

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



*This is the continuing story of one woman, Annie Linder, who finds herself living a dream she was unaware she wanted ... until it was given to her through a series of dramatic and loving events. She finds the rare opportunity to do the very things she has learned are the fabric 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 very special people to come into her life to show her the way by 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 all their 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.*

*She then discovered more of herself through the support and encouragement of an older woman needing her help, and a team of people who trusted and followed her implicitly. This portion of her growing is described in, [Erotic Fantasy Island](#); the second book in the *Resurrection series*. That story is set at a resort, *Erotico Fantasia la Isla* (or, *Erotic Fantasy Island*). The resort is a clothing option, adults only resort intended to aid its guests in the realization and enjoyment of their sexual fantasies. An unusual part of the resort, and the fantasies satisfied at the resort, is bestiality. In the course of preparing the resort for its first group of guest, Annie finds herself in the Brazilian jungles with a tribal group of people whose way of life has bestiality at its core.*

*This story, *The Beast Within*, follows Annie as she uncovers and understands what the dramatic and loving events leading her to this point will ultimately mean for her. As the result of the jungle experience, her body has been affected. She has tried to ignore, unwilling to accept, what those changes might mean to her. She cannot ignore those changes any longer and she will have to acknowledge what it means. To accomplish that, however, she once again must look within herself to see what her new limits and boundaries might now be, once she has been unleashed. No longer is it other people's fantasies she must satisfy, but to deeply and honestly examine her own needs and desires. Twice she has been resurrected from death situations; this time, her resurrection will be entirely different.*

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# THE BEAST WITHIN



## RESURRECTION SERIES: BOOK III

BY IKEMAN

### PROLOGUE

The video connection rang on the hour and Sylvia made the connection. Sylvia wouldn't tell me who we were conferencing with, so I grabbed a light blouse I kept in the office I rarely used. It covered me above the table, anyway. I looked up at the screen as it came alive. "Sam!" I looked at Sylvia, "Why didn't you just tell me?"

There was a slight delay, but Sam came to Sylvia's rescue. "My fault, Annie." He was quiet for a moment. "My ... I had forgotten how beautiful you are. Sorry, that's probably a really sexist thing to say ..."

"It's okay, Sam. It's not like I work for you or anything like that. Besides, I doubt I really looked that good when you found me. Thank you, again, by the way."

"Well, that was something you repaid several times on the way out, you and your two friends."

I looked at Sylvia and back to him on the screen. "Not that I don't like seeing and hearing you, again

... what's going on?"

"I contacted Sam. He gave me a phone number ... in case."

I looked at her, "In case of what? What's going on? Someone talk!"

Sam, "Annie ... Sylvia was concerned by some of your actions, some of your ... changes? ... maybe changes, yeah. Annie, do you trust Sylvia?" I nodded immediately and took her hand. "Do you trust me?"

"After five weeks in the jungle? After you brought me back to life? Of course, I do!"

"Okay. Annie, I already told you while we were in the jungle that I couldn't make sense of your recovery from the wounds, besides your other ... abilities: vision, reactions, reflexes. So, just to be safe, I gave Sylvia a phone number if she ever had reason to be concerned about you. You matter to us both, Annie. I really hoped that I would never hear from her; not that I didn't want to know how you were doing, Annie, but it would mean you were good." He looked down at something on the table in front of him. When he looked up, "Annie, truthfully, just between us who you trust, can you tell us that there haven't been things happening to you that have made you question, wonder, what is happening to you? Your hair, your body, other things?"

I looked at them and tears filled my eyes. Sylvia took me into her arms. I nodded. He was blurred to me through my tears. But, the words I heard from him made me freeze.

"Have you ever heard the term 'Cross-species DNA'?"

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CHAPTER ONE: CONFLICTED

My mouth hung open. Not my best moment of reaction, but it was real. I didn't know what 'cross-species DNA' meant; I didn't recall every hearing about such a thing. The phrase did, however, conjure up an impression on my brain. Why did he just ask that? Was he referring to something to do with me? Why else would he utter that phrase? It was clear to me that we were together, even by electronics, to discuss concerns that each of these two had expressed about me. This was clear to me to be some kind of intervention on my behalf; if I wasn't willing to consider what was happening, they were taking the steps to bring them to my attention.

I looked at Sylvia, wondering if this was all a script they were working from, sharing bits of information that they were already both aware of. Sylvia shook her head. I believed her. She might have her concerns, but she hadn't been conspiring behind me ... except to initiate this conversation.

I put my strong demeanor back on and looked into the screen at Sam. "Okay, I'll bite. What's 'cross-species DNA'?"

From unknown miles away through the marvels of electronics and the internet, he just looked at me blankly. Finally, he sighed. "Really? You're going to play that dumb? I can understand that you don't know specifically because I didn't until ... well, I didn't, either. You have an idea, though."

"Sam, I don't want to think about what it is you are talking about. I don't want to let myself go somewhere I don't have to go with my imagination. So, what are you talking about? And, why bring it up here at all?"

He sighed, again. "Okay, but your imagination couldn't go too far wrong, I promise you." He looked down at something on the table in front of him. He looked up. "I'm no scientist. We have them here and this is the result of what they have learned so far. Bear with me in trying to explain this. I wanted you to get some information and then allow you to decide if you wanted more and what you wanted to do with this information. If you want more, we have the scientists to help you find what can be learned."

"Sam, get on with it. Enough of the qualifications."

"Okay. From what I understand, cross-species DNA is theoretical, only. Nobody has ever found a real living case of it. That is not to say that some haven't tried to 'create' it through experimentation, but it has never gone well." I showed my renewed exasperation. "Sorry, adding qualifiers, again. Cross-species DNA is the presence of DNA from at least two different species in the same sample." He went quiet, not looking up at the camera in front of him. Finally, he did. "Maybe I should show you as a better explanation. We got lab results for you from various time in your past and compared them."

I looked at Sylvia. She held up her hands in defense, indicating she had nothing to do with it. I looked at him accusingly, "I thought medical results were privileged information."

"Annie, you have a slight idea of who we are or at least what we do. If there is information in some server that is connected to a network that is connected outside, we can find it. Let me go on, please." I extended my hands toward him in a gesture of 'it's all yours'. "I am going to use the computer to show your blood work from different times, specifically the DNA markers from each. It isn't important that you, or I, understand the specific information, just the comparison." A chart came up on the screen. "This is the exam you had when you enrolled in the community college outside of Phoenix. This next one is from when you were in the hospital after ... after Jake Collins dug you out of the ground. Now I understand your comment in the jungle that if I had buried you when I didn't find a pulse, it wouldn't have been the first time. Anyway, look ... I can overlay them and they are identical. This is what we expect, right? DNA is becoming the new fingerprint for identifying people. You can smooth out your finger tips and eliminate the ridges, but your DNA stays constant. Next, is the results when you started working at the resort. As I understand the rules, all staff and guests have to have blood work done to eliminate HIV and STDs. That has given us lots of results to use."

Sylvia reached over to me and took my hand. She was feeling the buildup like I was.

"All three of these overlay perfectly. As I said, as we would expect. Now ..." he looked up, "now, we have the results from the hospital AFTER we came out of the jungle." He put it up alongside the other overlaid results that had showed no difference. I leaned forward and stared at the screen. I finally got up and walked to the screen. I must have walked out of the view of the camera, "Sylvia, where did Annie go?"

I responded, "Sorry, I am at the screen for a better look. Go on ..."

"I am going to overlay this one on top of the others. See which ones have gone fussy by inconsistencies?"

"Yeah"

"Do you want more or are you already too freaked out?"

"I'm already freaked out, but go on."

"I'm going to use colors to highlight certain 'inconsistencies'. The first color is brown." I stared as two of the markers turned brown. "Annie, please sit down." He waited until he saw me sitting down, again.

"You're going to scare me now, aren't you ..."?

"I think so. As near as our people can tell, the brown is equine."

"Horse!!?!"

"Are you sure you want more?" I nodded, now I had to know. "The next color is dark grey."

"Oh my god ... that seems like a lot ..."

"Yes, well ... remember that one would be a lot. The next color is black." I buried my face in my hands. On glance it was still a small percentage, but ... "Dark grey is canine." He let that sink in for a moment. I heard him take a deep breath and I looked up at him. "The black is feline."

Feline. Canine. Horse. My eyes popped open. That was the order of my last mating before ... the plane. Preta was the last one and the feline markers are the strongest. Oh ... my ... god ... An idea came to my mind, "What a minute. The hospital did duplicate tests the next day. Did you check those? Maybe this is a mistake, contaminated somehow ..."

"We thought of that, too. Here's the second test from the hospital." He overlaid it and it match perfectly. "I don't think there is any question, Annie. But, you have had another test we found after you returned to the resort. Here it is ..."

NO! My mind was reeling. No, this can't be. Can't this just be a bad dream that I will wake from, maybe in a hospital after being rescued from the jungle? But, no, I know it's not. Three more markers are fussy. When the colors are used, there is another feline and two more canine. He can't even tell me it is stable? Whatever is happening is still happening?

I grasped blindly to the side for Sylvia, her hand, arm, anything to hold onto as my world seemed to rock beneath me. But Sylvia's hands are on me before I found her. She is pressing the side of her face to mine from behind, whispering, whispering that it will all be okay, somehow it will be okay. I raise my hand to touch her face and turn my eyes to the screen and Sam's image there.

"What's wrong with me, Sam? What happened to me? Am I ... am I going to eventually turn ... become ... something?"

"We don't have the answers, Annie. We want to do more tests, to understand this better ourselves, but to help you understand it, too. But, we don't think so ... about turning into something. It's theory right now, but it is thought that your human part will be the primary and, somehow, these other parts will be contributors. Obviously, we want you to come here. Better here than a hospital where they will have to notify authorities, the CDC, or where it might become public. Can you imagine what people might think? You need to decide for yourself, Annie, but it is not thought to be temporary. You can wait and see if it goes away, but a simple DNA test for identification would give you away. Another thing ... it might be hard right now, but ... don't think of this as a 'wrong' thing or something negative that has happened to you. I think this can be a positive, an enhancement, a gift if it is understood, developed, and controlled."

"Sam, you wouldn't let them turn me into a lab rat, would you? Are you in a position to control that? If I came in, I mean ..."

"I can, Annie. I already have the assurances. They are interested scientifically, but they don't see the potential for duplication, if that is your concern. I'll be honest, though, there may be some governments and agencies who might be interested if they knew about it."

"Are you trying to scare me to come in?"

"No! I will honor whatever you decide. You saved my life, too. A couple of times, as I recall." He was smiling. "Annie ... this explains why you've been feeling different at times, why your body has changed. There could be more. With x-ray, CT-scans, more specific blood testing, there might be more to learn. It could help you adjust."

"Are you trying to recruit me? I thought you wanted out of the Agency?"

"I did. It has changed. When they figured out why I disappeared, heads rolled. It's still the Agency, but it's different. I can say more if you are here. Think about it. Talk to those you trust. Then let me know. I hope you agree, Annie. Personal reasons, too."

The screen faded away and the link was broken. Sylvia was behind me, her hands on my shoulders. "I'm afraid. I don't know what to do. What do I do?"

In almost a sigh, she responded honestly, the only thing she really could say, "I don't know."

"But ... I mean ... if I caught a virus in the jungle, I could get treated. This ... this THING ... this whatever is in me ... there is beast DNA in me, changing me. What ...?"

She spun my chair around and knelt before me. "Listen to me, Annie. Maybe Sam is right. Remember who you are. If there's a beast inside you wanting to come out, maybe you should let it. Every animal I have seen you encounter has ended under your control." She smiled and her eyes twinkled, "You're Celina, after all ..."

We spent the night talking. I felt sorry for Sylvia more than myself as dawn approached. The adrenaline of the news still had me wired, but she had to be dead tired. We agreed on some important points, though. One being that important secrets kill friendships, so I needed to talk to the team. Mostly true, anyway. I was discovered to have some irregularities in my system that required more testing. It might mean I would be gone sometimes and back sometimes. I assured them, however, it was not believed to be fatal. There were some things causing changes that needed looking into.

Dor wanted to lighten the mood, if possible. "So, boss, you're going in for an extended checkup?" I nodded. "Well, in that case, have them check into that purr of yours." It was quiet for a moment, then we all laughed, largely to release tension.

The other thing was that I needed to talk to Bobbi and Jake. And, as honestly as I could. They, I knew, I could completely trust.

Having arrived in Tucson early afternoon and picked up by Jake while Bobbi was on patrol, I had time to adjust to the surrounds, again. The dry, high altitude of the ranch was a stark difference from the island, but it all came rushing back to me. Jake was insightful and anticipated that I didn't want to say too much until Bobbi arrived and it made the afternoon relaxing from the long commercial flying time. Even when Bobbi arrived and through dinner, they didn't press me, know

that whatever it was that was bothering me would eventually come out. I had simply told them that I needed their guidance on something very important; I had several days, but I needed to make a decision on something soon.

They were patient, trusting in me to come to the time of discussion when I was ready and when I felt the situation with us was ready. After dinner and relaxing in talk and sharing, I was sure they were itching to confront me, but they didn't. They shared details about what was happening in their lives, Bobbi shared about her family, and Jake shared about some of the projects he was working on for some regional groups. When it got quiet, again, it got very quiet. The sun had set behind the mountain to the west and I suggested going out to the porch. I had decided it might be easier to ease into the discussion in the dark.

We took our drinks outside and I immediately started blurting out the story. I started pouring out the entire story from the need for more animals and the travel to the jungle villages, through the various matings and challenges, to the encounter with Preta, and the plane. I talked about waking in the hut with Sam, how he had saved, but nearly buried me. There was nervous laughter, all of us remembering vividly how we had first met.

I gave brief comments about changes identified in me including my hair, reactions, sight, etc. I then took a deep breath and summarized the video conference call with Sam just days before and the report of finding animal DNA in my DNA samples. And, that they were increasing.

When I stopped talking, finally, it was quiet. It was deafeningly quiet. It was the reason why I wanted to have this talk in the dark. Bobbi had been holding my hand between the two of hers and she wouldn't let go. I anticipated she might not have a lot to say or offer. She would provide strength and comfort. Jake was the thinker, the solver of us all. I expected Jake to crunch the information in his brain for moments, develop thoughts, and consider how to present them. When it came to it, there wasn't much to discuss.

"Are you afraid, Annie? Scared of what this is?" Yes.

"Do you trust this Sam?"

I smiled and chuckled. "He saved me. He thought I was dead when he found me. I had no pulse that he could detect. I was 100 feet in the air suspended by the parachute, entangled in the jungle canopy. It would have been so much easier for him to just cut me loose and let me fall the 100 feet. He didn't. He struggled to get me down. Even then he couldn't find a pulse, but he pressed on. He almost buried me right there, but something in him said it wasn't right. He saved me. Yes, I trust him."

"You think you need to get the testing done, don't you?"

"Yes, I think so. I as much as eluded to that to my team on the island without thinking about it. I just don't know ... is it something I want to know? Is it something I can handle knowing? My life was going so well. Now ..." I squeezed Bobbi hands and looked to Jake. "You're agreeing with me, aren't you?" He nodded.

We were headed into the house and Bobbi stopped me. "I almost forgot ... could you go to spend some time with my mom tomorrow, early afternoon? The men will be gone and it will just be her." I looked at her quizzically. "I think she wants you to help her. Kaye and mom were talking at a gathering and Kaye had a couple strong drinks. You know she usually sticks with beers. Anyway, she let slip something about the dogs and then was pushed into more ... pretty soon mom had an idea of what was happening." She laughed. "Turns out mom has had similar thoughts about dogs for years.

She even confided in dad but they kept it to themselves and nothing ever came of it. While there, talk to her about these things. My mother has a way of seeing complicated situations in ... interesting ways that I don't."

"Okay. But, why don't you help her?"

"Ewe ... really? My mom? It's bad enough thinking of her having a sexual life much less getting that close to it." That got Jake and I laughing at her expense ... at least until she finally joined into the laughter.

While still chuckling, I took a hand of each of them and led them to their bedroom. I now needed to feel some reassuring love from my old partners. Neither of them resisted or objected.

For an instant it felt like old times, but I reminded myself that things were different between us. They were still willing partners, but they were married and I was headed for a life that, at the moment, seemed rather unsettled. But, for the moment, all seemed perfect as I stood between them at the side of the bed, the bed that not that long ago was our bed.

I took Bobbi's face in my hands, kissed her passionately, feeling Jake's hands on my hips, sliding up my side and cupping my breasts from the back. His hands left me and shifted to Bobbi's breasts. A smart man not to leave his new wife out of the action. As Bobbi and I continued to kiss, Jake's hands returned to my blouse, opening the buttons and pulling it out from my shorts. He pulled the garment back off my shoulders and down my arms. He then turned the same attention to Bobbi until she too was in her bra. I felt him working the clasps to my bra and then him moving around us to remove hers. Then, we were bare breast against bare breast. It felt so good to be in her embrace, again, like this, bare skin against bare skin.

It didn't last long, however. I pulled back from her, gave her another parting kiss, then turned to put Jake between us. I pushed them together and they didn't need more encouragement. They took each other into their arms and brought their mouths together. While they were so occupied, I worked Jake's shirt up his body and over his head. He pulled Bobbi into him, feeling her naked breasts and nipples against his chest.

I wasn't done, though. Now I was moving quicker, seeing the goal I was wanting, needing. I reached between them, worked Jake's belt open, then the snap and zipper of his jeans. Then, I had his jeans and underwear at his feet and off. I then did the same to Bobbi, removing her shorts. She took his hardening cock into her hand and stroked it slowly as they continued to kiss. His hand slipping between her legs, stroking her pussy lips. I stripped out of my shorts and panties, then moved them closer to the bed.

They stopped and looked at me, lust in their eyes, the same as in mine. I touched their arms, "My choice?" They looked at each other and smiled. They knew me, knew how I was with sex and how much I enjoyed it. There was nothing for them to lose in giving me my choice in how to proceed.

I moved to the bed, laying down on it with my head to the foot of the bed. I indicated for Bobbi to straddle my head and both of them understood immediately. One of our favorite positions when it was the three of us and a position I have employed with the team when possible. Without further instruction from me, I soon had my mouth clamped to Bobbi's clit and upper pussy as Jake's rigid cock was sliding along my nose in and out of her pussy.

Bobbi's head lowered to my pussy, but her focus shifted repeatedly by the stimulation given to her by both Jake's cock inside her and my mouth and tongue outside. When they did cum, very close together, I was nearly crushed underneath her as she collapsed from her orgasm. We laughed as I

pushed her to the side and moved around to lay alongside them. I went out to the kitchen and returned with another drink for us and we talked, sprawled out on the bed, comfortable with our post-coital bodies. Like old times. With some people it is like starting up where you were whenever you last were with them. That is how it always is with Jake and Bobbi for me.

We weren't done, yet. Not by a long shot. Bobbi and I teamed up against Jake, our singular intent on getting him hard, again; this time to fuck me. The poor man had no chance at all, much to all of our delights.

I had been to Bobbi's parents place several times, but I was always a passenger. I am terrible at remembering where I have been unless I am driving. This time I was driving and by myself. Bobbi gave me written directions, turn-by-turn, with landmarks for easier identification. Many of the little road out there are not marked well. Landmarks are a great assist.

I turned onto the road that was barely maintained as it serves only a few ranches. It is suddenly very familiar as I drive down the gravel/dirt road, plumes of dust rising behind Jake's older truck. I remember, as I always do, that this was the truck he dumped me into and raced to the hospital after finding me buried in the desert. I am still walking and enjoying this earth and I have so many people to thank for that. And the list is getting longer. Now, I can add Sam to that list of people.

My thoughts have me distracted and I miss the track leading from this road to Bobbi's parents. I give a soft curse and slam on the brakes. Almost instantly the truck is engulfed in the dust that had been chasing me. I backup into it further, peering through it for signs of the turn-off.

I pull up near the house and assess the surroundings. I was assured that Sofia would be alone today. As I looked around, it seemed that it was very possible. The usual assortment of pickup and cars were absent. I stepped down from the truck and about to go up to the front door when I heard a voice, Sofia's voice, call from the side.

"Annie?"

I turned to find Sofia coming around the corner of the house. I walked into a familiar hug. She pushed me to arm's length.

"Good, God. You look so good, girl. We didn't have time at the wedding to catch-up. I heard you had some ... trials. Are you okay?"

"For the most part, yes. But ... well ... Bobbi suggested that I talk to you about that. I've talked to Jake and Bobbi ... and others I value at the resort ... and elsewhere. But, Bobbi believes you have a unique way of looking at things. So, if you don't mind ..." She grabbed my arm and started leading me to the house. "No. I mean after. I'll help you, then you can listen to me."

"Help me ... so, you know what I want from you?"

"Your daughter might not have the courage to do it, but she knew what you wanted."

She laughed. "Bobbi, bless her. I understand that you didn't have a great relationship with your mother. But, Bobbi and I have always been very close. Even after her rape, we could talk, not that it did a lot of good, but we did. But, this ... I think this was too much for her."

We both laughed. I took her hands in mind, "So, you want to fuck dogs ..." She laughed, again, and

pulled me to the back of the house. She whistled the same kind of whistle that Jake had taught me, which I did not expect from another woman. I smiled at her and marveled at what we don't know about someone, even when we think we know them.

They had two dogs, which were apparently very similar in temperament and independence as the three that accepted Jake's place as home. But, it was clear that the dogs and humans both shared a common bond of the land and support of each other, a bond that contributed to a mutual co-existence.

We talked about the process that I recommended. I confirmed that we wouldn't be interrupted and that our afternoon would be private. With that assurance, I began undressing in the shade of the back of the house. She watched as my shirt was pulled up over my head. I slipped my hands behind my back and unclipped my bra, slipping the straps off my shoulders and down my arms. She stood before me, watching, then inspecting my half naked body from where she stood.

"My god, Annie! What a body you have. The jungle and mating with animals must have agreed with you." She chuckled. I smiled. That made her nervous. "Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you, if I referred to something that I shouldn't have."

I stepped up to her. "Not you, Sofia. Me. It is what I would like to discuss later. I will clarify those feelings then."

She smiled and relaxed. She was still inspecting my body, though. Her hand rose to my left breast and her index finger tentatively touched the tattoos. "Bobbi mentioned these, but your Maid of Honor dress covered them. Is it true what she said? The dogs, other species?" I nodded. She traced over the panther. "Beautiful. What of this?"

"The tattoo doesn't quite do the actual animal justice. And, yes, him, too."

Her eyes shot from my breast to my eyes. "You ... fucked a panther? A wild panther?" I nodded. "Okay ... wow ... I need to do this; I am so turned on. But, later, you'll tell me all about it?" I nodded.

The rest of my clothes and all of hers were thrown from our bodies in the next instant. She was about to ask how this worked, when I motioned for her to lay on the grass. She looked at me quizzically, but I put a finger to her lips. I told her to spread her legs and called the dog she had selected. He sniffed around her nervously. I put my hand to her mound, slipping finger over her pussy lips, then inside. I pulled it out with the wetness of her anticipation and held it to the dog's snout. I then patted her pussy and the dog ventured between her legs, in pursuit of the scent, the same scent that I had put to it with my finger. As the dog began to lick her, I quietly talked her through the stages of being with a dog; the way I knew to assure repeated satisfaction for both dog and woman.

I considered, for a moment, the idea of sharing with her the joys of canine mating since she had two dogs. But, I elected to focus my efforts instead on guiding her through her first mating with the dog. Perhaps there will be another time for sharing these pleasures with her.

After watching her unabashedly orgasm on the back lawn under her dog's relentless tongue, I guided her into the manner of repaying the effort to the dog by licking and sucking his cock. The very cock she hoped to be mated on soon enough.

She looked at me as she gazed down from her kneeling position at the dog, on his side before her. "I should suck his penis now?"

“Do you give your husband pleasure with your mouth?” She nodded, bashfully. “Then, yes.” I explained the reasoning for my approach. She smiled and bent down to the dog. She wasn’t questioning, after all. She was merely affirming my intention, not wanting to do more than my intention because her state of lust. I chuckled within myself, if she only knew that it might be difficult to ‘do more than my intention’ in a state of lust.

She looked up to me as I knelt beside her as I stroked the dog’s head and neck. Her face was a full smile and she went immediately back to licking and sucking the cock. When I saw enough cock out of the sheath, I put a hand on her shoulder. She seemed to reluctantly comply by raising her head from the dog’s belly. I kissed her on the lips, tasting the pre-cum on her lips and chin.

“How is it?”

She gazed into my eyes, her tongue playing over her lips after ours parted from each other’s. “Wonderful. This is so much more than I imagined. Tomas is going to be so excited.” I smiled at her. “Now, I want to be mounted.” I smiled wider.

She moved onto her hands and knees. Again, I talked her through the steps of the process and what to watch for, what to anticipate. She cried out loudly at the initial penetration, but she pressed back further onto the dog’s cock in response to it. When the knot was ready to enter her, she moaned and groaned and complained, but she continued to move in assistance to the dog. It was like she was determined much beyond curiosity to achieve this mating. It was like this was a fulfillment of something long inside her and now possessing her. When the knot stretched her pussy enough to be pushed inside her, she cried out again, this time louder. Her eyes, though, were glazed over in lust as her back arched up into the dog, taking even more feeling of her mating and the cock and knot inside her. She cried out yet again as the dog’s cock and knot swelled up to maximum and jerked inside her pussy, signally the animal’s impending climax. It was a signal that sent her into her own climax, orgasming underneath the animal with shaking arms and legs. When the dog shot its first spurt of dog seed into her pussy, she groaned and announced it, not so much for my ears but for hers, accepting and reveling and owning that she was being mated by her dog.

I came out of the back door of the house holding two large glasses with ice and water. The door slammed shut behind, startling the dog who had curled in the shade of a nearby tree after cleaning its cock and knot from the combined juices of his seed and his new female’s juices.

Sofia raised her gaze to me as I approached. She was sitting on one of the patio chairs where I had assisted her after she and the dog had extracted the knot in mutual effort. She was still naked, as was I, slouched in the chair, her legs parted and gazing down between her legs. Although she really couldn’t see her gaping pussy, she gazed down at the junction of her thighs, a satisfied sigh periodically escaping her lips.

