie! Hours! Can you even imagine how many times you might cum?"

If I thought I was intimidated before, I was scared now.

A woman appeared at my side and I felt straps being put into each hand. Sylvia translated. "You are

now holding the reins. It is possible to steer the horse while underneath, but for now they will lead the horse for you. You can practice when we get home. For now, though, just remember that to turn the horse to its right, your left, you use your right hand. You don't know where you are going, only where you have been. She says it will take much practice."

I looked up at Sylvia with shock written on my face. "Practice?"

"They are giving us a set of the harness to take back with us." She said it like it was a wonderful thing. Hours on a horse cock? I don't think I can imagine an hour, much less hours. I might not survive this 'wonderful thing'.

Once ready, my pussy was full of horse cock. My body was cinched up tight to the chest and stomach of the horse, my legs secured up its body, my hands holding the reins that I would probably not have to use. I glanced up at Sylvia as the horse was moved by the woman leading it. The look on her face was one of joy, appreciation, wonder, and pride. I smiled at her. With the first tentative step by the animal, my body jolted in response to the movement. My breasts and nipples mashed against the animal, but still moved as the animal did. My pussy, already filled with cock, was jolted with each step, the movement of the four legs creating a rhythm of sorts of side to side, back and forth. And, just as suddenly, the fear and intimidation was replaced by delight and anticipation.

I had proven that I could take a horse cock. This was just another step in the experience. A massive step. They led me, while under the horse, out of the corral and into the group of people. At first it seemed I was passing through the throng and that soon I would surely get through them. But, I didn't. They were leap-frogging around in groups to try and maintain sight of me. I was already near an orgasm and we hadn't gone that far. It hit me that the horse's cock was giving no indication of excessive swelling or pending climax of his own, much different from the previous times. That fluid they rubbed onto him ... it had to be that ... it really did work?

A hand touched my arm and the horse stopped. Sylvia crouched down, "One of the women told me that the people are anticipating your first orgasm under the horse. I guess it is something of a ritual here, sort of a way for the village to unite with any woman who seeks to accomplish such a union. It is said that the few women who ride a horse like this have been known to orgasm many times. Some faint. She wants to know ... if you faint, do they stop the horse and remove you, or continue?"

"They would leave a fainted woman connected to the horse?"

Sylvia smiled shyly. "Some do. But, only the strongest. Despite having fainted, the body still experiences the cock. Fainting is the mind blocking an overload."

I craned my neck to see the woman at the lead of the horse. She was the one who guided me the most. "She has seen me the most. What does she think?"

They talked. The woman looked down at me and smiled. It wasn't shy, it was affirming. She knelt down and stroked my body, not tentatively but aggressively. "Si".

Sylvia, "She thinks you should continue. It is a rare experience. It is what she did."

I assented. They led the horse on, again. The moment of pending orgasm was lost, but I found that it wasn't lost very far. In another ten steps, I was gasping for air as the sensations were driving me higher and higher. I glanced at Sylvia who was trying to stay near me. She called to me as we were getting separated, "Don't hold back, Annie! Let yourself experience it all."

Then, she was gone from my sight, but the excitement of the people around me grew and grew. I

realized finally, that I was chanting, groaning, crying, moaning, and screaming out my orgasmic release. This orgasm crashed over me like a category 5 hurricane hitting shore. Surge after surge of intense feelings coursed through my body. I felt wetness leaking out from between my legs but I knew it wasn't from the horse. The horse hadn't cum, it was me. Did I squirt? Can you squirt when you are so stuffed?

My body was on the ebbing side of the orgasm and I anticipate a relaxing, like every other orgasm, but this wasn't going to be like any other orgasm. He was just as hard, just as deep, and the woman was still walking the horse around the village. I could feel my body responding already for another orgasm in the making. Oh, god ... I wasn't completely through with the last one.

I saw that people weren't following me any longer. They were still there, but this had transformed into a festival of sorts with me, and the horse, being a one act parade. We went up and down the main street of the village. I came, again. My arms hung loose, no longer even making a show of holding the reins.

A woman rushed out from the side carrying a bowl of water. The horse was stopped and the woman tilted the bowl to my lips. I drank greedily and noisily, slurping the water, anything to get some into my mouth.

I remembered orgasming twice more after that. All the while the cock continued to move inside my overly stuffed pussy. At some point I must have passed out. Sylvia told me later that they continued to walk the horse, as I had requested. She told me that it was the most amazing thing she had ever seen or experienced in person. The most amazing thing she had ever heard of. She said that I clearly came numerous times while passed out, but the most amazing were when the woman stopped the horse and leapt onto the back of it. She then rode the horse with me underneath. It was some time after that when my eyes came wide open and my screaming orgasm thrilled the people. I didn't understand more than the earth shattering orgasmic experience that I was being controlled by.

Sylvia relayed the sequence, however. As the woman began riding the horse, her horsemanship became quite obvious to Sylvia. She was quite skilled, even bareback. The woman ripped off her covering at her waist and raised her arms to the people, then pointed down to me. The people clapped in rhythm. The clapping was at first slow and the woman had the horse prancing with its feet landing in unison to the clapping. The clapping increased in tempo and the horse's prancing was changed to stay in unison. Soon, the horse was doing a quick prance which was jolting my body on the cock inside me. I came, and came, and came. All the while I was cumming, I was screaming and chanting. The people didn't understand, but Sylvia did. "Yes ... yes ... oh god ... yes ... more, I want more ..." Silvia insisted that they even checked me and I was definitely passed out, but my body was still responding.

After several repeats of this, she brought the horse to a stop. Someone came out to check on me. My breathing was regular but deep. My face had a smile on it. My legs were clamping to the side of the horse. Then, the most amazing part of it all and the moment that my eyes came alive, again.

The women moved the horse in a tight circle and the people crowded in. When the woman turned her hand into the mane and raised her other arm, the people went quiet. Silvia said it was a hush so intense that she could hear the insects chirping. Then, the woman got the horse to stand up on its hind legs, I slid down the remainder of his cock, my eyes flashed open and there was a gasp from the people. Then, in quick succession, I screamed out my last orgasm and the horse came with me, his cock buried deep inside me. The horse dropped down but the woman brought him back up. And it was then that his cum spurted out of my pussy like a garden hose with a thumb pressed over the end.

Those last moments before I passed out, again, were cosmic. My eyes jolted open and my mind and body came into unison. I screamed out in orgasm, the most intense yet, and I didn't understand why until I glanced to the side and nothing looked right. The angles were all wrong. The horse dropped down with a jolt inside me and I was right, again. Not right, but right with what I was thinking I should be ... horizontal. Then, I was nearly vertical, again. This time, the jolt wasn't nearly as severe, he was already jammed deeper inside me than any of the preparation had done. Then, I felt the swelling and the pulsing and my orgasm had another mini crest.

I have heard it said that times of intense experiences, accidents, life threatening situations, that time seems to slow down and minute details are experienced and identified. That's what this was like. I not only felt his cock swell and pulse with his cum surging through his cock, I could track the pulse through his cock. From my pussy opening, along his cock that I had clamped tightly with my pussy. When he came inside me, I felt the spurts, the gushing of cum pressing for room inside, and finding no room, squeezing out between his cock and my pussy walls. I felt it all ... in detail.

Then, I was back to feeling nothing ...

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN - PART I**

When I awoke the day after my first experience of belly-riding, I was in a hut. I felt disoriented. All the windows and doors were covered with cloth and reeds to provide as much darkness as possible. My mind was now accustomed to first seeing bamboo and reed wall and roof construction when my eyes first open in the morning or night. I am also fully accustomed to the feeling of yearning from my body after times of experiencing animals and the preparation for the horses. My body now seemed consumed by a yearning for animal and human male cock. And ... I smiled at the consideration ... it was not a feeling and yearning that I was about to regret or reject.

My hands went between my legs and my mind was flooded with the memory of belly-riding the horse. Was that still today or was that yesterday? How long had I been out? The experience turned out to be beyond what I could have anticipated or believed possible. But, it was real ... every second of it. It was all coursing back through my mind and body as I lay there, the tingling, the surging of sensations, the jolts of a too long cock inside me. Even after all the training and preparation, the cock was too long. Too long, but deliciously and exquisitely so long, so filling, so amazing.

I heard a sound, a soft scraping on the wood plank floor. It was soft like a foot or the soul of a leather sandal shifting. I turned to the side, peering into the shadows of the darkened hut even as my hands continued gently probing my pussy as the sensory memory slowly faded with the interruption of reality. It was Sylvia. Maybe not that long ago, I might have been self-conscious of being caught with my hands between my legs but these past days or weeks have made me used to an even greater openness of sexuality and my body. If Jake and Bobbi could hear that, they might not believe it could be possible. It's all relative, I guess.

Seeing me awake, she rose and came to me, sitting on the edge of the cot as I wiggled toward the wall to give her room. My hand goes to her arm as she sits down, her hip pressing into my side. I welcome, in fact need, the contact. Her face is warm and loving as she searches my face and strokes my shoulder and arm with caring, even loving, tenderness. Despite my nudity, her touch has none of the sensual contact that might have been evident before from me or her. Nudity, even with my preference for it in the past, had always contained a large element of the sensual, the exhibitionistic, the teasing and openly yearning for sexuality. The people have changed that here. In a way, I might now be more open to sexuality than ever before, but it is now a natural way, a normal experience

that is, among them, devoid of teasing and exhibitionism. Nudity, in various forms and conditions, is a way of life, natural and normal, for man, woman, and child. Nudity in itself is not sexual, the body's exposure is not a tease or an invitation; the body, exposed and naked, is merely the body. I find myself now checking women's tattoos without the following focus on nipples and breasts. On the other hand, nudity becomes an indicator and gauge that clarifies intent and desire. Here, among these people and their openness of life in all its forms, desire to share and experience becomes evident on their bodies and is not hidden or disguised. Nipples and penises hardening, the blush in the skin, the swell in the chest from quickening breathing, are open signs of intention and willingness. I wondered if the entire resort employees could experience this if it would make the resort experience better or not. The resort, I decided quickly, is not about a natural life in sexuality, it is instead about the exhibitionism, the tease, and the provocative. The things that this life are not.

Seeing that I was awake and still sexually aroused, Sylvia went to the doorway, pulled back the curtain, and showed me two suitors patiently waiting for me ... Wolf and Thor. I laughed as they charged into the hut upon seeing me sit up and pat my knees in encouragement to them. In a flash, I was awash in tongue kisses and I suddenly felt guilty that my concentration of the past days had diverted me from these two. It seemed they could sense that in my, as well. They pranced around me, licking, and presenting a playfulness that I had missed this last days of serious preparation.

I was no longer concerned with taking Thor first. I was more than ready and the horse play the past days still had me prepared for the size of his knot. I reached underneath him and felt his cock already out a couple inches and that was good enough for me in the circumstance. I patted the cot and Wolf jumped up onto it, laying on his side as I bent over the edge, using my arms as support as Thor jumped onto my back. I released a grunt as his weight settled on me, but I then lowered my head to Wolf after raising his leg, revealing his cock, also outside his sheath. I focused first on guiding Thor into my pussy, groaning at feeling him inside me, again. His cock was clearly not in comparison to the horse, but its shape brought back to me all the experiences we had shared, the three of us, and I settled in for loving. This was emotional as much as sexual. The horses were raw sexual fucking, these two were returning me to relationships that had so quickly and earnestly been formed.

I took Wolf's cock into my mouth as Thor drove his cock fully into me. I knew there was no way he would bottom out inside me any longer, but my pussy clamped around his cock like it always had and I reveled in that feeling. Even after fucking the horse and belly-riding, I was still able to clamp down on a smaller cock. And any cock was going to be smaller than the horse.

I was settling into a frantic fuck like most canine mating, when a funny thing happened. I was trying to present a stationary object for Thor with my mouth and lips busy at Wolf's cock. It was already hard and out of his sheath. Then, he raised his head and curled sideways and licked my shoulder repeatedly. I pulled up and looked at him curiously. I was trying to think as I was being pounded furious at the other end. Had that ever happened before? He licked me as if it were a kiss, a kiss given in recognition and thanks, in gratitude. Is such a response even possible? Where did this come from? Was it a needy reaction on my part to the comfort of familiar partners?

But, Thor wasn't going to let me focus too much on those thoughts. Not the way he was pounding into me. His knot was forming and pressing against my opening, now consistently bumping me as he thrust his hips at mine, his complete and total determination to enter me with his knot, to tie me once again.

I abandoned my thoughts and lowered my face to Wolf's cock, but only able to intermittently give my focus to sucking it. The pressing of the knot, that big knot of Thor's, took my attention away from everything else. When his knot pressed into me, stretching me until it did, I cried out in pleasure at



the feeling. Passing a knot, especially a large one, just can't be explained; it has to be experienced!

When both Thor and I came and I rested while tied to him, my mind turned once more to the actions of Wolf. I looked at him and found him watching me. The three of us have been together since we first met. My actions with each of them has been the same, equal and consistent. His demeanor now indicated nothing different, yet ... there seemed to be something. The something was not at the moment definable.

As Thor pulled out, releasing his usual torrent of cum from gaping pussy, Wolf rose. He licked me on the face, walked to my backside and licked my thighs and ass, slipping his tongue between my legs and swiping my dripping pussy. I turned around and sat on the cot. I took his head in my hands and presented my face to him. He licked me, he licked my cheeks and mouth. I opened my mouth, sticking my tongue out, and he came to me with his. He was almost subdued. I was perplexed. I even wondered if he wasn't so interested in mating with me. I slid off the cot and presented my ass to him on the floor, my legs spread, my chest pressed into the floor planks. He licked me several more time before he jumped onto my back. I guided him inside me, as usual. He repositioned himself on me, driving his cock deep inside. But, then he stopped. I waited a moment, again curious what was with him. Then, I felt his snout on my neck and back ... he was moving my hair to the side. I reached up and pulled my long hair to the side, wondering why he was interested in that. He licked my neck. Again. I nearly swooned. Wolf was an animal, a dog. Yet, I had a different sense. How?

I reached my hand back to him, to his head. He lowered it as he pressed into me and stayed there. I pressed his head to the side of mine and he licked me. I turned my head to him, not quite reaching back, but far enough for our lips to meet. We licked. I pressed back against him, driving his cock deeper into me. He took the hint (is that even possible?) and he pumped at me, he thrust at me, he drove his cock at me with frenzy, the way he should, the way he always had.

When his knot was pressing at me, I was already near another orgasm. Emotional? A dog gave me an emotional reaction?

I pressed back at him hard. He pressed into me just as hard. We used our desires in tandem and succeeded, his knot driving into me. I cried out, again. I nearly came then, but bit my lip so hard that I drew blood. I could taste it in my mouth, but it seemed to drive me even harder. I wanted this climax desperately, but not before him. With him. I wanted this to be with him.

I collapsed to the floor after cumming. My body was a shivering mass. My ass in the air but the rest of me on the floor.

When Wolf pulled out of me, I rolled to my side and saw that Sylvia was still sitting on the chair watching. I smiled weakly at her.

"My god, girl! Watching you with them is amazing. I almost came just watching."

"Almost? You didn't?"

She shook her head. I could see in her eyes that she was now tentative, wondering if she should have been so open with her comments. I struggled to my knees and hands. I crawled to her. I reached up and unsnapped her shorts. Her hands moved in front of mine, but I moved them away. I opened the zipper and took firm hold of the waist. I pulled down. She didn't move and I looked at her firmly, a determination she might not have witnessed before. She raised her hips and I pulled her shorts and panties off. I pushed her knees apart. I looked up at her. No smile, no comment. I kissed up her thighs, the inside. When I reached her pubic hair, I kissed her and lick her. I reached up, snaking my hands under her blouse, grasping her bra encased breasts.

I looked up at her. "When we get back, I am going to shave you. You will look even sexier with bare pubes." I then went back to licking and tonguing.

She leaned back and slid on the seat until her bottom was resting on the edge, her legs stretched out in front of her and spread out for me. She moaned and sighed as my mouth and tongue lovingly sought out her pussy opening and clitoris. Her hands came to my head, gently holding it to her pussy. All too soon, I felt her body tense with the approach of her own orgasm. After watching me with the two dogs, her arousal needed far less than normal physical stimulation. I encase her pussy in my mouth, my tongue pushed into her opening as she came. I ed her orgasmic juices from her, grating her clit with my teeth.

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This was to be the last day of our stay with the Guarani people. Sylvia had completed her selection and organization of animals we would be taking back to the island and I had completed more in the way of bestiality experience than I had dreamed possible. It had been an experience I don't think I could ever forget or improve upon. These people are an amazing example of what life could be like: simple, fulfilling, and steeped in tradition. Unfortunately, a life that will disappear in its simplicity and honesty even for these people all too soon.

We will be taking a different route back to the island due to the animals. Countries take a dim view of taking animals out of and into countries. It will be much easier to get the proper clearances and paperwork by leaving from Venezuela where Sylvia has influence. That means participating in some subterfuge to get to Venezuela and acting like the animals were coming from there. We will return along the same route until we reach the ranch that we flew into. Rather than flying out, we will be taken to the ocean shore where we will meet up with a couple fishing boats that will take our animals and us. In Venezuela, Sylvia has arranged for several more horses for the island to join us. Then, with the proper paper work, we will make the trip by barge to the island of Trinidad to stay legal, then move up to the island resort. It would take much longer than the trip down here, but our intent all along was getting the animals. As it turned out, the concern over the challenge put upon me to prove our worth for receiving the animals instead became an exciting adventure and experience.

Our last night before again moving down the chain the villages and out of the territory of the Guarani, was to be yet another filled with festivity. From the original skepticism of my presence came a bond between us that couldn't have been expected or contrived. Out of myth and legend and tradition came a connection that I could only hope provided a little of something to the people in comparison to experience and reward that I got from it.

The farewell festivities, however, barely got started before a man came running into the village calling to the women who guide the others in the experience of bestiality. Sylvia and I turned to watch the spectacle like everyone around us. The man was pointing out into the jungle and down the trail in the direction of the remaining villages in the chain. The women were talking to the man and more people gathered around the discussion. I looked to Sylvia, but she could only shrug.

Soon, the discussion became more animated and several people began looking at me. When I heard several softly murmured 'see-leen-a' expressions and more people turning to look at me, I asked Sylvia to find out what was happening. She worked her way into the group and several minutes later, the crowd parted and I saw Sylvia motioning for me to join them. As I walked into the crowd, it became hushed.

Sylvia gave me a quick recap of the discussion. "This man said a black panther wandered into the

last village in the chain of the Guarani. Beyond that is deep jungle by land. A remote village of another people is a half day by boat down river. The panther doesn't seem to be hurt or injured, but it is ill in some way. It walked, stumbled really, to the edge of the village and collapsed there for any to see." I looked at her and the others with an obvious look of confusion, but also amazement. "Yes, very unusual. Even injured or ill, a wild animal like a panther, an animal close to the top of the food chain, would avoid humans, if at all possible. They confirm that this behavior is especially out of the ordinary." She stopped, yet I could sense there was more she had heard.

The other women began talking among themselves now. Not really even involving the man any longer. Sylvia at one point shook her head vigorously and argued passionately. The conversation went back and forth. I put my hand on Sylvia arm, "Tell me. What is going on? Why do the women keep looking at me?"

She put her hands on my shoulders and pulled me into her. Her hands rubbing my bare back gave me a chill I didn't yet understand. She put me at arm's length and looked me in the eyes. "They think it is a sign, an omen. They think it means the animal, a wild animal, is coming to the Guarani to be healed." My eyes squinted as I struggled to comprehend what was meant by that statement. She sighed deeply, looked up into the sky as if seeking some additional inspiration for her words. She looked to the women who nodded back to her and gestured toward me. "Annie, they think ... I tried to convince them that the talk about you being Celina isn't real. Even the lead women now are wondering. Even they see the appearance of the panther as a sign signifying something greater than any of them had considered before."

My mouth dropped as the weight of what she was saying struck me. "They think I can heal it!?! They think I should go tend to a sick wild panther?" I glanced at the women, then lowered my voice despite that they didn't understand English. "Sylvia, they are nuts, crazy, insane. Besides, we're leaving, right?"

"I told them all of that. They are undeterred. They believe what they believe. Don't forget, Annie, despite your relationship, these are primitive people. Parts of their culture, traditions, and beliefs may not make sense to us, but ... let's be honest, some of our own traditions and religious beliefs don't make a lot of logical sense, either."

I sighed deeply and my shoulders sagged. Sylvia saw it and understood that a part of me was already considering what was being asked. There needed to be a lot of conditions and understanding. Discussions and translations became more energized and soon not only the people, but me, understood that I might be able to try. The discussion covered safety for me and assistance from the lead women. I wasn't really thinking that my participation would be critical but more symbolic. That would be proven wrong.

It was further decided that Sylvia would leave as planned to rendezvous with the animals and get them into Venezuela. There was a bush pilot that could be convinced to meet me at the little town down river for the right money. I couldn't believe I was actually getting talked into doing this. Being separated from Sylvia and relying on a bush pilot in the jungle as my exit strategy to meet up with her near the port. But, not only that, but that I was agreeing to inspect and tend to an ill panther, an animal that normally would strike fear into any of these people. I was assured that several of the male hunters of the people accompany us for protection in case the animal should react aggressively. I have seen injured animals before and they had a tendency to be aggressive. I wasn't so sure that a couple of men with bows and spears would be much in the way of security.

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The women wanted to leave immediately, not wanting to take the chance that the animal might decide to wander off, die, and cause the omen to turn bad. I said goodbye to Sylvia, again. She left me with my backpack containing some clothes for my trip. We had no way of knowing how long it might be with the animal but she would make the arrangements for the plane and I would need to wait once I reached the town.

It took us most of the rest of the day to trek to the last village. Word had apparently passed along the way because every village we passed and everyone we passed watched us with solemn attention. Again, it was reinforced to me how unusual my appearance must be to these people. The only white woman trekking naked along the jungle trail through the villages among the others of the tribe. Also, the one people pointed at and whispered their comments about, see-leen-a.

We found the panther exactly where the man had indicated. He was at the far edge of the village under some foliage. He was large. I didn't know what to expect when they said it was a panther, but I guessed that he was every bit as large as Wolf and just as black. Like Wolf, the only thing on him that was not black was his eyes. For him, however, it was difficult to see because he did indeed appear very weak and ill, his eyes were half closed and he was almost completely limp. There were bowls of water and food nearby but they hadn't been touched by the animal. As we approached, someone from the village tried to move closer to it and it raised its head and uttered a deep warning growl from behind a snarling mouth of bared teeth.