She noticed me watching her and looked up embarrassed. “I can’t believe I finally did it. You can’t imagine how long I have had that in my mind. I finally did it.” She took the glass of ice water from me, took a big drink, and patted my hand resting on the arm rest of the chair. “Thank you, dear. I don’t think I would have gotten there without you.” I smiled at her and nodded my understanding. After all, it was her daughter who provided the encouragement for me to get into bestiality. And, I also understood how awkward it could be for a daughter to assist her mother into something like this. We all need that support and reassurance.

She took several more drinks from the glass and nearly had it drained. She went into the house and

returned with a plastic pitcher of more water with ice in it. She sat down and turned her chair to more directly face me.

“Okay. Wow, that was great. Thank you, again. Now! Now, you had something you hoped I could help you with. Is it okay if we stay naked ... this just feels so amazing.” I was beginning to wonder if she would be able to focus on anything besides the feelings from her mating with the dog. But, the attention she then put onto my face eliminated any concerns and I knew I could have this talk with her.

I understood that she only had a brief understanding of my trip to Brazil and the villages, much less anything that happened after. I started with the reason for going to the villages, our pursuit of specific animals for our bestial guests without the timing issue of having to train them ourselves. I went into as much detail as I could about my stay, the challenges, the training for the horse, the belly-riding, and finally the black panther discovered sick and in need of attention. Along the way in the story as I retold it, the element of the villager’s beliefs, practice of animal mating over generations, the unknown woman leading them into that practice, and the villagers murmuring of the name in my presence. I described all of it.

She could see that my telling of the story shifted in my attitude as I came to the part of the airplane, the rockets, my falling from the airplane and the explosion above me. I retold the story Sam told me of his finding me, treating me, and my ‘interesting’ recovery. I told of our journey out of the jungle, the conflicts along the way and the assistance of the animals.

She stopped me. “Wait. The animals? What animals?”

I neglected to communicate that Preta and Wolf had somehow found me in the jungle, I was so intent on communicating my own experience and what was to be discovered. I then went through the hospital, but slowed my telling as I came to the events that led people to question me, to point out small changes they perceived. I even added some thought of my own, the result of such comments and looks from others.

I ended with the video conference with Sam, my discussions with Sylvia, my team, and now with Bobbi and Jake. She had my hand in hers. “So ... everyone who you have consulted seem to have encouraged you to seek more information, more insight into what this ‘cross-species’ DNA is about?”

“Yes, everyone who I trust the most.”

“And, yet, you still wonder if you should? You are not convinced that you either need to know the truth or dare to know? And you now seek my advice, my thoughts? I am a woman you know less well than all the others.”

“Yes ... but for Bobbi.”

She looked at me while deep in thought. “My daughter. Yes ... we could always talk and I suppose my thoughts and suggestions might have sounded wise to her. My thoughts were often along a different angle from many. That is what you seek now? Not merely reassuring encouragements, but something that may challenge your perspective?”

“Yes. Curiosity in and of itself is only that. The truth, though, may hold pain, perhaps self-loathing, if not taken for a deeper meaning and purpose. Does that make sense?”

“It does, Annie. I think, however, that you are already there in your thinking ... or nearly so. Okay ... I will play with you.” She smiled warmly, “Hopefully, you will find what you desire from it.”

She asked penetrating questions about mere comments I had provided earlier in my story. She asked about how I felt about Celina, about hearing the name called from the people. She asked about my reaction to the interaction with the sick panther, his comfort with me and not to the others. She asked about our mating. She asked about the two animals fleeing for no apparent reason, but the timing of which must have coincided with the destruction of the plane. She asked about the animals finding me in the vast jungle and then accepting each other with me, conflicting animals in the wild at peace in my presence. She asked questions about my healing from wounds, about my hair, my body, and how my body now responds in action and use.

She finished her questions and our back and forth. She went inside the house and returned with a bottle of liquor and two glasses. She poured some into each and smiled. "We should be dressed before my husband returns ..."

"Annie, I am no expert in genetics or any such, but there is little difference between human and chimp. I think 6%. I think one of your concerns is if you are turning into something. I don't think so. That alone is something to find out, but I don't think so. The human in you will greatly outweigh the other species that are mixed. Your friend, Sam ... his Agency undoubtedly has the experts, or access to them."

Just then Tomas arrived. Sofia led him into the house, promising only a few more minutes.

"Evolution is not random, Annie." She put up her hand to stop my protest. "I know; this is not an evolutionary change. But ... it might be similar. Evolutionary changes fill a necessary need. Although this is different, it may too be filling a necessary need. Don't misunderstand this as a religious predestined thing. But, maybe it is mystical. I don't know that science will give you that answer. Consider, however, that you survived not one, but two death experiences; your relationship and communion with animals, even here; the experience in the villages, not only the animals, but the people, as well; the story and relationship to Celina; the animals, Preta and Wolf, and that unusual connection. Annie, there is something different here. I'm not one to believe in mysticism normally, but this ..." She held up her hands, "How else can you see it?"

We were quiet for a moment. There was one more thing I could hope to have from her. She searched my eyes, came to me and put her hands on the sides of my face, staring into me. "I'm nervous to say this boldly, but I think it is what you want from me." I nodded. "Take this onto yourself, dear. Don't shy away from it. Embrace it and own it. Don't look at this as scary or frightening or something to hide from. Take it as a gift. A gift to what purpose? You must find that out, but you will only do that if you take it unto yourself boldly and fully. You seem to control wild things, Annie. Control this, own it, mold it into what you can use."

I wanted bold ... she gave me bold.

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## **CHAPTER TWO: TESTED**

I waited at the docks as instructed by Sam. He was clear in his instructions that there would have to be certain security precautions taken. He reminded me that he did work for a secretive agency and it was highly unusual that someone outside of the agency was allowed inside its facilities. That would include travel to the facility; they couldn't even allow that others should know where the facility was located. So, I stood where I was told. The shuttle boat leaving immediately after I disembarked onto the dock. Nobody was to wait with me or observe my being picked up, although that would seem very normal by all casual observation.

I waited in the bright sun for eleven minutes. I was beginning to question if I had copied down some part of the instruction incorrectly. Then, I noticed a faded grey commercial van pull into the parking area at the end of the dock. It would normally have been a very unnoticeable van. The paint was dulled by age and exposure to the sun. There was faint lettering on the side, which gave a sense of it being or having been a vehicle belonging to some small commercial enterprise. The side cab windows were tinted and there were no other windows in the van behind the front cab. It would have been unnoticeable except that it was the only vehicle that pulled off the coastal highway into the parking area since I had been standing there waiting. It seemed impossible that this would be the vehicle that would be sent to deliver me to the airport. Impossible, except that upon entering the parking area, the van slowed nearly to a standstill, then moved very deliberately to where I stood.

I still didn't pick up my backpack or extend the handle of my roller bag as the vehicle slowed to a stop in front of me. Through the tinted glass of the side windows, I couldn't make out anyone inside. Then the side sliding door opened and I gazed at Sam. He stepped out and assisted me with my roller bag, not bothering with the pull-handle, but picking it up by the side handle and carrying it to the van. After a hesitation on my part, I put the backpack over my right shoulder and followed him inside. When the door closed it seemed quite confining with no light except for that coming from the front windshield.

The van's interior was not fitted for comfort, but for transportation and hauling. There were two jump-seats attached to each side of the vehicle, which we were now sitting on. Sam sat directly across from me, but turned to the driver, "You can proceed directly to the plane now."

I was carrying with me what Sam had suggested, just enough clothes and personal items for three days away. I had been given few other details; instead, asked to simply trust him. We had saved each other's lives, why wouldn't I?

Sam didn't say much as the van moved along the edge of the city to the airport. Of course, it was not a long drive to the airport. Sam seemed a bit on edge, however. Rather than going to the main terminal, the van moved along the service area until it came to a secure gate. The driver produced some documents, the guard made a cursory check of us inside through the driver's window, and the driver drove inside and along the outer edge and headed for a row of hangers away from the main commercial airline traffic. It was at this point that I understood Sam's nervousness. He extended his hand to me.

"I have to ask you to put this on while we are inside the plane. You will be required to wear it until we are inside our facility." I looked at his hand and found a black felt blinder. "Just precautions. As I said, it is uncommon for non-agency personnel to be in our planes or see our facility. I hope this won't be a problem for you."

I took it from his hand and slipped it over my head so it completely blocked my vision. "I think I can trust you with this." I chuckled, but I was sure he picked up the nervousness that was accompanying the chuckle.

The van stopped and I heard the side door slide open. There was movement around me and I heard Sam instruct the other man to load my bags onto the plane. I was helped out of the van and walked alongside Sam as he reassured me. I was expecting to be told about stairs, but instead he said, "One step up." I did and was on an inclining ramp. I soon sensed being inside something by the change in sounds. I was led to a seat and strapped in. With my free hands, I was able to feel that it was another jump seat.

When the plane started moving with increased engine noise, it didn't roll along the ground. Instead,



it shuddered slightly and we were rising slowly upward. But, I was also sure this was not a helicopter. I had been in one of those in Venezuela and this felt nothing like that. We flew at a considerable speed; even not being able to see outside, it had that distinct feeling. After a time that seemed very long blindfolded, but was actually two and a half hours, I felt the plane move from a forward, smooth motion to a quick slowdown, the front rising vertically, then hovering before descending straight down. Once the plane was settled on the ground with a slight impact and reaction as the suspension took out the weight of the plane, my seatbelts were released and I was help up, down the ramp, and through a door. Inside, the blindfold was removed.

As far as I knew, we were inside a building at the side of a landing strip, even if the plane that brought me here didn't land the way I was used to them landing. Once inside, the blindfold was removed. Sam apologized, again, but I put up my hand to stop him. I understood and I did. I was looking for information, delicate information about what was happening to me. If it took a secret agency to do that for me, so be it. We took an elevator down. How far down, I didn't know. The pad alongside the door didn't indicate floors or levels. Sam punched in a series of numbers, then a couple letters. I assumed the first was his access code, the second was the level he wanted. There was no announcement; the doors just opened. I followed Sam out and was led into an office area with cubicles surrounded by enclosed offices.

He led me into one that was neat, but it was clearly used by someone. He indicated a chair and pulled one up in front of me.

"I wanted some time with you before ... before everything starts. Your bags are being placed in a dorm room where you will be spending your private time while here. You will remain in the designated areas and be chaperoned at all times. Please understand that few people besides those here even know about this facility. Security is of the highest importance for our safety and anonymity."

I leaned back into the chair. I felt strangely at peace. Maybe it was being in Sam's presence, once more. "So ... this is your office?" He nodded, surprised by the familiar question. "Huh ... I wouldn't have expected assassins to have offices ..."

He laughed. "Actually, they don't. There are workrooms where they prepare for missions when they need to. It's not a Lone Ranger operation, they have the support of many people and tools before going out."

"You say 'they', not us."

"I'm no longer a field agent." He tapped his leg. "They did wonders after I got back, but it will never be 100% ... ever again. I handle special projects and support now."

I looked deep into his eyes as I leaned a bit forward. "Is that better for you?" I looked around and at the open door to the office. I lowered my voice, "I thought you had enough with the ... whatever this organization is."

"It's different now. The previous Director took us off the reservation, as we call it. It took my disappearance and some other indicators to wake up the Board. It is running now the way it was intended to. I really can't say much, though."

"I understand. I suppose it is unusual for an unknown civilian to be brought in here."

"Oh, don't think you are unknown. That was the reason for the delay in getting authorization. You were vetted very carefully. No one, I mean no one, gets in here while being an unknown."

“Okay ... well, that’s a bit scary.”

He laughed. “Don’t worry. Whatever they found about you, you still got in here.” He winked at me and laughed. I wasn’t sure I felt better.

He described what was going to be happening and how the days would be filled. He told me to relax and go with it, just let them ask their questions, do their tests, take samples of blood ... whatever. All of it was to hopefully provide a more definitive answer to questions about me. I was also assured that all information, lab results, and tests were completely secure and confidential within the facility. Nobody outside would ever gain access.

Then, it started. I learned that the preliminary report was shared with a range of people and I was now moving from individual to individual to small groups. They all asked questions and recorded my responses. Many of the questions were similar or the same. I relaxed as Sam suggested. I went with it, answering the same question or variant of the same question as best I could each time. Every once in a while, I realized that something new had come to my mind in response to the now familiar questions. That seemed to be what they were targeting with the effort, opportunity for small details or clarification to come to the surface.

By the end of that day, I was exhausted. Sam met me for dinner after I changed into a dress and took me in the elevator to a different floor. I found myself in a very nice restaurant, still in the facility. It occurred to me as I sat down at a table for two with Sam, that amenities like this must be important when people are trapped inside a building without windows to the outside world. Then something caught my eye. A ‘window’ on the far side changed. It had been a view of a sunset and trees in the foreground. Now, it had changed to a view from a tall building overlooking a city at night. Now I remembered other windows, even windows where it was odd to find windows. They weren’t windows at all, but images, providing the illusion of views, bright light streaming in, as if from natural sunlight.

The following couple days were much the same in that they were filled with people asking questions (very similar questions) and testing of a wide variety, the intention of some not clear to me. There were, of course, blood samples routinely, as if each scientist needed their own verification of the results. There were EKG’s, physical examinations, and even strength and endurance testing. How all of these tests fit into a package of answers were still a mystery to me. I had given Sam my qualification for cooperation, however, and my resolve to it was becoming firmer with each test. If these roving scientists couldn’t do more for me than study me, I would find my own way of coping with whatever became of my body, if anything.

I had a half day remaining and I had free time. I went to one of the commons areas for some relaxation and listening to music. I approached the entrance to the personnel area as I always had. I walked up to the pad next to the door, punched in my personal code number, held up my identification card for scanning, and put my eye near the pad screen for the retinal scan. It hesitated in replying, which was something that happened in the morning, too. Then I received a reply that I didn’t receive this morning, “Please stand perfectly still during retinal scan and repeat.” I did the same process, making sure I didn’t move a muscle during the scan. This time ... warning lights and buzzers signaled. Before I could turn around, wall panels opened and sealed me into a small space at the door.

Almost before I could call out in protest, one panel opened revealing two security guards with drawn weapons. Obviously, they take security very seriously here. One of the guards took my identification card for scanning while the other sent a message over his communication unit. Soon, Sam appeared along with several of the scientist who had been working with me. The confusion was resolved

apparently and I was let into the commons area after recalibrating my retinal scan into the system. It only added to my frustration, but I only had a few hours left before leaving and I was becoming increasingly regretful of ever coming. I still believed in what Sofia said, but I could accept and own my being without it involving this agency, regardless of the best intentions of Sam. I found a quiet lounge chair in front of a 'window' overlooking the ocean and drowned out the world with headphones.

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Sam was standing behind the 'window' watching. He was frustrated, irritated, and disappointed. The Agency had some of the smartest, most innovative minds that could be put together into any organization anywhere in the world. Yet, they were failing. They were stuck in their professional life processes ingrained in them from young age through higher education and professional training. They were merely doing, and trapped inside it, what they needed to do. They sought out definitive data points to lead to a conclusion. Unfortunately, this was the approach that was directly against what Annie had warned she could tolerate. Her interest in discovery about herself was not for a scientific thesis, but for her preparation. The truth was, however, that nothing they tested or observed about her was going to provide that definitive answer.

"That's her?"

Deep in his musing, he was unaware of anyone entering the observation room with him. He turned to the familiar voice belonging to the youngest scientist in the Agency who was still uncertain of her place in the organization. She might be termed a prodigy in many disciplines, someone with so many skills and talents that they defy being boxed neatly.

"Dr. Moore ... yes, Annie Linder. I didn't think you were involved with her analysis ..."

"No, I'm not. You know how talk is, especially someone like her. The first anyone has heard of."

Sam was intrigued. "What do you know?"

"Just what I have seen in reports and summaries, recommendations, thoughts about future study approaches. Anything in the network system, which is pretty much everything by the day's end."

He turned to look at her. She turned away from the window to him. "What do you think about what you have seen, Jenna?"

She smiled. Not many at the Agency used her first name. She was the youngest there but her credential intimidated many. "Not good ... at least to answer her questions. She needs something quick, right?" He nodded. "She needs a completely different approach to help her understand ... or accept ... what is happening. The research understanding could come separate but not if she walks away. And, she will won't she? She's different. This might scare her, but she's made a decision that has given her strength."

He chuckled. "She's different ... believe me!"

She was watching through the window and was going to add something, but Sam was out the door.

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Sam came into the commons area, walked to me, lifted the headphones off one of my ears, "They are ready for you." I was excited. Maybe they really did have something to share with me.

In the conference room, I encountered many of the people I had been interacting with over the past days. They had a computer linked to a wide screen on the wall, papers littered the table in front of them. They looked eager to share what they had, whether it was for Sam's benefit or mine, I wasn't sure.

Before they got settled into a presentation, however, I jumped in with my pressing questions, to cut to the pressing issues of concern to me. "I want to thank all of you for the time and effort you spent with me." They sheepishly nodded. They were used to doing their assigned tasks, not being thanked for the effort. "Now ... tell me how this happened to me; what is happening now? Tell me what is going to become of me as this progresses. Is it going to progress or has it stabilized?" I wanted to string out more, but Sam put his hand on my arm. "Sorry ... I just would really like to know."

The lead scientist looked at his colleagues nervously. "Well ... we have a lot of really exciting data about what is happening. You have to understand, though, that nobody has seen anything like this ..." He looked at Sam for guidance, but didn't get any. He took a breath while looking at the others around him. They had their eyes suddenly focused on the table. Suddenly, their excitement was muted. I knew what was coming. "We can't answer any of those questions. We can see the change in your DNA, but we can't predict what it will mean. We can't tell what caused it, why it happened to you at all." He became momentarily energized, "We do know that it isn't a natural occurrence from nature. If this is real, something caused the reaction; but, something would have had to cause your DNA to come into contact with animal DNA at just the right moment. We just don't know what that is from the answers you've been able to give us combined with this data." I was surprised, it sounded as if they weren't entirely convinced. And Sam felt it in me.

The flight back to the island was the same as the earlier one from the island. Blindfold and all. When the same van dropped me at the same dock for resort boat to return me to the island, Sam stepped out with me.

"I'm sorry, Annie. I know you wanted more definitive projections."

"Sam, you tried. I'll continue to hold onto that. You've proven again how much you care and I treasure that." I kissed him on the cheek and turned to the dock.

He held onto my hand, however. "In that case, I have a request." He handed me a flash drive. "This contains a summary of the information gathered about you and the daily reports, plus the summary you heard. Study it if you want; throw it in the ocean on the way back if you want." He handed me another flash drive, marked as "Moore". "This one, though, I would like you to look at and consider. I have an explanation letter and a biographical file on someone I would you like to consider meeting. It is up to you, though." This time he gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I owe you forever. You got me out of the jungle. I'll always owe you." I hugged him hard. This time when I turned for the end of the dock, I did so quickly so he wouldn't see the tears coming from my eyes. I wasn't sure who owed who in our relationship, but I didn't want this to be the last time I would ever see him.

I walked straight to the end of the dock. Blindly. I saw the resort speedboat tied up there and one of the beach lifeguards standing at the end of the dock. I walked through a group of people pulling my roller bag, but it wasn't until I was past them that I noticed the boat itself. It was the resort's shuttle boat and it hit me.

The lifeguard took the roller bag from me, allowed me to jump onto the boat, then handed the bag over the edge to me. I pointed to the group. "Is that the next group?"

He sighed, "Yes. If you were much later, I don't know if we could make this work. I'll drop you off in the cove, that will give you a few more minutes." I nodded. This was cutting it close.

As I made my way through the crowd of resort staff at the land end of the dock, I was showered with warm greetings. Only a very few had any idea that my being away for days of examination was anything but a routine precaution. People gave me a wide parting as I made my way through them, mostly because of Preta and Wolf who were ever at my sides.

I came up alongside Amy and stroked her bare back. She turned, squealed at seeing me and gave me a big hug. We were then engulfed by Tami, Dori, and Adam, each holding a leash or rope to an animal.

Amy, "I was afraid you might not make it."

"Don't be silly, you could handle leading the team."

"Not me or us. Poor Jim Harris is in a panic. Sylvia was called away for some other business back home. As next in line of management, he is in a panic."

Just then, we all saw Pat Connors looked our way, spotted me, and walked quickly to the head of the dock where Jim was waiting for the shuttle to finish its approach and be secured to the dock. He turned to listen to Pat, then turned and looked back at us. He found me and waved energetically for me to come forward. I knew he was going to hand off the greeting responsibilities. I smiled at the team and gave a shrug. I could see the pleasure in their expressions, though, that of all the higher level management remaining at the resort in Sylvia's absence, they were all looking to me, the youngest and least experienced. It seemed like not too long ago I would probably have run away from something like this. Now, if not comfortable, I was willing and capable.

The first night is generally a joint meal of resort management and guests, a time to answer questions and take ideas from the new group of guests. After the meal and a single after-dinner drink, I excused myself from the table of guest couples. I found Amy who had her table in laughter. It wasn't until I came up behind her that I caught the gist of the conversation was about the funny situations that can occur with animals at seemingly the most inappropriate or embarrassing moments. I whispered into her ear that I was heading back to the cottage. I giggled, "I have two males who look like they feel neglected." She giggled back.

At the door, I was greeted by my two males, Wolf and Preta, always nearby wherever I was. As I passed beyond the door, they fell in alongside me. I dropped my hands to my sides and six inches out. Each raised their heads to make contact with me hands for an immediate pet as we walked down the path leading to our cottage. I walked in one side of the cottage, stripping off my waist covering, flipping it on the counter as I passed and continued out the other side. I jumped off the porch, the two animals jumping effortlessly with me. At times like this, just the three of us alone, I was able to let my body go, unrestrained or inhibited. I sailed in a graceful arc of the porch like they did. I hit the ground in stride and ran for the beach. I glanced down on either side, reveling in the experience of being free with these two. My heart and spirit soared whenever we were together like this, away from all prying eyes, judging eyes, evaluating and questioning eyes. It was just us.

The moon was high overhead, a three-quarters moon giving plenty of light for what I wanted to do. As I approached the water line of the beach, I smiled. It was bound to be the same as other times. I hit the water with my first stride and I felt water splashing up onto my thighs on either side. After several strides, however, it was only Wolf who continued his assault into the water with me. Preta had stopped and returned to the safety of shore. Big cats are known to be able to tolerate water and

even swim, if necessary. He did before in order to find me in the jungle, having to traverse several rivers in the process. However, if he didn't have to, he preferred the solid ground.

I dove into the water, powering underneath with breast-strokes and coming to the surface ten feet later. I broke the surface and turned, searching for Wolf who would be searching for me. Once I broke the surface, he would hear and see, then dog-paddle to me. We would play for a few minutes, me giving him some periods of support in the water. Then, I would point him to shore and Preta. He would go ashore and I continued swimming for more minutes, generally aimlessly back and forth or a figure-eight pattern. Unless my eyes caught a dolphin coming to play. I still hoped to touch one. Lately they have come closer and closer, but not quite close enough. Tonight, there were no dolphins.

I turned onto my back and allowed myself to float with gentle movements of my hands. The majesty of the heavens was partially obstructed by the shine of the moon, but the effect was still stunning. It reminded me of the ranch, but the ranch seemed to have even more stars. Maybe the higher altitude? Curious. Certainly, the air was clearer here than the dry, dusty, windblown air of desert. Must be the altitude.

I heard a bark, which pulled me from my musing. I turned and tread water, finding Wolf and Preta moving back and forth on the edge of the water. I must have been quiet too long for their comfort. I smiled. My boys ... worried about their mistress. I turned my shoulder into the water and stroked with my right arm, my legs moving in a natural kicking motion. I stood when my fingertips touched the sandy bottom and walked to the waterline where the two animals pranced excitedly. They didn't let me onto the sand, but stopped me while still in water to my ankles, licking my thighs and higher as they needed to clean dripping water from my body. They moved to opposite sides of me, Preta in front and Wolf at the back. Soon, my legs parted as the sensations of their attention encouraged me to.

I stepped completely out of the water and knelt onto the dry, warm sand of the beach under the muted light of the moon. I knew it would be some time yet before the rest of the team returned from the evening's activities. In truth, however, it wouldn't matter much to me or the animals.

I patted the ground in front of me and both animals lay down on their sides. Wolf raised his leg half way as soon as he was on the ground. Preta did so after I touched and stroked his belly and moved my hand further down. I concentrated on Wolf, first. It has become something of our routine. For a period of time, I did wonder if Preta ever felt slighted by that fact. I wondered if he recognized that Wolf was first and he was second. It wasn't a slight on my part, but a recognition that his barbed cock felt better with my pussy opened and well lubricated by mating with Wolf. He remained as loyal and responsive to me as Wolf was, perhaps even more so. I put the concern out of my conscious mind, but subconsciously, it sometimes still crept in.

Wolf was very responsive, as I could see that Preta was, also. The three days of being apart showed on their quick readiness and eagerness to again be with me. No more so than I was, though.

I patted my ass for Wolf while paying attention to Preta to keep him in front of me. His cock didn't feel any better inside my mouth than it did inside my pussy, but I hold more control with my mouth and I enjoy bring him close to climax, then backing him off while being mounted by his canine brother. My knees sunk into the sand further when Wolf landed on my back, at the same time driving a grunt from deep into me. Almost unconscious of the effort of my hand, I felt his cock slide along my palm as it guided the member into my wet pussy. He slid into me easily and pumped his hips several times, bumping my ass and thighs each time. Then, he stopped ... only for a moment as he repositioned himself on me, releasing his grip with his front legs, jerking forward slightly, then

grabbing me tightly again. I smiled. I couldn't help it. I felt his need and drive of his body to mate me. I had the feeling that only part of this urgency was not having been mated for several days; the other part was his desire to be coupled with ME, again. As strange as it might sound to rationalize, it felt real and honest to me.