I was stopped in my tracks at the sight of that response. If he was not going to accept assistance, what were we expected to do for him? That brought another question to mind: if he doesn't want help, why did he come to this place?

I wasn't enamored about approaching a wild beast that showed only aggression to anyone who dared to get close. But, the people were encouraging me. I stood about ten feet in front of the others and looked at the animal. It was one thing to be thought of in such a flattering way as their revered Celina when what I needed to do was mate and interact with their domesticated animals. This was different, however. Very different. I was still just that outsider, white woman who came to them for their help and now I find myself in this situation. I wasn't a mystical woman with animals. I was just as vulnerable as any of them were and maybe more so because I was very unfamiliar with the traits and habits of the beast.

I felt a hand on my back encouraging me forward. I glanced back and wanted to negatively react, but I didn't. I didn't partly because a sharp reaction from me might also startle and cause the animal to react.

The sun was getting low, but there was still time, perhaps a couple of hours of some degree of light remaining. I got onto my hands and knees and was very aware of my nakedness as I tentatively and cautiously approached the animal. Clothes, at least, might provide some amount of protection from a claw.

As I slowly closed in on him, though, it was something else besides his claws and my vulnerability that drew my attention. His eyes on me. His eyes weren't wary or nervous. His eyes held mine and remained focused on me. Someone moved behind me and his eyes flicked over to them, but returned immediately to me when he determined there was no danger there. Whereas with others who tried to get close to him with food or water and wasn't allowed, he seemed content with my approach to him.

Now kneeling at his head, I stopped and waited. Waited for what I wasn't sure, but I waited. My heart was racing as I tried to remain calm and reassuring next to this wild creature that could rip my

heart out before I could even react. Being next him, seeing him in all his glory as he lay before me, I knew that the idea that the village men could afford me any protection in this situation was utterly absurd. If the animal decided to do something to me right now, it would be over with before the men could react, much less kill it or drive it off. But, he seemed at ease. I carefully reached out and put my hand on the side of his chest, all the while keeping my movements smooth and obvious, my hand in full view of him at all times. With my hand on the side of his chest, I could feel his heart beat distinctly. It was irregular. He was struggling even if he wasn't now showing it. I edged closer until my knees were alongside his snout and stroked my hand down his body, then over his legs. I could detect no indications of injury. I ran my hand onto his belly and felt him. He reacted to the touch, which gave me a first clue as to his possible problem.

I removed my hand from his belly and moved alongside his head where I started stroking his head, neck and ears. He was a magnificent creature, even in his weakened condition. My first reaction to him was correct. Touching him, he was almost exactly the same size as Wolf. I sat cross-legged in front of him, stroking his head and neck. He raised his head, released a long groan from deep in his throat, and shimmied or crawled until his head fell into my lap. The men and some women reacted to the animal's movement, but I held up my hands to stop them from frightening him. I was beginning to freak myself out. What was happening with him? Why was he accepting me when he wouldn't allow others to come close to him? Why did he come to the village? Was there really something to what these people have been professing about me? How could that possibly be true?

But, with his head in my lap, I was now able to stroke and feel his body with better control and care. Sliding my hand back onto his belly, I felt what the problem was. A soft growl worked its way up his throat, but there was no baring of teeth or indication of aggression. Instead, he was reacting the light pressure on his stomach. His stomach was distended, significantly so. Now that I was in the correct position to feel him, this was the problem. I gently pressed, wondering if it might simply be gas. He growled, again. He looked up at me by straining his eyes, not lifting his head from my lap. I really wished that Tami and Amy were here now.

Not being a medical person, I couldn't even tell if it was his stomach or intestines. But, then I thought about it. The stomach is more towards the front and the intestines toward the back. If it is blockage, it might be in the intestines. If it is something causing a problem with the stomach it would be closer to the front. I probed more deliberately now. I glanced at the women as I worked and I wished I hadn't. Their faces were pictures of terror as I held the creature's head in my lap and probed into his belly, which caused him to emit low growls, but I persisted in my probing. I was sure I knew! It was his stomach. I wrapped my arms around his head and hugged him before I remember I was attacking a wild animal, even if it was out of joyful excitement.

I stroked his head and calmed him back down after wildly grabbing him about the head. I still wasn't believing any of this was happening, but I looked at the women and realized my next big obstacle. How do I explain what I need from them?

They apparently could see that I was wanting something from them, just didn't know how to communicate it. Two of the women inched forward while watching me and warily glancing also to the panther. I put my hands into a cup shape and raised it to my mouth, then pantomimed that I was drinking. They immediately thought I meant getting some water, but I stopped them. I thought for a minute more, then repeated the drinking, which they had understood, but this time I had more pantomime by bending at the waist toward the ground and retching with an open mouth. They looked perplexed, talked back and forth for a few moments, while I continued the movements. Then, a woman rushed up from behind them and they talked more excitedly. They put their hands up as if to indicate that I should stay there. As if I had any choice in the matter any longer with a wild panther's head in my lap.

I assumed they had something they would concoct from natural herbs and plants that they would use to induce vomiting. There were times like after ingesting poisons that the stomach needs to be vacated as quickly as possible. In this case with the panther, he likely has had something in him that was causing the problem and it likely has been in him for some time. The question was if it could be emptied or if it was already too late.

I saw the women scatter, evidently all rushing to take care of an assigned task. They came back some time later with a bowl and cup as well as a jug. The jug held a liquid that I assumed was to induce vomiting. I deduced that the bowl and cup were for my options of trying to get the liquid into him. I raised the jug to my face and sniffed it. It didn't smell good and I presumed (I wasn't going to try it myself) that it wouldn't taste very good, either. I put some into the bowl, but I was right in thinking that he wouldn't be inclined to willingly lap the liquid on his own. I then transferred the liquid to the cup, placed it next to me, and took a deep breath. If I was a religious person, that would have been the time to pray. But, since I wasn't, I spoke in soothing tones to the animal, stroking it, and, at the same time, moving his body until he was practically on his back and his muzzle pointing up. I couldn't believe I was about to try this ...

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN - PART II**

I couldn't believe I was about to try this, but I didn't know any other way to get the liquid into his body. Again, I took a deep breath. I continued using soothing sounds and I hoped they seemed soothing to him. I inserted a couple fingers into his lips and pried his mouth open, getting a much better look at his teeth than I would ever believe I wanted. A low growl rose from his throat, but he didn't do anything more, nor did he make any more threatening sounds. His tongue came out and licked my fingers and I felt the roughness of his tongue, remembering now the feel of the few cats I had come into contact with growing up. But, the licks reassured me, more than I had any right to expect that I should trust the animal. With his mouth opened enough, I poured some of the liquid in. He reacted like a kid being given a foul tasting medicine, or perhaps a child's first taste of coffee. He wasn't happy with the taste or the fact that this liquid was being poured into his throat. He squirmed and coughed and I thought he was going to limp away ... or worse. But, neither happened. He shook his head, but he remained where he was, his head in my lap. I was more forceful this time, dribbling a steady stream into his mouth, causing him to gulp the liquid down or drown with the build-up in his mouth.

Once I had most of a cupful into him, I stroked down his side and ended with my hand on his belly. I waited. Would I feel something if it was working? In fact, I did. I felt a gurgling inside and then he began to squirm more urgently until he was weakly on his feet. He stumbled into the foliage and I could hear the retching as his stomach was emptied. I looked to the women and smiled. Through the concern still on their faces, they returned a warier smile.

When the big cat returned, his head was hung low, near the ground. If I could read an animal's facial expression, and I am not sure I always could, he looked every bit the sick child seeking comfort while at the same time being embarrassed at throwing up. I had shifted to my knees to watch him, and I did lose him in the foliage. Seeing his expression and becoming convinced I was reading it correctly, I returned to a sitting position and put out my arms, just as if I was welcoming that sick child into consoling and comforting safety. For his part, the animal played along. He slowly ambled to me, lowered himself with a groan, and returned his head to my lap.

It was getting dark, but I thought what could be done for him was already done. The women brought some water and food to me. The men started a couple fires around us, as it was becoming clear to

everyone that the animal expected to remain exactly where he was ... sleeping on me. Throughout all of it, the animal never so much as twitched. As ill and fatigued as he was before, the effort of vomiting and losing what was inside him took the last bit of energy and will to resist. He slept soundly and I felt much less bloating in his stomach.

I awoke sometime in the night and discovered that someone had put a blanket over me. While I was awake, I woke the animal and forced more of that liquid into him. I didn't know how much, if anything, was still in his stomach, but I figured it couldn't hurt. The same process was repeated, but this time there seemed to be much less retching from him in the darkness behind me. But, he still came directly back to me and lay down. This time, though, I didn't let him lay on my lap. He looked at me with sad eyes, but instead I lay on my side and encouraged him to lay in front of me. I wrapped us both under the blanket and my arm around his shoulder, my face nuzzled into his neck. He was asleep before I was.

The next day was nothing if not miraculous. I awoke to the usual morning sounds of the jungle and for a moment I had forgotten the previous night. The furry body in front of me could just as well have been Wolf ... except that Wolf's fur is longer ... I heard the low rumble of a contented purr that was nothing like any cat purr I had ever experienced before. I found that not only was my arm still around the panther's shoulder, but I had a leg over his hips, as well.

I stirred and edged backward. He was apparently also awake but comfortable in the position we were in. He rolled over to follow my movement back, his eyes on mine. I stared into those eyes and found a completely different animal than the one I had been with the night before. These eyes were alert. He, and I, caught some movement to the side and we both looked that way. Some women were sitting cross-legged just watching. One got up and made an eating motion to which I nodded. Some water was also brought for the animal and he lapped it up greedily. I even gave up him a few morsels of my food and he took it from my open palm. I didn't want to lose some fingers by holding the food pieces out to him with fingers. I still wasn't sure what to make of this beast, but I assumed that once he was feeling better he would disappear back into the jungle. Much to our surprise, he seemed content to stay with me. He slept on and off during that day and when I got up to walk down the trail through the village for exercise, I was surprised to find him following. Mothers along the trail pulled their children back into huts and behind any object nearby, but the animal seemed quite content to follow me with no more than sidelong glances at the fuss around him.

The next day, our walks became longer and he was eating solid food. He was still not showing any signs of aggression and I argued with myself, since nobody else would understand me, if this continued contact was right, reasonable, or safe.

The people, though, were making quite a fuss over the animal and me, its recovery and healthy appearance with each day. The sound of 'see-leen-a' could be heard just above a whispered level frequently as I, and the ever present panther, moved around the village. After a couple days, I even named it. I started calling him Preta, which I learned was Portuguese for black. Not only was he following me around, but I soon took that as an indication that perhaps I could also train him in the same manner that I had with Thor and Wolf. I had never spent much time around cats, though. I quickly discovered that cats are less prone to training. They instead seem more inclined to do what I might ask if it suited him at the moment. Certainly, much different than the responses I got from the dogs.

Through sign-language and the few words I had picked up during my stay, it was decided that I could leave the next day for the town down river where I was to arrange to be met by the bush pilot. It was assumed that nature would take its course once I left and the panther, Preta, would wonder off into the jungle. There was something yet to occur, though, that would cause me to suffer more

pain and loss when I would have to leave the people.

Preta and I were roaming in the jungle, not far from the village, but far enough that we were isolated. I had been warned repeatedly since arriving that I shouldn't be in the jungle alone. At first, it was okay with Thor and Wolf. Now, I figured Preta would be near the top of the food chain and that should keep me relatively safe.

We happened upon a spring filled pool of water, which created a clearing of sorts. We both drank from it and I then slipped into the water and found it refreshingly cool. I tried coaxing Preta into the water, at least a little way, but he would have nothing to do with it. He did surprise me with interest I wasn't expecting, however. When I came out of the water, I lay on the edge of the grass in the sun, expecting only to have the sun dry me. It was so relaxing that I dozed. I guess I experienced more stress in the effort of caring for Preta and the emotions of leaving the Guarani people after such a visit filled with experiences that couldn't be duplicated anywhere else. I woke with a start at the feeling of sandpaper rubbing against my skin. At least, that was the impression my mind conjured up. In fact, it was Preta licking the water off my body. I stroked his head and lay back down. He was soon back to licking my body. He ended up at my upper body, covering my breasts and chest. When that raspy tongue flicked over my nipple, I sucked in a sharp breath and didn't dare move for fear of causing him to move and stop. His tongue, with the sharp little barbs on it, flicked over my nipple, again and again. I finally brought my hands to my breasts, the sensation was so intense.

I had to trust that he had no idea what he was doing to me. A human female must surely have been outside his previous exposure, unless Celina really is out there somewhere. He sat next to me, just looking at me. That was when my nasty mind kicked in. I slowly turned around 90 degrees so my pussy was pointed at him after I opened my legs to place them on either side of him. I moved a hand between my legs and massaged my pussy lips, verifying what I already knew to be a fact. I was wet and turned on. He was watching my fingers on my pussy. Still watching him watch me, I slipped a finger between my lips and inside. I stroked in and out several times, then raised my upper body to my elbow and extended my finger to his nose. He sniffed the finger, then licked it. And, licked it some more. I moved my hand back to my pussy, his eyes following it. I spread my lips, hoping that his sense of smell would trigger on the scent that was not noticeable to humans.

He looked up to my face, then returned his attention to my pussy. He lowered his head and moved slightly forward, sniffing me, exploring me the way animals do to someone new. His tongue flicked out and swiped the length of my pussy. Ohhhhh ... that raspy tongue! He licked more and his licks became more urgent and intense. His tongue hit my clit, then more frequently. My clit was engorged by that raspy, rough tongue. Soon, I needed to again put my hand over it, the stimulation was so unnerving and intense.

He sat back, again, and looked at me. I knew without thinking about it what I wanted to do, something I had never, ever, not even fantasized, considered possible or actually doing. I wanted to fuck this animal. How did I move from the initial point of fear to being close to this wild animal when it was sick and weak to lying here on the ground wondering how to mate with it? How, indeed. Maybe there was more to this Celina in me than I had accepted.

So, with him sitting alongside me, I consciously considered what might be involved if I wanted to make it happen. I was sure it was possible. Although I had never considered it, which meant I had never studied the possibility, what it would entail or being like. My eyes, though, dropped down to his crotch, like my eyes are prone to do.

I saw the tip of his cock poking out from his sheath and there was no doubt lingering in my mind what I was going to do next. I was going to try to experience large cat sex ... or scare him off in the



process. I no longer felt threatened by this large cat. Perhaps that was stupid of me, but it was how I felt and how I felt he felt about me.

I edged closer to him and stroked his front legs, then patted the ground. He looked at me curiously, at first, but then seemed to somehow understand after my repeated patting on the ground next to where I was also lying. He lay on the ground, his head up watching me. I continued to stroke his body, but my attention was on his crotch and it didn't take me long to have him fully on his side, his top hind leg up and exposing his sheath. I approached this like I had with dogs and other animals and soon I was kissing the exposed cock tip. I put it between my lips, then lifted my head to look into his face. He raised his head to look at me, but laid it back down, rolled a little further onto his back and splayed his legs out. I took that as a positive sign to continue.

Then, I learned something about cat penises. The tip of the penis was pointed and smooth. I had marveled at the differences in penises that had evolved by nature, all presumably to assist in the insemination of the female, but in different ways. The cat, apparently, was still another example of difference. After the tip of the penis head came a larger, thicker section. It didn't have a knot that tied the male to the female. What it did have, though, were spiny protrusion covering the base portion of the penis head. And, as my lips came into contact with them, they were rough against my lips. I sucked harder, seeing what more might be remaining in the sheath and I encountered yet more surprises. Just underneath the head was a row of larger barbs that where flat against the penis and further down at the base of the penis were more. In all, it was a nice sized penis. Though, I had a feeling these barbs wouldn't always be flat against the surface.

If a female cat can mate, shouldn't I be able to? Or, is that really stupid? Maybe this whole Celina thing had gotten too far into my head. But, I had to try.

I turned around onto my hands and knees and presented my bare ass to him. He sniffed at my pussy, again, but was quick to determine what he wanted to do with this opportunity. He jumped onto my back and my hand was between my legs, seeking out his cock to guide it into my hungry pussy. I had thought this had been a spectacular time among these villages with the people and animals, but this was taking all of those experiences and shoving them another level up. As his cock slipped between my pussy lips, I said the words out loud, "I am mating with a wild black panther!"

His cock slid into me and we fucked. There was no knot to consider, but there was those spines or barbs. At the moment, the ones on the head of the cock were rubbing inside but not too bad. My orgasm came quickly and his did, too. That was when it all happened. My pussy clamped down around him as my orgasm took hold of me. That in turn was the little extra that he needed to climax. When he did, the barbs became more pronounced. As he came inside, moving slightly with his spurts, the barbs pulling at my pussy walls induced yet another crest in my orgasm. I would find out later, when I had a chance to perform an internet search, that the barbs have multiple purposes, among them being to scraping out the seed from other males (feline females are notorious for taking multiple partners), temporarily holding the female, and to induce a higher orgasmic reaction in the female. I was surprised by this experience; the irritation of the barbs did indeed have a heightening effect.

As Preta pulled out of me, I cried out as the barbs pulled along the inside of my pussy. That was when I sensed another presence. It turned out to be many presences ... several of the women had been watching. Obviously, being observed mating the panther did nothing to quell the comments about my being or related to Celina. In fact, they insisted on still another tattoo for me and I have to say it is a beautifully done piece. A four inch black panther in a crouching position like he is about to attack, his tail curling up. The woman placed it above the others on my left breast. Besides being beautiful with exquisite detailing, I was the only one in all the villages with the tattoo. It was

something the women made a point of indicating to me.

When the time came in the next morning, it was even harder to say goodbye to the people. Now, I also had to say goodbye to Preta. I had just met him; I had just experienced him; now, I was also leaving him. It didn't seem fair to me. As the people congregated around the canoe as we pushed off, Preta was standing off to the side away from the people, but the look of confusion on his face was obvious to me. I waved with all the enthusiasm I could. I wanted them to understand, without the words I didn't have, how much I would miss them. I learned so much, experienced even more, and found a bond that I couldn't have believed could be formed in such a relatively short time. As I watched them disappear as we round a bend in the river, I didn't know if I would ever see them again. I knew, though, that I would never forget them.

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As it turned out, I had to wait nearly 24 hours for the plane to arrive. When it did, I wasn't sure in looking at it if it was capable of making a take-off, much less travelling any distance.

The plane circled the grassy area outside the town along the river and landed smoothly. It rolled directly to me and stopped. I had only my backpack and a large woven bag. I had finally dressed on the trip down the river, putting on underwear, shorts, button blouse, and hiking boots. The backpack now contained a spare change of underwear, another blouse, and the many souvenirs given to me by the people. The woven bag contained a wide selection of natural herbs used by the people. My last hours with them was spent in learning how to use them. Included was the herbs for the horse. I knew I was going to somehow incorporate belly-riding into the resort activities. How or where I would find more of the herbs, I had no idea. Maybe there was already something available if you knew what to look for ...

I put the backpack on and took up the bag as the plane rolled and stopped in front of me. The pilot got out and I noticed that there were no doors in the pilot area, either the pilot side or the co-pilot side. Then, I saw two men in the back seats. That was all the room available. The pilot introduced himself and apologized for the delay, but he was requested at the last minute to wait for those men. He was American who came down here to disappear from the hassle of the world. He flew small planes for mining companies and found he liked the world with few people much more than the world with too many people. The other men were in some hurry to leave the jungle. I asked why. He said simply that in the jungle it is best not to ask too many questions like that. He did ask me what I was doing in the jungle, then looked defensive. I smiled and told him mostly the truth. I gave him an explanation of spending time with the Guarani people, studying and learning some of their culture, traditions, and community.

He looked at me quizzically, "Really ... I was under the impression they didn't take to outsiders ..."

I smiled, "I understood the same thing. I was introduced by someone who had family connections. It took a while, but they warmed up to me ..." I was afraid I might blush, so I turned to look into the plane.

He asked about my baggage and I indicated what I had. "Good. Those two must be carrying minerals or something. We already have a lot of weight." He looked me up and down as if to evaluate me. "I can only offer you the co-pilot seat. It's all there is ..."

"That's fine." I was trying to be confident, much more so than I felt while looking at the plane.

He smiled at the way I looked at the plane. "It flies a lot better than it looks." I got embarrassed that he saw my concerned look, but he made me relax and laugh.

As it turned out, thankfully, it was able to take-off. And, once in the air, the lack of doors made the view of the jungle below even more spectacular. He didn't fly too high off the tree-tops. He said he was at a thousand feet, but it looked a lot closer than that. I turned in the seat, at least as much as the seat-belt allowed, to talk to the other men, but they didn't respond, ignoring me completely. They spent all their time watching out the windows as if someone might suddenly appear following us. I looked at the pilot and he just shrugged. I was strapped in wearing the backpack and clutching the bag. Without a door next to me, I didn't trust leaving either on the floor. It was uncomfortable, but I knew where everything was.

I was watching intently at the jungle below, picking out birds in the canopy, movements in and alongside rivers, and occasionally spotting animals and members of a tribe below. Suddenly, the plane banked sharply to the left and dropped a couple hundred feet. Without changing the direction I was looking, my eyes found a streak of fire and vapor moving from in front of us to up and behind us.

"What the hell was that!?" I might have screamed it.

"A S.A.M. Before you ask, I don't know why or from where."

"I thought they were heat-seeking."

"They are, but this plane doesn't generate enough heat for it to make the U-turn and come back at us." He reached behind him and shoved a pack into me. "Put this on ..." he looked at and tried to smile ... "just in case."

I was struggling with it, the seat-belt, my back pack, the bag ... then, the plane seemed to jump 15 feet into the air and spin to the left. The pilot screamed to us, "We're hit ... not too bad, though. I think I can ... oh, shit ..." I looked to the left where he was looking. Below and ahead was another streak coming for us. He looked at me and looked supremely sorry. "I'm sorry, Annie. Forget taking your backpack off. Release your seatbelt, put your arms through the pack and grab onto your backpack straps with every ounce of strength you have." He touched my hand to a large ring. "This will release the parachute. Only pull if ... you find yourself not in the plane." He smiled weakly.

My mouth was moving but nothing was coming out. I looked at the chute, then him. I released the seatbelt and did as he told me. From behind, I could hear the two men cussing at themselves and others. Something about they should have known better. I looked back them in shock. I looked at the pilot with pleading eyes. He reached over and patted my arm.

"Sorry, Annie. I wish I had only picked you up." He mouthed a sorry, then banked the plane sharply to the left, which caused me to lean to the right, then he banked even sharper to the right.

One second I was sitting in the plane wondering what was happening, not even why, just wondering what. The next second, I wasn't in the plane. I was falling through the air on my back. I could see the plane as it leveled off and I continued to fall. It seemed like forever, but I knew it couldn't have been more than moments. I watched as the streak rose up to the plane. I watched as the missile drove into the back passenger compartment of the plane. I watched as the plane erupted into a ball of fire. Even before I saw any disintegration of the plane, any debris flying through the air, or any concept of three lives ending above me, before any of that, I saw a warping of the air around the plane. The concussion force? My eyes not believing what was happening to me and envisioning things?

I remembered the pack I was clutching to me, the parachute, the ring ... I pushed with my right hand on the ring, pulling it away from the pack. I saw the pack open. I re-grabbed my backpack strap with a death grip and felt the chute fill with air, then pull me up or seemingly so. My fall

slowed tremendously, but all that was below me was jungle canopy ... and no way of know what was beneath that. I looked back at the plane as it turned into smoke and pieces. But, that warped air was still there, coming toward me like a huge bubble that was growing and expanding outward from the plane in every direction.

Before I hit the canopy, before my body made contact with anything connected to the ground or anything else of substance, that growing bubble of warped air caught me. It wasn't like a concussion of air. There was no rushing of forced air past me. There was no sense of heated air passing over and around me. Instead, it seemed to pass through me, light the bubble was uninterrupted, unfazed, by the presence of my body. As it passed over me, through me, it was like nothing substantive that I could explain adequately. I felt my entire body tingle, even vibrate deep inside. It was like it was passing through me, contacting me only on a minute level ... .. a molecular level.

Strange ... despite the chute above me, I was rushing toward the jungle canopy below.

Strange ... what your mind will focus on at just the moment before you are certain to ...

...

... die.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

Sylvia was in a three truck convoy winding through the jungle just inside Venezuela. The trucks contained the animals she had acquired for the resort from the Guarani people. The trip had been long and was going to be still longer. She was in the middle truck of the three, a pickup that contained Thor, Wolf, and a goat. She was dozing as she sat in the passenger seat of the truck. The drive had been uncomfortable and she didn't see that changing any time soon. The weather was hot and humid, exactly what the jungle was supposed to be.

The driver nudged her shoulder, respectfully. Sylvia wasn't just an older woman, but a woman who clearly had the means and influence for such a trip to covertly get animals out of Brazil and into Venezuela. She straightened up, fussing with her hair absently, as if the way her hair might look in the jungle could be important.

"Is there a problem?"

"The dog, Senora." He was pointing to the back of the truck.

She turned in her seat as the truck slowed to a stop. The driver honked to warn the truck ahead that they were stopping. Wolf was agitated. Wolf was tremendously agitated. As the truck slowed, Wolf jumped from the back, his head held high in the air, moving one way and then another. Sylvia swore quietly and scrambled out of the cab of the truck.

"Wolf! Come back here." She looked at Thor in case he might be ready to do the same thing, but he seemed quiet. He was watching Wolf, but he seemed to be at peace with the world. Wolf came back to the truck, but he continued to keep his head high in the air, as if he were trying to determine a scent, a direction of a scent, or ... something ... whatever it was, it was very deliberate for him, but clearly it was only for him.

Wolf pranced back and forth, turning around the truck in pursuit of something only he knew what.

Then he stopped about 20 feet behind the truck. He was facing southwest and he stood perfectly still. To Sylvia, it was eerie to see his concentration on nothing that was evident to anyone or anything else. The last thing Sylvia remembered about the event was Wolf stopping and turning to her. He then turned back to the same direction and released a long, piercing howl that sounded to her filled with pain and mournfulness. He then leapt into the jungle and disappeared. They called and searched, but they had to continue their trek if they were to reach their destination by nightfall. He was gone.

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The Guarani people left the river. It wasn't as soon as the canoe disappeared around the bend. They couldn't even have said why they delayed. They knew I was leaving. They knew I was gone. But, the black panther remained, so they remained, at least for a while. Slowly, a few at a time, then more together, they left the side of the river. But, the panther remained. When the last of the people had left and returned the short distance to the village, the panther still waited.

Later in the day, out of curiosity more than anything, several of the women returned to the river. The panther was still in the same location. He sat on his haunches, exactly as he had been, exactly where he had been. The women shared a look of concern and sadness for the animal. They wanted to console the animal, to take it in their arms for comfort, but they dared not. Not a wild panther. Instead, they hugged each other, unsure what else they could do. They were experienced with animals, all of them. They wouldn't fool themselves, though. They weren't Celina; they weren't Annie. They left the animal at the side of the river, but they shared the sadness and the loss that the animal felt.

Later still, they returned again to the river. This time they brought water and food ... in case. The panther, Annie called it Preta, was still there. He was curled on the ground, but rose when he heard them approach. They didn't dare to approach too close, but left the food and water bowls where he could see them.

The next morning, they did the same thing, retrieving the bowls from the night before and replacing them with fresh food and water. They sat separate from the animal for a time. They thought they were merely providing company, maybe comfort, in sharing time and space with the animal. In truth, they were experiencing a similar, if not as profound, sense of emptiness and loss. How is it that someone enters their life as an intruder, an outsider, and becomes such an integral part of life in the villages? How does a bond become formed so quickly and so powerfully?

Sometime around high sun, they returned. This time not out of a pretense for providing food and water, this time because they wanted to share the time with the animal. This time many more of the people join them. Later, this place would continue to be used as a place to remember, to reflect on what was and on what would be as a result because of that unique bond. Now, though, this gathering was to be marked by something else that would stay in the people's memories.

As in other times, the people found the animal sitting in the same location watching, sniffing the air, tilting its ears, in hopeful anticipation. As they all sat along the river this time, though, there was a change. The change was not in the river, the jungle, or the arrival of anyone or anything. At least, there was nothing that any of the people could discern. None the less, the panther sudden stood, prowled around the people in circles, sniffing the air, listening, peering, searching the river and jungle with its eyes. The people took this to mean something and their own anticipation and hopes rose despite knowing full well that the young woman had indeed left, not to return. When the animal stopped roaming, prowling, and searching, the people watched intently for what would follow next. The what that came next surprised them all. The animal stared intently across the river, but not at

the shore. He seemed to be focused far into the jungle. Then, he jumped into the water, swam across to the other side, and disappeared into the jungle. They never found the animal around the villages again.

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Moments of awareness. I sensed being back in one of the villages of the Guarani, the sounds of the jungle at night, the sounds of the jungle in the day, the sounds of someone moving quietly around me, the oppressive humid heat of mid-day, the coolness of the air when the rains came. But, only moments. Only fleeting moments. Never more than that. I wasn't awake. I knew I wasn't awake. And, I was only even aware for moments, but those fleeting moments were powerful. No, not awake. But all of that was good ... all of that was wonderful ... it meant I wasn't dead.

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Awake. Was I? Or, was this just another moment? The sounds outside ... I can identify them. The birds, the insects, the sound of chopping. Wood was being chopped. Fire. The crackling of a fire. Smells. Smoke, the smell of smoke. The fresh smell after a heavy rain. Feelings. Humidity. Heat in the air. Soreness in my body. Soreness, I haven't been aware of that before. Different, this is different. Not fading, not disappearing into a void. Not fading. Staying. I still hear sounds, still smell.

Eyes? Darkness ... no, faded light, filtered light, covered ... covered! My eyes are covered! I try to speak ... nothing happens. My throat is raspy, dry, and tight. I move my arms. Move the cover from my eyes. My arm hits something, it clatters to the floor. Wood on wood. A wooden floor. A shadow, someone coming ...

"Easy ... just lie still ... easy, not too fast. Let your body adjust. You're safe. Stay still." The person, a man, moves away but returns, sitting next to me. I am on a cot? I think so, something raised off the floor. He is sitting on the edge now. He is raising my head.

"Some water ... at your lips, feel it? Just sips, not too fast, not too much for now. There is plenty of water, take it slow."

It hurts to swallow. Sips. Slow. He's right. Each sip and swallow is easier, though. Each sip and swallow hurts less. I move my hand to my eyes. "Eyes."

"Just a covering to keep it dark. And ... let's try taking it off ..." He worked the tie at the back and I felt it coming off. I had my eyes closed. "Open your eyes ... how is that?"

I open them, it is dark but I can see. I see him. He is rough looking, wild even. Long hair to his shoulders, crazy looking beard covering his face, ragged clothes covering a tanned body. "Good." I flinch when I try to move my right leg.

"Yes, that will hurt. In fact, you should feel a lot of hurting over your body. Your leg was broken, the fibula, the smaller one in your calf. You wouldn't know it now, don't ask me how. But, it should be sore from lack of use as it healed."

I was confused and disoriented. "How ... where ... who ...?" I didn't know which to focus on first.

He smiled at me and gently pushed me back onto my back on the cot. "You just came to ... stay like that and I will tell you as much as I can. We'll try to get some food into you. We'll talk more ..."

Everything was lucky according him, and hearing the story, I had to agree. He just happened to be

at the river and the plane just happened to be going in the same direction as the river giving him a line of sight to follow the plane. If he had been anywhere else, he would have heard the plane but would never have seen it. Sighting the plane was unusual, but seeing something streak across the sky at the same time the plane banked sharply was more unusual. By the time he saw the second missile hit the tail of the plane, he was focused on it. Then, he saw the plane bank sharply back and forth and someone come out ... me. I told him it was a trick on the pilot's part to try to save me. He saw the parachute open. He moved in that direction, but that was made difficult by the jungle and his leg. He said he would explain that later.

He found me tangled in a tree. I was about 100 feet in the air. I didn't look alive and he didn't think I was, but he climbed up to where I was hanging from the chute, my arms still wrapped in the straps. He pulled me to him, checked for a pulse and couldn't find one. He was tempted to just cut the straps and let me fall, but that didn't seem respectful, so he got some rope, tied it around my shoulders, and lowered me down, which turned into a chore because his rope wasn't long enough. On the ground, he inspected me closer, but was most intent on whether I was alive. Again, he couldn't find a pulse. He pinched me and got no reaction. He said he was ready to bury me there. I muttered, "Like that hasn't happened before." He asked me about that and this time I said later. He said he didn't bury me because just then he noticed my eyes moving under my lids. Then a finger twitched. He checked my pulse, again. Nothing. But, he knew something was different. He used meditative techniques to quiet his body, then he found it. Very shallow, very weak, but regular. He brought me back to his camp on a travois he constructed.

Once settled into his camp, he inspected my body for injury. That was when he found my broken fibula, which he set and splinted. He cleaned cuts and abrasions. He did a crude job (his words) of suturing the deep cuts, all using items from his field kits. I was unconscious for about two weeks. Hearing that, I jerked back up, but he pressed me back down.

"I know ... there are probably people worried about you. But, there is nothing we can do about that now. You've been here for the past two weeks because there was nowhere else to take you. You wanted to know where you are? You are in 'nowhere', literally, the middle of nowhere in the jungle." I eased my head down and closed my eyes, tears streaming out of them at the thought of people wondering without knowing.

At that point, he went out and brought back some food and water. We ate, then talked some more. We introduced ourselves formally. His name was Sam James. Why he was in the middle of the jungle alone? Death by jungle. He recounted the concept of a felon not wanting to go back to jail, so he chooses 'death by cop'. He runs at cops holding a gun. He's shot with 30 bullets. Sure death. His approach was all that seemed available. He hesitated before telling his story, but over the next couple days as I recovered more strength, he told me all of it ... maybe most of it.

He was a killer, but he didn't like the word or the implication. He wasn't a hired gun, at least not a general for-gun. He worked for governments, very secret, very selective. He and others in the group did the work that the courts couldn't get done on an international scale. His targets were all bad people, very bad people. He didn't question that they deserved to die for the good of the civilized world. What he developed a problem with was the number of times and some of the concepts, especially the concept of no witnesses left and no loose ends. He knew he was getting sloppy. Killing, he said, takes a bit of your good being with it each time. After a while, you wonder if you have good left in you. It is when you start thinking that way that things start going bad. The second to the last time, he was given a target, a man who was very bad indeed. He knew when, he knew where, and in his preparation, he knew how. He was supposed to have three body guards. He found the man where he was supposed to be. Three body guards, the man, but there was also a woman, dressed in slinky dress, very high heels, and expensive jewelry. An escort. He got through the guards

as planned, then walked up to the man. The woman wasn't supposed to be there, he hesitated. She also was a guard, she had a throwing knife in her cleavage. She put up a hand as if to indicate 'no, please' and the other to her chest as if in fear. The knife was coming before he knew it. He twisted in time for it to hit his arm. Then he shot them both. After that, he knew he should be trying to get out of the business. But, getting out is ... difficult.

The last target was in Venezuela. A couple who were selling weapons grade material and the plans to build the bomb. Their travel was by car. Between towns he stopped them. The couple got out, he killed them. He checked the car and found an elderly woman caring for a boy of 10 years. He hesitated, again. It was just a boy and his nanny. He hesitated, the boy looking past him at the bodies of his parents. He focused on the boy's face, the anguish shown there. He never saw the woman pull a gun and shoot him. She wasn't good, hit him in the right knee. He did kill them both. But, he also knew he couldn't do that anymore.

That was when he hired a pilot to fly him over this piece of jungle, parachuted out, and expected to die within a week. That was about five years ago. He found he couldn't just lie down and die. The jungle had to beat him, but it apparently couldn't. But, that was why he had the medical kits. They were his field kits on assignments. It wasn't unusual for him to have to patch himself up after an assignment.

"Which reminds me", he said, "the stitches I put in will probably leave some ugly scars. I'm good enough to survive, not have it look good."

I smiled at him, looked down and thought about what he had shared over the days. "You saved my life. The scars will reinforce an interesting story." I looked up into his face. "Thank you, by the way, for not burying me." I then told him more of my story, leaving out the bestiality parts. At least for the moment.

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My strength came back over more days. After about a week of being awake, I was trying out my leg and body more and more. I was now moving around the camp vicinity, helping out where I could. While cutting up some roots for inclusion in a stew, I remembered something he had said that first day I woke up.

"Sam, earlier you told me about my leg and then muttered something about 'don't ask me how' when referring to the break in my fibula. What did you mean?"

"Look at you. You are walking around, putting weight on it. Annie, it should be a good six weeks for even a fracture to heal in that bone. I know. I've been there and I had the best care and medicine to help me with it. You ... shoot, you ... you were healed in ... I don't know, a little over a week and I couldn't feel the break, anymore. Your other wounds, too. Annie, you healed like ... like I have never seen before."

"I ... I don't understand ..." And, I didn't. What did that mean? How could it even be possible? I didn't heal that way before in the hospital after Jake dug me out of the ground. Why now? I found no answers, of course. I could feel him watching me. But, I had no answers for him. But, I also knew that I needed to leave here, to find a way to return to somewhere, call Sylvia or somebody.

"How do I get back, Sam?"

"Get back? Walk. I would guess it's about ... oh, a week in that direction." He pointed roughly northeast.



"A week? Through that jungle?"

"That's it. The only way, unless you can call a helicopter and someone crazy enough to try to land it around here."

"What do I need to do to make that trek?"

"Two things: Me and much better shape. You are good, Annie, I'm not taking that away from you. But, I'm not." He pointed to his right leg. "You're going to have to help me and you are going to have to be the one to keep us alive. Almost everything out there might kill us if it wants to. You need to have the conditioning and the stamina for both of us. If there is danger, you need to be the one that confronts it. I can back you up, but I can't move well enough to make the difference as the primary. I don't think you are a fighter." He looked at me seriously. "You have to be able to, if it is required."

"Sam, I don't think I can kill anything ... man or animal."

"That's fine, unless you have to. But, if it is your survival, my survival, then you have to."

I swallowed hard. I have never even thought of such a thing. "How?"

He smiled. "I'll show you. I'll train you to move, to protect yourself, to deflect, to strike. I'll show you all the way to beat someone, something, without striking a killing blow until you have to. If you can show the someone or something that you can't be intimidated, they often leave on their own. Focus on that. Focus on becoming dominant so that something doesn't want anything to do with you." I nodded.

He told me to get lots of rest that night. The next day started the training. How I progressed would dictate when we could leave. I didn't like the idea of being our main defensive on the trip out. But, I wasn't spending the next five years there like he had.

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He devised a weird assortment of gimmicks to assist me in building up my stamina and strength. I had come to live in shorts, boots, and bra. It was primarily for cooling and freedom of movement. But, I had to admit that it was also amazing to look down and to see how my body was changing after only a couple days. He was training me in martial arts, bow and arrow (that he had made for hunting), kendo stick, and kali arnis stick fighting. He stressed they were more for developing reactions and instinct, seeing movement and reacting to it.

One day, I was practicing with the bow. I had an arrow strung and taking aim when he came up alongside me.

"Turn away. When I say, turn to the target and shoot, no hesitation, no aim. Use your technique, just do it quickly. React to the target." I did as he said and still hit the target. "Trust in yourself, Annie. Your instincts and natural reactions are amazing."

I saw him look past me, he took a step to me and spoke quietly. "At 4 o'clock, move slowly but have an arrow ready."

I strung an arrow and turned slowly. By the time I was approaching 4 o'clock, I was ready to release the arrow. A black panther was crouched in a ready to pounce pose. I breathed out, ready to release the arrow when I looked closer. "No, it can't be." I muttered it out loud. I watched the animal, looking down the length of the arrow. It couldn't be ... could it? He rose out of his crouch and sat

back. I smiled, dropped the bow to the ground, and to the utter shock of Sam, I rushed headlong into the panther. I embraced Preta and he licked me. When I released him from my embrace, he lay on the ground and offered his belly for rubbing.

Sam started coming close, but Preta gave him a warning growl. "You're going to tell me you know this animal?"

I laughed, "Sam, meet Preta. I helped him like you helped me. So, yeah, were close."

Sam was just getting over that news when there was a low growl from the other side of the camp. A black wolf. Poor Sam, who ever heard of a black wolf or any wolf in the jungle.

"Wolf! You, too?" I rushed over to hug him and received his licks as well. Now, though, the two animals showed indications of territorial threats. I had to get firm with both of them, much to the disapproval of Sam, for them to quiet and accept each other. My affection for both of them, though, allowed their trust through me.

Sam was withdrawn and quiet the rest of the day as I spent most of it with Preta and Wolf, getting them familiar with each other and still not believing that they somehow found their way to me. When he finally came to me, he was hesitant.

"Annie, I don't think I can begin to understand anything about you. The way your body heals, the way you have become stronger, quicker, your instincts and reaction are crisp and precise. That would have been confusing enough, but now these animals?"

"Sam, you're right. You trusted me enough to share your difficult story. I need to share mine, now. But, funny ... for me, you have heard the ugly part when I was abused and buried. The rest that I need to share is good. Deviant, but good." I explained about the ranch, the trip to the resort, the offer to work with Sylvia and the resort and the trip to get the animals from the Guarani people, which brought me to the jungle and where we were.

He looked at me and the animals as I told the story. "Your tattoos ... when I was inspecting your body for injuries ... I saw the tattoos on your breast. I heard about the tattoos and the Guarani, but ... frankly, few people believe it. It's all true, then?" I nodded. "So, it is true that they worship someone called See-leen-a who mates with animals. And, the panther tattoo is ..."

"Yes, but it is not a worshipping. They think of her as a guide, a teacher, but definitely not a deity. And, yes, this tattoo is Preta. The Guarani created it for me. It had never been done." I was blushing. I was blushing partially because I had just shared such intimacies. I was also blushing because sharing those intimacies opened a door that we hadn't considered opening before.

The days that followed were similar to the days before, filled with training and preparation. But, there were now two very capable males prepared to defend me and that relieved a lot of pressure and tension from the idea of attempting our escape from this place. There was something else different. There was a definite tension building between me and the three males in the camp. The tension wasn't about what or if I wanted to do with each of the males. The tension was how to approach Sam about it so the situation would be comfortable ... for him. And, like most things, the direct and open options is usually the best.

After a full day of activity, Sam's knee often was achy and stiff by nightfall. Guiding me through my training, although focused on me, was still active for him, more active than he would normally want his knee to be. So, like most all the night of the past days, I found him in the hut. He had taken the natural concoction of herbs that the Guarani showed me would relieve pain and swelling, herbs that

appeared to be in natural abundance. He was massaging his knee and thigh when I entered the hut. The pain and soreness migrated from his knee into the thigh muscles during the day as he unconsciously attempted to compensate.

I entered the hut barefoot, the animals following me. Now that they had found me, they were rarely more than ten feet from me. I pointed to the floor and they both found a spot to settle down. It had surprised me how much Preta was picking up from watching Wolf in terms of training and commands. Although more independently minded, like all cats, he generally followed the same commands.

I stopped just inside the hut looking at Sam quietly. He felt the silence and expectation, stopped his massaging and looked up at me. I smiled shyly at him in the light of the two candles burning inside the hut for light in the dusk of evening.

"Sam ... I want to thank you. Truly thank you." I reached behind my back and unhook my bra that was showing the wear of constant use as an outer garment. "I want to thank you for rescuing me, saving me. I want to thank you for caring for me, watching over me and taking care of me when I couldn't. I want to thank you for training me and preparing me for what I need to anticipate, if we are to walk out of the jungle." I was now unsnapping my shorts and pushing them down my legs. I had long since gone commando. He was watching me closely. For all the time lately since coming to the jungle, nudity was taken for granted. It wasn't with him. I saw myself differently as I stood before him. After all this time, my pubic and arm pits hair had grown back.

He saw me watching him. He felt the silence. "Annie ... I ... you don't have to ..."

I put up my hands to effectively stop him. "Something you need to understand about me, Sam. If there was any sense that I had to do this, should do this, or any reason other than that it was what I wanted to do, it probably wouldn't be happening." I looked at him in seriousness. "If you don't want me, that's fine. As much as I won't be put into a position of doing something I don't want to do, I won't put you into that position, either. I've been open about my partners, both human and animal, including these two. So ... I want to."

What was the poor guy going to say? A smart guy says nothing more ... Sam was a smart guy.