I carefully mouthed Preta's cock, keeping it stimulated but not too much so. As I pressed back against Wolf to take his knot, I lifted my mouth in full concentration. I gasped as the knot stretched me and passed through my opening and into my pussy. But, my mouth remained gaping open, uttering moans and groans as Wolf pounded me in a final effort to climax. He was forceful and strong as he held tightly around my waist and his hips pressed into my ass, holding his cock deep inside me. My pussy clenched down around him, both his cock and knot, as we both shook in the prelude to our orgasms. Mine hit me first ... I think ... it was hard to tell at that point if my orgasm caused my pussy to contract around him that caused him to shoot his seed into me, or if his climax and the feeling of his seed splashing inside me triggered my orgasm that caused my body to spasm around him. Either way, we were both oblivious to anything else, not caring about anything other than the wonderful sensations emanating from our sex organs tied together.

As I came back from my orgasmic journey, I was reminded of another cock awaiting relief. Reminded by it being mere inches from my face as I leaned far over, collapsing to my elbows in the process of orgasm. I opened my mouth and reached forward, taking his cock into my mouth, carefully sliding it in and out, licking the tip and sucking on the tip, sucking any pre-cum accumulating there.

I heard sounds to the side and I wasn't the only one. I ignored them and the animals gave them only cursory notice, just enough to determine friend or foe. As they relaxed, I knew it was the team returning from the evening. They avoided the beach and stayed at the cottage. They must have decided to congregate on the porch, probably sipping wine or some other alcohol because their mute voices and sounds carried to me over the quiet of the cove.

Wolf pulled out of me and I gasped out, probably loud enough for them to recognize what had just happened despite the separation and the near darkness of the area. I didn't hesitate, though, turning in the sand to present myself to Preta. He licked me and was on my back quickly, his cock stabbing at my ass, seeking my pussy. He, too, seemed just as anxious and determined as Wolf had been.

His cock slid over my palm, I feel the little barbs even though the real feeling is when he pulls back. I know what is coming as his cock head touches my pussy and I don't wait, instead I push back against him, taking him into me, deeply and quickly. We fuck and I am amazed. I have just cum on Wolf and a new orgasm is quickly building inside my pussy, radiating out into my clit and up into my body. The barbs that induce a climax in female felines have the same effect on me. I am gasping and sighing in amongst the moaning and groaning. There is an irritation in this fucking along with the stimulus; a pain and pleasure combination. A very unique and exquisite sort of irritation, however. Having Preta on my back, inducing the combination into my body is not only exciting, but it is bonding, something that is uniquely him, something that I uniquely feel with only him.

After a second orgasm shortly after Preta's, I lay on the sand, rolling onto my back, my legs lazily spread, the cum of two animals leaking from my open pussy. I heard the murmur of discrete talk from the porch and smiled. This group is certainly not shy or embarrassed about sex. I was covered in sand, however, so I rolled to my knees and jogged into the water, diving into the dark, still water of the cove, swimming a few strokes, then turning back for the shore.

Adam met me at the steps to the porch, a glass of red wine in one hand and a towel in the other. "Here, you sip and I'll dry."



I took the towel from him, "You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you ...?"

He smirked, "You know I would."

I smiled at him, giving him a kiss on the cheek, but dried myself, leaving him to hold my glass of wine until I finished and draped the towel over the railing. I had one glass with them before turning in, feeling exhausted enough to sleep through the next day if it weren't for the guests waiting for us.

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In the middle of the night, I was tossing and turning. Despite my fatigue, I quickly discerned that sleep was not going to come back to me until I investigated the two flash drives Sam had given me before leaving. I had sat through the summary review for the scientists, asking a few questions, and had been left frustrated by what they were unable to tell me. I wasn't sure what looking at the flash drive of information would do that the summary didn't provide, but it seemed to be that or tossing in bed for the rest of the night.

The general information flash drive contained an amazing amount of information and data that made no sense beyond what I had already been verbally given. Sitting at the counter with my laptop in front of me, I leaned back in the bar-stool chair and gazed at the numbers, basically meaningless information for my unsophisticated mind. I saw the other flash drive and remembered what Sam had said. He said there was "someone I would you like to consider meeting".

I reached for the drive, ejected the other one, and inserted this one. I opened the directory and found two Word documents. One was titled, 'Moore Profile'. The other was 'Annie'. I double-clicked on it, first. It was short and to the point:

"Annie,

"I don't know if you are looking at this soon after returning or after a week or month. I don't know how you are feeling about everything that is happening to you. I don't know how you are feeling about even wanting to KNOW what is really happening to you.

"I do know that the information provided by the scientists here left you frustrated, no closer to answers that you desperately need. I understand. Okay, maybe I don't ... but I do want to help. I still want to help. The people you met with here, the scientists and doctors, are truly brilliant people. They are. But ... sometimes, people like this have a very difficult time working through something quickly when science fails them. You are right; they would have love to study you for years to convince themselves that something really is happening and then to develop a possible recreation. That's what science is. I also know that is not what you need ... much less want.

"I talked with someone here before you left. I have included a profile/biography for her. If the others are brilliant, she is something ... beyond that. She can be unorthodox and she has struggled with finding her place here. Read the file on her. Consider it. I would REALLY like you to talk to her. I think she can find some insight for you.

"PLEASE, read it, think about it, call me!

"I'll always owe you. Sam."

I leaned back, rereading the last line. Why does he keep saying that? We were surviving together.

I reached forward, using the touch-pad to move the cursor over the other file, then double-clicked on

it. Up popped a document for 'Dr. Jenna Moore'. Her picture on the document was interesting. She was beautiful, but her looks and hair were mousy. It wasn't difficult to see the beauty underneath the attempt to hide it, though. I scanned the basic information and found she was about my age.

Just then ... I saw both Preta and Wolf react by looking to the door to Amy's room. They both resettled near my feet. So, I wasn't really surprised when two arms encircled me from behind. She hugged me to her, her arms staying around my upper chest, her face alongside mine.

"Is this private?"

I lowered my lips to her arm around me and kissed her. "No. Not to you."

"You never said, did you get your answers to whatever you needed?"

"No, I didn't. But, at least, it's not fatal." I gave a chuckle and she shared it with me.

"That's something anyway. Who is this?" She indicated with her chin toward the screen.

"Dr. Jenna Moore. It seems I am being encouraged to spending some time with her ..."

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CHAPTER THREE: DR. JENNA MOORE

After Amy went back to bed, I spent more time looking over Dr. Moore's biographical information more thoroughly. I understood that Sam felt it would be worth my while to spend some time with her, but what was it about her that would be different than the others I had already given the better part of three days to? A very quick review made me think he might be right. Then, I began thinking there might be something very wrong with this woman.

She was indeed about my age, but it was clear that aside from both of us being the same age and pretty, we were opposites. Her first degree was in biology, which she then went on to getting a masters in micro-biology, and then a doctorate in genetics. She followed that with a medical degree but never pursued residency or practice. That was followed by a doctorate in something called Primitive Mystical Healing and Healers. The educational part of her life seemed to end with a doctorate in psychology. How could somebody my age accomplish all that? Unlike most biographies of employment, this one contained information that USA laws might frown on, like marital status, birth date, etc. Using her birth date and the dates of when she acquired her degrees ... she graduated from high school at 12 years of age.

I let it stew for a couple days, then called Sam at the number he provided in his message.

"Why do you think I should be talking now with this Dr. Moore? Isn't she going to be just more of the same?"

"Annie, did you read her bio? She's about the furthest thing away from the others. In fact, she is far enough from them that it has been something of a problem here for her. She was recruited straight from school. If we hadn't, she would probably have another degree on her list by now. She has been here for a year and a half, roughly. It doesn't take a genius like them or a psychologist like her to see why, either. She has spent her life from barely being in puberty to now seeking degrees and learning. She doesn't fit in socially or confidence-wise. She is smart, probably smarter than any of the others, but she doesn't believe it. She's always been the 'kid' who was out of place and she still sees herself that way."

“Okay, I feel sorry for her, but ...”

“No, you don’t get it. She will look at your situation differently. Her mind will be more open to alternative considerations. Besides, you two have things in common.”

“What things?”

“Meet with her. Find it yourself.” Damn.

I finally agreed to the meeting. If nothing else, it would help me determine if this continued exploration was something I really wanted to pursue. I was firm in my resolve NOT to live under a cloud of fear about my future or become a ‘lab rat’ to discover the truth. If it meant living in a state of denial, I was prepared to do that. I wasn’t at all sure, of course, if it would even be possible to live in denial, but that would likely be dependent on what changes my body might experience going forward. If this was it, they would all be positives and my life could go on without more concern or alarm. The deep nagging feeling that pulled me along this path was if this wasn’t all, if there was more, especially since the blood-work testing seemed to indicate a continued increase in DNA markers showing change. As Sam kept pushing at me, I owed it to myself to learn more.

Dr. Moore agreed to come to Port of Spain for an initial meeting and introduction. She would be spending an evening in the same hotel I had my first night here. Located on the edge of the harbor, it provided an excellent variety of locations for two people to become introduced. Upon making our introduction in the hotel lobby, I suggested we trek down the boardwalk alongside the harbor. It provided a pleasant surroundings, benches for sitting if we wanted, and a variety of small coffee and refreshment shops scattered along the way in both directions.

She encouraged me to talk, so I did. She wanted to know my history, where I had come from, how I ended up here, how I had become friends with Sam, and how I felt about my body and soul after the discovery of these changes. I had my own questions, but I would play along with her, answering her questions and cooperating in the line of discussion as she led it. I knew we had the time. I had cleared my schedule to spend time with her ... as much time as it took for me to determine if there was anything of value to come from working with her. I was still approaching this with skepticism, but her enthusiastic attitude was having an effect on me. I allowed her to maneuver my sharing for a couple of hours. It occurred to me, though, that her questions and leading were general and my responses were only providing information as she directed. I was not offering anything beyond her questions. She had done her research and some of it surprised me. She knew things about Arizona, the case, the resolution of it, my discovery in the shallow grave. She knew I was working at a resort in the area. She knew about my being lost in the jungle and my being rescued by Sam and our survival. I realized, because she didn’t ask, I wasn’t sharing anything about the animals, not while in Arizona, here, or the jungle. She seemed intent on getting background and reinforcing what she had gathered from research and from Sam.

We had just exited a small café along the walkway. I had an iced coffee and she had an ice tea. I pointed to a bench in front of an open stretch of shore looking out over the ocean to the Northwest. She had been very energized, purposeful, and confident during this time of pulling information from me. She seemed pleased with the image of the person I was and my feelings and conflicts about the discovery of what happened to me and the conflicting feelings of belief and acceptance. All of that confidence evaporated when I turned the tables on her as we took our seats on the bench.

I half turned to her, one knee pulled up on the bench, “Now you. Tell me about you.”

Her eyes got wide, blinked several times, her mouth making slight movements without anything coming out. She stammered. All that self-assured behavior she exhibited while discussing me evaporated and blew away on the gentle ocean breeze.

“You seem so sure you can help me discover the answers to the questions I have. I know Sam might have discussed it with you, but only after you expressed your feelings to him. If you were so sure you had something the others were missing, why didn’t you get put onto the team?” I knew I was being confrontational and perhaps even combative, but I wanted her reaction, her real reaction and not a rehearsed, prepared approach.

She turned away, then got up from the bench and walked to the railing on the other side of the walk. Her shoulders were slumped, the professional confidence all but drained out of her. Before I got up to follow her, the bio I read a half dozen times replayed in my mind. Her young age for her accomplishments, Sam’s comment that she was having a difficult time finding her place, then Sam’s comment about us having things in common.

I walked up alongside her, touching her hand on the railing. “I’m sorry, Dr. Moore. I shouldn’t have been so abrupt.”

She shook her head as she stared out into the distant horizon. “I’m ... I don’t know how ...” She took a deep breath, turned to me with her eyes downcast. “I want you to know that I really do believe we can figure this out. I don’t mean those others, I mean you and me. In fact,” she hesitated as if she was working up to a point of defiance, “it might be the only way.” She turned back to the ocean’s horizon and I waited. “Annie, it’s just that ... I’m no good at ... I mean I just don’t have ...” She stopped ... unwilling to finish the thought to someone?

I leaned my elbows against the railing next to her, looking out to the same horizon, but my eyes were diverted by gulls gliding low over the water surface. I put a hand on hers, again. “Confidence? You just don’t have the confidence?” She nodded without any eye contact. “You know, I read your bio about six times. I marveled that someone so young could accomplish so much.” I chuckled. “Understand, this coming from someone who struggled through community college. Anyway, all those degrees and the way you pulled information out of me, kept me talking, was impressive and fit the degrees and titles. Then, when I challenged you, I saw the other side. It never occurred to me until then. All that time since you were a young girl, fighting the system to get into and complete increasingly advanced and challenging curriculum. You were never a kid, were you? You were always having to prove yourself to people who wouldn’t take you seriously, even with success. People probably treated you like you were something of a freak.” She nodded and turned to me, her eyes filled with tears ready to spill over.

“I never think I am as good or smart as others. I feel like I’ll never be able to prove myself like they have, that they will discover what a fraud I am.”

I looked at her, raised her chin so we were looking eye to eye. “You’re not though. Even if you don’t feel the recognition, you know deep down what your potential is if given the chance. It is why you went out on the limb and said something to Sam.” She nodded. “I’m going to confide in you something Sam said. He said you are the smartest one in the group, you just need a success to prove it to everyone.” She looked at me, blinked, and the tears let go, running down her cheeks. I wiped them away with my fingers. “Sam said something else to me. He said that we have something in common. Not the same thing. I didn’t have a clue what he was talking about until now. In our own ways, we both need to overcome fear and to achieve acceptance, personally and with others. For me it is a fear; it is the fear of the unknown and my biggest need of acceptance is personal, that I accept whoever, whatever, I am.”

She smiled at me and shook her head. "Are you sure you don't have an advanced degree in psychology in your history somewhere?" She chuckled. "You're right, of course. And, mine is a fear of measuring up to my older, more experienced colleagues." Her eyes had a look of vulnerability, uncertainty, the very same feelings I have been wrestling with. Moving forward with this would apparently involve risk for both of us. The risks would be different, but they would none-the-less exist. "Does this mean we go ahead ... together?" I merely nodded and held out my arms. I was a little surprised when she stepped into them. Although the hug she eventually returned to me was tentative and awkward, her embrace did seal our commitment.

Three weeks later, we had talked our way through much of my Brazilian adventure. She was convinced she had the timeline, if not the exact mechanism for causing what happened to me. We communicated by phone, email, and video conference regularly during that time. As I shared more and more details about myself and my activities while in the villages of the Guarani people, Jenna opened up to me as a result. She insisted that documenting, discretely for our use, everything that occurred during that time leading up to my discovery by Sam James could be valuable in determining the timeline. In fact, it turned out just as she had predicted. There were resulting effects from such open sharing of the erotic adventures I experienced in the villages. Jenna, as I was to discover, was a pure virgin in every respect, never having been with a boy, man, or a meaningful date. I was aghast, only because of who I was and all my experiences, that she hadn't even been kissed on the lips. My regaling the details of my time in the villages became an intimate journey of sorts the two of us found ourselves on. I was concerned about offending her when we started, but it soon became clear that my telling of the story was not only of interest to her for the details of her research, but for a far more personal experience of her own.

She told me the Director at Agency wanted an update presentation on what had been accomplished for the time and effort expended. I was wondering when that would become the issue. We were still needing the mechanism causing the change. For some reason, it was eluding us. I knew it was right there, that it should be obvious. Perhaps our distance communication was presenting an obstacle we needed to overcome.

"Jenna, can you come here to meet in three days and set the meeting with your Director for four days?"

"Why those days?"

"You've heard me describe my encounters with animals at the villages. Maybe you should witness it firsthand. There is a new group of guests coming to the island. We have a pageant we give to the guests. It's a kind of depiction of the Guarani people's animal customs ... without mentioning them by name. You can spend the night with me, we can discuss the events after I left the villagers until Sam found me. It is in there somewhere; I know it is."

"I can, but ... you mean all the sex stuff with the animals ..."

"Jenna, you've heard it all. I promise there won't be any sex pushed or encouraged to you. You'll just observe. Nobody will approach you."

"But ... what if ... I mean after watching all that ... seeing everything and we're alone ... what if I might want ..."

"No. Not even if you're tempted to. I don't want that, Jenna. I don't want you to have to wonder about temptation. I am taking that away for you. I want you to be able to trust me completely, Jenna! We've talked about it. I want you to see it, too. I want you to know, really know. It is a part of who I

am. Whatever is happening to me, that is a part of the reason.”

She was quiet for a moment. “I’ll come in three days. Early. We’ll have time to talk and prepare. We can go over what I have prepared. But ... what if I want to be with you, Annie. I mean ... after ... you know ...”

I chuckled. “Then you will go back frustrated.” She laughed. There was a sense of calm and comfort in her response, though.

I met Jenna at the departure door of the airport. The times she came to the Trinidad, she flew commercial. I suspected that Agency was not finding the use of their mysterious jet worthwhile for such a visit. It was my understanding that we would be transported to the Agency facility, wherever that was, in their jet, undoubtedly after being blindfolded, again.

The ride in the speedboat to our island was eventful, for Jenna, anyway. It was fascinating to me how little of life’s experiences she had participated in. She truly had secluded herself in a cocoon of educational and research institutions. For her experience, I asked the driver to open the engines up, sending plumes of water into the air behind the inboard engines propelling us across the surface of the water. She was hanging onto my arm with a death grip but the look on her face was one of intense excitement.

Then, I saw them. Dolphins. I touched the arm of the driver and he throttled back on the engines until we were moving slowly forward. I pointed out into the water and stood, pulling her up with me. I held onto her waist and pointed as five dolphins rose to the surface only to go right back under, repeating it over and over. Then, to my surprise, one broke the surface vertical, turning and falling back to the water on its side. Another duplicated the acrobatic move. Then, they were gone.

Her eyes were shining, “Do they do that often?”

“No! You got a real treat. I had never seen that before in the wild.” She smiled widely and returned to her seat, the smile not fading.

The driver took us directly to our little cove since there were guests on the island. He throttled back on the engines and put them into reverse in time to nearly bring the boat to a stop in the shallow water. At the sound of the boat, the entire team came running down from the cottages. They were all dressed in the standard team uniform, such as it was. Jenna gasped as she saw three nearly naked women and one equally nearly naked man running down to greet us.

“Oh, my ...” She was clearly blushing.

I smiled and squeezed her arm. “I told you there would be a lot of nudity here. That, my dear doctor, is our team’s uniform. I admit, we are little more risqué than most of the staff.”

She took a deep breath and giggled. “You did say this might be an experience for me.”

Adam came out to the boat and pulled it closer to shore, then assisted Jenna, then me, from the bow of the boat onto the sandy beach. The driver handed Adam Jenna’s overnight bag and I made the introductions while we made our way to the cottage Amy and I shared. I had warned the team that Jenna’s experiences had been quite protected, so despite the bare skin showing on all of them, they were otherwise gentle and reserved.

I was going to be required for the pageant presentation that evening, but Jenna and I were able to spend focused time together on the last piece of the puzzle: when and how did the transformation process begin?

We were in the commons room of the cottage, Jenna's laptop on the table with her ever present yellow notepad. I had changed out of shorts and top, dressing then in the uniform of our team: nothing more than the wrap around my waist. I wanted to change to be more comfortable, to expose Jenna to the reality of what life on our island was like, and to tease her some about her comfort with her sexuality. Just because I promised she would not be involved in anything physically sexual on her visit did not mean that she would be immune to the stimulation inherent to the island.

We had covered my recollection of the time from leaving the villagers to waking up to Sam James in his camp. The discussion was difficult, however. Jenna had a difficult time not looking at my breasts and, in particular, the tattoos over my left breast.

"I'm sorry, Annie ... I ... your tattoos ... I didn't see them on any others. I take it they are not from the resort?"

I looked down and moved two fingers over them, a soft smile coming over my face as the memory once again returned to me. Our previous discussion about my time in the villages centered on activity and not the meaning for the people. I went through the entire story, the significance of the tattoos to the people, and included the repeated reference to Celina.

"And the panther tattoo?"

I smiled at her. I had put Wolf and Preta in my bedroom when we arrived. Jenna was having enough to adjust to without the sight of those two. "Yes, well ... I think it's time for you to meet my special friends. Just stay seated." I walked around her to the bedroom door, cracked it, then slowly opened it with my hand open at their head level to indicate that they 'stay'. I then took a step into the commons room, stopped, and snapped my fingers. Both animals walked out and stood alongside me.

Jenna gasped. "My god!" Her eyes moved from the animals to me and back and forth. Slowly, she relaxed her body while seeing the animals remaining quiet. She looked at the top most tattoo above my breast. Her eyes squinted at the Preta, then opened them wide with understanding. "He ... that tattoo is ... him?" I nodded, then told her the story of meeting Preta, nursing him, and then talked about how both animals somehow came to me in the jungle, over how many miles and why were unknown.

Outside, I heard the crunch of tires on the loose gravel of the walk from the trail to the cottage. "Looks like you get to meet the owner." I got up and went to the beach facing door. I hugged Sylvia at the door, put my arm around one of hers and led her into the commons room. "Sylvia, I want you to meet Dr. Moore."

Sylvia released herself from my hold and walked up to Jenna, taking her into her arms. The look on Jenna's face was priceless. Her eyes and mouth were open in surprise. I laughed. "Yes, we are a touchy-feely bunch here. Jenna, this is Sylvia, our benefactor in this little venture."

Jenna awkwardly replied, "Please, call me Jenna. This is quite a place you have here."

Sylvia looked to me and asked if she was attending the pageant later. With my confirmation, she gave Jenna a naughty smile. "Then, tonight you will see just what kind of place this can be." She indicated me, "Especially with this one around." She looked her up and down. "I would suggest shorts and a top. Not everybody is always naked around here like Annie and her group. They keep

the rest of us ... hmmm ... energized." She winked and left.

Jenna and I got back to our discussion. I looked at Jenna intently. "I told you about the plane exploding, right?" She nodded. "Did I tell you about the bubble?"

"Bubble? What are you talking about?"

I relayed the story of my falling, clutching the parachute in my arms, falling backward, looking up at the plane as the last missile disintegrated it. I described the image of a bubble growing around the explosion in the nano-seconds of the explosion. She argued with me. It couldn't have been real, it must have been an optical impression of the explosion and my shock.

"No. I thought that initially, too, but it wasn't. I watched it grow. I didn't know what it might have been caused by, but it was there. I thought it might be the air warped by the explosion, like a shock wave going out from the explosion. I was so intent on it, I almost forgot to pull the ripcord. The bubble kept getting closer and closer. I was waiting for the feeling of a rush of air or intense heat hitting me, but as the bubble reach me, it seemed to pass right through me, not onto me. As it did, I felt the most unusual feeling inside my body as it passed. I felt a tingling, a vibration passing through me. But, the vibration was ... it was ... I remember thinking at the time, it was on ..."

She suddenly stood up so fast that her chair fell backward, rattling on the hardwood floor and causing the two animals to rise just as suddenly. She turned slowly to me, her face radiating in realization. "The vibration you felt inside ... it was at the molecular level! The smallest bits of your being ..."

I stood up and moved to stand directly in front of her. "My cells ..."

"Even smaller ... your DNA!" She grabbed me in a hug, an instantaneous act from her that took me by surprise. She released me and went into a series of twirls, her arms outstretched, her face glowing, her shoulder length hair flying. When she stopped, she grabbed my hands in hers. "Annie, you did it! That's it!" She had a dozen more questions: did I know what minerals were in the backpacks of the two men, etc. "It doesn't matter! That's it. We may not be able to duplicate it, but that's it."

With that, I suggested leaving those thoughts and changing our attention. I suggested a swim in the cove. I was waiting for her on the porch naked. She came out of my bedroom in a one-piece suit. I'm going to have to work on this girl if we're going to be spending much time together ... She stopped in her tracks at seeing me. She looked at me, then out the door at the cove outside. I could see her thinking, considering. I let her do her thinking without my interference.

"You really are comfortable being naked, aren't you?" I nodded. "You said you wouldn't push me into anything sexual ..."

"I'm not. This is me. You have a swimsuit on. It's your choice. Nudity isn't a sexual act, it's just not wearing clothes ... and here it is acceptable." She was still thinking. "Everyone else will be at dinner. That was why Sylvia came by. I often don't eat before the pageant presentation. I eat something after. You'll understand when you see it tonight. If you are curious, Jenna, this will be just us."

She bit her lip. At the same time her hands went to the shoulder straps and pulled them off her shoulder. Her breasts came into view, then she peeled the tight suit over her hips and down her legs. She was beautiful. Her body was slim and tight. Her pubic hair was natural, but sparse.

I put my hand out and she took it. I grabbed the towels off the table and dropped them over the

railing of the porch as we walked to the water.

She was a good, strong swimmer. I could see her loosen and relax with the movements of swimming, the lowering sun on the horizon, the water surface flat, and only light sounds of birds and the distant sounds from the resort buildings. She was floating on her back. I was treading water next to her, admiring her firm breast poking out of the water when I saw it. A dolphin rising smoothly to break the surface. I touched Jenna's arm and she turned to tread next me. I pointed.

"Oh, Annie, this is perfect. Thank you. Do they often come in?"

"Sometimes, but not that often."

"Have they ever come close enough to touch?"

"No, not yet. I keep hoping sometime, though."

"Yeah ... that would be amazing."

That night I had a new villager to bring me out while belly-riding. Like the other participants of the pageant, my team, she was naked and completely covered in body makeup. Watching me being mated by Wolf was too much for her, apparently.

As was my custom, I had Wolf mount me in the cottage before going to the pageant. It provided a good loosening of my pussy and plenty of lubrication inside me. This time, however, I asked Jenna if she would like a close-up demonstration of canine sex. I explained why and what was going to follow. She was agape at the idea of what was going to happen. But, with only a minor hesitation, her head nodded. We were still naked from our swim. I whistled sharply, bringing both Wolf and Preta. Her eyes were already huge, just in anticipation.

I checked the clock and determined how much time I could allow for Wolf. Then proceeded to give Jenna an oversight of what was going to happen. Her eyes grew larger. I offered that this might be a lot to take in at one time. She insisted; this was a part of who I was, an important part of who I was. She felt committed to knowing all of me if we were going to functionally be effective in understanding and anticipating future effects on me. I gave her credit. Despite her weak look and nervous eyes flitting from me to the dog, me to the dog's sheath, and me to the cock tip poking out, she remained where she was, intent and observant.

My face was buried in Wolf's lower belly, my lips, tongue, and mouth working his cock tip and cock. When I pulled my face away, "My ... God!" The next thing I realized, she was crouching down next to me, her eyes focused on the reddish, exposed cock of the dog. "That is so ... different. The shape ... the color ..." I was looking at her as she turned her eyes to me. "You like it, I can tell. It's not just a taboo experience that elicits the thrill."

I smiled at her as I moved to my hands and knees. "It might have started that way at one time of being just taboo ... but definitely not any longer." I winked at her. "But, you've seen nothing, yet."

I turned so from where she was crouched, I was directly in front of her. She was intent on me and what I was doing next. She was unaware of her posture. From where I was, I had a lovely view of her exposed pussy compressed between her thighs. That was a nice view to have as Wolf jumped onto my back and immediately began humping, hitting my hand and smoothly sliding into my waiting pussy. I gasped at the penetration, a smile taking over my face. The pleasure of having a lover's cock

sliding deep inside me.

I stole a glance to her and found her still intently watching, her gaze moving from my swinging breasts to Wolf's humping hips impacting my own. I caught her eyes and she gave me a shy smile. Between gasps, "Ohhhhh ... oooooooo ... there it is. Mmmmmm ... if you ... want to ... see more ... go to the back and gently lift his ... his tail and ... look underneath."

I felt a hesitation and flinch from Wolf and knew she had taken me up on my suggestion. I smiled to myself. This woman might have kept herself protected from the outside world's temptations and experiences, but it wasn't a repulsion; a lack of confidence and, perhaps, trust kept her hidden behind the wall of protection and security that her books provided.

"OH GOD! There's a ball formed at the end of his ... his penis! Is that ... you know that! That's what you felt. That's what you wanted me to see. And ... that's going inside you ... damn! ... this is ... so wicked ... so ... so amazing!" I smiled. A smile was all I could really muster at that point because that 'ball' was pressing hard, stretching my opening. And this whole experience turned from showing her something while getting ready for the pageant and became a desire to show her just how wonderful bestiality could really be. I had an innocent here, in my hands, and she was hungry not to be any longer. I had to remember, though ... not this time. I promised her.

Wolf and I were knotted, tied together and he turned on me. This too was a marvel for this poor girl. "How can he do that?!? How can he turn around like that while still inside you?" The dog being inside me was no longer the marvel, now it was all the details that came with it. Each new detail was a new marvel in turn. Now I had a new question about the future. Not just the question of what was happening to me and how that would affect my life going forward; now I also wondered if it was possible for the two of us to have a relationship, to share with her the wonders of bestiality, to share the comfort and gentleness of being with another woman, to share with her the discovery of being with a man. I wondered that because she was a part of an organization that was secret from the world ... and I didn't share that part with her.

On her own initiative, she raised Wolf's tail while stroking his head and neck, applying a calming touch to the animal who just finished giving me his seed, seed that she could see oozing from our joined mating. When Wolf pulled harder, stretching my pussy out from my body, she gasped, but stayed in position watching. When she saw more of the knot showing from my pussy, she muttered, "It's coming ... it's coming out ..."

I moaned, "Yeah ... I ... I had the ... same sense ..."

She giggled, "Yeah, sorry." I dropped my head to the floor and released a strangled chuckle as the knot finally came out, releasing a stream of dog cum with it. She gasped. Again.

We were standing behind the privacy barrier getting ready for the pageant, the guests assembling at the tables setup in the standard large circle, the center of which was empty, but wouldn't be for long. Sylvia walked through, assuring herself that everything was getting ready in proper order before she made her entrance into the circle to address the guests. I waved her over.

"Anything wrong, Annie?"

"No. But, there might be a change in the routine tonight." I looked at Jenna and they both looked at me questioningly. "Jenna, the routine is that Sylvia acts as emcee, giving the monologue of the skit we present, making the introductions of each of us coming out with our animal, then when the

others are out in the center, she has to rush back her to have makeup put on and lead me out.”

“While you’re under the horse ... I can’t wait to see that.”

“I’m wonder ... if you could assist tonight?” She looked around at the others as staff members applied the dark brown body makeup onto the other team members. She slowly turned to me.

“You mean, be naked in front of all those people, with body makeup covering me?”

I raised my eyebrows, furrowing my forehead, “Yeah. Remember what it felt like earlier? Besides, everyone will be paying all their attention on me or one of the others being mated. Nobody knows you ...” I could see her thinking about it, looking at the others being prepared, and I knew she would do it. She nodded her response. Sylvia gave her a hug and ran off.

I motioned to some of the staff, two women, and told Jenna to strip. All she bothered to put on was shorts and a pullover top, no underwear. She was naked in front of the team and staff almost before what she had agreed to was able to fully sink in. I caught the team looking our way, smiles on their faces. They had personal experience with how quickly I could get someone comfortable about nudity and sexual playing. I smiled back at them and winked. I ran the mantra through my head several times, though ... no sex, no sex, no sex ...

I was on the bench we used to get me into position. The harness was between me and the bench surface. The straps were loosely fastened and I nodded for them to work the horse’s cock into me, just the flared end. At that moment, I saw dark brown legs next to me. I looked out and up to find Jenna. Her eyes were wide in wonder and skepticism. I knew she didn’t believe that big cock could get into me or any other woman. Everyone thinks that until they see it happen.

I pointed down my body, “Go ahead, help them if you want.” Her mouth dropped open without anything coming out. Her eyes were big, but she did it, as if merely following my instructions, moving by my remote control. I felt a new hand on my ass cheek. My legs were sticking up alongside the horse, loosely fastened in the harness. The few inches of loose room between me and the horse afforded only slight viewing during this preparation. Looking to the side I found Jenna kneeling next to my hips, her hand on me. Her eyes went wide and I strained to see down my body and gasped as I not only felt the mushroom end being folded and forced into my stretching pussy, but also seeing Jenna’s hand actively assisting. I hoped she wouldn’t think I broke my promise to her by encouraging her to touch this cock. She turned her head and made eye contact with me. She mouthed WOW and blew me a kiss.

When it came time, Jenna walked me out through the tables proudly, walking with her back straight and her stride even and confident. She touched my hand as I held onto the straps and smiled down to me. I smiled back at her, but my smile was mixed with my mounting orgasm as the horse took each of its steps. It must have been having Jenna with me, guiding the horse around the inside of the circle that made the difference this time. Before we made it around the circle, before Dor was ready to jump onto the horse, I came. My body shook underneath the horse and I wailed out my orgasm taking the team by surprise more than anyone else. Nobody else knew what to expect but the team knew from past experience.

By the time Dor took her position on top of the horse and we concluded that part of the pageant with the horse standing on its two rear legs, once again orgasming violently, I was a weak, wilted, body needing more support than usual at the end. But, it wasn’t the end. Not with Preta out there waiting for his signal.

I took a few extra minutes than normal to get myself together. The guests all standing in their

applause of our show. This was the part that always worked to perfection, adding surprise and stunning significance as they came to realize what mating with Preta must be like. But, tonight it came off better than ever before. Jenna didn't know what was planned. She innocently stood alongside me, her arm around my body for support as the applause continued.

She turned to me and I turned my head to her and she stunned me. She brought her hand up to my face and kissed me full on the lips. I mouthed 'thank you' and whistled. She looked at me puzzled. The next moment we heard a scream to the side, directly in line with her view beyond me. I knew she saw Preta, a black, large panther, flying through the air between two of the tables. Even though she had spent much of the afternoon with him in the cottage, the sudden appearance of him flying towards us caused her shrink back, pulling me in front of her. It was the perfect reaction to allow the guest to hold onto the idea that it was more than an act, despite having seen me with him and Wolf upon their arrival.

Jenna also provided a convenient reason for me to stumble, our feet becoming entangled and both of us falling to the ground. I made sure Jenna had scrambled out of the way, seeing Tami and Amy pulling her to her feet before I turned my attention to Preta, scooting myself backward on my butt. I was looking left and right, appearing nervous and desperate, but allowing him to get ever closer. In a sudden move intended to appear like desperation, I turned onto my hands and knees to crawl away. Preta, however, knew what to do with me in that position and he was on my back in an instant.

At that moment, Sylvia directed the guests' attention to the final picture in the folder, drawing attention to the barbed cock that was at that moment abruptly penetrating my gaping and overly saturated pussy.

I was to find out later, sitting with the team for our customary wine after the presentation, that when she realized what had happened, Jenna slapped Amy's arm which she had put around her for 'protection'. Jenna turned away from the guests, however, and laughed at herself as the other joined in.

Jenna was sharing my bed for the one evening. It seemed innocent enough when I first suggested it. Now that it was time for going to bed so we had some rest before traveling to Agency's secret facility in the morning, I wondered just how innocent it was going to feel. I tried to ignore that feeling, though, returning to my mantra ... no sex, no sex, no sex. I didn't think anything about it when I climbed into bed naked after showering ... mating with three beasts can make a mess of a girl ...

Jenna came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her. She stopped and looked at me. I was resting with my upper back against the headboard, reading from my Kindle. I glanced at her, sensing her watching me. I turned quickly back to her, "Sorry, Jenna, I ... I always sleep naked. I didn't think ... would you prefer I put on a tee-shirt or something?"

She continued looking at me, a wry smile taking hold of her mouth. She didn't verbally respond, but dropped the towel and crawled under the top sheet. I turned off the Kindle and turned out the light. It seemed incredibly awkward lying quietly in the dark. I could feel her next to me and I knew she felt the same, but neither of us moved or said anything. I couldn't take it anymore. I rolled to my side, my right arm sliding over her body, the sheet separating our touch.

"Jenna ... is it okay? I feel a need, a desire, to cuddle. I promise ... nothing more."

She turned to me, slipping her hand under the sheet, and sliding it over my bare side. "And, what if I want more? This evening was incredible, Annie. I think I am ready to discover more of what life can

offer ...”

I moved my hand to her cheek, leaned forward and kissed her lips. I looked into her eyes in the near dark, my improved vision giving me the advantage. I kissed her, again. My hand moved down her shoulder and upper arm to her side and stopped at her hip, all under the sheet, feeling her soft, bare skin fresh from the shower. I was sooooo tempted. I wanted this. I wanted her. I wanted to show her exactly what thrills awaited her, not just from mating with man or animal, but what a woman could give her. I wanted it so much.

But ... I promised her. No sex. Even if it disappointed her ... and me ... no sex. Not this day or night. I promised.

I kissed her lips softly, again. “No, not this time. Jenna, if it is meant to be, there will be another time. I want you to want it, want me, without these outside stimulations.” She put her face into my shoulder. “I do want to cuddle, though.”

She turned to put her back to me and for a moment, I was afraid. Then ... she wiggled back into me, pressing her bare back into my bare front, squeezing my breasts into her. She took my right hand and pulled it over her side and hugged it to her. I pressed my hips into her and she responded by pressing her ass into me. She hugged my hand t hard. She moved it to her right breast and instinctively I squeezed and fondled. I caught myself and she held my hand in place, not allowing it to be removed. I hugged her back and held her tightly to me. My breathing became ragged, but not as much as hers. Soon, I was shocked ...

“Oh ... dear Annie ... Ohhhhh ... mmmmmmm ...” She shuddered in my arms and buried her face into the pillow but never relinquished her hold on my arm around her. “OH GOD! YES Mmmmmmmmm, yesssss.”

She confessed to me the next morning. That was her first orgasm.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR: THE DIRECTOR**

“You called this meeting, Dr. Samuelson. What seems to be the problem?”

The Director of Agency sat behind his desk, a wide surface of smooth, polished wood mostly devoid of anything on it, but a closed laptop connected to a monitor that was blank, and a desk phone. Everything else that had been spread across the desk had been piled into folders and placed in a drawer for the meeting now occurring in his office inside Agency’s Latin American facility.

Agency currently had three similar facilities; the other two in a location in the Austrian Alps and the other in an equally remote location near the west slopes of the Tetons, barely inside the Wyoming borders. This facility was equally remote and inconspicuous. Located on the east coast of Panama near the Columbian border in the San Blas region of the country largely controlled by the indigenous people with minimal interference from the Panamanian government. The facility is approached over sea through a 25 mile section of coast that is free of prime vacation islands. Like the other facilities, this was essentially an underground facility with underground hangar, living, research, and operations centers. From the air it is virtually unrecognizable.

The Director looked across his nearly bare desktop at the other two participants for this meeting. Dr. Samuelson was head of the Science Group for the facility. That group was responsible for scientific support of operational missions, and monitoring potential threats of biological and environmental

origins. He had his Doctorate, a specialist who was well respected, very smart in the science-kind of way, and like to let others know that he knew it. The Director was not a science-kind of guy, but Agency had its reasons for wanting science located strategically at each facility while additionally supported at the main facility in the USA. Having to have science as part of his group didn't mean he particularly liked the man and constantly fought with himself about those feelings. He often wondered if it was that he generally didn't understand the man's information or if the man intentionally relayed the information that made him feel stupid. Either way, it didn't lend itself to a positive relationship.

The other participant was Sam James. Sam James was operations. Operations means missions. The Director and Sam James rose in Agency together. If he hadn't decided to lose himself in the jungle of Brazil, Sam might today be the Director of this section of Agency. It was partially the disappearance of Sam and the rumors that he was escaping the anarchy that had become the South American Section under the former Director that facilitated the shakeup of the entire section. Director's real name was Michael Fontane, but he was never referred to by that name after assuming the duties of Director. The one exception, perhaps, was Sam James.

Director waited for Dr. Samuelson, but he found it difficult to patiently tolerate the man's idiosyncrasies. The doctor kept looking at Sam James nervously. "I wanted a meeting with you to discuss an issue privately. Can I ask why he is here?"

Director sighed. "Because I wanted him here. And, because you want to protest the continued spending of time and Agency energy on the Linder Project. I have given Sam my support until I decide the project no longer may provide some results."

"But, I have told you the data is flawed, there is nothing to pursue." The doctor was showing signs of both increased nervousness and anxiety as he pleaded his case. Both Sam and Director, however, with their years of working field assignments were well trained and experienced in identifying when someone was being less than forthcoming. Dr. Samuelson was being less than forthcoming.

"We have all read your report. You had nearly three days with the woman here at the facility to do your testing and interviews. I believe Dr. Moore is bringing the woman here to assist in giving her presentation on HER findings. She has done the majority of her research and study by way of phone, email, and video conferencing. She had part of yesterday for face-to-face time." The Director looked at Sam James and smiled. "I understand that presentation will be in only ..." he checked his watch, "... an hour and 20 minutes from now." Sam nodded. "Now, Doctor, I am sure you always intended to provide your colleague with the equal opportunity to present her findings. I, for one, am anxious to hear what she was able to accomplish under these limitations." He considered his next words carefully, but decided they needed to be said. "I realize you were against recruiting her. But, frankly speaking, I have always felt she might be a valuable asset. Unorthodox, perhaps, but someone not afraid to consider parameters outside the box, if you will."

Dr. Samuelson stood up abruptly, thanked them both for their time without putting feeling behind it, and left the office. Sam slid down in the chair to a full slouch now that he and Michael were alone. His elbows on the arm rests, he steepled his fingers to his lips. "That man is intimidated by her, you know that. He's afraid she might be smarter than he is. That's his insecurity and vulnerability. That should have been caught in his psych evaluation before get leadership of the group."

Michael just stared at his old friend. It was difficult managing a friend, but they had found a comfortable rapport that seemed to work for them; formal in front of others and no-hands-barred in private. He appreciated that from Sam. Hell, he needed that from him. Because, when it was all said and he made his decision, he knew without question that Sam would be behind him regardless.

"It did." He saw the look of surprise on Sam's face as his hands fell to the side. "I know, I know ... but, he is a good scientist and I needed someone to run the group and ... hell, we weren't really using them much, yet. Command ramped up the new organization so fast and threw so much money at all the locations that we didn't know what to do with it all. I think we still have equipment in that lab that hasn't been used, yet. Like you would have done a better job with it ..."

They shared looks and both started laughing. Sam was under no delusions. Michael would do a much better job of running the location than he ever could. It was just nice to tease him.

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"Thank you for the opportunity to present my findings on the Linder Project, sir."

We were sitting around a large conference table in a glass walled room with louvered blinds that were left open. The table could easily accommodate more than a dozen people, but there only seven currently present. Sam James, Director, Dr. Samuelson and two of his assistants, Jenna, and me. Jenna was standing at one end of the table where the computer presentation could be seen on a large screen embedded in the wall. I was sitting in front of the computer. We had worked out how I would move the presentation along as she directed attention to specifics. Sam James was sitting next to me near where Jenna stood. The other scientists were across the table and halfway down. The Director was at the opposite end.

"Don't thank me, Dr. Moore. Sam James is championing your case. I understand he was the one who authorized you to look further into this project."

Project? The Linder Project? This was the first time I heard that I was a full-fledged project of Agency. I knew it had been Samuelson's, now I see that Sam had taken it away and given it to Jenna. I looked up at her. She looked nervous. She was looking at me at the same time. I smiled and nodded to her. She smiled back and took a deep breath.

She began the presentation with a very quick review of the summary prepared by Dr. Samuelson after my last visit to this facility, finishing with the written conclusion that the investigation be terminated because the premise of 'cross-species DNA' was faulty; the only conclusion possible after finding no evidence of cause or effect.

Samuelson blurted, "As I tried to say earlier, the investigation is pointless. Are we done here, now?"

Jenna stiffened her back and directed her response solely to him. "No, we are not done." She looked at the Director and I followed her gaze. He tried covering his reaction, but his eyes showed the smile he covered on his mouth. She started going through the timeline of blood tests showing the DNA marker abnormalities.

"I'm aware of those tests, Dr. Moore. Sam James reviewed those with me to authorized the testing program by Dr. Samuelson. What do you have as new information?"

She smiled at him. She was not the intimidated young woman I met earlier and even as recently as her arrival at the island. She signaled me and I moved ahead with the slides until she stopped me.

"These blood test, sir. Yes, they look nearly the same, don't they? If we overlay them, they are identical. If we overlay them with the most recent previous sample, you can see that there is more change evident." Samuelson started to say something but Sam held his hand up to stop him. The Director was just watching this play out, waiting for the shoe to drop. "These are not my tests that could be accused of being flawed by a desire to further the investigation. These are tests performed



by Dr. Samuelson and his assistants during the previous time.” She held up her hand, this time, when the protest started coming from Samuelson. “I got these results from your assistants. You contrived false results to support your conclusion to end the study. Why?” A junior scientist was directly challenging her superior. The room went quiet, including the Director, as we all waited as Samuelson sputtered.

With nothing but sputtering coming, the Director led the inquisition. “Is this true? You purposely falsified the report to fit the conclusion you wanted?” Director pushed three buttons on his cell phone. Within a minute there were two armed security guards standing at the opening door. The next thing I saw was Director speaking to the guards and Samuelson being led away from the conference room. When the Director returned to the room, he directed his question to the two assistants, Dr. Mary Adams who specialized in Mechanical Engineering and materials and computer sciences, and Dr. Steve Higgins who specialized in Biology and Genetic Engineering.

“Tell me what has been going on, the short version.”

Mary leaned forward, “Short version, sir, is that Dr. Samuelson couldn’t determine a plausible way for the other DNA to enter her body or a catalyst for fusing them.”

Steve added as if Mary herself was continuing, “Without those things, he surmised that the premise itself had to be flawed.”

Director turned his attention back to Jenna. “And you figured all that out?”

“Well ... not alone, certainly. Once they verified that the blood work this did for Samuelson, I mean Dr. Samuelson, was accurate, it gave me the confidence to pursue my intuition.”

He laughed so loudly it took Jenna and me by surprise. “Intuition? I thought you’re a scientist.”

She smiled, first at me, then at Mary and Steve. “Sometimes, sir, you need to go on faith to have the determination to push forward. I trusted the science behind the blood work. That told me there was something to pursue. Then, there were several notations in the debriefing of Sam James, here, after his return from the jungle. He spoke of her miraculous healing and her unnatural physical abilities. After that, it was a matter of piecing a few more things together to ask the right questions to get the information tied up in a package.”

With that, she went into a summary explanation of points leading to conclusion of how this happened to me. Divulging my kinky lifestyle as the means of having the canine and feline DNA inside me created a stunned reaction around the table, except from Sam who, while in the jungle, had witnessed similar matings. The other three watched me with renewed curiosity for several more minutes. The factor of the plane explosion and the unusual sensations I experienced stopped the other two scientists resulting in smiles of recognition ... and acceptance of the theory. It was Mary who verbalized the acceptance that some new or rare mineral, potentially combined with other elements naturally surrounding the mineral, being transported by those two men, reacted with the intense heat and explosive force. Jenna then concluded her remarks with some preliminary findings: hearing, smell, and vision all appear to be far superior to normal human levels and possibly approaching canine and feline levels.

“Obviously, sir, there is more testing and evaluation required to fully understand and then assist her in harnessing all this.”

It was quiet and we all waited for some response from the Director. He sat at the end of the table, staring at the surface in thought, then looked up. He directed his attention to the two assistants of

Dr. Samuelson. "You know how much I value chain-of-command and following direction as given." They looked nervous and Jenna started to interrupt, but Sam put his hand on hers, stopping her. "There are times, and this was one, when the right thing might be different than the thing being directed. You did the right thing here. Next time, though, seek guidance from another staff level person, for your own protection." He smiled at them and they relaxed considerably. He thanked them and they left the room, quite excited by the turn of events.

He looked at his watch, then at Jenna. "Excellent work, Doctor. I knew your ... unique resume would come in handy." He turned to Sam, then back to her and took me in at the same time. "I need to meet with Sam for a while and go over some ideas. I would like you two ladies to join us for dinner in the club upstairs ... say 7:00 PM? I assume there are some more things you and Miss Linder can occupy yourselves with until then. Will semi-formal work for you?" She agreed and we left.

She took my hand and nearly pulled me behind her to the stairwell and up one level. She banged through the double doors into the lab, startling both Steve, Mary, and the other technicians. She let go of my hand and hugged the two of them at once.

"Thank you! You can't know how much I appreciate what you have already done for me. I owe you."

Then, it started and I stood back and watched it unfold.

Mary: "Then, you are really going to love this."

Steve: "We went back and looked at other data we ran for Samuelson." I noticed they had dropped the doctor title.

Mary: "This is fascinating."

Steve: "Amazing, really ..."

Mary: "We think ... wow!"

Steve: "Wow, indeed! This could be stunning."

Jenna held up her hands. "Hold those thoughts. We're exhausted and we have to meet with the Director, again. Can we go over this first thing in the morning?"

Steve: "Oh ... sure ..."

Mary: "Sure, yeah ... first thing in the morning."

Then, they both turned to me. Steve: "Annie ..."

Mary: "Is it okay if we call you, Annie?" I nodded.

Steve: "Annie, thank you for ..."

Mary: "... being so open."

We left them scouring over their data and notes. At the elevator, I turned to Jenna, my mouth agape. "Are they always like that? They finish each other's sentences. They're like two people joined in cognitive thought." She smiled and nodded. I asked, "Are they ... I mean, are they a couple?"

She laughed. "If you were to ask them, they would roll their eyes and laugh at the suggestion. The

truth is, they're the only ones who don't know it."

Inside the elevator, I turned to her, "Where are we going now?"

"My quarters." Nothing more than that. I figured she had something more to talk about before we needed to get ready for dinner, still several hours away.

I saw that most doors, elevators, and some hallways required the scanning of badges to allow access. The door to her quarters was no different. Inside, I was stunned by her action after the door closed and, of course, locked. She grabbed my arm as I started walking further into the room and spun me around into her arms. She hugged me tightly to her with one arm, using the hand of the other to bring my head to hers and a kiss on the lips. This was not a tentative kiss of times before, but a kiss with passion and intent behind it.

When our lips parted, I looked into her eyes, down to those lips that had just been on mine, my tongue gliding unconsciously over them, remembering the feel and taste of her. She wasn't backing away, our bodies still in contact, only our heads with enough room between us to assess our reactions. My reaction was physical and mental, and those reactions were opposing each other. My body wanted her, wanted more of what she had just indicated and what I had envisioned while together only the day before. My mind, though, was in turmoil. Yes, she had experienced feelings earlier, feelings that she expressed a desire to pursue. I still wondered if it was still too fast for her.

But, I didn't want to offend her, either. So, I decided on the middle road.

"What is it you want, Jenna?"

"You."

"Are you sure? Is this moving too fast? I would hate myself afterward if you regretted it ..."

She smiled at me. Her fingers came up and traced over my cheek to my lips, moving across the top, then bottom lip. I kissed her finger as I watched her eyes intently.

"Yesterday and last night you said 'no'. You promised me that there would be no sexual play. You said you wanted me to be able to trust you. Even if I was frustrated, you said 'no'. I know, you wanted the moment to come when I, we, weren't riding a high of sexual energy and temptation from outside. I have had a day of serious and intense diversion from the events of last night. But, I stand here now fully aware of what I am doing, asking, wanting. I want this. I am asking you to guide me through this the first time."

What more could I do but smile. And feel honored and trusted.

I took her face between my hands and kissed her. Deliberately. Passionately. Intensely.

When we came up for air, her eyes were wide, but both her eyes and mouth quickly formed into brilliant smiles. I didn't ask, again. She decided. She didn't need to be questioned more about it.

Jenna had been wearing the same type of outfit that was almost a uniform for her. A plain, shapeless, skirt that hung from her hips to her knees. A white blouse buttoned to the throat. Her shoes were low flats. As I unbuttoned her blouse, I made a mental note to take this poor girl shopping. Underneath, I found a plain, white bra. Take her on some SERIOUS shopping. She was much too pretty to be hidden this completely.

She reached out, her arms high enough to not interfere with my efforts at unbuttoning and removing her blouse. She pulled my face to hers for another kiss. With her blouse open and the two of us pulled together, I took the opportunity to unclip her bra at the back, now hanging limply beneath her open blouse.

She broke the kiss and looked at me, maybe a look with shyness at the edges. She looked down at her front, her open front. When she looked up at me, "You can't be a lesbian ... I mean ... not that it would be a bad thing ... but ... I mean ... you are with men, too, right?"