He was in shorts, too. I took over massaging his right knee and thigh, quickly working my hands up his thigh higher and higher. It was clear what I was interested in and it wasn't massaging his thigh. My hand slipped inside his shorts leg opening and I worked it up higher. When I could see that wasn't going to work, I pushed him back onto the cot and went to work removing his shorts. I then stripped his shirt over his head. For a middle aged man, he was in very good shape, especially considering how hard the past five years must have been while alone in this jungle. Five years alone and here I am, naked and having my way with him. I almost felt sorry for him. I smiled as I dropped my head to his lap, kissing his abdomen, around his penis, breathing on him, teasing him. His penis grew and moved as I used my lips everywhere but directly on his member. By the time I kissed the head of his penis, it was semi-hard and growing harder. I took it into my mouth and felt it grow as I sucked it, pushing down over it, then sucking as I pulled my mouth up, but never off it. Down and up, pushing down and sucking up.

He was hard quickly. I crawled up onto the cot with him, straddling his body, sliding my wet pussy over the length of his hard cock. His eyes were closed, his mouth was open, and his breathing came in gasps and sighs. I reached behind me, held his cock up, and slid my pussy over the head, lubricating the head and teasing him. I found my opening and sat down on top of his cock. No hesitation. No partial penetration, wait, and up and down. Just penetration and sinking down over

his cock until my butt contacted his thighs. Then I waited. I looked down at him. When his eyes opened, I smiled down at him.

“God, Annie! I know it has been a long time, but ... I never remembered it like this ...” I smiled, again.

I leaned forward, pulling myself up his cock, but not off, until I could kiss him on the lips. I whispered into his ear, “I know it’s been a while, a long while, so this first time might be quick for you. No problem, honest. After, I’ll do something for you. You can watch me fuck the dog and cat. If that doesn’t make you hard, again, you’ll be dead. Then, you’ll last longer the next time.” I kissed him again and sat up, taking him deep inside me. He groaned. I knew he would be climaxing soon, very soon. I fucked him hard, his hands went to my waist as I rose and fell, his cock nearly pulling out and driving deep inside me. I tightened my muscles inside, gripping him with each rise up his length and he moaned. I dropped down hard, impaling myself on his cock and he groaned. Until I felt a twitch and jerk inside me; until I felt him harden more inside me; until I felt him spurt his seed inside me. I didn’t join him in cumming, but I didn’t need to. I had three more fucks planned for the evening.

I debated with myself about the coming order of these fucks. I knew Sam was going to be last, but did I take Wolf or Preta first? I remembered Preta’s cock with the barbs at orgasm. As excited as I was to mate with Preta outside the village, it was nothing like if I had mated with a dog before. Perhaps, the knot and all that cum inside me would make the experience with Preta a little less ... sticky. Peculiar when you get cute in your own thoughts ...

I went with Wolf and to no surprise to me, he was already well out of his sheath by the time I checked. I simply got on the ground of the hut and presented my ass to him. He wasted no time and I was waiting with my hand. I heard a gasp from the cot as Wolf jumped onto my back and immediately began humping at me. I turned toward Sam and gave him a sly smile. “Dog aren’t delicate ...”

While I was tied to Wolf, I call Preta to me and coaxed more of his cock out of his sheath. I called Sam over but warned him to come slowly. I pointed at the animal’s cock and I heard a muttered, “Oh ... my ... god ... that goes inside you? Speaking of which, does it hurt to have that dog’s cock-ball inside you?” Despite what he might have thought of his experiences in the world, tonight was something he hadn’t planned on encountering when he decided to lose himself in the jungle.

I quickly turned when Wolf pulled out of me so Preta could mount me. He did so quickly, just like Wolf, and this time was indeed more rewarding for me. Not that I would let those spines keep me from mating with this cat, but not having it hurt every time was a plus. In my mind I made a mental note, Preta gets sloppy seconds.

And, Sam did last longer the second time. And, I did get my three orgasms. I also found myself sleeping contentedly in a man’s arms, again.

The next day was lazy and awkward. The awkwardness was broken by the decision to prepare to leave. We talked as we assembled and discarded items. I encouraged him to return to the world. He might have felt he didn’t have anything more to give to the world and he was better off without it. But, the jungle couldn’t kill him, even if he was sure it would, he fought too hard when it came down to the times that mattered. And, he still cared about life and people. He saved mine. He didn’t have to.

When we left his camp, he told me he would guide me to civilization. If he entered it with me or not

would be his decision when we got there. That was all I could ask. It was his job to guide us. It was mine to get us through the jungle in one piece. But, I knew that I had Wolf and Preta as backup and, right now for this adventure, they would be more reliable and effective for the dangers we could encounter than anyone or thing I could think of.

The trek took us nine days, much longer than Sam predicted. The truth was, though, that he had never made the trek and was just guessing. At least he had the direction accurate. Part of the delay was a torrential rain that lasted half a day and flooded several rivers, requiring more effort to get across. When at last we crested a ridge above the tree line at near nightfall, we could make out man-made lighting in the distance. Then, we knew we were well inside Venezuela and only a half day or so from making a phone call that could finally get us out.

The trip was grueling and one of the single worst experiences of my life. Well, maybe short of being buried in the Arizona desert or falling out of an airplane over the Brazilian jungle. Despite the hardships, lack of food sometimes, and lack of peaceful sleep, the four of us were perfect travel companions. Even with his bad leg and obvious pain, Sam moved along with me and never resented when I took control of situations as his energy and will slipped away. Wolf and Preta ... the two of them saved our lives several times in either intervention of danger or early warning so it could be avoided.

Now that civilization is finally in view, how do we get the assistance and aid that we need? And, how do we stay together? After everything we have been through together, how do I not lose Wolf and Preta?

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## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN**

realization of the problems we could have. For the first time since meeting Wolf and Preta, I saw how they didn't fit into the image of acceptability in the civilized world, especially Preta.

My backpack still contained my identification documents and wallet. Sam, of course, had destroyed all documents relating to his identity years ago. I gave him the money out of my wallet and he hobbled into town while I stayed at the edge with the animals. Even at the edge, we were drawing attention. Sam, after nine days of walking, was nearly lame, being forced to splint his knee for support days before.

When he returned, he had a cell phone, a six-pack of bottled water, and more junk food than I had seen since leaving Arizona. Sam handed me the phone, "You, first."

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At the resort, it was only a week and a half until the re-grand-opening. The first group of guests including many of those who had been a part of the original grand-opening of the resort would be arriving with skepticism and heightened judgment. Sylvia had been in a near panic and a state of obvious depression for over a month. She knew she wasn't the only one feeling loss, but she had taken this loss onto herself. It was her decision that set all other decisions and actions into motion. The most heart wrenching emotional support she had received was from Jake and Bobbi in Arizona. Despite their own obvious grief, they had reached out to her, providing comfort and support. Their openness to feel and share did help Sylvia, though, having someone who suffered in the same intimate and soul twisting way. Those two were her salvation in this time. They were the ones who convinced her to focus on the re-opening, to give herself the right to have a purpose to move on deliberately.

It was in that spirit that her efforts and attention to the resort continued. Plans and preparations for the opening were in the final stages. Guests from Trinidad and Tobago were brought in to give the restaurant, café, and bar the benefit of dry-runs. They felt everything was in order ... except for the pall that still hung over many who were currently in the conference room reporting the final details of their preparations. The senior staff of the resort were assembled around the conference table, Sylvia leading the discussion and reporting. An empty chair remained next to Amy. Nobody in the room was going to question Sylvia's declaration that it remain that way. They all recognized that Sylvia was hanging on by the thinnest of threads, and Amy with her team were no better.

Sylvia's secretary, a woman she brought with her from Venezuela, rushed into the room pointing to the speaker phone on the conference room table in front of Amy. She was stammering out words in Spanish, her eyes big and excited. Amy didn't understand, but she saw a light blinking next to Line 1. She punched it and punched 'Speaker'.

"Sylvia?"

Amy brought both hands to her open mouth and screeched. Sylvia stood up and rushed to Amy's side. "Annie??? ... ANNIE!!!" As if in one breath, the entire room gasped.

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I was told to wait exactly where we were, which wasn't much of anyplace, but she knew it. She would take care of everything and not to worry about the animals. She was more than shocked to hear that Wolf had found me after he ran away and that the panther had apparently done the same thing.

We settled down outside of town, not wanting to create any more of a stir among the people than we already had done, showing ourselves with a panther as a companion. I was expecting a long wait, envisioning an SUV, truck, or car eventually making its way from one end of the country to the edge of this remote town. It was only a couple hours, though, that we heard the distinctive 'womp, womp, womp' of helicopter blades approaching. Imagine my surprise, and Sam's nervousness, when two helicopters appeared heading directly for us and they had all the appearance of military, guns showing in the open doorways.

They landed nearby and rushed towards us but came up short when both Wolf and Preta rose to the apparent threat and took up positions in front of me. Sam, I guess, was on his own.

They requested, more like required, that both animals be put into travel kennels they brought just for that purpose. They were indeed prepared for us. A medic on the helicopter gave us each a quick check over, but that was for precaution only since they didn't know what our condition would be. They were more concerned with Sam's right leg than anything else about us.

The choppers moved quickly over the countryside and in a couple more hours we were over Caracas. Once over the city, it became clear that we were being taken directly to a hospital. One helicopter landed on the roof while the other circled. I was assured that the animals would be cared for. But, before I could ask more, we were being hustled off the roof, into an alcove where we were met with wheelchairs, and down an elevator two floors. The elevator opened into a posh, obviously exclusive, ward within the hospital. I felt extremely out of place in my dirty boots, shorts, and blouse. My hair had to be a rat's nest and my skin was filthy. Hospital staff swarmed both Sam and me, moving us to separate private rooms where teams of doctors and nurses formed another swarm around us.

I was stripped out of my clothes, given a cursory examination and found not to be in too much immediate danger. Two nurses took me into a side room where I was allowed to shower and wash

my hair, the first time I had really been clean in a seemingly very long time.

The same two nurses were waiting to assist me back to the bed. Thank goodness for no modesty. I stepped out of the bathroom and found Sylvia pacing at the foot of the bed. She stood there, her eyes tearing, her hands ringing together, then her arms flapping, undecided which act of uncertainty she would exhibit next. I rushed into her arms and our tears flooded out. We asked each other a dozen questions before either of us stopped to realize that answers couldn't come until the questions stopped. We wiped each other's tears from cheeks and laughed ... and hugged.

The nurses ushered me back to bed and hooked up machines and IV's. I insisted that I was fine and Silvia insisted that I let them do their jobs. I relented, but we talked and talked. But, mostly, for a while, we cried. We cried out of joy, out of relief, out of ... being together.

"Annie ... we couldn't believe it when we heard you voice." I recounted the time from getting on the plane to walking out of the jungle. It took a long time. Sam came in from his room using crutches. I introduced them, Sylvia gave up her chair and she sat on my bed next to me, holding my hand.

After some catching up, she handed me her cell phone, stood up, and before leaving the room, said, "Call Jake and Bobbi, I had to tell them about the plane. They have been as worried as we have been."

The next day, a man opened my door and looked inside. Sam stood up and excused himself. He bent over to give me a kiss on the cheek and whispered, "My chaperone from the Agency has arrived." He smiled and winked.

"Sam", he stopped halfway to the door, "if I don't see you, thank you!" He smiled. And, I didn't see Sam after that. He was checked out before I was.

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Sylvia had a boat chartered to take us directly to the island to make the trip easier for the animals. I questioned her about the animals.

"No, it's all legal. I'll give you their papers. All legal. You can take them anywhere you want."

"How? Preta is a wild animal. Wolf is nearly one. I doubt they have their shots or whatever. And, what was with those helicopters and guns?"

"They do now. Dear girl, I know I told you that I husband had connections! My husband amassed a lot of money. A LOT of money! He believed in giving back and setup several foundations to distribute quite a bit back to others who need it. One foundation is for the state police to fight crime. Annie, Caracas is THE highest murder rate for large cities IN THE WORLD. This is where we chose to call home. We were never able to have children, but a lot of people do. This is a very big city. He didn't feel it was right. People deserved to have a safe home. It was his way of trying. But, he had to be careful. There is too much corruption in the local police, so he set it up for the elite police groups who take on the worst situations. We'll have to see if it does any good. But, that is why they were willing, no eager, to fly across the country to get you and Sam."

I looked at her as if I was just now seeing the real Sylvia Contreras and how strong and confident this woman really was. "For you, you mean. They were eager because you asked them." It wasn't a question. Her silence confirmed the statement.

We were nearly to the resort. I had let Wolf and Preta out of their travel kennels long ago. The boat

crew was a little nervous. I saw them moving on either side of a crew member who hadn't noticed. I called out to them, drawing the crew's attention, which drew startled reactions. Wolf and Preta rushed to me, happy and playful. I had to wonder, were they actually just playing with the guy?

Sylvia sat down next to me looking serious. "Before we get to the dock ... you were unconscious for two weeks, recovering your strength for another couple weeks, and hiking out of the jungle for another couple weeks without enough to eat ..."

"Roughly, yeah."

"Annie, your body ... I saw it in the hospital when you were changing. You look like you have been with a celebrity trainer for months. What ...?"

I shrugged, I couldn't explain it, either.

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Sylvia had called the resort. Pat Connors, HR, called Amy. Amy got the rest of the team together and ran to the dock. The word quickly spread over the island that Sylvia was arriving with Annie. That's all they knew. Just that.

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We were coming into the island from the West. The stark difference of the view compared to the jungle was overwhelming. The endless sky and view of the ocean. The jungle was always limited by the canopy of trees overhead. And, if the canopy had a break in it, it was a small opening. The stifling humidity was only a memory now. The ocean breeze was glorious. Even the salty smell of the ocean compared to the rotting vegetation smell of the jungle was wonderful. The idea of going for a swim in the cove seemed like a dream, but a dream I will soon realize, again.

Several dolphins swam next to the boat for a while. I called the animals over for a look. They both got properly excited with barks and roars, much to the delight of the crew who were by now used to them.

We were running along the south side of the island and I wished we were running the north side so I could glimpse the cove from the ocean, but the dock and harbor were on the southeast side. Soon ... soon I'll be back at the cove with the team.

I bent over to scratch the ears of both Wolf and Preta, putting my face down for them to lick, when I was shifted to the side as the boat suddenly slowed and turned to the north. I looked over the side and found us approaching the dock. On the shore end of the dock was a mass of people. I stood and moved to the bow of the boat and stared, shielding my eyes with my hand, remembering the sunglasses I lost somewhere in the jungle. There in front of the crowd was Amy, Tami, Dor, and Adam. I stood as straight and tall as I could and waved as if I were a fifth grader returning from summer camp and seeing her family waiting. I saw them point and wave, Amy and Tami bouncing as they pointed and talked, hugging everybody.

I moved to the side of the boat with the exit and waited impatiently as the crew secured the lines. One of the crew made a move to step off the boat first to assist me, but I leapt right past him. Standing on the dock I waved and bounced now, too. A racket of clapping and cheers met my ears and I turned to help Sylvia off the boat. She started moving down the dock, but stopped when she heard a collective gasp from the crowd. She turned back and I shrugged. Standing on either side of me were Wolf and Preta.



I smiled at her as I ran past, the two animals in hot pursuit. The team were running down the dock to meet me, but came up short as they were approached by animals that gave the appearance of a wild wolf and panther, both stark and completely black.

I stood in front of the assembled staff, flanked by my protectors ... and lovers. I thanked everyone. I told them how much I missed them. I asked them not to think too badly of me for going to such lengths to avoid the last rush of preparations for the re-opening. I then introduced my new companions and warned that they were quite wild but have done very well so far. I got nervous laughs.

I was then taken to the resort's club for a celebration already planned. I put both animals down outside the door and allowed myself to be swept inside. But not for long. It was wonderful, but I was exhausted and, frankly, the blunt change from jungle isolation to loud party was more exhausting.

Amy and Tami were next to as we watched Dor and Adam dancing with others. I leaned heavily against Tami and Amy helped her steady me. I looked at them. My eyes were filled with tears, tears running down my face. "I ... I ... can't ... I can't do this ... too much ..."

I swayed and nearly fell except for them. Tami steadied me while Amy hurried to get Adam. The four of them quietly got me out of the club. When the two animals saw me being nearly dragged from the building, they jumped up, confronted the others and growled. I put up a hand, "No ... it's okay ... come."

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The next morning felt better. I looked up at the ceiling, watched the ceiling fan spin for a minute before making the decision to see how this day was going to start out. I swung my legs over the side of the bed, discovering that I was naked. Not too surprising given how I had lived much of my recent life and that nudity was natural around this group, but I did wonder who had put me to bed. Ultimately, I decided, with a smile, that it didn't really matter, not with this group.

On the floor, between me and the partially closed door were Wolf and Preta curled. When my feet hit the floor, both of them raised their heads and looked my way. Seeing that I was getting up, both of them raised up to their feet, lowered their fronts into great, full-bodied stretches, their butts sticking into the air. I teasingly scratched both of them just above their tails. It was one of the many things that these two seemed to share enjoyment of. A canine and feline, both taking pleasure from many of the same scratches, rubs, and cuddles.

It was quiet in the commons area. Apparently, my time in the jungle programmed me for rising with the light, and the light filters in through the jungle compared to a cottage on a cove. I made the coffee and checked on Amy. She was sound asleep so I headed outside and out onto the beach, the two animals following close behind. I stood on the sand, then walked several steps into the water, marveling, again, at the difference in feelings compared to the jungle. It seemed so long since I indulged in a swim, and it had been. I walked further out into the water until I could dive into it, breaking the surface with a powerful stroke of my right arm, taking a breath of air at the same time. I kicked and stroked, enjoying the glorious feeling of my naked body working through the water. It was invigorating, energizing, and therapeutic, all at the same time.

I came to a stop and looked around me, slowly turning as I treaded water. I spotted something breaking the water surface, then the top of its body. A dolphin. Then, two more. They swam in a big circle around me, moving closer with each turn of the circle until they were merely 20 feet from me at any time. So beautiful. So graceful, elegant, and effortless. I was lost in the thought of what it

would be like to swim with them, really with them. Not like one of those cruise ship excursions where you hold onto a fin as they swim around a tank. But, really WITH them. What would it be like to Be LIKE it, to dive underwater, to feel it pumping its tail as it raced to the surface and broke into the air? From the feeling of the water flowing over my skin to being in the air, the sun glowing on my skin as the water runs off like rivulets. God! What would that be like?

I heard a calling from the shore and looked back. Amy. I looked back to the dolphins, but they had heard it, too. They were swimming for the opening of the cove, swimming for the opening to the great ocean beyond. I turned back to Amy and waved. I turned, kicked hard and turned my body sideways to take a first stroke. My right arm ... its always my right arm first ...

I stand in waist deep water and walked toward her. She was standing just inside the water line holding two mugs. She handed me one as I got to her.

"Thanks, I left before the coffee was finished."

"The smell woke me, so I figured you were up and around here somewhere. Say ... what was with that?"

"The dolphins? I don't know, they've never come into the cove before that I know of. Add it to the list of 'what's with that'."

"Annie, are you okay? I didn't mean anything ..."

I looked at her and smiled. I used my free hand to take hers. "It's not you, promise. It's just ... hell, it seems that the list of strange things I can't explain just keeps getting longer. I don't know if it is something I should be worried about or not. And, if I should be worried, what exactly is it I would be worried about?" We were walking back to the cottage and before I knew it, we were sitting on the chairs on the deck, another mug of coffee in my hand. But what could Amy do about any of it. Nothing. But, maybe that wasn't what I needed, to have someone do something. Maybe I really just needed to have someone to pour out to, get it out of my head for once, let the light of day show me I had nothing to be concerned with.

"You might be sorry you asked ..."

"Even if all I can do is listen and provide a shoulder, I would never be sorry." She shifted in her chair to face me more directly, "Come on, spill it."

I smiled. It felt like it could be best friend girl talk at a favorite coffee house. I took a deep breath and tried to start. "Okay ... well, the whole trip was just kind of strange, even in the villages ..."

She got excited and put her hand on mine to stop me. "I have to confess ... we got Sylvia a little sloppy one night after the plane went down and she started sharing ... we just let her go because I think she needed the memories, to share them with someone and we were probably the safest. Just the four of us and her. She told us about you becoming this goddess, Celina."

I put up my hand to stop her. "First, Celina was not considered a goddess by them. She was more ... a guide that led their people out of bad times many generations ago. Second, I might have reminded them of her, but I was not her." I shook my head but a smile came over my face. "I enjoyed the villages. They didn't trust me at first, but ... they are good people. As much as I wanted to come back, I was sad to leave them." I looked up at her and shared the smile. "It was kind of cool to remind them of someone like that, though."

“Sorry, I interrupted you. I’ll shut up now.”

I smiled at that. “Probably not, but that’ll be okay, too. No, what I was referring to is ... other things that have happened. But, all of them after the plane. For instance, not everyone says it but I feel their eyes. My body. I am unconscious for two weeks, recovering for two weeks, training with a poor diet, then walking out of the jungle for a week and a half. And I have a body like this?”

“If you don’t want it, I’ll take it.” We laughed. “But, yes, I understand. Okay, mystery one.”

“Okay, mystery two, I break my fibula. My right fibula, if I remember. I was unconscious. Sam said that in a week or week and a half it was healed. Amy, after six weeks it should still be healing! Then, three through seven are all these scars of deep cuts from falling into branches. They healed the same way. Where am I ... eight. Eight, how did Wolf and Preta find me? I was unknown distance from where they were. And, they were in different places. I was in the air, there was no scent of the ground for them to follow. Explain that ... because I can’t. Forget the counting ... then, there were the other things Sam mumbled. He said my reactions, peripheral senses, speed in movements were ... he said like a cat’s. He said when I moved from defensive to offensive in the fighting drills, I moved like a fierce dog, controlled aggression. I didn’t even let him know some things, Amy. We trained in the dark with a low fire to test me if danger came then. He got frustrated because he couldn’t get to me. Amy! I could see in the dark! Not like daylight ... but I was getting more light in than I should’ve been able to.” I looked over at her finally. “I don’t understand ...”

“Annie, if you hadn’t already just been through a battery of very thorough medical examinations, I would suggest that. But, they found nothing, right?”

“Right. It seemed they did everything twice.”

“So ... maybe it’s just the experience, the trauma. You’ve always been in shape. Maybe you’ve already had it in you, just needed to have a reason for it to come out.”

I smiled. Nice thought. But, that’s not it. Not as simple as that. But, I won’t figure it out, either. So, move on with my life. Try, anyway.

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It took several more days, but I was getting back to myself ... or, more like myself before being lost to the jungle. The dinner table was quiet as it had been frequently since my return. People had noticed, wondering if or when our joyous and free-spirited group would again shine our light on the path for the resort. It wasn’t fair that the staff looked on us for that role, but our spirit had brought that role to us.

I was leaning back in my chair at the table. My food was hardly touched, my glass of wine had the original pouring still in it. I was sitting with my elbows on the arm rests, my index fingers steepled and at my lips, deep in contemplation. I was tired of the whispers and quiet questions, few of them directed to me, most just about me. But, not this group. They waited patiently, always encouraging, always nearby supporting me, always available individually or as a group to listen to my frustration and confusion. I looked around the table without moving a muscle except for my eyes. Another thing that I have noticed about myself now, the ability to remain utterly and completely still for long periods, muscles taut and ready, but perfectly still.

Tami caught the look in my eyes as they moved to her. She nudged Dor who nudged Amy who nudged Adam sitting next to me. My eyes moved around the table one more time, stopping on each of them, recognizing and connecting individually with each of them, just as before except for a small

change ... the corners of my eyes were crinkled by smiling that my hands hid from showing at my mouth. Their eyes and heads turned to each other, growing smiles and excitement as their hope and anticipation increased.

I leaned forward, grabbed up my fork and knife, cut up the steak and baked potato and wolfed it down (figuratively speaking). I then drained my glass of wine, not the best way to enjoy wine, but ... I abruptly stood, my legs pushing my chair back, coarse scraping noise generated on the floor. I took Adam's hand and pulled him up, then looked around the table.

Without a concern about any other tables possibly overhearing, "I promised Adam I would assist him in accomplishing a wish, a desire. We're only a few days from our first guests arriving and I have failed him ... and all of you, lately. I'm sorry for that. I've been brooding about myself, but it is going to stop right now. You four have been my rock. You've been patient with me and supportive of me. Time for me to move on and give back to you and the resort." I turned to Adam, both my hands now on his shoulders. "How about we take care of that thing you've wanted to try. How about we do it at the same time?" He smiled big and nodded. I turned to the others, "Anyone want to give us an assist? I have an interesting idea ... could be fun." Everybody headed for the doors without another word.

At the doors, I held back, which caused them to stop and look at me. "Go ahead, I'll catch up in just a minute." Amy looked concerned, but I shoo them off. I walk around the building and disappear from their view.

Half way to the animal complex, Adam notices Wolf alongside him and is startled. He turns to find me right behind him. The others turn, too. I hold up a new bottle of Jack Daniels bourbon.

Adam questions, "I thought we weren't supposed to take out hard liquor."

I smiled and continued walking through them toward the complex, "What's the fun in having cat-like reflexes and not occasionally using them?"

In the complex, the door is closed behind us and locked. All of us strip out of our clothes without a word needing to be spoken. Tami roots out five glasses from the break area and I pour. I hold up my glass to my naked companions and they all laugh.

Amy, "Welcome back, Annie." Standing in a tight circle, our glasses touch, and all take healthy swallows, feeling the burn of the amber liquor down our throats and into our bodies.

Glasses are refilled and I hold mine up to them. "I know I haven't been here for you. Even when I have been here lately, I haven't been here. I am sorry for that. I have been consumed with ... thinking about things. It ends now. Thank you for being the supportive and loving people you are."

Dor, "You're justified, Annie. What you've been through ... whatever you need, you know that." We touched glasses, again.

This time, I put mine down and turned to Adam. I stroked my hands up and down his arms. "I promised you dog cock a while back. Then, I said I would do it first and lead you through it from my experience, similar to what I was able to do for our ladies. We're running out of time, though. I want you to be able to be represented as experienced, just like them. I want to do it with you, okay?"

He nodded. He suddenly looked a little concerned now that the event was about to happen, but he was determined, I could also see that. "Then, we need another dog. Not Thor." That drew a laugh at Adam's expense.

He had watched the others with the dogs enough times to know the steps I have always stressed. Without encouragement from me or the others, he put the dog down on the floor, and stroked the dog until he felt comfortable touching his sheath. He had the tip out quickly, then lowered his head to touch his first dog cock with his tongue, lips, and mouth. I watched with some sense of pride. Despite not actively participating with the dogs in the past, he had paid close attention and was knowledgeable in the process. I knew he would have been very capable of leading a woman through even a first doggy encounter.

I took my eyes away from Adam to attend to Wolf in the same way. Wolf, of course, was so familiar with my efforts and methods that he was out and showing almost before I had him on the floor. I asked Tami to get the same lubricant Adam had used on me for our anal session those weeks before. She knew exactly what to do, applying a good glob of it to each of our assholes, pushing her fingers into each of us to lubricate further inside as well. Neither Adam or I were any longer working the cocks in front of us. We were both on our knees, our fronts on the floor and asses in the air as we were prepared. As Tami was diligently preparing our anal passages, I looked over at Adam. He had a look of concentration, perhaps convincing himself all over again that this was what he wanted to do. I reached over and took his hand. He squeezed it and his face softened. He mouthed, 'Thank you'.

Tami patted my ass and I knew it was time. It was time to experience doggy anal. I looked over to Adam, "Don't forget, no knot. It might take ice water on the union to shrink him enough. Personally, I am not up to that experience tonight." He chuckled and I could see him relaxing more.

Wolf approached me and instinctively seemed to understand something was different from the smell and gel on and in my asshole. That was now the strongest scent and he seemed confused. I patted my ass cheek and he jumped up onto my back, beginning to probe with his cock like normal. My hand sought him out, but instead of easily guiding him into my open pussy, I had to search out my tight asshole. His tip hit the mark and I pushed back instantly, trying to trap the tip just inside, to use the tapered end to press against him and open my sphincter. When he was just inside me, I gasp and put my hand back against his leg, trying to hold him back, just a few moments, hoping to allow my asshole to adjust to the intrusion. I glanced over at Adam and saw him being assisted by Tami and Dor to accomplish the same thing.

I heard Adam gasp out, too. I knew he was now also penetrated. He was still on his hand, as I was. He gave me a weak smile, then his mouth fell open as the dog began pumping into him. He had only been fucked by a man once or twice, now he was being fucked by a dog.

Amy was sitting cross-legged next to me, stroking my shoulders and back. I looked up at her and she raised her eyebrows, questioning what I needed or wanted.

"Ready to get involved? Tami and Dor, want to be a part of this?"

They all agreed. This was exciting for them, especially seeing Adam now joining them in the ranks of being mated by a dog. I gave them the option, not bothering to enquire of Adam's thoughts: one gets under Adam and sucks his cock while he is fucked; the other to present her pussy to him. I looked up at Amy, "Get under me and eat my pussy, I'll do the same to you." She didn't even blink at my order. She was crawling underneath me almost before I finished my sentence.

It was a night none of us were likely to forget. Somehow this little group finds ways to share and experience with each other that blows all of our minds. Even if the focus is on a few at some moments, the others are still there to support and contribute. And, they make me feel so special, so wanted, so needed ... so one of them. They make me feel so normal. Right now, the way I feel about myself, that is wonderful thing.

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## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Grand Re-opening of the resort was finally upon us. Tomorrow early afternoon, 1:30 PM, the shuttle would be bringing the guests in from Trinidad en masse. That was another unique thing about the resort. All guest arrive at the same time, everybody exposed to the resort, the staff, and each other at the same time. The resort, facilities, and staff were going through final checks. This first group would contain some of the original guests from the initial opening.

At one time that was to include Jake and Bobbi, but they cancelled out when I disappeared. When I talked to them on my return to civilization, I encouraged them to wait. I strongly suggested that I had a much better timing for them to visit.

I was meeting with the team in the animal complex, reviewing everything for the umpteenth time. That part of the discussion took no time at all. Everything was ready and it had been reported that way each of the previous days.

“What’s up, Boss? You know we’re ready.” It was Tami. I used to stiffen at hearing that ‘boss’ label, but I have gotten used to them using it to tease me and lighten the meetings up.

“Sylvia just laid a new idea of me. She thinks we should be front and center tomorrow because some of the people will be from the original guest list. She wants to make it obvious that the resort has changed for the better.” We were casually lounging in chairs in the break room. I sought out each face. “Any ideas on how to make this strikingly memorable?”

Four hands shot up in the air. It wasn’t just energetic brainstorming, either. I had to have the best team ever.

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We were waiting as Sylvia had arranged. The shuttle was making its final approach to the dock with all the guests for the week on board. Sylvia was waiting on the dock as the resort personnel secured the ropes, then assisted each of the guests safely onto the dock. She then motioned for the wait staff to distribute a glass of champagne to each of the guests. They were dressed in identical outfits, male or female. They wore white shorts and button-down shirts tucked into the waistband, only the shirts lacked any buttons. She made a toast to their visit, then welcomed them. While they sipped their drinks, she made the necessary announcements about safety, that their luggage would be delivered to their cottages, reminders that any fantasy or interest not previously provide could still be submitted through the resort network. She informed them that in their cottages they would find printed rules and guidelines for the week. They could also find them and much more information on the resort network through the flat screens in each cottage.

She stood in front of them and surprised us, “I am Sylvia Contreras. This is my resort. Some of you were specifically offered to be our guests this week because you were guests during one of the two weeks the previous opening. To those guests, I again offer my apology. To the others of you who registered for what sounded like a truly unique escape experience, welcome and thank you. I promise you, you will not be disappointed.”

With that, she introduced her staff, each taking public responsibility for the satisfaction of the guests. Then, there was a pause. Sylvia took everybody’s attention back to her. “This resort is different than any other we can think of. But, you know that. You chose this resort over others and we thank you. Yes, there are many island resorts; many that are clothing optional; some that are

adults-only where exhibitionism and restricted public sexual encounters can be experienced; but, there is no resort that we know of that not only allows open sexual encounters, but will try to facilitate them, to proactively seek to satisfy your sexual fantasies. But, even that, there is more that we offer you. Bestiality. For those of you who with some experience, perhaps the opportunity to experience a different animal. For those of you who are new to it, but are curious, we provide the opportunity to experiment, maybe only see it happen, to further consider the possibility.”

She scanned the assembled guests before her and could see the interest, interest from those who specifically came to explore that part of their fantasies, and interest from others who only considered it an erotic element that stirred desires, whether they would actually participate or not. Sylvia turned and began walking to the end of the dock, the guests following her. She stopped at the end of the dock, turned to the side, and extended her left arm beyond the dock.

“Ladies and gentlemen, bestiality being a unique offering here requires a special group of people to provide the opportunity to experience these taboo pleasures. Our animal team ...”

We were lined up as we had predetermined how we would present ourselves. And, we had a surprise even for Sylvia. At the last minute, the white waist wraps were changed out for black. They were the same material and size and fastening, covering very little, but they were now black. The team surprised me with them last night. The team decided that Wolf and Preta’s constant presence with me would be more stunning if I wore black. But, not only that, they talked me into dying my long, unruly hair a deep, rich black to further match my animals. They commented while dying my hair that they didn’t remember it being so thick and wild looking. Yeah, I didn’t either ...

The rest of the staff, Sylvia, and the guests got their first looks at our outfits. Dor with a goat went between the rest of the staff, down the path to the end of the dock. She walked the goat in a tight circle and stood to the left of the guests. It was Adam’s turn and he led the dog that had recently anally mated with him. The guests murmured when Dor came out bare breasted, her entire left leg flashing bare, daring anyone to see if she had anything under the wrap. Adam came out wearing the exact same outfit, including the collar, also bare chested, and it might have been a little easier to tell that he wasn’t confined under the wrap. He took up his position opposite Dor, on the right side. Next, Tami took the llama, also on a lead, through the staff, taking her position next to Dor. When Amy walked past me with the horse, she gave me a curious smile. It wasn’t until I search her face for the reason for it and her glance at the horse she was leading, that I recognized him. It was the horse I had mated and belly-ridden at the village. I could tell clearly by the brown spot on the patch of white on his chest. I had a lot of opportunity to study the horse’s chest. I put my hand out and stopped Amy, looking anxiously toward Sylvia.

“This is the horse that I ... in the village ... how? Sylvia didn’t have time ...”

She laughed and hugged me. “We were wondering when you would notice. We thought it might not be until you belly-rode, again. The horse didn’t come with Sylvia. It came later. But, dear, you were five weeks late.” She smiled back at me and walked the horse to her position next to Adam.

Sylvia brought their attention back to her. “You might wonder why a resort would venture into the realm of bestiality. It happens to be a fantasy of mine, too. The next person, the leader of our animal team, might be called an expert in bestiality ... except, she has repeatedly insisted to us that bestiality is a journey, a life-style, that isn’t mastered ... you just find new ways to explore it.”

I stepped out into the open through the staffing groups and drew an immediate gasp from the guests and more than the few of the resort staff. Preta and Wolf had that recurring effect when seen close-up. But, I think there was also an element of the dramatic that the team wanted to create. A deeply

tanned white woman, barely clothed, a string of tattoos clearly evident on my bare breast, and thick, wild, black hair falling to my lower back. On either side of me, matching my walk perfectly, was a large, black animal. A dog mixed with German Shepard and Malamute with eyes that can still cause me to hesitate. The other animal, a black panther, and there is no question on seeing him that he is still wild, content to follow me, perhaps, but still very wild.

The setting was well set. Now, the only thing to be done ... completely satisfy the guests.

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Tami was in the animal complex's main building reviewing and entering the latest examinations of the animals into the computer system. She and Amy had modified a stock Vet software to better suit their needs for tracking the health and feeding of the variety of animals. She was engrossed in her work when she heard a tentative knock on the shared office door. In the doorway was a couple who were in their late 30's. They were both wearing shorts and open button shirts. Seemingly undecided if they wanted to be dressed or not.

The woman asked, "Sorry, you look deep in thought ... we're looking for help ... we're interested ... I'm interested ... the animals. I'm really interested, curious. Is there someone I, we, could talk to?"

Tami jumped up and looked at the clock on the wall. "I am so sorry. Normally there would be others around in case someone came by with just such an interest. It's feeding time for the animals. We try to keep them on a routine, we've found it helps to keep them comfortable. Sorry, you didn't need to know all that. What can I help you with?" Tami was dressed in the standard uniform, which was simply the black waist wrap and her collar.

The woman blushed and looked to her husband, he gave her an encouraging nod.

Tami broke the awkwardness, "One of the dogs?" The woman nodded. "Do you have any experience with them?"

The woman fiddled with the tail of her open blouse. Tami could see through the movements of the material that she had small, pert breasts. The nipples were already stiff, indicating her early arousal from anticipation of the discussion. The woman's answer came without direct eye contact, more of her attention still going to her husband. "I've ... just once. We were here before. It was very awkward. Clumsy, really." She looked up at her husband whose hands were on her shoulders. A very supportive man, Tami thought. "It was another guest who finally help me." She blushed, again. "Once it got ... to the right point, it was really good." She was in full blush now.

Tami stepped up to her and stroked up and down on her bare arms. Tami smiled at her. "That guest was probably my boss now. That awkwardness you felt, we'll try to avoid that this time. Okay?" The woman nodded. She smiled back to her husband, who was still holding her shoulders, caressing them even as Tami stroked her arms.

Tami took her hand, "Even though you've had a little experience, let me show you a little information on canines, a canine 101." She led them into another room with more comfortable chairs facing a flat screen mounted on the wall. She gave them some water, then pulled up some images already organized for presentation. She described the dog's cock, including the knot and its purpose in the mating the process. She showed the natural mating position for the animal and the woman in that position. Then, she showed close-up images of a woman licking and sucking dog cock, of the knot stretching the pussy, inside, and coming out with the cum. She showed an image of the woman using her hand at the moment of being mounted. They openly talked about the images, the feelings, the reactions that she had before. She asked about the sucking and the purpose of the hand.



Tami smiled, "Annie, the woman who helped you before and my boss, tells us that there isn't one way to mate with animals. But, she thinks there are ways to enhance the experience." She went on to describe how a dog will mount before really being out, then hump at the ass, getting hard, but also pulling himself out in his excitement. Sucking him hard is enjoyable for the woman as an extension to the experience and assures a good initial penetration.

Satisfied, Tami had the woman select a dog, then led her and her husband to a semi-secluded area inside with a covered mattress on the floor. Tami stood in front of the woman, looking into her eyes, then up into her husbands. Seeing the acceptance, she was looking for, she slid the open blouse over the woman's shoulders and down her arms, handing the garment to him. She looked down at the woman's small, pert breasts, then back to her eyes. Tami gently touched the breasts, putting her thumbs onto the nipples.

"One of the things about working at a place like this is the sex, seeing and enjoying the different bodies. Human and animal, at least for us in this group. Despite the differences, all the bodies are beautiful."

The woman shyly looked down at Tami's larger, fully tanned breasts. "So many of you are young and trim. I wish ..."

Tami put a finger to her lips, holding her gaze with hers. "All the bodies are beautiful." She moved forward the slight distance needed, she moved her lips to the woman's and gave her a light kiss. She looked into the woman's eyes as her hands fondled her breasts more deliberately, "Is this okay?" Woman nodded and moved into Tami for another more meaningful kiss. Tami broke that kiss to look over her shoulder, "Then, your husband can finish undressing you."

They resumed their kissing and touching. Sometime during that kissing and touching, the woman became naked and the touching became more. Both women exploring more of the other's body. The other woman even venturing under the short wrap Tami wore.

Tami broke the embrace, both of them flushed with excitement. "Since your one experience was that awkward one, I want to walk you through a complete experience the way Annie took each of us." The woman agreed and the excitement was obvious not only on her face, but her body as well.

"You mean each of you are experienced?"

"Yes."

"Even ... the young man?" Tami nodded. "But, how .... Ooohhhhhh ..." Tami nodded and the woman blushed more.

Tami had the woman lay on her back. The mattress was covered in clean sheets; the semi-private area was darkened a little. Tami moved the woman's legs apart, gazing into her eyes as she did it. She then bent down and placed her mouth over the woman's pussy, licking the length, flicking her clit, and probing her opening with her tongue. With the woman sighing and moaning, Tami knelt up, moved to straddle her left leg, and called the dog. He had become quite familiar with the scene before him, not the woman, but the scene. The woman, for him, had changed as the team rotated through the dogs, enjoying them but adding to their comfort with women.

As the woman's moans quickly increased as the dog's tongue lapped at her pussy and clit, Tami rose and moved to the husband. She stood beside him, "Isn't she beautiful? Her body being given over to this dog ... her hips rising to present her needy pussy to this dog ... her hands on her own breasts and nipples ..."

"This is amazing. The way she is responding. Just being licked. Thank you ... this is going to be so much better than last time. I can't wait to see her mating with the dog, again."

"Oh, no, there is more before that ..." He looked at Tami, but their attention was drawn back to his wife as she cried out in orgasm. If Tami knew what was happening, and she was sure she did, this was only her first.

She eased the dog away from between the woman's legs. Tami whispered to the man, "Be with her. Make her know how much that meant to you, how much you appreciate her and love her, and how much you want her to experience everything she desires."

He looked into Tami's face, mouthed a 'thank you', and lowered himself onto the mattress, laying his body next to hers, taking her into his arms, kissing her shoulders, neck, breasts, cheek and lips. She rolled into his arms and they hugged on the floor, oblivious of Tami's presence. He loved her and he showed her. He whispered to her, kissed her, and caressed her. Soon, her body and mind were recovered.

"Now, it is your turn." She looked up at Tami from the mattress. She looked quizzically at her husband. He simply sat up and assisted her to her knees. "As I said earlier, we believe it is better to have the dog's cock hard, erect, and almost fully out of his sheath. The initial penetration is deep and secure. His wild, frenzied humping is less likely to take him out of you. And a good dog fucking is what you are wanting to experience, isn't it?" She nodded. Her husband was continuing to touch her, stroking her back down to her ass, and it was encouraging her.

"What do I do?"

"Do you suck your husband?"

She nodded shyly. They probably never had this much direct discussion about sex between themselves. "Yes, we both love to give oral." She looked at her husband, then down at his crotch. She reached out to the front of his shorts, "Oh, dear, this really is turning you on." He nodded shyly. She touched his cheek, "No, not embarrassed. We're experimenting, finding out what we like and can share. So far, this looks like a winner." He smiled and nodded.

Tami put the dog on its side and lifted his back leg. The woman saw what she needed to do without Tami having to say it. Sticking out of the sheath was about two inches of reddish cock. It only took her a glance at Tami, then her husband, and she lowered her head to the dog stomach. She stroked it, working her way down the stomach until her hand bumped the sheath and the exposed cock. She more aggressively touched the sheath and felt the cock inside. She looked up at her husband a final time before her head went down and her mouth opened enough to take the tip between her lips. They could hear her suck the pre-cum from the tip. She lifted her head, ran her tongue over her lips and smiled. Then she bent lower and took more cock into her mouth. The more she took and the more she sucked on it, the harder the cock was exposed to her.

She heard Tami warn her that she didn't want the dog to cum just yet, if she wanted to be fucked by him. She lifted her head, but her eyes were fixed on the long, exposed cock. "That is so different, the shape, the feel, the amount of pre-cum leaking out." She looked at her husband and gave him a devilish smile, "Take off your shorts. I want to try something." He was only too eager to comply. He was out of his shorts fast. She bent down and took him into her mouth. She pressed down and pulled up, sucking her cheeks in as she did. She immediately went back to the dog. Back and forth, comparing the feel of the cocks in her mouth. "Oh, yes ... please ... now?"

Tami smiled at them and nodded. "On your hands and knees, open your knees, and point your ass at

your new lover. Remember to guide him in with your hand." She looked at the husband's straining cock, then back to the woman. "What about your husband, he's been very supportive ..."

"Oh, god, yes! Could you? Do you mind? Honey, do you want to?"

Tami, "I have an interesting idea. First, you get mounted."

All the woman had to do at this point was turn to the dog. The dog approached her, sniffed her ass and pussy, then gave her a few licks. He then jumped onto her back, causing her to give off an "umph" response. She did as instructed and penetration was punctuated by a deep moan.

Tami smiled. She looked into the man's eyes, kissed him passionately on the lips, "I would really like you to fuck me right now." He smiled back to her. "Share in physical pleasure as she discovers her own new experiences."

Tami crawled underneath the woman under her mouth was at the woman's breasts. As she reached up to take a nipple into her mouth, she spread her legs wide, and the man came to her, his cock in hand, aiming for her slightly open pussy. Tami felt the man penetrate her pussy and she sighed around the nipple and breast in her mouth.

As she was being fucked and loving the breast above her, she also kept an eye on the dog's cock. Soon, she could see the dog's knot forming. She then heard the change in the woman's sounds.