I chuckled, my hands going inside her open blouse, moving her loose bra up and off her firm breasts. I looked down at them as I replied, "Yes, I like men, too. I never really think much about terms, cataloging, labels. I prefer to just find out what I enjoy. My philosophy is if it doesn't hurt someone else, it's okay." I gave her a peck. "And, after last night you know just how much I like a variety of males ... a multi-species lover."

I slid her blouse off her shoulders, followed by her bra. I bent over and kissed her nipples, already firm buds showing the desire and arousal inside her.

I stepped back and began stripping out of my slacks and pull-over shirt, then my underwear, as she completed her undressing. She stood in front of me, her hands moving in front of her, then to her sides, then self-consciously back in front of her. "Annie, would you show me how to love a woman?"

I smiled. "I will try to show you how to love a partner. It doesn't really matter whether it is man, woman, or dog." Her eyes got big at the mention of 'dog'. I chuckled. "I think it is simple. You focus on bringing your partner pleasure. Focus only on your partner, not your pleasure. Your pleasure will come with your partner's, if your partner is worth the effort. Focus on your partner. If you do that, regardless of your technique, your partner will be pleased and appreciative. And, your technique will evolve, improve as you do it. Watch your partner, listen to you partner. See and hear what gives pleasure."

I walked up to her, pressing my body into hers, my hands sliding over her back and ass. She duplicated my movements, giving me kisses to my lips, eyes, neck, and shoulders. I sighed contentedly.

She murmured into my neck, "Like listening for that?" She pulled up and smiled at me. I nodded.

I took her hand and led her to her bed behind a half wall dividing the room into separate sections. "But, this time, you feel. I want you to feel."

I led her to the bed and assisted her into the center. I moved alongside her body, our skin coming into contact more and more as I lowered my upper body onto her, our breasts coming into contact as our lips touched, our mouths opening on contact. I sucked in her lower lip and she duplicated my action, takes my upper lip. I rotated my mouth on hers, our mouths opening further. My tongue explores her lip, the outside of her lower teeth, and touching her tongue, as she reciprocated with her tongue coming out to meet me.

Unsurprisingly, she proved to be an eager student. She sensed her reaction to the things I did to her and reciprocated back to me. I rewarded her efforts with moans, nearly as many as I was able to pull from her.

I lifted my face from hers, I kissed her lips, then her nose and she giggled. I smiled. "Good. It is important to keep this fun. Relax, enjoy, and make it a fun experience for both you and your partner."

I kissed her chin, her neck, between her collar bones and down her breast bone and between her breasts. I work my lips back up to her left breast, kissing and licking around the outside and back between them, around her right breast in the same way. Only then did I work my way up her mound to take her nipple between my lips, first gently kissing it before pulling it into my mouth with the pressure of my lips. The nipple extended out from her breast before falling back from my mouth with a slurping sound. I returned to the same nipple, this time taking it between my teeth. Pulled on it now, it extended much further, requiring a firmer biting with my front teeth. She gasped and moaned as I kept tension on her nipple. Her back arched, partially from a sense of the sharp pain of my teeth on her nub, but more from the intense pleasure that now radiated from her nipple into her breast and out into her body.

I raised my eyes to her, her face contorted in pleasure, new pleasure she is experiencing, pleasure her mind is recording, remembering, logging into that database of a brain of hers for use in another opportunity. I released the nipple and her breast bounced slightly at it regained shape. She gasped out, again.

I sucked in the same nipple, circling it with my tongue, soothing the erect nipple from any memory of pain. My tongue led me to her other breast. I feel her suck in a lung full of air in anticipation of a repeat performance. And, I don't disappoint her. Her hands find the back of my head this time, not pushing me away, not pulling me into her to avoid the pull, but being in contact with me, stroking my hair as she cries out.

I release the nipple and reward it, too, with sucking and licking. Then, my mouth moves down from her breasts, over her ribcage, onto her stomach, down over her abdomen, to her mound. Her mound is cover with sparse pubic hair matching the light brown of the hair on her head. Her breath sucks into her lungs again as my mouth continues down from her mound, slowing as I approach her pussy.

I spread her knees more and kiss the upper part of her lips. "Breath, Jenna."

She exhales with her gasp as I kiss further down on her lips. My tongue comes out and explores her pussy. She is wet ... very wet. Her lips part easily with slight pressure from my tongue. I am just inside as her hips rise up. I sense her time is close, her need strong. I slip my hands between her legs, my fingers spreading her lips, my tongue driving into her hole. One thumb slide over her pussy, searching for her clit. At the touch to her clit, her heels press down into the bed, her hips rising sharply. I press down hard with my thumb, my tongue as deep as it will go inside her.

She orgasms. And, cries out her release.

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CHAPTER FIVE: ACCEPT & EMBRACE

The Club Dining Room was equipped with about a dozen and a half tables that sat four people each. They could be moved together for larger groups. The Club served as a more formal dining environment compared to the cafeteria, which was assessable nearly anytime of the day or night. There were always people on duty at the facility.

Jenna's pass card got us to the level with of the Club. Jenna was nervous as we stepped out of the elevator and approached the door where her pass card was again required. I stepped inside, waiting for her, but scanning the room for Sam and Director. Sam and I made eye contact almost immediately, then the Director followed Sam's eyes and made recognition himself. When I felt Jenna step next to me, I saw a change in both men's faces. Their faces changed from recognition of me, to losing that recognition and registering a level of confusion, to realization and surprise, and, finally,

to delight.

After we made love and enjoyed the afterglow for a while with soft kissing and stroking of each other, she and I shared the shower, another first for her, especially since the showering part didn't occupy the most our time under the water spray. I found a black skirt in her closet that came to just above her knees. I then added a white, sleeveless blouse.

Then we hustled down to the guest quarters for me to dress. In my guest quarters, though, I gave her hair a touch of styling, added highlight to her eyes with shadow and liner, then a muted red shade of lipstick. Before we left, I unbuttoned her blouse to the level of her breasts. She objected, but I insisted. The look on the men's faces was her reward for listening to me.

As we walked side by side toward the men, she leaned into me, our shoulders touching. "I need to talk to you about how to do this ..." Even a brainiac can like being noticed.

The men stood and greeted us awkwardly. The three of them had professional relationships, but it didn't mean they didn't notice, and appreciate, the change they found in Jenna.

The Director kept the conversation light throughout wine and dinner. After the dishes were cleared away and drinks were ordered, the conversations shifted.

He started off with a long praising of Jenna for the work she did and her handling of the obstructionism she encountered. He asked, and received, permission to use her first name. He asked more detailed questions about points of her findings and her suppositions. He turned to Sam and did the same thing. At first, I was confused about his intention when he moved his questions to Sam. He seemed to be focusing on details about our time in the jungle that had little or nothing to do with the findings Jenna had uncovered. Then, I saw where he was headed. He had probed Jenna about new 'enhancements' she had identified in me. They were preliminary and not yet quantified, except that they existed to some level (hearing, night vision, smell, reflexes, etc.). By quizzing Sam, he was verifying the debriefing information that seemed extraordinary and exaggerated at the time. Comparing that verified information with what Jenna was providing was validating the expectations that we were all sharing.

He paused, took his whiskey glass and swirled the contents, seemingly studying the liquid rotating in the glass but was actually deep within himself. When he looked up, his eyes fixed on me, then moved to Jenna, Sam, and back to me.

"I have a proposition for you. No pressure, no obligation. I would like you to consider it, however." He looked at Sam and I saw him give a small, almost unnoticeable, nod of his head. "Sam's report and insistence following his encounter with you and your joint escape from the jungle could be enough to lead me in this direction, but it would have been on a much higher level of faith in intuition. Jenna has taken much of that away and substituted documented evidence in support. I am a believer that what is happening needs to be understood. Jenna's belief is that these changes are gifts, not curses or things to be feared. That might be simply optimistic without understanding and working with it." He stopped and looked at me head-on. "My proposition: I will give you our full resources and support in the on-going study, investigation, understanding of this cross-species DNA phenomenon. If she is willing, I would put Dr. Moore in charge of this effort with the resources we can spare from our normal mission efforts. On this project, Dr. Moore will report to Sam, only." He looked at Jenna and her head was bobbing up and down, her eyes bright and a smile almost too big for her face. She turned to me and nodded. "I have already spoken to Sam about this and he is also in agreement. "I will leave the details up to you three."

I looked around the table, ending back at Director. "What's the catch, though. An organization like this doesn't give away resources and effort without some payback, does it?"

He chuckled. "I know Sam told you some things about himself and us during a time when he might have thought neither of you would see civilization again. I also know that he told you that Agency has changed since he went missing. I want you to hear it from me, too. This is a different organization than the one Sam and I knew back then. It is that change in scope and focus that has caused the change and rapid growth of Agency. There is no mistaking that one of our purposes is still to be a lethal tool to the supporting countries we serve. The use of that tool now has far better oversight and control to avoid manipulation. We now have many purposes beyond lethal where our special talents and resources can be beneficial. At this point, I am gambling that you might find a way to assist us at some point when you understand and accept your gifts."

"So, you are recruiting me as a condition to get this help."

Sam jumped in. "No, we aren't. You told me you don't want to have to kill anyone. I accept that. Not everyone can be an agent. That is not a bad thing, even to us. For one thing, you offer an opportunity for us, Jenna in particular, to learn some very valuable insights into something nobody thought was possible. We're willing to gamble that at the other side of this, there might be some opportunities for us to work together. That's all. No conditions. Just for you to keep an open mind as we go forward."

"You mean like as a contractor?"

Director leaned forward, his elbows on the table. "Let's not try to put labels on the relationship. That just leads to misinterpretation. I am going way out on the limb here, Annie."

I looked around the table. Jenna was nervous. I had the sense that this discussion felt to her to be way beyond her paygrade. Sam nodded at me and mouthed 'trust me'. Director was intently watching me. I looked down at my hands, then back up at him.

"It seems doors keep opening to me that entice me to leave a life I was perfectly content living." I looked around the table, again. This time, they all had smiles as they understood my acceptance. "Okay. How do we do this?"

Director nodded to Sam. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a small packet. He slid it over to me. When I put my hand on it to pull it to me, he placed his hand over mine.

"Take this step and it becomes serious, Annie. This part of your life can't be known to anyone."

I nodded my understanding and pulled the packet to me. I opened the top and dumped the contents, which were two pieces. The first that caught my eyes was a security card like the one that everyone used to enter doors, elevators, etc. It contained my picture, my identity information, and a scan strip (I assumed that contained a lot more information about me). The other was a hard identity case, which contained the location of this facility and identification of me. Sam explained that the security card was good only for this facility. Only a few people had clearance for all the facilities without vetting. The identification case was for credentials if traveling to another facility or another location entirely that should require formal identification. That wasn't likely to happen for me given my status, but they wanted to be prepared. He said the security card had the same clearance as Jenna, which would get me into all the locations I would need.

"So ... out of curiosity ... what areas don't I have access to?"

He laughed. "Operations and the Armory." He shook his finger at me.

The next morning, I was wakened by a call from Jenna. I was to meet her at the cafeteria for breakfast. She gave me general direction. I was to find out that the facility had stations along the hallways for finding specific rooms and facility areas, with the proper security card, of course.

After breakfast, she took my hand. She wanted to show me some of the interesting sites of the facility. I was wondering what they might be. She said the balcony, patio, and garage. The balcony was reached by elevator. Again, she punched in a code and the elevator rose, but it didn't indicate what level. It rose, however, much longer than ever before. When the doors opened, the small vestibule seemed like solid walls except that the fall wall had a card scanner on it. She indicated that I should use my card and the wall moved outward an inch showing the outline of an opening. Jenna said that sensors were checking the surrounding area for heat and motion indications. Then the door moved out until I could see the outside around it. It then slid to the side. We walked outside on the top of a mountain. The surface looked like a well hiked mountain top. I heard a noise behind us, I turned to find the door moving back into place. From the outside, what was the door was the side of a rock face, invisible unless you knew what to look for. From this location, I looked one way at the ocean and the shore far below. In between was nothing but rough, wild terrain down the mountainside. The other direction was similar except for no ocean.

Jenna pointed along the mountain ridge in one direction, which turned out to be south. "Not far from here is a city, the southernmost city in Panama. Beyond a river at that location is Columbia."

"We're in Panama? Why did it take so long to fly here, then? I wouldn't think it would really take half as long as it did."

She smiled. "We're a secret organization, remember? Can't have someone figuring out where this might be before we are ready for them to know."

"I don't see a landing strip?"

She laughed. "The garage. You'll love that! But, first, the patio."

She pointed out a bush against the rock wall. Behind it was a scanner.

The elevator took us down. A long way. This time I found we were nearly at the ocean shore level. A short walk put on a sandy beach. The water looked like an enclosed cove, as if it was formed from an ancient volcano. I was to find out that the far side was false and also opened by a section sinking into the water. The water normally had free flow through tunnels just below the surface. The effect from the outside was a solid rock face.

I looked at the sandy beach. "It looks like it is used."

"It is. This is a favorite spot to let off pent-up energy and escape the confines of the facilities. We are just careful that our activities aren't seen from the air. A warning buzzer and everyone and everything goes back inside our under cover. It's a bit of a hassle, but it all protects us. Honestly, nobody here doesn't understand that some governments and organizations in the world would be very pleased to find one of our locations."

The 'garage' was our last stop before returning the lab and my scheduled departure. We took the elevator, then a long walk down corridors. There were many doors to storage rooms and whatever. As we passed one, the door opened with two guards coming out checking their weapons. I turned to Jenna, "The Armory?" She nodded, her face serious and continued quickly down the corridor.

She opened a double door and I stepped into a huge space. Initially, I was confused what such a

space could be used for. Although there were some vehicles parked along the edges, the space was far too large for that purpose. Then, as my eyes continued to scan the open area in front of me, I saw a plane. Actually, a jet, its cargo door at the back was down and several men and women were working around the outside and loading and unloading crates. I looked quickly around the outside walls and found no hangar doors.

“Where ... how ...?”

She chuckled and pointed up. Above us, in the framework of the ceiling supports, were massive doors in the ceiling. “Look at the jet engines.” They were pointed down, not along the length of the plane. “These planes can easily take-off and land vertically as well as normally. We have two of them at this location. For missions, it makes it handy to be able to land in a field rather than requiring a landing strip.”

“That’s why those other flights felt so strange.” She nodded.

I asked where the money comes from if they aren’t part of the government. She chuckled. Apparently that was a bigger issue the way Agency was previously run. They were almost a mercenary group hired to take care of problems. The previous Director had taken it to an extreme, which led to Sam and others wanting out and that wasn’t something people did. When it was discovered what was happening within Agency, the American, British, and German intelligence groups interceded, bringing in all the agents and securing all assets. Only then, did those governments propose a separate agency independent of any one government but able to conduct missions too diplomatically sensitive to conduct as a sanctioned operation. They brought in the French, then the others. The primary funding is from those four governments, but there are eight other countries from Europe, Mexico, Central and South America. Agency answers to the Board, which is comprised of representatives answering only to their President or Prime Minister. The amount funded by any one government is small in comparison to their overall budgets and easily hidden in other budgetary line items. Combined, though, the funding for Agency is massive. Agency can afford to acquire virtually anything they might need. Thus, the state of the art planes, facilities, weapons, and scientific research and support.

We got back to the lab with only a little time remaining before I was scheduled to leave. I had committed to Director and Sam, but it was still not fully settled into my thinking. I remember, though, the excitement of Mary and Steve last night when Jenna put them off.

As we entered the laboratory and research area, using my card so I would get used to the process, we were nearly rushed by Steve and Mary. Their excitement was obvious and probably more energetic than normal in such a controlled environment. Several of the technicians in the immediate area stopped to watch. They were smiling.

I hugged each of them and was a little surprised that they easily accepted my hugs today. “I feel like we are intruding into your world. And, I feel almost disrespectful by not saying Drs. Adams and Higgins. Everybody is so smart in here ...”

They each took one of Jenna’s arms and pulled her between them, holding onto her tightly. Mary said, “Shush. We love this feeling of informality and openness. It has been only a day and it feels like a veil of oppression has been lifted.”

Steve, “Yeah, Jenna came by early and told everyone that Samuelson was gone, that a new manager would be brought in eventually, but we all knew what needed to be done.”

Mary, “Who knows, maybe we’ll get to work for Jenna.”

Steve, "We wouldn't mind that one bit." Jenna was blushing. She might have more smarts than most rooms full of people, but she lacked confidence. Maybe that would come.

Jenna moved to change the subject, "Last night you were bubbling to tell us something you found ..."

Mary and Steve grew quiet. They looked at each other without really looking at each other. Mary started, "We did."

Steve, "It might be another big thing, but ..."

Mary, "... we decided to run some more checks and discuss the results with Jenna, first."

Steve, "Okay?"

Mary, "You've absorbed a lot ..."

Steve, "... and you'll be back more now, right?" I smiled. It certainly seems so.

This time getting on the plane was without first being blindfolded inside the building. There were going to be fewer secrets, certainly fewer about me.

Jenna stopped me at the bottom of the cargo ramp into the rear of the plane.

"Remember when we were swimming in your cove and the dolphins came in, swimming around us? You said they come into the cove, but you haven't gotten close enough to touch them." I nodded. I remembered that statement, but I also remembered the feeling of their presence intensely, even as a memory. "As your friend and researcher", she laughed at that part, "please get out of your own way. Annie, what is happening could be more of a gift than you realize or seem willing to accept. Preta and Wolf didn't suddenly take off and travel through the jungle on a whim and happen to both end up where you were. There is much more involved in it. I don't know if science can even tap into whatever it is, but I believe it is there. The only explanation points to effects beyond just the physical that we can discover. Your homework ..." she giggled at the thought of assigning something like that, "is to let yourself go around animals, especially around mammals. I think they are the key. Just try it, see what, if anything, happens."

I hugged her and told her I would.

I was no sooner inside the belly of the plane when the ramp began rising. An airman assisted me in getting the harness fastened. Our takeoff was vertical and slow, then the jets engaged with more power and our trajectory became horizontal ... and fast.

I have been back at the resort for two hectic days. I needed to have a discussion with Sylvia ... and Amy. It seemed that these trips away from the resort were leaving me with a massive amount of catch-up each time I returned. And, I could see be away from the resort more often, not less. Sam had already followed-up for a discussion of ramping up my training. He wanted to see where my physical 'gifts' might take me. He was considering putting a martial arts trainer into Trinidad to assist that effort, but to also provide an off-sight training facility to provide recruits with a variety of training and change of venue.

It was the middle of the afternoon and the resort was humming along just fine with this latest group of guests. I was taking a few hours to myself, some much needed hours to myself.

My eyes were closed. The strong equatorial sun was beating down on my naked body. A light breeze coming off the cove moved my long hair gently over my back and shoulders. My hair, amazingly, was down to the small of my back. Sometimes it scared me to think about just the subtle changes in my body. I wondered about bigger ones that weren't so easily manifested by outward appearances. I was encouraged by the parting words of Jenna, though. For all her insecurities she was so insightful. Her final words to me was to stop getting in my own way, to let myself be, especially around the animals.

Of course, I had no such problems with Preta and Wolf. I knew what Jenna was referring to. I opened my eyes, the sudden brightness of the sun and its reflection off the water of the cove caused me to squint against the glare as I scanned the surface of the water. The dolphins. My most often expressed longing since the villages satisfied so many others.

There was nothing to lose by trying. If nothing else, I would have a refreshing swim.

I rolled my neck and flexed my shoulders, swinging my arms in wide circles loosening the joints as I walked into the water, each step brought me deeper into the water until the water was lapping at my upper thighs. I shaded my eyes with both hands, found nothing in the cove to give me hope, but dove smoothly into the water, rising to the surface some ten feet from where I was. As I broke the surface, my left shoulder tilted down as my right shoulder tilted up, my right arm curving out of the water and slicing down in front of me. Repetition. Right side, left side. Kick. Breath. Relax. Continue.

Soon, I recognized the shoreline to right during a breath that indicated I must be roughly in the middle of the cove. We had determined this was the deepest part of the cove. The barrier rocks nearly closing off the cove from the ocean were natural. The void between the two jutting lines of rock from each side curling around was just deep enough that a boat, navigated carefully, could enter without hitting any underwater rocks. That was also the location where fish life would enter and the water recycled with the tides.

I scanned the surface once more, treading water while turning in a tight circle. Still nothing. Well, it wasn't like I always saw them ... I resolved to have to wait for another time. I kicked into a stroking position and aimed for the gap in the breakers and the open sea. I didn't normally come out to this spot, but at the moment it seemed somehow appropriate. I pulled myself onto the rocks, climbing over the top and settling onto a large rock offering a somewhat comfortable seat to gaze over the ocean surface. Unlike the cove, the ocean had waves, not heavy waves with whitecaps, but a steady rolling of the water surface.

It was peaceful and easy to let my mind wander as I gazed out over the water to the horizon with nothing but water and the rolling of the waves as the tide slowly came in. I thought about all that had occurred the few days before on my visit to Agency, as I found it was simply called. I knew, at least to myself, the agreement I gave to Director and Sam was more than a mere acceptance of their aid and support. Something had occurred to me in the days with Jenna before and my time at the facility, the confidence provided by Director, the support of Jenna and Sam, and the enthusiasm of Mary and Steve. I realized then that I was ready for yet another change in my life's direction. I didn't confess that to the others and certainly not to Director, but I felt my agreement to them extended further. How much further and what it might entail were the unknowns.

Sitting on the exposed rock, contemplating the nature of ocean waves, cruising seagulls, and the intoxicating effect of the tropical sun on my skin, I accepted into my soul everything Jenna, Sam, and the others were showing me. As I let the acceptance of me sinking into my bones and being, a sudden calmness washed over me. It had the same sense of lying on the shore at the water's edge with the tide coming in. The water lapping up onto my feet, then receding, each lap of the waves

taking more of my legs, covering me and pulling away, slowly washing over more of me and pulling away until the pulling away left much of my body covered in the water. With a will to experience it all, I closed my eyes, sat with a straight back, my breasts and face and arms out to the ocean, my breathing slowed and controlled until it was unthinking and calm.

I felt the water of my visualization wash around and between my breasts as I remained calm and at peace on the sand, accepting the cleansing of the tidal wash. When the water came to my chin, then surrounding my face, drops splashing and landing on my closed eyes, I smiled ... softly ... maybe not even my mouth and face as much as my being, my soul. In my visualization, when my face was completely covered by the incoming water, my entire body relaxed, the last vestige of tension seeping out of me. I was completely at peace ... and I knew, more than I had ever known anything before.

What was happening to me, the changes apparent in my DNA, would have elements of a physical metamorphosis, yes, but it was also a change in me, what and who I was. It was what Jenna was trying to tell me, but didn't know how to articulate something that had never, to anyone's knowledge, occurred before. Her fascination and study of the mystical world and its interwoven influence into our science and medicine must have been her clue. But, how this might end up influencing and affecting me with my unique ... gifts? ... gifts are what she called them ... yes, how this might end up influencing and affecting me with my unique gifts, gifts that they could assist me in targeting but would require my commitment to accepting and mastering.

My visualization had changed. No longer was I lying on the firm sands of the beach with the water washing over. I was floating ... suspended, really ... underwater. My body was a peace and totally relaxed. My arms were spread from my body, my legs slightly parted. Completely relaxed and at peace. My hair, my long, unruly, black hair floated out from my head, under me, behind me, and above me. I was breathing ... under water. It was natural and reasonable in my visualization.

I understood. I understood completely and with my soul. Twice I have been resurrected. Each time from death or at least the appearance of death to those who brought me back. This was another resurrection. Not from death this time. This time it was from an old self to a new self. The old self was a good self, a worthy self, a self that loved freely and openly, a self that learned to accept love and embrace it, a self that encouraged and supported others. Yes, the old self was a good self.

The new self would be that, all of that, and more. Somehow, in some way, more.

With that realization, the visualization melted away. No longer was my body touched by the ocean's water, but by the sun's radiance. The quiet of being underwater gave way to the gentle sounds of the ocean breeze, the water lapping on the rocks below me, the gulls gliding over the water, diving and calling in search of food.

Then, another sound was breaking into awareness. Familiar sounds, but urgent. Barking and roars. Wolf and Preta!

I turned my head and shoulders to look back at the shore. They pranced at the water's edge, splashing water as they bounced back and forth. They stopped at seeing my attention on them, but it wasn't about them that they were sending out their joint call. There in the water of the cove, not ten yards from my position, was a dolphin swimming in a tight circle, rising up and down. I stood up, turning toward it, and to my amazement, it stopped, its head out of the water watching me. I looked to the beach and found my partners quietly in a sitting position. They called me to tell me this? And the dolphin seemed now to be waiting. Expecting.

“Get out of your own way ...”

I carefully stepped onto the wet rocks, careful of both my feet and footing. Then, without more thought, question, or self-doubt, I dove into the water. As I glided through the water, I wondered if it would still be there when I came to the surface. Then, the thought, the question, disappeared. I expected it to be there, exactly where it had been.

When I broke the surface, I looked ahead of me. He was in the same spot, as though still waiting. It chattered at me once. I moved slowly toward it, my head above water watching it as it watched me. As I watched, it arched up and dove under the water. I stopped where I was, treading water, waiting, watching for where it might come back to the surface.

A shape appeared to my side, too close to react or move away. The dolphin rose up from the deep, leveling off just below the surface and glided past my left side, the length of its body sliding against me. I looked over my shoulder, seeing it turn, and I put out my right hand just under the water as it swam past, grazing along my body on that side. I laughed. It was playing with me, teasing me.

I swam away from it, further into the middle of the cove. It circled around me and I took a deep breath and dove down. I forced my eyes open, knowing the salt water would sting, but I wanted to see what it was doing, how it would react. It dove alongside me. When I stopped and held my position it turned and rose back up to me. It was rising so its back and dorsal fin would pass along my front. I took hold of the dorsal fin and it pulled me up to the surface. With me in tow, it swam on the surface in a large circle. I laughed out loud. Just get out of your own way ...

I let go of the fin. It turned and seemed to look at me. I moved toward it and it stayed where it was. I put out my hand and touched its head. Its eyes watched me, but there didn't appear to be any sign of fear or tentativeness. It nodded its head as if I had asked something and it was consenting. I tilted my head quizzically at it while treading water with my arms and legs.

Its head remained above water but it slowly moved itself closer to me, its body turning down into the water. Soon, it was a mere foot from my body, our bodies stretched down into the water along each other, my feet contacting its tail as I kicked to hold my position. It inched closer to me and our bodies touched, my naked front and its underside. It slid down under the water surface, dropping straight down, its snout keeping contact as it dropped, touching from my chest, between my breasts, over my stomach, then over my mound before turning and diving further down. I remained in the same position, resisting the urge to turn to find it, sensing that something else was at play here ... something more than mere play. Just get out of your own way ...

I spotted it coming toward me, gliding to me on its back this time. I put my hands out in front, both hands on its underside. It slid by and my hand pass completely over its belly. Toward the tail, my hand slid over a slit in its underside. I thought it must be a female and the slit was the vulva. It turned and dove down, rising up along my front again. I opened my legs and raised them to feel the dolphin on the insides of my thighs as it rose up against me. It turned over and I spotted the slit, again. I was now convinced this was a female.

I slipped beneath the surface, rising and pulling my long hair back from my face. Just then, the dolphin began her pass in front of me, again. My hands sliding over its belly as before, but ... this was not a female. Barely sticking out of the slit was a mound of something firm. The dolphin slowed to a stop in front of me. Before my eyes, the 'something' in the slit seemed to uncoil from inside. Once out, it was a good ten inches long and tapered to a narrow end at the head. I pulled my hand away, a reflex reaction only at being startled.

He rolled to the side and slid under the water. On another immediate reflex, I followed him under. I was under no illusion that I could match his swimming, but I had a desire, a need to indicate in some way that I was not rejecting him. Again, I forced my eyes open and found him not far from me. He was hanging in the water as if waiting to see my reaction ... or maybe interest.

No way was I going to be able to stay underwater playing coy games with him, though. I kicked toward him but he shocked me with his response. He turned vertical in the water, his underside showing to me, his exposed penis right there in front of him and me. He wasn't just showing himself to me, though. With his flippers, he pushed himself slowly away from me. The damn thing was teasing me. It was like he was in my head, taunting me in the most obscene way. If he had been a man, I would almost certainly have laughed in his face, turned and walked away. No way would I allow a man do something like this to me. But, this ... this was different. I stopped in the water and watched him move away, his penis right there fascinating me. I looked up at his head, he was watching me, his flippers holding him in place as my arms and feet were doing for me.

I was unprepared for this reaction, this playfulness. I was also unprepared to be underwater for this length of time. I looked up at the surface, mere feet above me, and I kicked for the surface. I broke the surface, filled my lungs with several deep breaths, curled and kicked back down. He was in the same spot, floating vertically, waiting, taunting. Damn him ... damn me ... when was the last time I let a male anything taunt me like this? When was the last time I didn't outright reject such a taunt?

I didn't, though. And I knew I wouldn't. As soon as I found him in the same location, I twisted to kick and stroke directly to him. I kicked down slightly, then as I approached him, I glided upward with full intention to return the taunt with my own. Two can play this game.

From slightly below him, I smoothly glided up against his underside, his front. My eyes came level with his penis and I was transfixed. It came out of the slit, it was curved as it had actually uncurled as it came out, the tip/head being pointed and much thicker at the base where it entered the slit. I pushed my face forward, my lips making contact with the surface of it as I glided past. As I rose higher, I pressed my body against his, my breasts, then my stomach, rubbing against him.

As I came head level with him, I stopped to look into his eyes. I pushed myself slightly away from him, our eyes keeping contact with each other. I turned and stroked for the surface. I gulped in desperately needed air, turning into powerful swimming strokes. I had no particular destination. I wasn't going for the shore or the breaker rocks, I hoped to not get very far at all. If he was as horny as he looked ... as horny as I was feeling ... my tease/taunt back at him should bring him after me before I get too far.

My strokes were smooth and easy. I wasn't trying to escape ... more like hard to get. Before that last thought made it through my head, I sensed his presence next to me, the water pressure on my left side more than the other. I looked when taking a breath on that side to find him alongside. He turned onto his side, his under belly bumping me at the hip. I stopped. He swam around me in a tight circle, then dove underwater. A smile creased my face as a naughty thought came to me. Maybe we were at the same point in our interest, our anticipation, our expectation. I used only my arms to tread water, my legs opening. I didn't have long to wait for the response.

I felt the touch on the insides of my thighs, first. As his head reached mine, my thighs were forced further apart by the width of his body. His flippers hit my legs and I flinched them further apart, bending my knees. Instinctively, my legs encircled him and his body rose horizontal, lifting me with him, watering running off both of us. His body felt like wet leather and I grasped for something to hold onto. I found his side flippers and I lowered my front down onto him, my legs now dragging behind me on either side of him. I slipped on him, moving further back. As I secured my grip on his

flippers, I felt him bump into me at the junction of my thighs, his penis, his pointed penis bumping, probing at me.

I felt his body rolling beneath me, his tail propelling us causing his lower body to flex up and down, causing his penis now firmly against my body to probe against me, hitting me everywhere around my pussy. I gasped as it continued to hit me all around my opening. I couldn't take it anymore, I eased myself up, side to side, and back ... ooooooo ... yesssss ... finally ... it penetrated me, sinking into me. It might only be inches, but my body took over with him. I allowed my body to slide down his wet belly, fully engulfing his hard, curved cock. I gasped, then cried out as I sank completely back onto him.

He swam in a wide circle, his tail propelling us and at the same time humping his cock into my pussy. The act of swimming turned into an act of fucking. But, even in the haze of sensual bliss overtaking me, my mind worked on a problem ... how long can he swim like this? Dolphins breath only through their blowhole on top of their heads. They cannot breathe through their mouths like other land mammals. As this thought worked its way into my consciousness, he rotated to his side. I took this immediately as a need to breath, but I wasn't ready for everything to work itself through, for me to understand and adjust my hold on him and to remain on his cock.

I rolled off him as he rolled to breath. I sank, but quickly kicked back to the surface, frantically looking around. I felt what it was like and I was not ready for this experience to be ended.

His head was above water and he was watching me. I moved to him and touched his head. He propelled himself up, then sank straight down. He disappeared for a moment but shot out of the water not ten feet from me, fell to his side, and splashed me with a tremendous wave of water. I laughed and splashed the surface with my hands. He rose, again, this time with much more speed. He leapt into the air and dove cleanly back in with far less splash.

He came back to the surface in front of me, slowly moving his vertical body against mine. I put my hands on his flippers, my legs going around his body, and I pulled into him. He kicked with his tail sending us up and onto his back. I slid back onto his cock, sighing at recapturing the feeling. I quickly recaptured the sensual bliss. This time, too, when he needed to breath, sensing his rolling to the side, I grasped onto him tighter and went with him, holding tightly to him, my hands on his flippers, my legs around him, his cock buried deep inside me. He rolled from his back to his side and all the way to this front, me attached to him at five points: two hands, two legs, and pussy.

He swam for only a short time this way, getting his own breath, before turning again to his back. My orgasm was close, very close. The combination of thrusting cock and holding my breath became an enhancement of sexual pleasure. I wasn't sure I would be able to have enough control and self-awareness if he needed to roll another time. I pressed back against him urgently and it was nearly enough for me, but apparently not for him. I felt him tense for another roll and I gripped him tighter, sucking in a full lung's worth of air as he turned. In the process, I pushed down harder onto him and my orgasm rose to a peak, just at the edge of explosion.

He rolled back and powerfully flipped his tail up, which sent his cock deeper into me and I felt him spasm. That was more than what I needed to explode and I did. My pussy clamped around his peculiar cock and he spurted into my clenching pussy. I was weak from the effort. Weak from the effort of swimming, from holding on, from controlling my breath, and all the while being fucked by a dolphin. A fucking dolphin! I was weak and had little sense of my surroundings, certainly not aware of what might happen if I slipped off him as my body cruised through this orgasm and relaxed on the other side.

When I did slip off, I went underwater, but my butt hit the sand almost immediately. I turned to my knees and was in shallow water. My head was to the shore and I saw Wolf and Preta prancing excitedly in front of me. Wolf came for a reassuring pet, Preta bounced just inside the water line. I crawled onto shore and sat in the shallow water, both animals licking the water from my body. I looked out into the cove to see the dolphin half out of the water as it madly used its tail to rise further up. He fell into the water with a splash. I watched him swim through the inlet and disappear.

Jenna isn't going to believe this ...

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## **CHAPTER SIX: SOLD**

"Annie, we're glad to be able to get you. Hope this isn't a bad time. I seemed to recall that late afternoon might be good when there were guests on the island." Jenna had sent a seemingly urgent request for a video conference and the timing had worked for me. "We wanted to share something."

"Me, too. And, yes, the timing is good." I was sitting sideways at the conference table in my standard resort outfit when guests were on site. On the screen was Jenna in the center with Mary and Steve on either side. I could see them and they could see me. And, I realized what they were seeing was a bit of a surprise. Or, at least for Mary and Steve. "Sorry, you two. I didn't realize you were going to be on the conference. Jenna knows this is the way I dress here for the guests."

Steve was watching me quite intently, so much so that Mary finally reached around Jenna and pushed his shoulder. Another sign that they might be more involved than they might care to admit to others.

Jenna laughed at the antics behind her. To me, "You, too? What do you have, Annie? Is everything alright? Did you notice something new?"

I chuckled, "No, no. It was what you said as I was leaving. Get out of my own way ... it worked. In spades!"

"You mean the dolphins? One came by, again?" I nodded. "Were you able to touch it, this time?" I nodded, but stared at her with a twinkle in my eyes. Her hand went to her mouth. "Oh ... ohhhhhhhh ... you mean ...?" I nodded. The others just looked from one of us to the other.

I smiled. "And speaking of which, I have a question for you. I know there is an element of supposition to our understanding of how all this happened, but ... my understanding ... correct me if I am wrong ... the cross-species DNA was the result of multiple DNA samples being in my body that was fused or triggered to merge with my own by the airplane blast."

Jenna, looked at the other two and they conferred for a moment. "That's right. Any new DNA without the catalyst won't do anything."

"Okay, you guys, thanks. That's actually something of a relief. Now, you said you had something for me?"

Jenna winked at me. "I think I know why you are asking that question and we need to talk privately, you naughty girl."

Steve looked exasperated. "What are you two talking about?"



I laughed. "Jenna will tell you after the call, with my permission. We shouldn't have any secrets, right?"

Mary brought it back, "Annie, yes, there was something ... how are you feeling?"

I stared at the three of them. "Wait a minute. The only one without a biology or medical degree is getting the question out?" Now it was Mary's turn to look exasperated. "Okay. I feel fine, why?"

"No aches or pains?"

"Oh sure, I have aches. I always have aches."

The three of them shared a knowing look. Steve picked it up, "What do you mean 'always'? How long? What kind of aches?"

"I don't know. My body has ached long enough that I've kind of decided to ignore it. I've had a doctor check me out, you guys have certainly checked me out, nobody found anything. I decided to live with it." They just watched me, waiting. "Okay, aches, right ... ahhhhh ... let's see ... how do I describe this? It's like my whole body. Joints definitely, but also muscles. Heck, it sometimes feels like my bones ache." I paused, thinking. My eyes lit up with a thought. "You know how you feel with the flu? Your body just aches without doing anything? That's what it is like."

They put their heads together. Jenna came back, "What about when you were growing up as a kid and your mom might have put off aches as 'growing pains'?"

"Yeah, like that, too. Why?"

They were all jotting notes into laptops. Mary looked up. "What about your weight? Have you noticed a change?"

I looked at her. I stood up wearing only the little wrap around my waist. "Do I look like someone who worries about her weight? Seriously? Ever since the jungle ... the plane crash, really ... I put on muscle and lose fat. If I eat more, I just add more muscle." I scanned the screen. "Why?"

Mary, "Perfectly reasonable answer." She seemed to blush, then added something that must have slipped out. "Even as a woman, it's hard not to look at you ... that way." She looked down and muttered, "Steve, behave ..."

He gave a pretend shocked look. "What? My attention is purely in the interest of science."

Jenna rolled her eyes and gave him an elbow. "Annie", she was trying to get it back on topic from the other two, which was amusing to me, "what we're interested in is if you have noticed a change in your body? Have you seen anything?"

"To be honest, I am shocked by this body. I was in shape before, but ... this ... Given ... this ... it seems to me somewhat egotistical to spend time in front of the mirror. But, yeah," I stood up and faced the glass of the conference room. It was darker in the hallway than in this room, my reflection was somewhat good. I started talking as I reflected, "I was a trim woman who was in shape, mostly from running." I moved my body, put my hands on my hips, flexed a few muscles. "Now ... much more muscle. My back is a V, my abs are pronounced, my arms are developed, along with my legs and calves. That has to be weight, right?" I looked at myself, nearly forgetting the others on the video. "You know, I always thought of myself as small-to-medium boned. Would you say that is true now?"

Not hearing a response, I turned back to them. The three of them were smiling. In unison, they replied. "No!"

Jenna, "We would like you to come in for a few more tests and talk about what we think. As soon as possible."

"Don't you guys get tired of running tests?"

"Science, my dear test specimen. Us get tired? No. You get tired, probably." They said their goodbyes and cut the signal. More tests.

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I needed to talk to Sylvia and the longer I put it off, the more uncomfortable it could become. I didn't want to lose the friends and very interesting life style of the resort, but I also knew that I couldn't ignore this new chapter in my life I was walking into. I needed to be honest with Sylvia, then the team, about how much I was going to be able to commit to the resort. Even that was going to be a guess.

I just left a meeting with the team at the animal complex, which is what got me motivated to take care of this necessary discussion. Then, I would meet with Amy, then the rest of the team, again.

I walked up to Sylvia's office in the Admin building, determination evident by the purposeful stride as I passed others with hardly any recognition. They all looked my way as I passed, not because of my nearly naked body or the bounce of my breasts, they were used to seeing that from me, but by my uncharacteristic all-business attitude. That was what they didn't often see from me. I knocked on her door as I turned the handle and pushed it open. I stopped dead in my tracks. She was sitting at her small conference table with a middle-aged couple that looked somewhat familiar.

"I'm sorry ... I ..." I looked from Sylvia to the couple. I knew them somehow. I turned back to Sylvia, "Sorry, I should have waited. I ... Sylvia, I need to talk to you. Soon, please." I started pulling the door closed behind me.

"Wait! No, please." I pushed the door open a little and looked inside. It was the woman speaking. "Annie, right? Of course it is." She looked at her husband and smiled. "We've been here three other times, twice when you were at the resort. Nobody who comes here and see you is going to forget Annie Linder."

Her husband stood and pulled the fourth chair out. "We wanted to speak with you, too. This worked out perfectly."

They were introduced as Don and Marge Harrelson.

As I stepped around Sylvia, I put my hands on her shoulders, bent low and whispered into her ear, "What's this about?" She just patted my hand.

As he returned to his seat, "Annie, we were in the process of discussing a proposition with Ms. Contreras. My wife and I want to buy Erotic Fantasy Island. We currently own four hotels and resorts in Florida and the Caribbean. They are all successful and all a little different from each other, none the same as the others. When we started, it was our goal to acquire properties that could cover the widest range of possible interests, at least within International Law. Part of the reason for us being here three other times was, yes, to see for ourselves and understand this resort and the unique options it would provide. But ..." he leaned over and kiss his wife's cheek.

She looked directly at me with a smile, "I found I really, REALLY, like those unique options." I smiled back at her.

"I certainly understand that."

"Yes, I know you do." She chuckled. "Seeing you with those animals, the wolf and panther, as we come off the boat ... it's beyond sexual, it's animalistic. It's so powerful, it sets the tone of the entire place. A person truly believes anything is possible here. When I experienced your team's assistance in my first canine mating, I was sure. I suggested to Don that night to buy it."

Don, "Yes, but then we saw the pageant the next night. Well ... you can imagine that if we were impressed with the image you presented on the docks, the way your team performed in assisting guests, what happened in the pageant, what you and your team presented, well ... we knew this resort was something that we had to get before it became known to very many others."

Marge, "Since then, we have been trying to formulate a package to offer that we could be confident would be good enough."

I turned to Sylvia, "You're going to sell?"

"We haven't gotten to that point, yet." She reached over and took my hand in hers. "You know that this was a project I wanted, maybe needed, to do. Something that I could say I did on my own. Something not of my late husband's." She leaned toward me. "This year has gone by so quickly, Annie. From an odd mix of people, we put together the most unique resort, certainly in this region. Remember when we started? I said all I wanted was to create something special and that we break even. Remember?" I nodded.

Don broke in. "From what we have gathered from Sylvia, you are not someone who focuses on numbers. You deal with people and ... well, the animals. You worry about the guests and let the numbers work for the numbers people. So, you might not know ... this place makes money. It makes good money. Maybe not as good as a few of our other holdings, but ... still good. And, it can make more." It was as if he could sense my concern over that statement. Corporate talk for cutting costs and skimping to raise profits. "No. I mean positive increase. Our plans would be to expand the number of cottages, upgrade a few things we've learned in our other properties, but mostly by pricing. We know the numbers about this place. Probably better than Sylvia or James Harris do. We know how many people come for the animals, for straight sex, bi-sexual, and ... the number of people who come just for the voyeur element. And, that is a good number of people. They may have sex in their cottage with a partner, but not elsewhere. And, that's fine. It all fits here. But, we also know that those people would pay more for the same experience."

Marge, "You all really have created a marvel here."

I asked Sylvia if we could talk for a moment in private. We excused ourselves and went to my seldom-used office. We sat in two chairs facing each other. She admitted that she was very interested in the proposal, outlining how it included the retention of all current staff and inclusion of a slight raise and options for profit sharing. As part of a larger hospitality organization, the benefits would also improve. She took my hands in hers and confided that she had accomplished what she had set out to do. She had wanted to prove, at least to herself, that she could accomplish something good beyond her late husband's influence. But, now she missed time at her estate outside of Caracas and her friends. She held my eyes and I saw that she was looking for my understanding. But, it also felt like she needed my understanding and approval.

"I was hoping you would come with me."

I looked at her with astonishment. It was true that we have become much more than close. Our trip to the Brazilian villages and jungle had forged a bond that went far beyond working or friends. I just didn't know she wanted me in her private life, too.

"I don't ... I ... I would be in the way in your life there." I looked up at her, my eyes moist. "I had no idea you'd ..."

She came off the chair and hugged me, stroking my hair. "I told you before, you were the daughter I was never able to have. I have a large estate, a huge house. You can have your own suite of rooms. There is lots of room for Wolf and Preta, though they may scare the outside and inside help, at first." We laughed. "I don't want to lose you, Annie. Please say you'll try it. Try living in absolute comfort for a change." I nodded and we hugged, again. This time tears flowing from both of us. She separated us, but only by a foot or so. "Now, what was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

I laughed. That had seemed so important before and I had been so nervous. "I came to tell you that I wouldn't be able to work here, at least as a full-time employee. I am going to have to spend more time with ... Sam's group. Will that be a problem for you? I mean, gone sometimes, with you sometimes?"

"Dear, dear, girl ... we have a very nice airports and I have a very nice plane." I hugged her. "But, what about the resort, your friends?"

"I know ... I don't want to lose them, either."

"Then we add a stipulation to the sale: You and unspecified guests can come at any time, within reason, and you will be considered an unpaid consultant." She smiled at me.

I looked at her questioningly, "Unpaid? I was hoping to maintain a part-time arrangement to make a little money for incidentals."

"Money for incidentals. You really don't pay any attention to your bank accounts, do you ..." It wasn't a question, it was an accusation and suddenly I wondered what she had been up to.

And that's exactly how Sylvia and the lawyers finalized the sale. I found out later that the Harrelsons added their own little stipulation: After having been to the resort three times and experienced increasing number of dogs, Marge wanted to experience being a kennel bitch for 12 hours, but she wanted to share the experience with someone ... me. I encouraged her to revise her thinking from kennel, which suggested dogs, to barn, which suggested all the animals. She hesitated, but she agreed.

I met with the team that night and we talked well into the night. I suggested to them that Amy take over full leadership of the group and everyone agreed without hesitation. I promised I would return as frequently as my other commitments allowed, but that it would be less frequent. We cried a lot, we drank a lot, and we made love a lot.

The contract conclusion was reduced to the lawyers and Sylvia was intent on returning to the estate. Once the decision was made, she became increasingly anxious to turn this page on her adventure in the unique and return to something more familiar and routine. I, on the other hand, was already missing the resort and we were still there. There was one last thing that had to happen, though. I needed to assist Marge in the experience of being a barn bitch for 12 hours. As it turned out, unknown to Marge, this was yet another one of those things I could check off my list of experiences, too.

There was some discussion about the time period, when to when, what it meant that all the animals are included, and if this would be public or private. We finally agreed on sunrise to sunrise; the horses wouldn't be fucked; the horses would be hand jobs; and, it was stipulated by Marge and Don that it be private, except for our team who would assist with the animals, and Don and Sylvia, of course.

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We stood in the center of the animal complex. Marge and I, naked, surrounded by the team, Don, and Sylvia. The sun was just rising over the eastern horizon of the ocean. Not that we could see it inside the building, but it was. I told Marge to forego the pretense of clothes to start this fantasy. By the time we were done, whenever that might be, putting clothes back on would be the furthest thing from our minds.

I didn't tell her, but I believed her goal of 12 hours may be unrealistic. With all these animals and ability of many of them to recharge quickly after climax, there might likely be little time between being mounted by a dog or getting into position for one of the other animals. Even with me to take up an equal share, there were a lot of animals. Additionally, I had the feeling that Don and Adam would likely be called into action eventually. Both would be hard and frustrated, if not. True, they could be satisfied by one of the other women, but this was supposed to be about Marge and me.

I held her by her upper arms, looking into her face. "Marge, this is supposed to be fun while being a challenge for your fantasy. Promise me that you will let us know if at any time this becomes more than you are enjoying." She looked around at the others, finally at Don, before back to me.

"Is that ..."

"Possible? Yes. Remember, even if you have had several men or several knots before, it is much different when you decide to take cocks and knots continuously throughout the day or night. A gangbang might be several hours; you've suggested wanting 12 hours. That's a very long time with all these animals. Dogs can recharge a lot faster than men." She nodded and hugged me. I had the feeling she was nervous now that we were about to start. As in living out fantasies, the fantasizing is much easier than the doing. "Another thing ..." I smiled at her, "no matter how this goes, don't try being a bitch to a bunch of dogs you don't know. All of these animals are used to pleasing women, they will behave. A group of strange dogs can turn from pleasure to abuse."

With my little lecture out of the way, I took her back into my arms for a long, heartfelt, hug, stroking her back. I whispered if she was ready and I felt her nod her response. I turned to the others, smiled reassuringly to Don, then nodded to the team.

Each of the team members retrieved a dog each. Two of them were brought to Marge and me, the other two held back waiting for their moment. The others would be rotated in, then the other animals. Once they had been cycled through Marge or me, they would be free to take their opportunities as they could. The larger animals, horses, pony, and llama, would always be controlled.

Having been at the resort before, Marge was very familiar with our style and immediately took control of the dog presented to her. I relaxed at seeing her comfort and focused on the dog brought to me. I was going to be intent on paying attention to Marge as the day wore on, but I reminded myself that the others would be able to watch her closer. Her desire to have me participate with her was more inspirational as she had confided to me privately.

I smiled at seeing Amy bringing me Wolf for my first dog. I was wondering at what point in the process that Preta would be brought out and if Marge would be inclined to try him. Already, I was

anticipating ahead of myself. Wolf, recognizing all the signs of our intended activity, lay before me on his side, his back leg lifting in anticipation of my attention to his sheath and cock. As I knelt down beside him, stroking his head, nuzzling his face and neck, I saw that the pink tip of his cock was peeking out from his sheath. My boy was always ready for me.

I spent only a few moments sucking on his cock as it emerged quickly in knowing anticipation. When I turned to present my ass to him, he jumped onto my back quickly. Using a hand as guide, his hard, reddish, probing cock penetrated my wet and ready pussy. I lowered my front to my elbows and settled in for a familiar fucking from my favorite canine as his humping into me became a recognized rhythm. I loved the feel of Wolf's cock pounding into me. Yes, I know, his cock isn't as big as Thor's or spiny like Preta, but that isn't necessarily what makes for a good fuck. Any woman would say that emotion behind the fuck is as important as the cock inside her. Does a dog, any dog, give that emotion like a man might? Yes, if that dog is your lover like a man might be your lover. I learned on the ranch that man, woman, or dog could be a lover and they could all be lovers at the same time. Wolf and Preta had transcended the point of a bestial experience to intimate experience when they found me and protected me in the jungle. Besides, I was more convinced than ever ... it was their DNA mixing with mine.

I was breathing heavily, any utterances were now limited to grunts, moans and groans. Nearby, I heard the same from Marge. I glanced at her and she was in the same position as me, her ass supporting a black Lab, her front supported on her elbows, her forehead on the matt we were using for comfort. Her moans and grunts were matching mine or a little more so.

Wolf was pressing his forming knot at my pussy opening. This was going to be a long day and I was not going to hurry through any of these matings. On the other hand, I didn't want to chance falling behind Marge in the totals count, either.

I pressed back against him, moving my ass from side to side and up and down, working his knot against my opening, helping him in his need to tie with me. His cock was moving inside me as his knot was bumping and pressing at my pussy opening, stretching my opening more and more as it sought to pass inside. I groaned in both determination and passion, both leading to the same ultimate conclusion, an orgasm around his cock and knot.

As I ground my pussy over his cock and against his knot, I glanced to the side where Marge was just as intently fucking her dog. I smiled, weakly, that she had indeed learned well over the past visits. Her body was rigid as she pressed her ass back against the animal, her mouth opening in a silent gasp, presumably as her pussy was spread wide by the knot, pushing her, stretching her for entrance, for tying, for the animalistic conclusion to the mating. What we all seek at this point in canine fucking. Past is the anticipation, the mental preparation or consideration. At this point, it is wholly and solely about being mated by the animal on your back, feeling his knot join his cock inside you, feeling both swell larger and larger, filling your pussy more and more until all that is left is the feeling of his cock jerk, spasm inside you, signaling his climax, signaling that your pussy was about to be seeded, washed, filled with dog semen.