"That's the knot. Feel it hitting, pressing against your pussy opening? Feel it starting to spread your opening?" The woman grunted and nodded. "Press back against him. Help him get that wonderful knot inside you. You want that knot. You want everything he can give you. You want his cock, his knot, and all his cum."

The woman stiffened and pressed back. Her sounds became guttural, low in her throat, low enough to sound almost animalistic. She pressed and she groaned. Tami reached back, found the joining of them, moved forward slightly, and pressed firmly on her engorged clit. The woman cried out and in response to her jerk, the knot was embedded into her. She cried out even louder as the ball suddenly became seated in her body.

"Lift your head. Look into your husband's eyes. You are being fucked by a dog. He is fucking another woman. You two are together in this, each with your experience." They kissed, she could tell by the shifting of the bodies. "Tell him, tell him what you are feeling. Tell him about the knot, the pre-cum, and the strange cock moving inside you."

She started out with squeaks as she tried to find her voice. Then her voice came, quietly at first, but becoming stronger as the entire situation took hold of her, enveloping her, pulling her aroused body and soul higher to her orgasm.

Tami had no expectation that all four of them would cum together. She wanted the three of them to ultimately cum. She considered herself a vessel, a means, to bring them together in pleasure. Tami clenched her pussy around the man as she caught sight of the woman's body quaking and the dog driving deep and holding himself deep inside the woman.

As it ended up, the three of them came very close to each other.

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## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Adam had a similar experience as Tami. In Adam's case, though, the couple was a bi-sexual lesbian couple. They were both high-powered business women. One worked in marketing and the other in customer service in different markets and companies. They both had an interest in dogs, and being the driven women they were in public life, they were open to experimenting, also. It was the reason they chose to come to this resort over others that were available. They felt that at most resorts they would have been constantly fending off advances, often quite crude and forceful, from men. This resort they felt might be able to better focus their specific exploration interests.

Adam was in the fenced-in play area for the dogs, which was attached to the runs of the dog kennels. They now had five dogs including Thor, but excluding Wolf. Wolf and Preta spent little time at the animal complex unless Annie was there, but they would rarely be found kenneled. The only time kenneled might happen for them is if Annie just couldn't have them with her and usually she left them in the cottage, if it was going to be a matter of only hours. Amy had gained their trust, but she had not yet mated with either one of them. In fact, nobody but Annie had mated with either one. In the case of Preta, the women weren't anxious, but they were curious as they overheard the sounds of Annie mating with them.

The women were Kathy, a tall, slender, blonde who was a marketing executive, and Sarah, a medium height, slightly overweight, brunette who was a customer service manager. As Adam gathered up the five balls into his hands, he spotted the women coming down the path which only led to the complex. He placed all the dogs into a sit position, then heaved all the balls over the heads of the dogs and watched them spin around, chasing after whatever ball caught their eyes. It never ceased to interest anyone who watched the maneuver to see that a couple dogs might chase the same ball, leaving another forgotten. The chasing was competitive, but did not result in aggression. Often it took one of the humans to retrieve the forgotten ball in order to start the game over, again. There was one larger ball intended for Thor, but it seemed just as likely that he would return with a smaller ball while one of the other dogs struggled to return the ball too big for its mouth.

The women saw Adam in the fenced area and bypassed the complex entrance and wandered over to stand at the fence and watch the game. Adam nodded to the women, making small talk as he continued the game for a few more throws. He then told the dogs "Enough!", turned his back to them while the dogs ran off to find something else to occupy some time. Adam quickly appraised the women, not in the sort of way that a man might regard a woman with a personal conquest as motivation, but in the way necessary to consider what their interests might be.

These women were very comfortable in themselves and their sexuality and bodies. Both women were completely naked, except for leather sandals on their feet. The only jewelry they wore was a plain silver ring on the ring finger of their right hands. Their left hands were bare of rings. Adam noticed immediately that their hands frequently touched, fingers intertwining as they stood next to each other. When one leaned into the other to say something, they usually touched a shoulder, arm, or back. These weren't friends, the female part of two couples, these were lovers.

Adam walked up to them, standing on the other side of the fence from them. Adam was wearing only the wrap around his waist and the collar. The woman noticed the collar and his name on it. "Adam?" He nodded.

"How can I help you ladies?"

Kathy was the more aggressive and dominated the interaction. "We're interested in trying the dogs." Suddenly, her confident air evaporated and blush took hold of her face and upper chest, her arm unconsciously went across her breasts. Now shyly, "We were talking to a couple on the beach who were here. They said that the experience was great. They couldn't stop talking about it, so we ... we

decided we'd try for ourselves before we thought too much about it." Her companion didn't try to make eye contact and was partially behind Kathy at this point.

Adam smiled and put on a casual attitude to try to establish a comfortable interaction over an awkward topic. "Are you comfortable exploring this with me? I can assure you that I am qualified, but I could find one of the women to assist you, if it you would be more comfortable."

She looked at Adam, measuring him against his words. "You've had personal experience or you have observed and are qualified to assist? Sorry, I don't mean to be challenging, but ..."

Adam put up his hand, "Please, don't apologize. Some women come and are already experienced, but most are not. We know that most will be curious and, if not their first time, they will be relatively inexperienced. Dogs are a favorite for the first time because everyone loves and is familiar with dogs. Other animals then fall into categories of animalistic, kinky, or extreme. Yes, to answer your question, I have personal experience with dogs and have been trained to take dog cock in the same way as the women have. The only difference is that I have not taken the knot, yet."

The women were silent for a moment, as if Adam's words were slowly soaking into their brains. Then, almost in unison, their mouths dropped open. "Oh my god ... you mean ... you did? Oh my god ... no, no, I wouldn't take the knot there, either." Sarah was vigorously shaking her head, too.

Adam laughed, "Well, thank you. Glad you don't think I am a wimp."

The women were indeed now comfortable. It became even clearer to Adam that the women were a lesbian couple and their wish was to both experience a dog at the same time. They envisioned that they would be facing each other so they could touch and kiss. Adam assured them that it was reasonable and easy to establish. They agreed that they would follow his guidance as long as he agreed to stay flexible if they expressed a particular desire along the way.

Adam had them lay down, brought the dogs out, and allowed them some time of experiencing the dogs licking them. They expressed the feeling of exposure as they lay with their legs spread while dogs licked their pussy with Adam watching. Adam assured them, his attention was more on them achieving the pleasure and experience they sought than it was watching their bodies. He did confess, though, that their bodies were pleasurable to watch. This brought giggles from the women, but Kathy had more in mind for balancing the exposure scales. And soon, Adam was removing the waist wrap at their insistence.

After both attained an orgasm under the dogs' tongues, Adam moved them into pleasuring the dogs. He reminded them not to excite the dogs too much; they wanted to experience the dogs mounting them and tying with them.

Adam moved the women into position so their heads were nearly touching. The dogs found their own way to the women's asses and were quickly on top of them. During the ensuing moaning and groaning of the dogs frantic humping into them, Adam was surprise to hear Sarah demanding him to kneel down between them. It wasn't even a request; she told him. He could see where this was going, though, and was not reluctant to comply. He knelt down and found his hardening cock quickly engulfed by Sarah, Kathy licking and kissing the base of his cock and shaved balls. His cock was being passed from one to the other, each one fully engulfing his cock into their mouths and to the entrance of their throats. He wasn't sure what he would expect from lesbians, or if it would be prejudicial to assume anything, but they were very skilled in sucking cock.

Adam could tell when they both became knotted and when their second orgasm hit them. Both of them discarded his cock as their bodies shook in response the pleasures their bodies were reacting

to. That didn't last, though. As soon as they could recover enough, they were again sucking his cock deep and hard. They continued while being knotted, passing his cock from one to the other. He didn't last long. As he spurted his seed, they didn't shy away from it, either. Each fought for a taste and to take some into their mouths.

Adam silently vowed to recreate this experience with the women of the team some time.

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The morning of the third day into the week and Sylvia was leading a meeting of the directors and managers in the administration building. By all reports and comments from guests and staff, the week seemed to be going excellently. Sylvia wanted everyone to keep the focus on. This is the first tour of guests and it is the time when the glitches and lapses in training can show through. This initial week, however, is also very critical with the invitation to include original guests. Even they, though, have reported good impressions.

As the group was rising from the conference room to return to their areas of responsibility, Sylvia motioned to Annie. "Annie ... Amy ... a word. Close the door, please." We looked at her quizzically. Everything seemed to be going so well by all the reports. Sylvia indicated for us to sit down and Sylvia moved to be on the same side of the table, a move to make the meeting more informal, less authority driven.

"A guest has submitted a challenge to the resort animal group. Your group. It would have been easier to manage as a single guest or couple, but it has seen the light of day, so to speak. Other guests are aware of it. Maybe not as a challenge to the resort as much as an idea that has become very popular. There are now a lot of guests who think this 'challenge', this suggestion, would be a wonderful exhibition."

Amy, "I don't understand. Someone is challenging the animal group? Why? For what purpose?"

Sylvia gave a nervous chuckle, "I talked to the originator to find that out. I approached the couple out of curiosity to understand the expectation, if not the complete motivation." I raised my eyebrows. "They were here during the first visit. Despite our bringing them back to make amends, they still don't believe that the resort is improved. Despite everything they can see and what the other guests are saying about the resort, they ..."

I slouched back into my chair. "They want to punish us. If that means giving us a challenge they don't think we can fulfill, we will be exposed. Something like that?"

Sylvia chuckled, again. "Pretty much, yeah What they want is a bestial demonstration, but on a grand scale. They want a bestiality orgy of animals and your staff." That didn't seem too bad. The entire staff had been with dogs and there were enough of them. Sylvia must have seen the relief on my face. "There's more. Just so it isn't too easy. This involves your entire staff and the animals involved must be different species. No more than one of any type of animal."

I shook my head. "Sylvia, I'm the only one who has mated with all the animals. I don't know ..."

Amy was quiet for a moment, then, "No, you were gone for a while, remember? Dor experimented with the goat. She didn't find it great, but not a big deal. Adam has been with a dog. If you could ..." Her eyes brightened. "Let's go talk to the others. Sylvia, don't worry. We have this. I know it."

Amy called the others and had them meet us at the animal complex. We sat in our loose circle and the challenge was laid out to the others. Amy took up the idea of Dor doing the goat since she

already had. Adam doing a dog. She looked at me.

“Annie, if you could do that horse, the one you already mated in the village ...”

I was deep in thought now, too. Amy’s confidence was getting the creative juices going. “No. Not just mate with the horse. We’ll make a statement with this that will be undeniable. I’ll come in belly-riding.” They all looked at me. “Think about it. They think they can get us with just a requirement that we are all being mated at the same time. Let’s give them more. A presentation. A skit like thing.”

Adam asked, “What do you mean? Like a play we act out? Yeah, we make it more dramatic than just a demonstration of fucking animals.”

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All the guests are assembled in an outdoor theater put together with urgency during the day. The theater, of sorts, consists of tables and chairs around a large circle so that all tables have a good site line, nobody having to look around or over someone else. Overhead are strung lights to provide much of the lighting in the center, a few spotlights spread around the perimeter for additional lighting focus.

Despite having a couple guests wanting to mate with the dogs, we managed to put together a script for Sylvia to read from and to organize how we were going to present our little play. As the time approached, we were assembled outside the circle and behind a barrier in order to suddenly appear and walk through the guests with our assigned animals. We hoped it would work as effectively as we had planned for it to.

Sylvia walked out into the center of the demonstration area. She was well lit by the lights and looked nervous. She had a wireless microphone that would amplify her voice from speakers arranged around the area, all taken from the resort club. She was wearing her normal outfit which was white shorts and blouse and casual sandals.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen! Again, thank you for choosing our resort for your week. This is an unscheduled presentation, the idea suggested by one of you and supported by many others. Since the idea seemed to be so widely supported by you, we agreed to the idea. The animal group not only thought it was a good idea to show the types of animal mating possible, they took the idea a few steps further to present what you will see in just moments. They hope you enjoy what they have put together for you tonight.

“Imagine yourselves no longer at a resort with cocktails, tables and chairs with electric lighting and comforts of civilization, but instead you are spying in some way on villagers deep in the jungle. These villagers live a simple life, uncomplicated by technology, geopolitical struggles between regions or countries, or the constant drive for success that our capitalistic systems create. These people are driven by simple, basic, and generationally supported traditions of their society. Imagine a people, these villagers you will soon meet, who live off the bounty of the jungle, its plants, its animals, fowl, and fish. These people live off the jungle and its animals, but they have learned to rejoice and celebrate and be in harmony with the jungle. They live from experience learned from generations of survival in the jungle to not waste, abuse, or take for granted the abundance of life and bounty the surrounding jungle provided for them.

“Imagine that these people, many generations ago, struggling in the jungle to survive. Isolated from the world, not knowing what was outside their small sphere of experience, the jungle is not providing for them. The animals seem to have left them. Survival simply on plant life will not be

sufficient. Do they leave the only land and surroundings they have ever known? Do they have to reduce the number of their people, slowly reducing until they cease to exist as a people?

“Imagine that resurrection for them comes in the form of a woman, a stranger, an outsider who is not of these people. That she comes to the village, naked and simple like them but not like them. That she comes with animals, domesticated animals that can once again be raised and used to support life, but also wild animals of the jungle that can be hunted and that maintain the cycle of life needed for all creatures.

“Imagine that these villagers learn from this strange woman that bounty of the jungle will not come and be maintained by worship, creating a deity to appeal to; instead, they learn from the woman’s example and apply it to their lives, to pass that down to following generations, and that their isolation allows that behavior to be passed from generation to generation until the details of that woman long ago is blurred by time, but what the people learned long ago remains strongly in their tradition.

“Now, imagine that what these people, these simple, isolated, jungle dependent people, had to learn and adapt into their life was to give to the animals. But, not just to give their respect and recognition in the cycle of life, but give from their beings, their bodies. What they needed to give to the animals was a place in their sexual relationship with life. She taught them that mating was more than the production of young and the next generation. She showed them that mating between animal and human demonstrated a long ago relationship that has been lost. This strange woman who appeared to the village at their time of desperation had an ability, a communion with animals that would be beyond what the villagers could expect to achieve. She had the ability, an animalistic relationship, that she could commune with even the wild animals. The villagers, she instructed them, should demonstrate their relationship with the natural world only by mating with domesticated animals.”

As Sylvia unfolded the story, the guests whispered and commented between themselves, seeing a story unfold, about to be put into physical demonstration, a demonstration that would provide a context around the activities the night was supposed to include.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the villagers and their celebration of life.”

There was polite applause, conditioned by anticipation of what might follow. The setup talk made us more nervous as it focused everything back on us to a higher expectation of performance and presentation. If I was feeling this pressure, I was sure the others were, too. I looked to my left where Adam was waiting. I bent over, found a pebble, and threw it in the brush near him. He looked around and saw me waving. He smiled. Adam was to be the first to go out. We had discussed what he was going to do with the dog. We had our disagreement. I wanted him to be safe; he wanted to make the presentation memorable. I blew him a kiss and an encouraging smile. We were all committed at this point. Then, I heard Sylvia’s voice over the speakers, again.

“What kinds of animals might we expect the villagers to have available to them at that time in the jungle? What kinds of animals might they have mated with in their celebrations? Dogs, certainly. But, dogs like we know and love as pets today? Probably not. Their dogs were probably closer to being wild, more likely used for security and hunting than as pets.”

Adam walked out from behind the circle of guests. He was naked, barefoot, and his entire body was coated with a dark brown body makeup. Alongside him on a leash was Wolf. His black fur alongside Adam’s darkened skin, his penetrating eyes looking from side to side as they passed between the guests. That drew a gasp as the people on the far side saw them first. Adam had picked his location of entering carefully, seeing where Kathy and Sarah were located, the lesbian couple he had helped,



hoping for a friendly reaction as he prepared in his first fully public exhibitionistic sexual act. As he approached to pass by the table of the two women, Sylvia continued, "Men? Would men have also participated in this ritual tradition? Then, as now, only a special man." Almost as if to reinforce what Sylvia had just stated, the two women reached out to touch him as he passed, Sarah from where she sat, Kathy by standing and reaching over her partner.

It was a striking image as they walked through the ring of guests and into the center area, the black wolf-like creature with the demonistic eyes alongside a completely naked Adam whose entire body was darkened a deep brown. Adam led Wolf around the inside of the circle, allowing all guests a good view until he took his place directly in front of the table with Kathy and Sarah. He looked at them and was rewarded with nods and smiles of support and assurance. He didn't waste any time now, the others would also need to be brought out and timing was important. He kneeled and patted the ground in front of him, wanting Wolf to lay on the ground. Wolf was a stubborn animal, fiercely independent, and not inclined to cooperate with anyone but me. We knew this, though, and were prepared. I jumped onto the horse I held at my side so Wolf would be able to find me. I gave him a hand signal we had practiced, but I was still more nervous than not about the odds that it would work. He was still more of a wild animal.

Adam repeated the motion on the ground for the benefit of the guests, but Wolf had his eyes fixed on me. With a sigh of relief from me, and I am sure Adam and Sylvia, Wolf pranced back and forth in front of Adam, his eyes intent on the man, but finally settled down on the ground. Even the crowd released a collective sigh when he did. Adam then put a tentative hand on Wolf's shoulder and stroked him. We had practiced this during the day, but anything could happen with an animal like Wolf. Soon, Adam had moved to touching the sheath and the exposed cock, then lowering his head to take the exposed portion into his mouth. With Wolf's head relaxed on the ground, I saw Sylvia take a deep breath before beginning, again.

"On your tables are loose-leaf binders. Inside are photographs of the animals and their erect penises for your reference during the presentation tonight. As each person and animal partner are brought out, please feel free to refer to the photos ... image how each different kind of penis must feel to the human involved."

There was a brief flurry of activity as people pulled the binders between the two people occupying the tables, then flipping them open to the first page, which showed Wolf and his reddish dog cock complete with knot. There were comments shared quietly as their attention was again drawn to Adam who was just rising from his efforts with Wolf. When Wolf rose, it was clearly visible to most that his cock was now well out of his sheath and jutting out. Adam took the position on his hands and knees. Again, there was a collectively held breath as Wolf jumped on top of the man and began humping. Adam follow procedure and helped the dog enter his ass, which we had liberally lubricated prior to him going forward.

The sensation must have been crazy for him as he cried out as the cock pushed through his tight sphincter and into his ass. He was mating with an animal, but this time he was doing so publicly, an exhibitionistic act in front of people he didn't really know. It was going to be the same for everyone else, too.

"Yes, dogs ... certainly, dogs would become a common mating partner, even if not a house pet like ours, they would have been trainable and responsive. But ... what other animals would the villagers have been caring for in their lives back at that time? Your attention to Dor ..." Sylvia held out her arm in the direction Dor was waiting. See too emerged through the tables leading a goat with a rope around its neck. She, too, led the animal around the inside of the circle before taking her position. People noticeably were turning the page to now reference the goat penis. Dor, also, deliberately

dropped to her knees and began working the goat's cock out of the sheath. When she was mounted, a muffled exclamation moved around the circle as now two of the group were mounted and being fucked.

Tami, too, drew exclamations when she emerged with the llama on a rope. People openly talked about the animal and debated about the woman doing it. She did, though. But, it was when Amy came out leading a nervous hog that the entire area went quiet. That is, everyone but the three people and animals inside the circle in the act of mating. Amy looked nervous. We had discussed her doing the animal earlier in the day, but we finally decided it was best to let her experience it the first time in front of everyone. The reaction was sure to be exceptional. And, she was a tremendous sport for volunteering.

When the hog mounted Amy, the grunt she released was clearly heard by everyone, the guests with ringside seats and everyone behind the scenes assisting with the production. In fact, most of the resort staff was scattered around the fringe of the area to watch. This was something none of them wanted to miss.

"You might be asking yourselves about now; if the villagers could manage such mating with these animals, what of the one who introduced this ritual, this tradition to the people? What of Celina? What indeed. You would think that such a woman skilled and experienced with animals would somehow exceed in her mating what ordinary man or woman might do. I wonder ..."

I was busy as Sylvia was delivering those comments, but I heard them. The "I wonder" was her cue to leave the center area in search of me. She arrived to me just as I was getting into position with the assistance of several others who had worked with me in practice several times earlier in the day. When Sylvia arrived, she was already stripping out of her clothes and walked right up to a man and woman who had acted as make-up artists for the others. They went to work quickly, covering Sylvia's body with the same dark brown coloring. When the man hesitated at her breast, she chuckled and looked the young man directly in the eyes, "Don't hesitate now, dear boy. I would look quite silly with white breasts." He was blushing, stroking the color over the breasts of his most senior boss.

When Sylvia was ready, I was, too. She took the reins to the horse in one hand and held the mike in the other. She led the horse to just outside the circle. The people on the opposite side saw us approach and the attention of the others moved like a wave in the stands of a football game.

Sylvia walked the horse through the tables and it was then that a gasp, a cry, and exclamations started with the two tables we passed between and quickly spread around the circle as we entered it.

"Ladies and gentlemen ... allow me to introduce Celina, the woman, the legend, who brought the tradition to the village. Celina, this strange woman who wandered into the village that day, was in fact white, not like them, at all. Not like them in many ways, certainly. But, especially, her capability for mating with animals."

At that moment, shifting the attention of the guests from Sylvia's words back to him, Adam shrieked, then released a long, low, mournful groan. He had decided and accomplished taking the knot into his ass. Several people cried out, but Adam held up a hand to acknowledge the concern but indicate that he was okay. This was what Adam and I had argued about. He wanted a dramatic addition to the show. Taking a knot vaginally could be related to by the women guests ... anally? He felt this would put to rest the challenge to our team. In response, privately with staff members, I arranged for ice water to be ready to assist in separating them later.

In moments, the attention was brought back. Sylvia, too, was now naked, make-up covering her body with the same dark brown color. She led the horse, the horse I was underneath, the horse I was belly-riding. By the time we had only reached the edge of the tables, I was already moaning and gasping from the movement of the massive cock inside with every step that the beast took, even at this careful, slow pace that Sylvia tried to maintain. I had learned that the early stages of belly-riding were some of the most intense and painful. I was confident of my uterus expanding and my internal organs shifting to allow the length of the cock to slide inside me, but it always took some moments for my body to fully adjust to the intrusion of this cock, not unlike anal sex that the asshole needs some adjustment to comfortably accommodate the penetration of a cock or dildo inside it. I also learned that a first orgasm on my part allowed the subsequent time to be much more pleasant as the orgasm stimulated my uterus to expand and adjust easier.