I could see it in her unseeing eyes as I was feeling in my own being. Just like all the times before this one. Only, this time, like many other times, is made even more so by the animal, the dog, the beast on my back was one of my two favorites. Wolf and Preta. Canine and feline. Very different. Very special in their difference. The memory of them, what they were to me, sent me over the top, my pussy clamping on the cock and knot trapped inside me. And, perhaps, that was all that Wolf needed for stimulation for his own climax. He spurted into me immediately after my orgasm hit me. I felt him cum over and over inside me, washing my pussy with his semen, filling me, trapped inside me by the knot that now held us together.

When I opened my eyes, I found four dog legs in front of me with two bare feet. I looked up and found Amy with another dog. I looked over at Marge, "No rest for the wicked. You wanted to be a bitch. This is only the beginning ..."

Still tied to Wolf who had turned to make us ass-to-ass, I patted the mat in front of me and the dog went down. Nothing like having well trained animals. I moved Wolf and me the inches I needed to comfortably reach the cock tip peeking out from the sheath. As I put out my tongue to take up the drop of pre-cum hanging from the tip, I glanced to Marge. She looked over at me at the same time and smiled. I saw a flash and looked over to find Don taking a picture of Marge, her mouth on a second dog's cock. I had a feeling he was going to document each of the animals his wife fucked in the next hours.

After this dog mounted me, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to the hand and found Amy. "What should be next? Random by our selection or her choice or do you want to orchestrate this early part?"

Good question. Nothing like trying to have a conversation or think about options while having a dog's cock jackhammering into you, for the second time at that.

"Horse ... ooooooovoooo ... this guy ... this guy is not bad ..." I smiled up at her. I have been more attentive to Wolf and Preta and the team. I just realized that I hadn't enjoyed as many of the resort animals as much as I once did. "I think ... I think a horse would ... would be good. Give her pussy ... a rest. Have her ... her ... have her enjoy a horse cum bath." I smiled up at her. She knew exactly what that meant. The first time a woman is with a horse, the amount of cum and force is always a surprise. It's more like a fire hose of cum.

After the second dogs' knot released Marge and me, she lay on her back, her legs spread and breathing heavily. Dor brought over two water bottles for us. I noticed another flash but it was Marge who reacted this time.

"Don, for Pete's sake! All these pictures!"

He laughed. "Wait until you see them! My god, honey, your pussy is gaping and there is cum running out of it."

She raised her head and looked at him. Lowering her head, she shook it back and forth. "Men! These are our private pictures, then!" But, she was giggling. I knew then, buying his resort was more than just adding a unique venue to their portfolio. This desire for ownership also had a very personal interest. And, like with Sylvia, it would be treated with love as a result.

I got up onto my knees and then to my feet. I stood next to her and put out my hand to her. She looked up and smiled. But, I also noticed her eyes going down to my pussy.

"I guess I see why he was so fixated. That is an awfully sexy sight ... cum running down the inside of your thighs." I smiled at her and helped her up. "What now?"

I took her hand and led her outside into the corral. Amy was waiting with one of the stallions. Marge looked quickly at me.

"No, not fucking. Just a hand job. Have you ever?" She shook her head, but her eyes were focused on the semi hard cock underneath the horse. Apparently, Amy took the liberty to get the horse aroused for Marge's benefit. "Come. We'll do it together."

The horse's hind legs were tethered and Amy was holding it firmly by the bridle. It might not have been necessary given the number of times we have played with all the horses, but there was no sense in taking chances with the new owner.

I went to my knees and moved under the horse, to the other side, encouraging Marge to join me. She followed me. My hands were already on the massive cock in front of us, a cock that was just beginning to become the truly massive specimen it would become. I coached her on keeping her hands lubricated and reminded her that that was true for any penis coming from the protection of a sheath. She watched me gather pre-cum from the opening and spreading it over my palms, then stroking the length shown to us. She duplicated my actions and soon there were two pairs of hands on the growing cock. She muttered her amazement at the size of the cock, exclaiming that it was larger than she expected when only seeing it from a short distance at the pageant presentations she had witnessed.

"My god, Annie! How do you ever take such a massive thing into you?"

I removed one of my hands from the cock and stroked up and down her naked back, slipping my hand down her ass and finding her soaking pussy. I then moved my hand back up her back. I giggled, "It is amazing even to me, knowing that I actually have done it numerous times. It truly is a marvelous thing to hold, isn't it?" She could only nod.

The cock was completely out of the sheath and rigid in our hands. If we were to release it, which neither of us seemed inclined to want to do, it would bounce stiffly below its belly. I encouraged her to pay attention to the mushroom head with her mouth and tongue. She did without more encouragement, her lips moving over the head, her tongue coming out to probe the hole in the center. We continued to stroke the shaft, frequently moving our hands to the head for more pre-cum. Her mouth and tongue returning to it quickly after each interruption.

I felt his cock pulse, throb. She was sucking at the hole in the head, taking in the pre-cum as it escaped. I was stroking the cock shaft. I leaned closer to her.

"Can you feel him getting ready to cum? Don't have your mouth open in front of it when it happens."

A moment after, he came. She had averted her eyes to me and was about to say something; with her mouth open to speak, she was lucky she had been turned toward me. In that moment, the first spurt of cum shot out of the massive cock and the spurt of cum was as massive as the cock it came from. The cum splashed off the side of her face and her reflexive action moved the cock lower, away from her face, just in time for the second eruption to splash off her upper chest. This time, however, her surprise had turned her face back to the cock out of sheer amazement at what had happened. She watched the jet of cum from the end of the cock and followed it onto her chest, running down onto her breasts, and flowing, dripping to her thighs below. I brought my head alongside hers and pulled the cock back up, aimed directly at our faces. I told her to close her eyes and mouth and hoped that this time she would. Mine were already closing, so I just hoped.

She gasped next to me as the third jet of cum splashed off our faces. I wiped the cum from my eyes, turned to her and saw a woman covered in cum, her eyes shut tight against the cum covering them. I carefully used my fingers to removed most of the residual cum from her eyes. She blinked several times, her mouth opening and closing, her tongue coming out to wipe the cum from her lips. I watched as her tongue returned into her mouth, covered in cum from the horse, she took it in and swallowed. I gave her a smile and pulled her into a deep hug, still underneath the horse. I kissed her passionately, out tongues playing over each other's. As we crawled out from under the horse, we were laughing. We were cover in horse cum, but we were laughing.



Immediately, we were greeted by Dor and Tami holding the two goats. Marge looked at them, down at her cum covered body, and then to me. "Can we get cleaned up, first?"

"Silly, girl ... you think the animals care?" She shrugged. She looked at Don as she did so and gave him a resigned look. This was what she had been looking for. A complete experience of being the female to any of the animals. It was a perverse fantasy taken to this point and she was beginning to realize that. She walked directly to the goat, though, and listened to the suggestions that Tami gave her. She was going to be a trooper, but I knew then that she wouldn't make the 12 hour mark. That was fine, though, and I would reinforce that for her when the time came. She was experiencing what she wanted, the 12 hours were an arbitrary mark to shoot for. Her real fantasy was to experience the animals repeatedly over an extended time frame. She was certainly going to get that.

By noon, she had been tied to dogs four times, brought two horses to cum, and mated with a goat and the llama. She expressed amazement with the llama, mostly she said because of the unusual position it occurred in. We did shower at noon so our lunch could be enjoyed without the appearance of cum running off us or drying on us. As we were drying after the shower, she quietly confessed to soreness developing in her pussy.

"You've already mated with a lot of animals, Marge. There would be nothing wrong with calling it now. After all, five and a half hours of sex is a lot, especially with the four knots."

She looked at me thoughtfully and I could see she was considering it. But then she took my hand and led me back to the others where our lunch had been brought to us. She would decide over lunch.

She did. She decided to continue, but her primary interest for the rest of the day were two specific animals, then she would be open to quitting. Thor and the hog.

When she had accomplished those two, the new owner of the resort was a very, very contented and grateful woman.

That night, as Sylvia introduced Don and Marge to the resort staff, Marge walked with some discomfort. She blushed as she came up alongside me gingerly and I introduced her as a woman who truly had the experience to take the resort to the next level.

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CHAPTER SEVEN: MAJOR RAMOS

I really didn't have that much stuff to move. Sylvia had insisted, though, that my primary residence for the foreseeable future was going to be with her at her Caracas estate. When she saw that the sum total of my belongings was seven moving boxes, she mumbled that there was some serious shopping in our near future. But, she said it in a tone that was pure delightful expectation.

We talked about this move for days leading up to it happening. Then, I insisted on talking about it on the flight from Port of Spain to Caracas. It was at that point that she got firm with me. I was an adult and certainly capable of deciding what I wanted to do with my life, she argued. We were seated opposite each other on her private jet. She was dressed very nicely in a dress that fell just below her knees, nylons, heels, and conservative jewelry, which I suspected was her life away from the resort that she just relinquished to the Harrelsons. Me ... well, I was quite differently dressed in shorts, pull-over shirt, and sandals. It was what my life had been. We were a mismatched pair and that was part of my concern with her intention to protect me inside her comfortable nest.

The other part of my concern was I wasn't matched to her life, period. She was a rich and powerful

woman with connections throughout the city and government. She lived in wealth, high society, and among the powerful, both in wealth and politics. I, on the other hand, was a small town girl, never having money of my own, little interest in power, and none in politics. It made no sense to me. And, that was my argument back to her.

The service attendant notified Sylvia discreetly that the plane was in approach for the airport. I looked out the window and was surprised to see a line of mountains to the right and endless expanse of development and people that was Caracas, a sprawling city with a metropolitan population of over five million souls, perhaps the majority of whom were struggling or far worse. The main international airport was about 13 miles to the northwest of the city on the coast of the Caribbean. The airport we were approaching turned out to be a commercial airport used by companies and smaller planes and only a few miles from Sylvia's home or headquarters offices.

She leaned to me after putting her seatbelt back on, taking my hands in hers. "Dear, Annie. You know I think you are one of the strongest, most determined women I have met. You have been through so much and continue to press on without regret or feeling sorry for yourself. Don't think of my pushiness as trying to take over your life, but to give you options. You came to me, remember, to tell me that you couldn't devote you full attention to the resort. You and I were similar; don't you see that? The resort was something we both felt we needed to do, to prove something, but it was always a temporary venture. Both of us. We were both destined to do more. I knew what mine was. I have all these companies to run and now I know that I can. I needed to prove that to myself, not just to others." She squeezed my hands. "But you ... you know there is something else, too. You just don't know what, yet. That is what this is about, Annie. To give you an environment where you can seek out what that is that you may be meant to be doing."

"I feel guilty."

She smiled, "Too late. We're here. Commit yourself to discovering yourself. That will be enough for everything you have given me."

I squeezed her hands, then settled back as the plane dropped closer to landing. I watched out the window as we sank below the mountain and the ocean beyond disappeared. I watched as the expanse of the city flashed below and I remembered back to the only other time I had been to Caracas. That time was a part of the journey I still find myself on. Yes, she is right. I need to finally commit to this discovery and exploration. I thought I had, but I needed a change, a distinct break in my routine. I'll allow myself to get settled in, then I would call Jenna.

Sylvia's home was a short distance from the secondary airport, but it was all city driving on streets that at times seemed like the millions of people in the metropolitan area were right where we were. The small town girl was coming out, again.

She lived in an exclusive community area near the Casa Club - Caracas Country Club in the Altamira District of the city. The area has its own Metro Station and includes many hotels and restaurants, as well as being an important business and residential center of the city. It is a cultural center in Caracas and is, therefore, important for tourist. Not surprisingly, the Altamira District is considered one of the most affluent neighborhoods with the cost per square meter of real estate to be one of the highest in the city. Immediately north of the District is the El Avila National Park, which is wooded and contains the mountain I saw from the plane.

The plane taxied to a sparkling, white hangar containing the words "Contreras Enterprises" on the hangar door. Waiting near the front of the hangar was a shiny, black SUV and a white van. A middle-aged, very fit man in a black suit was standing ramrod straight at the front wheel, his hands clasped

comfortably in front of him. As the plane came to a stop, I clipped leashes to both Wolf and Preta. The attendant was suspicious of them the entire trip.

Once the cabin door was opened, the pilot and co-pilot exited the flight deck and waited. Sylvia went first and I noticed that the pilot stepped in front of her and led her down the steps from the plane. The co-pilot gave my partners a wary look and followed me down. At the bottom, Sylvia hugged and thanked each of them, then turned to the SUV, which had moved in closer. The van moved to the rear of the plane and was already moving luggage and my boxes from underneath.

At the SUV, the man was holding the rear door open. Sylvia stopped behind me, her two hands on my shoulder. I had both animals on a very short leash because of the noise on the tarmac.

“Adrian Ramos, this is my friend, Annie Linder. She will be staying with me for a while.”

He didn't seem to know what to do. I transferred Wolf's leash to my hand with Preta's and extended my free right hand to him. He shook it while keeping a watchful eye on the animals, especially Preta.

Sylvia chuckled as I led the animals to the rear hatch door, securing them in the back before rejoining her at the open door. She was teasing Adrian, “My dear, Adrian, I do believe this is the first time I have ever seen you nervous.” He didn't smile, but he did nod.

Adrian, as Sylvia explained, was driver, bodyguard, and personal friend. She told me an interesting story about him. He had been a major in a Venezuelan special forces group. He was one of the most respected and decorated military men in the country. He led a small group of soldiers into a skirmish against a Columbian drug dealer at the border. The mission was a success, but Adrian was severely hurt in the process and two of his men were killed. His medical convalescence last nearly a year. He almost died several times in surgery to repair his body. Medical care and surgical procedures that were not covered by the military. He was a recipient of an unknown benefactor who was still a mystery to him. She winked at me. By the time he was able to move around with some comfort, he found that he was removed from active service. Despite receiving the highest honors the country bestowed, he was lost without his service. He sunk into depression, alcohol, and pain killers. It was then that her husband approached him.

Adrian wasn't an easy man to convince. Proud, perhaps to a fault, he saw no worthwhile reason to live; he saw nothing important enough to get himself straight and back to the man he had been. Her husband tracked him down at a seedy bar on the edge of Petare, the largest slum district in Caracas on the east side of the city. It must have been quite a sight. A well-dressed old man walking into such a bar, looking around the patrons, finding the one he wanted and sitting across from him without asking.

Sylvia understood the conversation to go something like:
Adrian, “What are you doing here?”

“You know who I am?”

“Of course. Thank you, by the way, for the money over the years to the special forces. We would have been at a loss without the proper weapons.”

“You men did good for the country. It seemed best to give it directly.”

“Thanks. But, again, what are you doing in a place like this. You could get yourself robbed pretty quickly.”

"I need your help." Adrian just looked up without saying anything. "It's not me, it's my wife. I am dying. Months is all the doctors think. I know my wife. Strong, courageous, smart, and head strong. She's been fine letting me run the businesses, but I know she will take over once I am gone. She'll also continue to be public with philanthropic causes."

"How does that affect me?"

"I want two things from you: get yourself straight; and, take care of my wife. You'll be well compensated and you'll have whatever budget you need for special cars, weapons, security."

Adrian had laughed. "That's all?" They looked at each other for a moment. "You're serious, aren't you?" He saw the slight nod. "You're dying in a few months and you are leaving your wife's safety to me. What do you know about me except that I have a lot of metals from killing?"

"Major, you killed to protect others, most especially your men. And I know EVERYTHING there is to know about you. You are the man I need. A point of clarification, though, is that this isn't just to keep my wife safe. As much as that is important, the most important thing is that she will need someone to trust."

Ever since, that is exactly what he has been. A bodyguard, certainly, but someone she could confide in. Even the resort ... and that did raise his eyebrows.

"Jenna, hi. I'm sorry it took me so long to follow-up with you, again. Moving has been an experience and I've been busy."

"Don't worry about it. Say ... I've got Steve and Mary with me, I'll put you on speaker."

"That's fine, I have you on speaker, too. I'm scanning the mountain with binoculars."

"Mountain ... what? Where are you?"

"Sylvia's. I thought I told you. Maybe that was Sam ... sorry, again."

"Mountains ... sounds interesting."

"Yeah. Sylvia's place is huge. I'm sitting next to her pool. The room she gave me is a suite with sitting room, bedroom, bathroom ... my god, you guys ... the closet is huge. Sylvia has been taking out shopping like she wants me to fill it up." I chuckled. "Apparently, my wardrobe of shorts and pullover shirts isn't appropriate for her events."

I could hear laughing on the other end of the line. They were making comments about me dressed to the hilt when I had just been working at a clothing-optional resort.

Jenna calmed that side down. "Give us an update on you. How are you feeling, aches, pains, specifics? What about your body aches?"

"No, they are gone. Joints, bones ... that achy feeling is gone. It apparently ran its course. Though, there was something weird at the shoe store. Sylvia had me getting a variety of high heels and assorted other shoes to go with the clothes she has been buying for me."

"What was weird?"

"My feet ... the soles, I think. I guess I have been bare foot or sandals so much I didn't notice before. I guess I noticed that my running shoes were getting tighter, but ..."

"What is it, Annie?!?"

"Right ... I think the soles of my feet are a lot thicker."

I heard Steve, "Pads ... you mean like thicker like the pads of a dog or cat? Of course!"

"Of course, what?"

Jenna, "We've been talking about some images we've seen from your last screenings. He was wondering about your feet. That might explain it."

Mary came on, "Annie, what about ..." there was a pause as if they were conversing quietly among themselves, "... what about your fingers?"

I had long ago put the binoculars down and now I was looking at my fingers. "How did you know? We haven't talked about my hands."

"What about them, Annie?"

"They hurt like hell is what's about them. Not achy, hurts."

"What else? Hearing, smelling, sight ... other senses?"

I thought about that. "All of the above. Listen guys, I'm in. I'm convinced, okay? I have to figure out how to manage this stuff. All that stuff. I hear conversations and sounds that are too far away to be reasonably heard; ordinary smells are sometimes intense; sight ... at night it's like night vision, like in the movies, but this is in shades of grey. And, 'other senses', you are hinting at extrasensory, aren't you?"

There was a hesitation on the other end as if they were holding their breath. Jenna followed up, "Well?"

"I think so. Weird, right? Not with humans, though. I told you about the dolphin, Jenna." I heard in the background someone repeating the word 'dolphin?' "You told me to get out of my way. I did and what happened with the dolphin was crazy."

Jenna became emphatic. "You need to come in! The sooner the better."

I agreed and hung up. My distraction during the call meant that I failed to notice when both Wolf and Preta lifted their heads to look behind me at the beginning of the call. Unknown to me, Adrian had approached and heard the entire exchange.

The house was divided into private and common areas. The second floor contained two large bedroom suites and two guest rooms. The first floor was the living areas of the house with formal living room, recreational/entertainment room, dining room, kitchen, and a den/office. Outside the recreational/entertainment room was a spacious patio surrounding a 20 meter pool deep enough for swimming, but not for diving. Sylvia had taken over the den/office, once the domain of her husband, now transformed by decorating with softer and feminine touches to better suit her energy sensitivities.

Adrian quietly left the patio feeling guilty about his eavesdropping on Annie's conversation, but too curious about it to leave it alone. He paused just inside the double glass doors to look out at the young woman who had turned the household upside down in just over a week. She had placed double thickness of pool towels on the patio surface next to her lounge chair where the two black animals were curled on either side of her. On the days when the grounds crew was working, she kept the animals close by her side, as was the case today. Other days, she would release the animals to explore the expansive yard. He had no doubt that the six foot wrought iron fencing would keep Wolf inside, but would hardly deter the panther. He had only snippets of information about how they had become her watchful companions.

Encouraged by Sylvia, he had begun giving her some training according to the efforts used in his special forces group. Sylvia challenged him to not hold back with her, stressing to him that she not only enjoyed the workouts, but seemed driven to find her full capabilities in areas of strength, endurance, speed, and self-protection. After only a few such sessions, her physical abilities proved to be yet another mystery to him. She was a seemingly petite woman, but her body was taut, muscular, and exhibited lightning fast reflexes. He moved to the side as she rose from her lounge, the two animals raising their heads to watch her intention. He knew that she was moving to the pool, to again make a shallow dive into the water for another 15 to 20 minutes of swimming. He also knew that before the day would be over, she and the animals were likely to be in the natural park land outside the property for a run in the mountain terrain. He studied her body barely covered in a very brief bikini as she moved to the end of the pool, pulling on her goggles. Her body was easily in the single digit body fat range and he envied her for that, remembering the years of his youth, early in his military career when his body was similarly hard and taut. Not that he was carrying much fat even now, but single digit ... not for many years.

He stopped at the open door to the office and watched Sylvia gazing at one of two computer monitors filled with columns of numbers, scrolling up and down as she sought insight into something. She was an amazing woman, perhaps ten years senior to him, but his eyes only saw the woman underneath what the public was allowed to see. No matter how the public might see this generous woman, they didn't know the beginning of her generous nature or love for people that knew no boundaries of race, station in society, or any other cataloging people used. He often thought back to that night when her husband tracked him down and asked him to look after her because he was dying. His soul melted as he reflected on her ... he had never had a task, a mission, a role, a request that was as enjoyable and rewarding as being at her side.

The gentle rap on the doorway eventually drew her attention. She took off the glasses she used for computer work, put them on top of a file on her desk, and leaned back in her chair. She gave him a tired smile. "Thank you, Adrian. I need a break from this."

"Problems? I won't pretend I can help you, though."

She laughed. "Interrupting me is help. This agency ... I think I'll have to meet with them. They don't seem to be very efficient in the use of donated money."

"The city is lucky to have you looking over these agencies' backs. There is enough corruption out there."

"I don't want to go that far ..." she chuckled, "... not yet, anyway." He chuckled, too. This woman might be lady in every sense of the word and a compassionate heart that was immense, but when words needed saying, she wasn't afraid to be the one to say them. She got up from the desk and took his hand, leading him to the sofa underneath a wall of books. "What's on your mind?"

He told her about the conversation he overheard, first apologizing, then expressing his concern.

“It sounded serious, Sylvia. She talked about pains and aches, hearing, sight, and smell issues.”

Sylvia leaned back into the sofa and exhaling a long sigh. She took his hand and stood up. “We need to have a conversation. You deserve to understand what is happening. It is part of the reason she is here rather than the resort. And you need to understand.”

I was leaning on the edge of the pool, relaxing after the swim, and enjoying the feel of the sun on my back. Sylvia and I agreed, reluctantly on my part, that I should remain dressed outside and in common areas of the house. There were days when housekeeping and landscape people weren't around, but Adrian might always be around the house, garage or yard.

The animals and I reacted to a sound at the same instant. It was still surprising to me that there were fewer times when Wolf or Preta reacted to a sound before I did. When it did happen, it was generally when I was deeply lost in thought and oblivious to the world around me. Coming from the house were Sylvia and Adrian. Sylvia bent over the lounge chair I had been using to pick up one of the large towels. She held it out to me as I climbed over the edge of the pool.

“Wrap yourself in this, a healthy man might not be able to talk unless you're covered.” She laughed playfully as Adrian gave her a gentle shove on the shoulder, objecting to the comment with his own playfulness.

Sylvia explained that Adrian had overheard part of my phone call and expressed concern. I patted his hand and thanked him for the concern, then assured him everything was fine.

Sylvia looked at me seriously, “I think we should bring Adrian into what is happening.”

I looked into his eyes and face, then glanced to Sylvia. I looked down at the puddles of water forming at my feet. Preta must have sensed the tension in me because he nudged his head under my arm. When he did, Wolf duplicated the action at my other arm. I stroked their massive, black heads. I had them lay down at my feet and I looked back up to Sylvia and Adrian.

“How much?”

“Everything. I think he needs to know it all. While you are here, he will take it upon himself to include you under his protection and guidance. He has already started working with you, right? All you did was ask.” She put her hand tenderly on his knee. “That's the way he is. He will notice things. It will be better to have him aware and not show concern.” I nodded and sighed. Explaining the entire story to someone new was the hard part. I started from near the end with the discovery of my DNA abnormalities. That, of course, led to questions but set a base for discussion about aches, pains, the comments about my senses. That led to questions of him trying to understand how such a thing could have happened. That led to the finding Jenna and I developed about the explosion of the plane. That led to questions about what I was doing flying a bush plane in the deep jungle.

“The Guarani?” He looked at Sylvia. “I thought they were legend.”

She chuckled, “That's what people are meant to think. Can you imagine how their lifestyle and culture would be ruined if people knew?”

“So ... it's true about them and animals?”

I looked at her questioningly. How much was I supposed to share? She nodded to me. "He knows about what you and I have been up to with the resort." She looked at her hand still on his knee, she patted it several more times.

I smiled at the sight. I knew from the first meeting that they shared something, but I assumed it was a comfortable relationship, a familiarity that came from being together, him protecting her. There was more. The touch. The smiles. The gentleness. The thoughtfulness.

So, I shared the rest. Starting with the resort, how I got to the resort to assist Sylvia; the need for additional animals and Sylvia's connection to the Guarani, which was a surprise to Adrian. I smiled at that. She hadn't told him as much as she might have thought. I went through the challenges I had from the people, leading up to the horses, and finally to Preta. He watched my stroking Preta's head as I talked about that time.

"I don't know what I thought about him, where he came from ... I guess I didn't want to consider that he really was wild." He looked over at Wolf, "Him?"

I put a hand to him. "A little less wild when I met him. There were two dogs, Wolf and Thor, a Great Dane. I always suspected Thor was a pet that got lost from somewhere, God knows from where. Wolf, though, I always had a sense he might have been different. But, nobody knew anything about either of them."

He was watching me carefully, then asked the question he was looking for confirmation for his understanding. "So ... these two are the ones you mated with last and that's where the canine and feline DNA came from. Then, the plane explosion somehow induced a catalyst for the mutation, the fusion?" I nodded. He asked a few more questions, several about the people who were helping me. I told him, if he took me to the airport tomorrow, he would see my lead contact. He agreed. I felt a level of understanding, acceptance of the bizarre situation he found himself. But more, developing through the long discussion, I felt a growing sense of protection coming from him, covering me.

There must be an accident somewhere up ahead. Traffic was snarled like I had never seen even in Phoenix. Adrian was mumbling about being late as he scanned side streets and all the mirrors for an escape option. I told him to relax, they were coming to pick me up. I was the only one and they wouldn't leave without me.