For this activity, we chose not to apply the concoction the villagers used to prolong the horse's climax. This was about a dramatic conclusion to the show. I cried out as the horse was led into the inner circle and I felt my body quake against the restraints of the harness and my contact with the horse. I was only vaguely aware of the activity around me as Sylvia led the horse, and me, around the inside of the circle. As my orgasm subsided just a fraction, however, I was again aware of the sequence of activity that we had planned.

At the sound of Sylvia's voice resuming, I dropped my head searching and found Amy as we came up to her. "Amy", Sylvia continued, "tell us, dear, what are you feeling with that hog on your back and his peculiar cock inside you?" This was a planned shift. The hog was so different when I had experienced it and we knew that the guests would find the image of the hog penis intriguing.

One of the staff, also with make-up on his naked body, took the mike from Sylvia and held it down to Amy whose upper body was pressed to the ground. At first there was only grunting and gasps heard from her. Then, "Oh ... my ... god! It ... it's ... it's like a ... a whirling whisk inside my pussy! It is whipping around inside me ... touching me everywhere. It's hitting ... hitting my cervix ... oooooooooooooo ... staying at my cervix ... now ... now it's feeling at my opening ... pressing at the opening ... opening me!" A gasp went around the circle, again. People weren't sure where they wanted to watch, anymore. Everywhere around the circle, humans and animals were mating and going into orgasm. "Oh ... oh, oh, oh ... oh, he's ... he's inside me, inside my womb!" Another gasp went around the circle.

Just then, in anticipation of that comment, there was a rush of a body approaching me. Dor. The goat had climaxed with her earlier and she had been biding her time licking and sucking the cock clean, waiting for this moment. She handed the rope to the one of the staff who was waiting for this moment. Dor then rushed over to the horse, took the reins from Sylvia, a handful of the horse's mane, and leapt on top of the animal.

This quick shift caused another conflict for the guests, adding something else to shift their attention and more confusion over what they watched. We had decided that Dor had a good ability for bareback riding and was comfortable doing it. We gave her practice with this horse to see what she and he could be expected to do. It was going to be dramatic for the guests ... and me.

As Dor leapt onto the horse, it moved suddenly, as we expected from previous tries. It caused me to cry out repeatedly as the horse pranced and shifted until Dor got control of him. Even though her gaining control was quick and seemingly instant, the effect on me of the cock ramming into my insides created an instant stimulus that had me once again near orgasm. She pranced the horse around the inside of the circle and by turning my head I found that all of the mating had ended for the others except for Adam who was still hopelessly knotted to Wolf. And, Wolf didn't seem at all happy by that. They were ass-to-ass and Adam was being yanked backwards by Wolf. I managed to

point to Adam and Tami and Amy moved to quiet Wolf and sooth Adam. At the same time, a staff member appeared with a bucket of ice water and slowly poured it at the junction of the two. Wolf didn't like it and I doubted that Adam did, either.

But, my situation required my attention as Dor trotted the horse, then suddenly stopped it and moved into the dead center of the circle. The stop had jammed me onto the cock, but I knew that was only the beginning of the climax ... mine and the horse's ... and the show.

Dor waited a moment, the horse anxious, moving forward and backward, jerking me on his cock in the process. Then, I saw Wolf moving and knew Adam was free. Dor moved the horse at that moment, having been waiting for that final member of our group to complete their mating demonstration ... final, that is, besides me.

She moved the horse forward several steps, then backward. Each shift caused me to cry out. I could feel my own orgasm ready to burst over me, again. I could also feel the horse's cock swelling the first pulse of his pending climax. I reached back and touched Dor's leg, our signal. The horse bounced. Once, then twice. Each time I cried out, "Yes! Yes!!"

Then, Dor managed it. The horse reared up on its hind legs, its front legs seemingly pawing the air. I orgasmed as I fell further onto the cock, jamming the head against my insides. I cried out, gasped, groaned and moaned. All seemingly in the same breath and moment. The horse, too, whinnied and jerked its body, even while in the air. He came, spurting into my body. Spurting his voluminous amount of cum into my already stuffed pussy. Spurting his cum into me where there was no place for it to go ... but back out of me. And, it did just that. Each huge spurt of his cum, seemingly a fire hose of cum forced into my body with no place to be with his huge cock stuffed inside, squirted out from my pussy, forced out around his cock, spraying in all directions around it.

When the horse was done and I was limp, the team eased the harness off the horse and me off his cock and slowly lowered to the ground. I heard the quiet. There was a hush over the guests and staff alike. As the team assisted me up, an applause started quietly, but rose in intensity quickly. The applause was followed by the guests coming into the center to thank us for the show. It was then that the two women, Kathy and Sarah, approached Adam standing next to me.

"Adam, that was amazing! The entire show, but you ... my god ... knotted in the ass? That must have really hurt. As the woman said, 'only a special man'." The woman looked at me, but then addressed Adam, again. "After what you did for us earlier, leading us through our own experience with the dogs and now this, you would make two lesbians very happy and honored, if you would join us in our cottage tonight. We would both really like to thank you."

Adam looked at me and I nodded, taking Wolf's leash from him. "I'm the one the one who would be honored. I will join you there, let me clean this off my body, first."

They each took an arm and pulled him away, "And spoil our fun? We'll clean it off you ..." I smiled as I watched him leave on the arms of two lesbians as he walked delicately with an unusual stride. I was feeling the same way and felt horse cum continuing to leak from my open pussy as I stood holding hands with Amy and Tami, my feet separated for comfort.

Yes, quite a team we make ...

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## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The resort guest periods were staggered intentionally to provide days separating the leaving of one group and the arrival of the next group. Every three groups had a full week separating groups. The free days were used for maintenance, upkeep of equipment, and solitude for animals and staff alike. Sylvia was a keen woman regarding human nature and the interactions of groups of people and the need for periods with reduced stress and more free time for energizing batteries, so to speak. It might not be the way high-powered profit driven management might approach handling their people, but Sylvia was far from that. That was another advantage to working for someone whose happiness was breaking even, not how much profit margin could be squeezed out.

My phone calls and emails back to Arizona were therapeutic for me, too. I was surprised, but excitedly so, to be told that Jake and Bobbi had finally committed to getting married. It turned out that they had made the decision, but didn't say anything to anyone because I was missing. I couldn't believe when they told me that. What if I never came back? How long did they think they could wait? How could they put something so important on hold like that with no idea if I was dead or alive? They said it was the easiest decision they had to make. In their minds, there was no way I wasn't coming back to be in their wedding as Bobbi's Maid of Honor. They made all the preparations and would be ready simply by finding a place to have it when I came back. And, I did come back.

The wedding would be when we had a full week off from the guests. Sylvia pushed me to consider taking more time off, even if just a couple days to enjoy being back with them. I didn't know. It was their wedding, not a vacation for them to have me around. I talked to them about their honeymoon at the resort. I told them they could have the cottage that Amy and I were sharing. Amy and I could share the open bedroom in the other cottage for the week. That way they had access to a more secluded cove and more privacy when we were all busy with the resort. They were receptive, but not committal. I suspected they might have other options already considered. We left the idea open to further discussion.

All of that was coming. We also learned how to use the island of Trinidad on our free days. Some of the staff preferred to go to the island of Tobago, which had more resorts. I preferred a completely different setting when I had free time, different types of people than the tourist types that frequented the resorts, even the places around the resorts. As it turned out, I wasn't the only one. The entire team and others of the staff liked to find the bars and clubs of Trinidad that were frequented by the locals. I enjoyed the easy, comfortable feel of places that were familiar to people and where people treated the places as their own, not someplace they were visiting. That might have been what we were doing, but I figured if we were here for some time, these places could become ours, too.

So, when the second rotation came and we had two days of free time after minimal chores of taking care of the animals, the entire team minus Dor, who stayed behind for the animals, headed to Trinidad on the shuttle boat. With us were a half dozen other staff members. We left late afternoon, spent time roaming the town, finding shops and investigating what we could find, including marking out bars and places to eat for later. We were being methodical, figuring that over time we would have the basic town covered, at least the places that we were looking for.

It had become late and we hadn't noticed. The last shuttle back to the resort would be leaving in 15 minutes. And we weren't that close, at least not by the route we took to get to this bar. And, that was assuming we knew exactly where we were, which wasn't the case. We knew sort of where we were. There was always the option of getting a hotel room for the night and we could all crash together, but we all had familiar rooms waiting for us at the resort. We paid the tab and left the building trying to get our bearings once we were on the street. We decided to go for the boat, but we would have to hustle. We picked our way through the streets and after five minutes we knew that we had missed a turn. The late hour had everything looking different and we weren't that familiar with the

surrounds. We stood at a crossing looking in all four directions hoping to see something that would lead us to our destination.

Tami walked a few steps and stared down the street to the right, "There! That way. See that building with the lit dome? The harbor was just beyond that building."

Adam agree with her. There were six of us, Tami, Amy, Adam, two other staff and myself. We headed in the direction Tami pointed, down a street that I quickly realized wasn't a street at all. We were walking down an alley that became very dark away from the real street we had been on. All we had to do was get to the next street, then stay on it. I encouraged everyone to stay tight and keep moving quickly. Suddenly, I felt like I was back in the jungle. It was a strange sensation, my nerves were tight, my focus shifted from side to side, searching out areas of black darkness, listening to any sound ahead or behind, my eyes shifting to anything that changed in shadows. I shushed the others when they started talking and joking. I was focused and nervous. They thought I was overreacting, being a mother even though I was not much older than they were.

Ahead, I spotted something in dark. It wasn't a movement exactly; it was ... something. I had everyone stop and I walked ahead of them a couple feet to try to 'feel' it better. I didn't know why I felt I could do that. It was just something that I had also felt in the jungle when Sam and I were walking out. Then I saw what I felt. There were at least a couple people ahead in the dark. I told everyone to turn around. Adam argued, that he couldn't see anyone, how could I. I pulled him back and led them back the way we came until I saw others there, too. Adam was still skeptical. Then they stepped out into the alley so the lit background of the street beyond showed them as shadow figures. Adam announced calmly that the ones on the opposite side were now visible, too.

"How did you see them? It's total blackness."

I glanced left and right. I chose left, a stone wall with garbage cans along it. "Against the wall. If this gets violent, duck down by the cans."

Adam said, "They have bats or sticks or something. I can't see anything to use."

"We'll talk to them. We don't want any trouble, Adam. Stay back with the others, let me talk to them."

He backed up, but not all the way. He was still near my back. I sensed he was ready to defend us if it needed to be done. I had no idea what experience he might have in fighting. He was a big guy, but ...

They were close now. I had my back to the others in our group. Two guys came from my left and three from my right. Adam was right, of course. Two of them had aluminum bats, clearly defined by the metallic sound as they were tapped on the broken pavement as they approached. The sounds were intended to intimidate and it was working on the others behind me. I heard a few sobs starting behind me. Why had we come down here? We could have gone one more block to the next lighted street but we chose to take the straight line to the one landmark we recognized.

I had to try, "Listen guys, we're just headed to the harbor to catch our boat for our ride back to where we live. We don't need any trouble and we don't have anything you'd be interested in."

They laughed, elbowing each other and pointing at the others behind me, all women except for Adam. "Not true pretty lady. Even in this light we can tell the woman flesh here is worth our time, if not the money and jewelry you have."

"You don't want to do that."

"Maybe we do, what would you do about it, anyway? There are five of us."

The hair on my neck bristled, my muscles tensed, and my hearing was picking up little shuffles of feet and whispers. Too much like the jungle, too much like what Sam taught me, trained me to sense, too much like the scary feelings I had every time he and I trained.

"Back away, guys. We don't have to do this."

"Pretty tough talk, bitch. You don't have any weapons."

I shifted my stance. "I don't need any." There was a gasp from behind me. "I'll use yours when your done with them."

The guys hesitated. It wasn't what they were anticipating hearing. They figured we were easy targets, only one guy and all the women in a dark alley.

I looked at all five of them, then turned to the one who had been talking. "You're the leader, huh? Scar on your left cheek, bushy eyebrows that almost come together making you look Neanderthal. Are you the tough one? Maybe you should take the bat from the one next to you who looks like he's about to wet himself."

I heard their feet shuffling as some lost a measure of confidence. "How can she see you in the dark? Something isn't right ..." I could almost taste the fear combined with rage in the alley, but not enough.

A bell sounded in the distance, over and over. It was likely to ring 12 times. "Oh, oh. Is that your mommy ringing for her little boys to come home? Are you late? Going to be in trouble boys?"

I could hear the panic in the breathing behind me, but more than that I could now actually taste the anger around me, the blind and wild feelings. This was enough.

I made my move on the leader. I didn't wait for him or someone else to take the first swing. Sam said, 'Street fights have no rules. Rules are for the ring. The street is for survival. Hit first, hit hard.' He also taught me how to hit hard.

When I moved on the leader, he was surprised. They were supposed to attack, not this. Being targeted, he tried to wrestle away the bat from the one next to him. That caused confusion and a struggle between them. By the time he had the bat and swinging it, he was wild and high. I ducked underneath, the bat catching my shoulder and glancing off, but I drove my right fist into his crotch with the intent to relocate his balls into his ass. Impossible, but the feeling would be the same. He screamed and collapsed into a ball on the ground. Three things happened at that moment: he dropped the bat, which I picked up; the others stopped in their tracks at the sound of their leader going down; and, lights went on in homes and apartments around us.

I didn't wait to be rescued, though. I swung the bat at the nearest knee and heard an ugly crunch and another scream. I heard the pounding of feet coming at me and sensed another bat in a back swing, the intake of air into the lungs and tensing of muscle required to swing hard. But it was dark. He knew I was in front of him, but he swung while running. I parried the blow with my own bat, but he was powerful. The collision of the bats sent them into my same shoulder, but I managed to spin around and used that momentum to propel my bat into his back just below his neck. The combination of his own momentum and the blow to his back, weakened his legs, and propelled him clumsily into a wood utility pole along the alley. He bounced off it and fell flat on his back. I shifted my attention around me, listening as well as looking, and found Adam on top of a fourth. He had him

pinned and the guy had lost all will to resist. The fifth guy disappeared down the alley and turned at the next street.

Suddenly, there were people coming from both directions with flashlights and lanterns. They were tentative, some fear and wariness evident. When they found the fight was out of the guys, and the rest of us okay, they relaxed and offered help. Police sirens were heard soon after, someone having called the police after hearing the screams and shouting.

We ended up in the police station and obviously missed the boat back to the resort. We were told that the neighborhood had been having trouble for some time, but getting people to come forward had been difficult. If we pressed charges, every one of them had two or three convictions, already; it would help putting them away for a longer time. So, we did. We were told the other guys were damaged, but not seriously.

Back at the resort, though, I wasn't in a very good mood. It bothered me that I had taken blows to the same shoulder twice. I was upset that we had been so careless to go down that alley, but, if I was really honest, I was more upset that I had been hurt by those guys. I was disappointed that the training Sam gave me in the jungle had been forgotten so quickly. Amy was concerned by my reaction to that night and talked to Sylvia. Sylvia came to talk to me the following day. She ordered me to the nurse for a checkup, but first wanted to know why it mattered so much to me about the fight. From all indications, I had kicked ass. It wasn't good that I was bruised, but why the recrimination? It wasn't something I could explain to her because I couldn't understand it myself. There was, though, a fire that erupted from that fight in the alley that I couldn't put out by pretending it wasn't there.

From that day on, my physical conditioning became more important. I trained my body with runs, endurance work, and resistance work. It became a common sight around the island to see me running early and later in the day with Preta and Wolf at my side. And, while I couldn't understand why all this was so important to me, I was again reminded of the jungle in another way: only a day after Sylvia inspected my shoulder bruises and found them looking purple, the nurse found no evidence of it.

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"Could you put me through to Sam James, please?"

The operator on the other end was careful, she was trained to be. "Who may I say is calling and what is this in regard?"

"Tell him Sylvia Contreras is calling and it is in regards to Annie Linder."

The line was on hold for several minutes. There was no 'hold music', radio news, or company marketing recordings. Heck, she didn't even know what 'company' this might be. There was no announcement, no standard welcome. It was like this phone number went to a specific location and the only people calling it would know who they were communicating with. She didn't. Just that it was Sam James.

Finally, "Sylvia! I hope you are well. I would ask about Annie, but ... please don't take this the wrong way, but I was really hoping I would never hear from you."

"I understand. I do. But, you said that if there was anything different about Annie that I should call you. And ... I don't know what ... I'm just concerned. You said to call you. Sam, can I trust you? I mean, I don't even know what you do or who you work for or why you were really in that jungle. But,



I am worried and ... I don't think I can talk to anyone else about this."

"Take a deep breath, Sylvia. I said I hoped I wouldn't hear from you because then everything would be good with Annie. But, I had my concerns, too, and not just from what I saw in the jungle. So, tell me. Why are you concerned?"

She took a deep breath. "I don't want to violate a confidence here, Sam. But, she trusted you, right?"

"We spent five weeks together in the jungle. I saved her and she saved me."

"Okay ..." She gave him a run-down of things: the fights (all self-defense) after the first one; the bruising that disappears; she's started taking training at a dojo in Port of Spain every chance she can get there when guests aren't around; her body was toned before but is really hard and tight now. "I mean it is stunning for the guests to see her introduced or around the island when she looks this way, especially with those two black animals always with her. I mean the black animals, her nearly naked body with a black wrap around her waist and that long, black, wild looking hair, and the tattoos on her breast. The guests love it. It's like finding an Amazon walking up to you."

"She died her hair?"

"At first, yeah. Then she washed the dye out, but it stayed black. It is black now. Her hair changed to black!"

"How does that happen?"

"That's not all, either. She's fast, her reflexes. She's strong. She's stopped playing beach volleyball. Once, she got pissed at a macho type on the other side of the net. She was set the ball and it was too high, but she jumped and hit the ball almost straight down on the guy. Sam ... her waist was at the top of the net! I was watching the match; it was a resort staff tournament. She holds herself back now, I can tell. If she thinks anyone is around, she holds back."

"What about her attitude, the way she treats and reacts to people?"

"No difference. She's the same woman. She likes everyone, helps everyone. Everyone loves her."

"Thank you for calling Sylvia. Thank you for trusting me. I need to pull some information together, talk to some people, check a few things. I will contact you soon, though. Promise."

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We were standing at the back of the club as a group, waiting for an appropriate time to make a quiet and unnoticed exit. One of the guests had requested the fulfillment of a long-time fantasy and it was about to be played out. He and his wife had envisioned a three-some with another man ... in front of a group of people. It was about to be played out with the assistance of one of the beach attendants who the couple had approached earlier in the day.

I found myself standing with my team and becoming aroused like I anticipated the rest of the room was. Sylvia's concept of an open resort to experience personal and group fantasy was truly becoming a reality. Guests found themselves opening to the potential of the resort's atmosphere and the openness and acceptance of the staff. I also knew from other situations like it before that this night would find many of the guests taking charge of their desires stoked by the demonstration they witnessed.

For me, though, my arm around Dor's waist and the other holding Amy's hand, I desired something more personal, at least personal to the extent of our smaller group. I whispered to Dor and Amy, then beyond them to Tami and Adam, "Want to stay and watch, see what might happen after for us? Or, experience what we choose and want?"

From across the room, I connect with Sylvia who is standing near the little stage setup with a bedroom setting just for this exhibition. Our eyes connected and I saw a look of concern on her face that quickly melted away into a smile. The smile, though, didn't entirely take over; her eyes continued to hold a sense of concern. But, she gave me a discrete wave and nod of her head, as if she knew we might have other plans. And we did.

Dor, her arm around my waist, slid her hand from my hip up my side on my bare skin, "Like our pets?" I smiled. The animals had become affectionately referred to as 'our pets' despite the clear fact that many were not household type animals. Everyone else smiled at the common understanding and Adam led the way discretely out the side door.

We were met, as always, by Wolf and Preta who seemed to come from nowhere, but actually just out of sight in the shadows where they had been patiently waiting for our appearance ... okay, my appearance.

Adam moved quickly ahead of the rest of us but turned around, walking backwards quickly, "Bourbon, wine, or beer?" We had accumulated quite a stash of liquor in our cottages from pilfering from the bar and restaurant on the sly. Adam had somehow become the unofficially designated person to retrieve liquid libation when our activities had us in the complex instead of the cottages or beach at the cove.

When Adam returned to the complex the four of us women were naked and in a daisy-chain on the mattresses we pulled together. The scene stopped him in his tracks. He's loved each of us privately and in the group; this was something he hadn't been exposed to before. The four women he was intimate with, all with pussies and mouths connected in a circle. He put ice into five glasses, then poured bourbon over the top slowly so the ice cooled the liquor as it filled to about a quarter depth of the glass. He then took up one, settled back and watched us, lazily stroking his wonderful cock.

That was not the way we intended to satisfy ourselves, however. Hearing the ice clinking in the glasses, we slowly untangled ourselves, reluctantly pulled our mouths away from pussies. Each one of us walked up to him, kissing him in thanks as he handed us a glass. We touched our glasses into the center of the little circle we formed and drank to each other.

Adam was smacking his lips, running his tongue over his lips. I wondered if he thought there was something wrong with the bourbon until he shared with us. "Mmmmmm ... a wonderful taste on each of your lips." Then it occurred to us what he was doing; the pussy juice on our faces. The five of us laughed.

It was decided that they all wanted to do something different. The three women compared notes about the animals that each had experienced by way of previous curiosity or the result of the guest challenge earlier. They switched the animals around so that Amy took the goat, Dor the llama, and Tami the hog. Tami was cute about the decision. She commented that growing up on a farm, she thought she knew hogs. After tonight, she really would ... not that she could share that with her folks.

The others went off to appropriate pens holding the animal of their choice, which left Adam and I alone in the main room. I turned to him, put my glass on the table and walked into him, my arms

going around his neck. I pressed my body against his, his cock coming alive just as I expected it to.

“And what of you, kind sir? What would you like to try tonight? You were brave enough to take a dog before, are you going to try that, again?”

He kissed my lips, pulled his hips back a bit to allow his cock to stand straighter, then pressed back into me. His hard cock now pressing into my belly. I pressed right back into him, mashing my breasts into him, and kissed him hard.

When we broke, he looked slightly down into my eyes, “I have to say, Annie, this slightly more aggressive side of you since you came back is truly hot!”

I pulled my head back to consider him and his words, “You think I have changed? Really?”

“Not badly. No, not bad.” He looked into my face as his hands held my shoulders. “Before, you ... I don’t know ... you seemed to be trying hard to be the confident, in control person you probably thought you should be in your position. Not with us so much as with others, maybe. I don’t see that ‘trying’ part, anymore. You really act with confidence and control and deliberateness. It’s good on you, that’s all.”

I chuckled, “Buttering up to the boss?” He just smiled, but I knew it wasn’t that, it wasn’t what this group was. So, another thing for the list? Aggressive, even if just a little more? I gave him a kiss. “I do have another thought about something different, if you are interested ...”

He nodded. I leaned into him and whispered into his ear. He looked at me startled. I nodded. “I’d like to.” He nodded, too.

I looked to the door through which we had entered, knowing that is where I would find Wolf and Preta. I called Wolf to me, patting the floor before he got close. He immediately lay on his side, his hind leg ready to rise and doing so when I put my hand on his belly. This was going to be the first step in another experience I wanted someday to experience, but sometimes new experiences with animals requires a step at a time approach. This was one of those steps and I was using Adam and, maybe, I would someday find the courage and will to go the big step.

Mating with Wolf was a comfortable experience for us. Maybe less so, still, for Preta, but even Preta found me to be an eager mate, just more careful. This time, though, mating with Wolf was a prelude to a larger experience that I hoped he would take well. Once he and I were tied, it would require Adam to be the careful one. I didn’t think it would be too elaborate, just hoping the action wouldn’t make Wolf too scared.

While Wolf and I were in the throes of our fucking, I glanced to find Adam and how he was managing while waiting for me. I had to chuckle at the sight, even though the moaning caused by our fucking may not have had it sound quite right. Adam was on his knees in from one or the other of the women, moving back and forth, getting his cock sucked while the women were mating. I was also included in that rotation. Wolf and I achieved a wonderful climax each, mine coming before his, but spanning a longer time that allowed me to carry my orgasm through his despite starting first.

Once he was finished, I anticipated him turning on me and he did. Once that happened, I got the attention of Adam who now was getting constant attention from Amy who had been fucking the goat and was now finished. The others were also finishing up with their mating and gathered in the main room where their attention was drawn to Adam now moving to me while Wolf was still tied to me. What they saw, though, was Adam making a side stop to lubricate his cock, then squeezing a good amount onto my asshole, pushing it inside with one and then two fingers. When he spoke to me,

their eyes opened wide.

“Annie, with Wolf’s knot in you, you will be really tight. Are you sure you want to try this?”

“Yes, and quickly, before my high is completely lost.”

Adam didn’t ask anything more. He carefully swung a leg over my back, not wanting to startle Wolf who was already watching him carefully over his shoulder. My ass was well lubed and I had already experienced Adam anally and knew him to be considerate and patient. I knew what he was about to try, he knew what was about to happen, the others couldn’t believe what they were watching take place. They looked from Adam to me to Wolf, expecting one of us to stop it, but we weren’t about to. Not unless ... not unless it absolutely turned out to be impossible. And, I for one no longer believe that. Not after the jungle and the villagers, Preta, the plane, my resurrection (again), my survival ...

I could feel Adam’s thighs on my ass. I felt his hands hold my ass and pull my cheeks apart, exposing my puckered hole. I felt his hard cock press against that puckered opening; I felt him press, one hand moving from my ass and I thought that he was using it press his cock with more insistence, more deliberation, keeping it from bending, buckling from the pressure. I felt my hole slowly stretching, resisting, but stretching none the less. I put my hand back to his leg and he stopped. He didn’t back away, he just held where he was. He stroked my back with one hand, keeping himself in position, not releasing any progress he had already made into me. It felt so tight and he wasn’t even in yet.

I looked back over my shoulder. He stroked a hand up my back, flipping my long hair to the other side, and stroking my cheek. I gave him a weak smile, then he surprised me. “We’re closer than you might think, Annie. The head is almost in. Just a little more.”

I could see bare feet surrounding us. I heard someone comforting Wolf, talking to him, and, I thought, stroking him, too. I put my head down and Adam firmed his position, sensing my renewed determination to do it. I sucked in a deep breath, held it and pushed back against him. When his cock head punched past my sphincter, I raised my head and cried out, releasing all the pent up air from my system. I put my hand back, again, but he wasn’t going further. He held his position and waited for me.

He stroked my back with three or four hands and at first I was confused but realized that others were joining in actively on our experience. I felt a mouth on my breast and looked down to find Dor who smiled up at me. They were going to get me through this if it took all four of them!

I pressed back on Adam and felt his cock move a fraction deeper inside me. It felt so huge, but I knew I had taken him there before. The knot. It was the knot making all the difference. And, that was exactly the experience I was seeking. What it felt like to be so full in my pussy with a knot, then to add a very healthy man cock in the ass. My internal processing was interrupted, though, by Adam’s exclamation.

“My dear god, this is tight! I’m ... I’m ... mmmmmm ... I’m glad I decided ... decided to overdo the lubrication jelly.” He pumped in and out in short strokes, but each time in he was further in than before. When he was all the way in, when I felt his hips against my ass, when he was in and stopped, “I can feel the knot. Right there ... pressing on my cock as I slid in ... mmmmm ... now at the base. Weird ... my cock head almost feels free of constriction compared to where the knot is. Oh god, this is amazing!”

I gasped and sank to the floor only to land on Dor and scrambled back to my hands. That caused an outbreak of laughter at my expense, but in the process of jumping back to my hands, I felt Adam’s

cock press even inside further, I felt Wolf jump and his knot pull at my pussy opening, and I distinctly heard Adam release a deep moan. He pulled back slowly for what seemed like a long way, then pressed all the way back in.

I gasped, cried out, and moaned deeply when Dor shifted further down, releasing my breast and licking my clit and my expanded and distended pussy. "That feels so obscene, Dor! Adam, your cock is pressing the knot down, pulling it against my opening, then pressing it back inside me. It's only inches, I know, but ... my god!"

I started cumming! Everything combined into a giant stimulation working against any control I might have thought I could muster. My pussy and asshole both convulsed around the cocks buried deep inside them. I heard Adam gasp and moan and grunt, driving his cock as deep as he could, joining me in orgasm. At the same time, I felt Wolf jerk inside me, not like he was pulling away, but like he was cumming. I felt nothing being added to my pussy, but the movement against his cock and knot kept him hard and stimulated enough to want to cum a second time, but too soon to be possible.

We were a mass of humanity and canine, bodies intertwined for moments afterward. Dor remained underneath me, stroking my breasts while Amy and Tami leaned on Adam and me, stroking us, giving us kisses.

Amy leaned into my ear but spoke loudly enough for all to hear, "Annie, you are amazing. How do you come up with these experiences?" I just smiled to myself ...

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## **CHAPTER SEVENTEEN**

So much is changing. So much is changing at the same time.

I'm walking down the aisle on the arm of Frank Orland, Sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona. Bobbi was the deputy under him when I was found buried in the desert of the Chiricahua National Monument lands. He was the one who assigned Bobbi to watch over me during my healing and adjustment, leading up to the arrest and prosecution of the men involved, including my then husband. Frank is Jake's Best Man. I am Bobbi's Maid of Honor. Ahead of us and waiting near the alter are Matt and Kaye, the couple that had become so close to the three of us as the house and property was updated. Kaye, as it turned out, had a fantasy about mating with dogs. Small world and a quick way into our hearts.

As we approached the front of the little, country church near Bobbi's parent's ranch, I touched Frank's hand, which drew his attention to me. "Thank you, Frank. I feel like I owe you so much. It seems like so long, ago. But it's so fresh in my mind. Thank you."

He smiled so deeply that his face seemed to shine. "I think I should be thanking you. We all should be. All of this would never have come together if you hadn't happened into our lives. It feels like fate that through your troubles, so much happiness and growth would come out of it." We were stopped at the front, still looking at each other. He glanced quickly down the aisle, but Bobbi hadn't started down, yet. "The Resurrection Girl. You brought new life to so many."

Jake overheard that last part and reached out to me. He stepped into me, giving me a chaste kiss on the cheek and whispered, "He's right, Annie. This day wouldn't have happened if not for you. And, it wouldn't be nearly as glorious and joyous if you weren't a part of it. So, thank you for not dying in that jungle like everyone was afraid might have been the case." We laughed quietly.

Then, the music changed. I took my place next to Kaye, turned and found Bobbi and her father beginning their march down the aisle. Her father looked so proud, his only daughter, and having had every reason to believe that this day may never happen for her. But, now it was. And everybody loved Jake. How could they not. I knew that first hand.

Bobbi was looking at Jake, casting glances at the people standing in the pews, but always returning her gaze back to Jake. She was radiant. Her gown was beautiful and she looked like she might have lost a bit of weight just for the occasion, but that wasn't it. She was radiant because of the kind of love that seemed to be oozing from her ... right now, wholly for Jake. She caught my eye as they were just a few feet from us. Her smile turned soft, her eyes tearing as we held each other's gaze for that moment. Then, her father stopped and turned her to him. He whispered something to her, gave her a kiss on her cheeks, then to her nose, and she giggled. Perhaps a shared memory of theirs going back to a simpler, more innocent time when she was younger and he was the only man that meant anything to her.

Bobbi's mother and father held hands when he took his place next to her. Her mother already had tears in her eyes. She put her face into her husband's neck and whispered something. He never took his eyes off his daughter, but his eyes lit up, he nodded to whatever was whispered to him, and his eyes filled.

I turned to see Bobbi and Jake smiling at each other. I turned to the minister who had known Bobbi's family and the community for years. He was a roly-poly kind of man; a comforting kind of image of a minister in some strange way to me. The ceremony was a blur even for me. The minister was wonderful. He talked about the young girl he'd known, the tom-boy who half the boys were too afraid to treat like a girl. He briefly, very briefly, reference her assault and dedication to law enforcement, her stubborn independence and self-reliance. He was smiling at her, then turned to Jake.

"I don't know Jake very well. I don't know Jake, at all. But, I know all I need to know about him. Bobbi loves him. He loves Bobbi. And, she is happy, again."

At the end of the ceremony, Jake gave her a far too tentative kiss on the lips.

I raised my arm high into the air, "No, no, no! We want a kiss! A real kiss. Kiss her the way I know you can!" The church erupted into chants for "kiss, kiss, kiss". And, he did ... the way a kiss is meant to be given.

After the ceremony, dinner and dance, it was all over. And, it was kind of a bummer. They left for their honeymoon to Tahiti. Tahiti. That's a cool honeymoon spot! But, it wasn't the resort. It wouldn't be the resort.

Two days back for the wedding and all the changes I learned about. I thought all about those two days on the drive back to the ranch where I would be staying for a couple days before needing to return to the resort. Changes ... so many changes. I couldn't blame them, though, not really. They couldn't handle those conversations over the phone and it was me who was missing, who wasn't available, who might have been dead, then consumed with the functioning of the resort. Fixated on making the guest experience everything that could be dreamed of for them. My job. I survived the jungle, then did my job.

The talks were short and sweet really. No sense on dwelling on any of it. They had their new life. I had my new life ... and even that was changing ... somehow ... somehow inside me.

Their decision to marry happened when Sylvia and I left for the jungle visit. Rather than trying to

track me on international phone tag, they put their plans on hold for my return. Only a couple weeks, right? When Sylvia returned, but I didn't, they put everything on hold. No wedding talk or plans until they knew about me. But, it turned out that my going missing only solidified, cemented their commitment to marry and start anew. Without talking it out, they began making plans, changes. At first it was only private thoughts. The fear of my being lost, dead somewhere, this for real was too much. Inwardly, they committed to themselves, privately, that their life would go on, become stronger, dedicated to each other and what they wanted, needed for themselves. My coming back from the dead, again resurrected as it seemed, released all of that like a firestorm once allowed the touch of oxygen, of life for themselves, again. It gave birth to their dreams, held within for weeks, to be poured out in the celebration of not having to worry about me, but now focusing on each other.

I opened and locked the main gate, then made my way to the ranch house. With hardly a thought or an intention of my own, I opened the house, stripped out of my dress, stockings, and underwear, tossing them on the kitchen table. I opened the refrigerator, took out three bottles of beer, put them between my fingers and walked barefoot and naked to the barn. It had been busy since my return. Too busy. I was going to rectify that right now.

I stepped into the barn, flipped on the lights of bare bulbs located along the walls. I popped open one of the beers, took a long pull from it, before setting it down. I put my fingers to my mouth and whistled for the dogs. The way Jake had taught me. It creates a piercing sound the dogs can hear from a distance. I found it wasn't needed to carry a distance, though. All three of the dogs stuck their heads inside the opening at the opposite end, looked at me, recognized the offer I was giving them naked in front of them. They three ran to me, tails wagging so hard they seemed to wag the dog in a sine wave going through their bodies.

I dropped to my knees on the floor of the barn and was mobbed by the dogs. "What? Nobody cares for you guys, anymore? No, not like before is it? There have been changes for you guys, too, haven't there? Yeah, change can sometimes suck. But, speaking of suck, we can help each other ..."

I dropped them onto the floor in a semi-circle around me. I stroked their bellies in turn and checked their cocks/sheaths. Each was showing a red cock tip poking out. This will be good for all of us. I thought it, didn't speak it; but, the looks they shared with me gave me the impression that we were in tune with each other's needs tonight.

I lowered my head to each of the cocks, going around the semi-circle and back the other way. When I had a good portion of each cock showing outside their sheaths, I moved to my hands and knees by turning around. I didn't have a preference or desire, which of the dogs would take me. It didn't matter. I was going to take each one of them before I was done tonight.

The first dog came to me, sniffing my pussy and ass, pushing his snout into me, his tongue coming out to lick me repeatedly. He licked my pussy. His tongue starting on top of my clit, dragging along my pussy lips, continuing up between my ass cheeks and sliding over my puckered asshole. I shivered with each lick. I wasn't stopping him, though. I decided this time, this night, I would again be a bitch, their bitch. This night I was going back to that time on the ranch when they knew me as their bitch, a time that was not long lasting, but a time that was part of my journey, my transformation from the submissive, weak woman that was Annie Tolley. It was a part of my journey before becoming the woman that, again, was Annie Linder, but a stronger, more self-assured woman able to leave the emotional security of the ranch to go to the resort. And, it was a part of my journey that was much before becoming the woman that I have now become ... whatever that woman might be. The complete unfolding of that woman was still to be realized.

Not being in a hurry, I didn't much care which of the dogs this one was. I stayed on my hands and knees and waited. The other two dogs paced around us, only showing partial patience. I had the sense that if this one didn't do something more active soon, one of the others might try to take over. I thought it could be controlled if it came to that, but these dogs were only partially trained, spending most of their time wandering the ranch land as they wanted.

It wasn't long, though, the dog gave up the licking and mounted me, jumping onto my back and immediately humping his hips and penis at my ass. My hand was ready and guided the stabbing object into my pussy. I gasped loudly at the powerful, rude penetration. I pressed back against his frenzied thrusts, holding my body steady against his onslaught, waiting and anticipating the feeling of his knot forming and hitting me on the outside. When I felt it, his knot banging against my pussy opening, I pressed back onto him even more firmly, ready to assist him before he began his urgent pressure against me. He did, though. He did press against me urgently, demanding, insisting with the actions of his body to push or force his knot into my body. And, I was not only willing but eager to have his knot, to feel it inside me, to be tied again to a dog.

I cried out loudly, not seeing any reason for concern about vocally expressing my desires and needs and wants. I was alone at the ranch, except for the animals. Alone for the couple days until I returned to the resort and Jake and Bobbi were on their honeymoon. I was alone. So, I cried out and pleaded, cajoled the animal to give me all that he had to give, to fill me not only with his cock and knot, but to fill me with his cum, to pump his seed into me, enough to fill me. I wanted dog cum to drain out of my hungry pussy. But, there were two more dogs anxiously waiting for their turn. There was no worry ... my pussy would be overflowing with dog cum. There were three dogs but I didn't know that there would only be three matings. I was in no hurry. I was theirs tonight, at least for now.

The knot filled me. True, not like Thor's knot or the horse's cock, but it felt like it filled me. A testament to the elasticity of the uterus and pussy. I chuckled, at least a young one. When I am an old woman, wrinkled and tired, if I am still fucking horses, dogs, and men, will it still be as elastic and able to return to enjoyable to size for each? Maybe not, but maybe I will find out. I chuckled at the thought, again. I am underneath a dog being mated and I am envisioning being an old woman still mating with animals.

I felt the swelling of his cock and knot inside me, then the first jerk of his cock, a prelude signal of his impending climax. That was all I needed to sense for my orgasm to crest over me and I collapsed to my elbows, groaning and moaning as my body shook and my orgasm flashed lights behind my eyes. My orgasm and my clenching, clasping pussy walls was the last stimulus needed for the dog and my pussy was awash in spray after spray of dog cum. The jets of cum individually felt as they spurted against the walls of my uterus.

While knotted, I coaxed both of the other dogs down in front of me, again. I made each of them hard and exposed, then played with their cocks to maintain their rigidity, ready for one of them to take me as soon as this one released us. I chuckled, again. With the removal of knot and cock from my pussy, I first felt the stream of dog cum running out of my gaping pussy. Then, I noticed a mad scramble as the dogs ran on either side of me to get to my ass. I must have had a better hold of one's cock than the other because it had a harder time getting to its feet. It lost out, for now, but I would make it up to him ... somehow.

I was knotted to the first dog, again. It was my fourth time being mounted when I heard a shuffling behind me followed by some whispering. I suppose I should have reacted more strongly, but it was my fourth mounting! Besides, the only people who could get past the gate at the bottom of the hill was Kaye and Matt. I peeked around my shoulder to the doorway of the barn and seeing them sitting



on bales of hay drinking my beer, I gave them a weak and tired smile.

“How long have you two been there?”

“We came in as the previous dog was cumming inside you. What number is this one?”

“Mmmmmm ... four ... yeah, four.” I sighed deeply as the knot moved inside me. “I would have shared if you said something ...”

“No, dear, not this time. We were concerned about you, that’s all. You seemed a little off after the wedding. I guess coming back exposed you to a few changes around here, didn’t it?”

It seemed so obscene to be having a conversation while kneeling on the barn floor with a dog knotted to me and ass-to-ass. They must have sensed the same thing because they excused themselves, telling me they would be in the house when I was through. That effectively ended my being a bitch for the dogs, maybe the last time I might feel that way. I wondered, as the knot was getting closer to escaping my constricting pussy, if I really was a bitch, even this time, or if it was a good thing to act out given the way I was feeling. But then the knot popped out and the accumulation of dog cum drained with it, creating a small puddle underneath me. Talk about obscene ...

I found Kay and Matt at the kitchen table with fresh beers. Matt got up immediately and took another from the refrigerator for me. I, of course, was still naked since my clothes had been in the house before going out to the barn. I sat across from Matt as we occupied three of the four sides of the table. Matt just looked at me intently.

“Your hair! I knew there was something, but I was having trouble putting my finger on it. How long have you been coloring your hair black?”

I turned the bottle in my hands. “I was talked into it by others at the resort after I returned from the jungle. They thought it would be stunning since my two animals were dark black. I don’t understand what happened, really. I only colored it once and have tried to get the color out, but it stays this way. It’s become thick and wild, too.”

They looked at each other, then Kaye pushed it. “You’ve changed, Annie. Not just your hair. There is something else ... but you generally seem happy with what you are doing.”

“Oh, I am! It is wonderful. It is so exciting the things we are doing with and for the guests. I have known that I like being with animals, but ... wow!”

They asked questions about my experience being lost in the jungle. I gave superficial answers, only. I didn’t go into any details of near death, injuries, being saved by a mysterious stranger, my healing, or the trek taking a week and a half to civilization. They were happy for me and what I was experiencing and the life I was making for myself at the resort. They asked details of the resort, animals, activities. I saw the look being shared back and forth between them and assumed what the issue was. This sounded like something they would treasure. Not just because of the animals, but the entire package including my participation with them. But ... the cost. They have never been in a position to afford a getaway anything like this ... ever. I asked the question in a way that took the money question out as a deterrent. Then, of course, they said, it would be the experience of a lifetime for them. I made a note: work Sylvia for a need to come to the States in the private jet.

The discussion then worked its way to Jake and Bobbi. I had gotten some details from them before the wedding, but they were much too tied up with the wedding and we only had a couple days to

squeeze everything else in as well. Discussions and details about life and plans had to wait. But, Kaye and Matt could help with some of the missing links in the talks so far.

The opportunities came to Jake and Bobbi in such a rush that it took them for a ride they couldn't resist seeing where it might go next. The decision to marry wasn't the first big consideration that came their way. Frank approached Bobbi with an offer that she had thought was beyond her reach. He wanted her to come back full-time and become sergeant. It was a wonderful opportunity, but it would certainly change the way she and Jake had been living. By working part-time, she was able to assist in the care and upkeep of the animals and ranch. Going back full-time and taking on the responsibilities of overseeing others for the Sheriff would limit that. Then, out of the blue because he never indicated a desire to get back to anything other than the ranch, Jake started being approached for marketing consulting projects. Apparently, Frank and the newspaper guy had spread his virtues innocently. Suddenly, he was doing small projects for the hospital, the Chiricahua National Monument, and a local Hispanic group working for basic rights of those crossing the border, which was a very hot topic regionally, but Jake was never one to shy away from controversial situations.

All these new opportunities made them look at their lives in a new way and my encouragement for them to marry began to make more sense to them. All of the sudden, they had the opportunity to jump into a perfectly normal kind of life. They even looked at selling the ranch and moving closer to Bisbee. They were looking at a little ranch where they could keep some horses and the dogs, of course. The place was east of Bisbee and much closer to Bobbi's parents. It was looking ideal except for one very critical condition, the real-estate market for remote ranches. They put the idea of moving on hold, but Matt was sure it was eventually going to happen. It would make their life so much easier.

Kaye was watching me. "Are you okay? Does all this bother you?"

"No!" I looked at her defensively after that overly assertive response. "I guess it does some. It's silly, though, and I know it. I was the one who suggested that they consider getting married, that I believed they were meant for each other. I was the one who took a new opportunity and left them. I left them. So, why do I have the feeling that they are closing a chapter?"

"You know they aren't, Annie. You will always be special to them, but they are moving on with their life. The same way you have and need to. You need to keep looking to the future, Annie. Since we have gotten to know you, you have been an amazement to us. You didn't stand still and be safe in your life here. You looked forward, took on new challenges. The resort was one of those. Going to Brazil, whatever that was about, was another. You aren't shying away from challenges. That's good. Don't play it safe. Have a wonderfully exciting life."

The first time I left for the island, I had Jake's words to hang onto. This time, I have Kaye's words and encouragement. And ... she's right!