I was sitting in the passenger seat in front. Sylvia would seat in back, but that might be as much about what was expected than how she felt about it. I wasn't even going pretend. He had opened the rear door, but I walked around the front of the car and opened the front door. He had looked at Sylvia with a look beseeching help. There was none to come, though, as she turned back to the front door, laughing at his frustration.

I turned in the seat, loosening the seatbelt slightly to accommodate sitting partially to the side toward Adrian. He glanced at me while maintaining view of the traffic mess around us. "What?"

"So, tell me ... fess up ... are you and Sylvia ... you know ..."

He looked at me startled, "Know what? Are we what?"

"Come on, Adrian! I've seen how you two look at each other. Are you saying there is nothing going on between you?"

He stared out the windshield. I waited. "No, there isn't." He sounded resigned, stating something that was, but ...

I was quiet for a while, watching the traffic slowly loosen up. We were again picking up speed and would be at the commercial airport in minutes now. I put my hand on his thigh. "You need to, Adrian." He just focused on his driving. "It's there ... both of you. I can see it, I know you can feel it, and I am positive that Sylvia does, too."

"She ... she hasn't ... I'm not ..."

"Adrian, Sylvia is too much of a lady to make the first move. You know that, right? Forget what happened on the island, the resort. That was the resort. This is her home. She's a lady here." He glanced at me. "Adrian, do it. Please. She's waiting for you."

We came up to the gate at the airport. He used the company code for access and drove to the company hangar. Waiting in front of it was a matt black jet plane. I always marveled at the appearance of it. It was a cross between a small cargo, passenger, fighter jet.

He looked at me with some wonder. "That's your ride?" I nodded. "Who are these people?" I smiled.

As we pulled up to the cargo bay ramp, Sam started walking down. I opened my door and Adrian got out of his, walking around the back of the SUV to let Wolf and Preta out. I walked up to Sam and hugged him, the animals catching his scent and standing casually and relaxed around us. I let Sam go and turned to introduce the two of them.

"Sam, I would like you to meet ..."

Sam stepped forward. His positioning was almost aggressive. "Major Ramos."

With no smile on his face, Adrian responded. "Agent James."

"I thought you died in that conflict at the Columbian border."

"Sylvia Contreras. I thought you died in the Brazilian jungle."

Sam glanced at me. "Annie."

Then, they both broke into smiles and laughed, hugging each other and pounding each other's backs. I stood stunned. "You two know each other?"

Sam released him and turned to me. "We did a couple missions together for the Venezuelan government some years back." He pounded him on the chest. "I am truly pleased you are still alive."

Adrian, "Still with the Agency, I see. Say, has someone there been training Annie?" Sam confessed. "I thought I saw Agency technique in her."

"You're training her?"

"We've been doing a few things. For a kid, she has potential, don't you think?"

Sam appraised me. "Yeah, maybe ... maybe you've noticed that she can be stubborn to follow your teaching."

"Yes, but that's okay. It actually works well with my technique." Sam laughed.

Once we were in the air, a horizontal take-off again to not draw too much attention, I asked about Adrian's technique.

He laughed. "Watch out for that guy. Very unorthodox. Most organizations try to specialize and not confuse those they train. As you have seen, Agency trains Jiu-Jitsu and some Wing Chun. These are very traditional styles. Adrian grew up in the slums and participated in street matches using boxing and wrestling moves. In the military, he learned what we teach. When he went into the special forces section, he incorporated Savate, foot boxing, and Muay Thai, a very aggressive and brutal form popular in Thailand. Very few of his recruits were able to learn his style." He turned serious. "If he starts teaching you his style, pay very close attention and don't relax. With your speed, reflexes, and agility, you may be the perfect candidate. It would be something I would like to see ... his style and your new body."

"My new body ..."

He put his arm around me as we sat in jump seats next to each other. "You said you were committed to it."

I smiled with new determination. "I am!" He pulled me into his side and squeezed.

Adrian walked into the house from the side door by the separate garage building. He checked the kitchen and living room before finding Sylvia in the entertainment room. She was curled on one end of the sofa, soft music coming from the console, and a book in her lap. She was engrossed in the book, as she often was when she took the time to relax, and didn't hear him approach the door. He stopped in the doorway, studying this woman he had known for a number of years, but suddenly seeing her in a new way, a way presented to him by Annie's open and honest observations.

After spending these past years watching over her, being with her nearly everywhere she went, except the resort that she kept private to herself, he was stopped in his tracks by the small things that now were intriguing. He stood frozen, not wanting to be discovered quite yet. He watched her attention to reading when the index finger of her left hand rose to her face, pausing, catching a wayward strand of hair, and absently moving it behind her ear. Her hand stayed in place for a moment, then dropped down to turn the page, holding it in place for a moment before rising to her mouth, licking the tip before turning the next page.

He leaned against the door jam, only a shifting of his weight, and watched as her hand now moved to her calf, stroking up and down it from her ankle to the skirt hiding the rest of her legs. Annie was right, of course. He never gave such feelings a chance or consideration. As Annie noted, Sylvia was a lady, one of the truly gracious and generous ladies of the city. He was ... what was he? He was a slum kid, a guy who lived a brutal and violent life in harsh conditions. He was a guy who had given up on everything, who had sunk to the depth of life, until this woman's husband tracked him down, lifted him up and challenged him to watch over the woman he loved, the woman he was having to leave behind. He had never forgotten that night; he had never forgotten how that night, that request, had so completely save him in every way that a man could be saved. Now ... here he was, listening to a twenty-something girl that he owed himself and this lady the opportunity to realize and act on how they both felt for each other. Was he crazy? Was she crazy?

He stepped into the room and she looked up.

She heard a movement. She thought she had before, but she was intent on the story, the really good part, and the sound didn't repeat. She ignored it. But, now she heard it more distinctly. Looking to

the door, she saw Adrian. A smile crossed her face. She didn't think about it; she didn't need to. This time, though, his appearance, his steps were different. She studied his face. No worry, no sadness, no concern was evident. There was something, though.

Carefully watching his face, "Our girl get off, okay?"

"Yes." He stopped in front of her. "Can we talk?"

She put her feet on the floor and the book on the side table. She straightened her dress and patted the sofa next to her. "Are you okay?"

"Sylvia ... I need to say something ... I want to say something. But, if I am out of line ... just tell me and it will never come up, again. Boy, I hope I'm not."

She took his left hand and held it between both of hers. "Tell me. I think we have been honest with each other. I owe you so much, Adrian. You've been my rock through good and bad times. You've held me steady when I went crazy over things that happen in the city or politics. Tell me."

He took a deep breath and exhaled long and slow. "Sylvia, you know I care deeply for you, don't you?" She nodded and looked deeper into his eyes. He was nervous and had a difficult time holding her gaze. But he did. She smiled at him and squeezed his hand. "That doesn't really express how I feel, though." Another long breath. She stayed quiet, now stroking the top of his hand. He looked down at her hand stroking his, then looked back to her eyes. They were open wide, anticipating, inviting, maybe even hopeful. "Oh, hell ..."

He leaned over and kissed her quickly on the lips. Her hand came to her lips as they parted, her eyes finding his and holding his gaze with hers. He was panicked. Then she through her arms around his neck and pulled him into another kiss, but a long, hard, and passionate kiss.

"Sylvia ... I love you! I've wanted to say that for so long ..." He took her hand, brought it to his lips, and kissed it, holding her eyes with his. "Am I going to be sorry for this?"

Tears came to her eyes and she smiled. This time she threw herself into him, knocking him back into the sofa. When she broke this kiss, she buried her face into his neck

"I have loved you, too. Two people not knowing how to tell each other." She stood up in front of him and put out her hands to him. He took them and she pulled him up; well, she encouraged him up. She stepped up to press against him, her fingers playing with the buttons of his shirt. She looked up. "You were such a gentleman in doing that. Thank you for having the strength to approach me. May I ... I'm going to respond in a very un-lady-like way."

He lifted her chin to kiss her. "You, un-lady-like? I don't think that's possible."

She smiled and pulled him to the door to the hall. "In public, you might be right. In private, though ..." She pulled him harder to the stairway to the second floor. "I'll just show you ..."

As she led him to the door of her suite, he pulled back. She pulled harder, opened the door and pulled him into the outer sitting room. He turned her and held by the shoulders.

"Sylvia ... are you sure? I ... I never ..."

She gave him her best pouty eyed look. "You aren't going to make me plead, are you?"

He smiled and shook his head. After all this time, it seemed too impossible to be real. But, if this was a dream, what would he like to do? He swept his left arm under her knee and lifted her into his arms.

“OOOHHHHHHH ... Adrian! Put me down!” But she was laughing with delight.

“In just a moment.” He opened the door to the bedroom and carried her to the side of the bed. He set her down on her feet and took her in his arms, again. The hug turned into a kiss that turned into a passionate joining of mouth and tongue. Their hands roamed over each other’s bodies. For the first time, he ventured his hand onto her rear. When she didn’t negatively react, he fondled her ass, pulling her into himself.

She wasn’t uninvolved, however. The touch on her ass was welcome and reassuring that this was something he wanted as much as she did. She freely and eagerly pressed her groin into his body, mashing her breasts into his chest. She never wanted that kiss to end. But it had to ... it must. She was the one to break the kiss. But, she pushed his jacket off his shoulders, letting it fall at their feet. Her fingers found the buttons of his white, short-sleeve shirt as he kissed her, again. Her hands went into the shirt and touch his naked chest, feeling the hairs, the muscles she always admired in a man like this, a man who had sacrificed his body for others, for his government. She pulled the tails out of his pants and pushed his shirt to join the jacket on the floor. She started on his belt, but he interrupted her efforts with those of his own. His hands worked around her body, fumbling for the clasp and zipper of her dress. She almost laughed as his large fingers fumbled for the small clasp. But, he managed it, the zipper pulled to the bottom and pulled from her shoulders and down over her hips to pile at her feet.

He pulled her into him, crushing her in his need to feel her against him. She worked his belt loose, then the snap and zipper of his pants, pushing them and his underwear down over his hips. Her hand rose up along his thigh, finding his penis, his stiffening penis, and she gasped.

She broke the kiss and fell to her knees in front of him. She looked at the penis in front of her. “My god, Adrian!” She thought Adam was large. But not like this! She took it in her hand and licked up the length to the head. She looked up at him. His eyes were on her. She licked up and down his cock. At the top, she took the head into her mouth and sucked. She used one hand just below the head as she sucked, then put the other hand around the base. She pulled her head back and looked. She had both hands on his cock and it wasn’t completely covered. She sucked on it, again. He was fully hard and when she let go, it stood up. She looked up at him and smiled, a smile dripping with the lust that was consuming her. “I told you ... in private I am not always the lady ...”

He pulled her up and they kiss, his hard cock pressed into her belly. She looked him in the eyes and pushed him back onto the bed. She dug underneath his pants and found his shoes, untied them and pulled them and his socks off.

She went to the head of the bed, took hold of the cover and pulled it down, forcing him to lift himself for the cover to be pulled off. She pointed for him to lay back down, which he did, curious about what next she was going to do. He found out immediately.

She folded the cover and laid it over a chair. In her bra and panties, she stood at the foot of the bed and gazed at him. He raised himself to his elbows and gazed at her. She stopped and looked at his still hard, trim body. She glanced down at hers, no longer trim and certainly soft. She looked up at him.

“I’m not a young woman any longer, Adrian.”

He smiled and put out his hand. "There is only one thing that is important, Sylvia." She waited. He smiled deeper and his eyes grew softer. "You are the woman I want."

She had an involuntary shiver at those words. Her arms went around herself, she closed her eyes. When she opened them, he was still there, his hand still out to her. She smiled and slowly pulled her arms back to her side and pushed her panties down off her hips and down her legs. Her arms then went behind her back and unclasping her bra, let it fall to the floor, too. She crawled up onto the bed, pulled his legs together, and crawled over them until she was over his midsection. She bent over to kiss him.

"I want you, Adrian Ramos. I want you to make love to me."

"It would be my greatest pleasure, love."

She slid her pussy over the length of his cock, back and forth. She pulled forward and reach underneath, holding his cock in the air and slowly lowered herself over and down his shaft. "Oh ... my ... god ... finally ... I have ... you ... where you ... belong." She smiled down at him, his hands on her breasts, fondling them and pinching the nipples. She giggled, "No, not ... underneath me ... but ... in me ..." She kissed him, more.

She moved forward and back on his hard cock as they kissed until she dropped her head to his chest. Then, she sat up to rise and drop on his cock in near heaven with the feeling of him gliding inside her. Her hands went from his chest up her own body to encase her breasts, squeezing and fondling them, her lower lip sucked into her mouth and pinched by her teeth. She moved her hands up into her hair as she ran her fingers through her hair and squeezing her head as if she thought she might explode.

It wasn't long when they both did in effect explode, each of them climaxing nearly at the same time, each overcome by the desire and release of pent-up frustration. She collapsed on top of Adrian, breathing hard but contentedly.

There was a lot they needed to discuss, plan, and possibly resolve in the near future. She hoped it would occur soon, but for now she was content with the feelings currently coursing through her.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT: BE ALL YOU CAN BE**

"Mary ... I ..."

Mary looked up from her work at the laboratory station next to Steve. She saw a look on his face that was different. She looked around the lab and saw that everyone else seemed to be gone, then realized that they had worked into the lunch hour. "Steve ... is something wrong?"

He looked and felt uncertain about this course of action, but it was hearing that Annie was returning to the facility that spurred him. He and Mary had talked around this issue between them almost since Annie last left. Her quiet talk with them before leaving had made an impact on both of them.

"Wrong ... no! That's what I'm trying to say."

Mary looked at him kindly but with some frustration. She understood the difficulty. It was something they were both guilty of. They were both amazing scientist and easily and excitedly shared scientific thoughts and ideas. These thoughts and feeling, however, were entirely a different matter.

Steve took a deep breath and tried, again. "Mary, you are a special woman. No ... I mean, yes, but ... I mean, I care for you."

"I care for you, too. You know that."

"Yes ... I mean, though ..." He swallowed hard and took a deeper breath. Mary could see small beads of sweat forming just inside his hair line on his forehead. "I mean, I care for you a lot." He looked at her expectantly. "You know what I mean ..."

She was pretty sure she did know what he meant because she was sure she was feeling the same way about him ... if the way he was feeling about her was the way she was feeling about him. This was the crazy way their emotional selves were. In that regard, they were awkward and inexperienced. She did not want to take the chance of assuming something that somehow, even in a remote possibility, might not be true.

"Steve, I think I do, but ..." This time she took the deep breath. She also felt herself getting flushed and warm. "I need to be sure."

"Look at us. We can solve great scientific mysteries, but we can't do this thing that other people just blurt out like they are saying, 'hello'." He turned around and banged his head with his open palm.

Mary came up behind him, placing her hands on his shoulders. "How about we take the advice Jenna gave Annie. We get out of our own way."

He turned around and faced her, his face lit up. "Yes! We'll just be ourselves as if we were talking about our work or a new idea."

"Exactly. Not threatening."

"I think it might work."

"Me, too."

He put his hands on the side of her head and she did the same, looking into each other's eyes, the openness and excitement showing on their faces.

Steve smiled at her, "I love you ..."

"... and I have for so long."

He gave her a peck on the lips, pulled back and gazed into her eyes. Her fingers went to her lips and her mouth changed to a smile. She threw her arms around his neck, pressing her mouth to his, bumping him backward into the lab table behind him. Just as the door hissed open and Jenna walked in.

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Adrian woke from a sleep feeling something he hadn't felt for a very long time, if ever. He felt contentment and belonging. But, when he turned over for the warm body that he had held earlier, she wasn't there. For a moment, he wondered if that earlier sensation of being with Sylvia had been just some form of magnificent dream. But, no ... this room was definitely not his and it appeared to late afternoon.

He went to the bedroom door and looked into the sitting room. Not finding Sylvia there, he returned

for his clothes so he could wander the house in search of her. While putting on his underwear, he saw a note on her makeup table:

Adrian, love: After all this time of wanting to be able to put those words together, I finally can and will repeatedly. I do so hope you don't get tired of hear it, I won't get tired of saying it. I wanted to let you sleep. I will be downstairs making a snack for us while we consider what we are going to do now. And ... don't put clothes on ... I didn't. I'm not done with you. ; )

He reread the note, smiled and felt a stirring in his penis. He stripped off his underwear and rushed downstairs. He found her in the kitchen. As she indicated in her note, she was naked. She was also busy cleaning some vegetables in the sink, the water running as she worked, rinsing carrots, celery, tomatoes, and lettuce, then putting them in a strainer to drain.

He walked up behind her, not intending to surprise her, but the running water apparently masked his approach. He took in her mature shape, the roundness of her hips, the slight roundness to her belly. Yes, she was mature, but she was beautiful. There was something stunning about a woman in the latter part of middle-age who was still able to pull off a sexy attitude in private and an attractive grace in public. And naked at the kitchen sink ... he could stand where he was for quite a while enjoying that.

He encircled her, trapping her arms to her side as he took both breasts, his mouth giving her neck and shoulders kisses. She flinched at being taken so boldly, but settling back into him as the reality of what had happened set in. She pressed back into him, settling her head onto his shoulder. She turned her head and kissed his cheek, not moving otherwise, relaxed in his arms as his hands fondled her breasts and roamed down her stomach. She sighed and let herself go as limp as she dared without falling. As his hands returned up her body to her breasts, she gasped contentedly.

"My god, you wonderful man. What your touch does to me ..." She wiggled free from his embrace just enough to turn around to press her front into his. She put her head back into his shoulder, sighing again before kissing his neck. "Adrian ..." He pulled her more firmly into him. She could feel her breasts spreading on his chest, feel his semi-erect penis on her lower abdomen. She looked up at him, "... do you feel any different now ... about me ... about us?"

He didn't immediately reply. He hesitated. She tensed. He chuckled. "That was mean, I'm sorry. I didn't have to think about that like I felt less ... I was thinking about how much more I feel for you, about us." He kissed her and hugged her tight. With her face pressed into his chest, he continued. "When I entered at the doorway, when I saw you standing at the sink ... naked, concentrating on what you were doing, I stopped in my tracks. I was overwhelmed. This is the woman who said she wanted me. Me! Why me? How me? How could I be so lucky? With my life, how do I deserve such a woman?" He raised her chin and kissed her. "We're going to be so happy, aren't we Sylvia?"

She smiled, "More than either of us can imagine." Still looking up at him, she pulled her hips back just enough to get her hand between them. She grasped his hardening cock and stroked it a couple times holding his gaze.

He confessed, "You have that effect on me ..."

"Don't apologize, mister. I won't complain ... ever." She released his cock and took his hand. "The snack can wait. We've done the bedroom, where would you suggest next?"

He chuckled. "Work our way through the house? Inside or out?"

She smiled and pulled him out of the kitchen to the entertainment room and the patio doors. "I do

like the way you think ...”

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After getting Wolf and Preta to my quarters, Sam accompanied me to the laboratory section, not because I needed to be escorted any longer, but because I was still unfamiliar with where all the floors and corridors led within the massive underground facility. The elevator opened and I knew exactly where I was. I thanked him with a kiss on the cheek and moved down the corridor with my roller bag in tow.

The glass door hissed open and Jenna cried out her welcome, bringing Mary and Steve behind her. We exchanged pleasantries and caught up on things personally on the way to the center of the lab where they each had their workstations. The various lab technicians spread out around them. They were surprised when I informed them about the resort being sold and that I had joined Sylvia at her estate in Caracas. They all three seemed genuinely disappointed. I assured them all that if the resort was of interest to them in the future that I was still going to be making some appearances there and Sylvia had negotiated excellent perks for going back, even with friends. There was something different about the way the discussion went and the way Mary and Steve related to each other and the idea of the resort. Maybe it was just going to a tropical resort, but it seemed somehow different.

I shook those thoughts off, however, as I started getting peppered with questions about how I was feeling, my body, new and old aches and pains. I responded to the questions with short discussions and notes being taken by all three of them. Then I remembered a comment from the phone call.

“Wait. I remember on the phone when I was asked about body aches, my response was that they seemed to be gone, and your response was as if that might have been expected. What’s going on?”

Jenna, “You related those ‘body’ aches to the feeling of growing pains, remember? Well, we started looking at that. We found some interesting things.”

Steve, “I think some visuals would be helpful.” He sat down at his station and punched at his keyboard, bringing up multiple scan images and placing them on separate monitors. He looked at them, moved them around and seemed satisfied. He turned around, excited. “Growing pains. That was the clue.”

Mary, “It was so simple, really.”

Steve, “Can’t imagine why we didn’t think of it before.”

My head was going back and forth between them and I was trying to imagine a long conversation like this. Jenna inserted herself. “Okay ...” she looked at them and they seemed chastened. “We’ve talked about this ...” She turned to me, shaking her head but smiling. “What we’re so excited about, Annie ... it was growing pains. The idea was picked up by these two, what you said and the feelings you were having. You were ‘growing’, but not like when we go through our growth spurts growing up. This was different, inside ... I guess that’s obvious.”

Steve, “Look.” He pointed to the screen on the left. “This was your scan from the first time you came here ... when Samuelson was in charge.” I nodded. I remembered all the testing that was done. The screen showed a full body scan showing in different shadings my bones, ligaments and muscles. I noticed it included the outline of my skin, kind of like those scanning machines at airports. I blushed, which was funny for me. I could see that I must have been naked inside the chamber. The image presented the appearance of a camel toe.



“Okay, but I don’t get what I am supposed to see ...”

He shook his head, “No. Not this one, this one.” He pointed to the one on the right. “We did this one on your last visit.” I looked closely, not for what I was supposed to see, but ... at that spot. No camel toe and I remembered wearing panties that time, being more recent.

I regrouped, “Help me out, Steve. What am I supposed to be seeing?”

He smiled, “These two images are scaled to the exact same height. Look at the thigh bones ...”

I leaned over him and stared at the two images. “Is the more recent one thicker?”

“YES! Without you saying ‘growing pains’, it would never have occurred to us to look.” He overlaid the two scans. “See? I’ve measured the growth of your bones. On average, factoring in all the bones, you’ve developed roughly 41.2% growth in size and a relative amount in density.”

I looked at Jenna, “Roughly?”

Jenna laughed and patted Steve on the shoulder. “Yes. For him, roughly. His actual number is to the fourth decimal point. He has the measurements for each bone we can isolate on the images if you are interested.” She was teasing both me and Steve, now. I put up my hands in acceptance.

I looked at them all, “What do you think it means?”

Steve looked up. He was clearly the one that developed it all. “Means? This is hypothetical still, but ... your bones are going to be much more resistant to impact stress fractures.”

“Stress fractures ...” I shrugged my shoulders.

“Okay ... your ligaments and tendons are stronger, too. What we think is ... this is still conjecture understand ... you could probably jump out of a second, maybe third, story window and not do damage to yourself.” I looked at them like they were nuts. “Okay, think of it this way ... we had to investigate this actually ... you know how people hold cats at chest or head height upside down and think it is amusing how they flip right-side-up when they are released? They land and look at you like ‘what was that all about’, but they are fine. The cat is certainly under a foot tall, right? You hold it at five feet and drop it.”

I looked at him. “And ...”

“And ... you’re what? Your height is 5 foot 5 or 6 inches? That would be like 27.5 foot drop for you. Your bones, ligaments, and joint reinforcement are all enlarged and strengthened like that.”

“You’re not kidding. You think this is real.” They all nodded, but assured me that it still needed to be tested slowly at lower heights and slowly increased so I didn’t kill myself if it wasn’t on the same relationship. “We have something to work on, then.”

Jenna, “Not only that. You also mentioned your fingers hurting. Do they still?”

I put my hands out toward them. “Like crazy. I am popping pain pills like candy. Why, did you find something there, too?”

Jenna took the fingers of my right hand into hers and felt the tips, Steve zoomed in on the right hand of the image on the screen. “We’ll want to scan just your hands for a closer look, but look at this magnification.” He pointed at an image in the fingers that seemed out of place. I stared at it, took

my hand from Jenna and felt my own fingers. Now that I knew what to concentrate on, I could feel something different.

I distractedly asked, "What ... is ... that?"

They were quiet. Mary and Steve didn't respond with even looks, they avoided making eye contact. Instead, Jenna turned me around to face her.

"Annie, all the physical changes we could identify so far have been superficial, not readily apparent as ... well, abnormal."

"Non-human, you mean."

"Yes, I guess so. We think these are claws that have formed. Feline claws are retracted and project when needed. If you think about it in those terms, it's a positive. Canine claws would always be evident." I was looking at my fingertips. The words made some sense, but I found it difficult to take much consolation in them. If they really were claws, it was the first sign that my outward appearance could be negatively affected by what was happening. She continued, "We think the reason for the pain beyond the developmental stage is that they are trapped inside. Your body was already formed and the claws developing inside your fingers don't have a way to extended and they probably need to occasionally."

I was looking directly into the ends of my fingers. The word came out without thought, "Claws ..."

Jenna, "I think we can help, though. I know this sounds strange, but hear me out. The claws are there. We could do surgery to remove them, or ..."

I looked up. "Or ..."

"Or, we could do surgery to give them a passageway out." She went on to describe the discussions they have had with feline experts. They were all very hypothetical about the way feline claws work and no reference to human, just pure scientific understanding. They were curious why the questions were getting so specific, but people only inquire so much into why a quasi-government organization is asking questions.

"Passage out?"

"Canine claws are totally external. Feline claws are retractable. Felines decide when they want to use their claws. I know, or at least I am trying to, and this has to be a big shock."

"Okay, we need to talk about this more. One more thing, my feet. My shoes don't fit anymore and when Sylvia took me out shopping for clothes and shoes, they needed to customize heels, especially. I first thought my feet were swollen from not wearing shoes, but that's not it."

Jenna, "No, it's not. The soles of your feet are another outward indication of your changes. Your soles are turning thicker, like the pads of a dog or cat. It probably isn't just that you don't wear shoes as much as we might, but that you are quite comfortable walking in varied ground surfaces barefoot." I nodded. "That's the reason."

"Wow. I was just thinking this wouldn't be bad if all the changes were things like better eye sight, hearing and smell. These external things are a bit of a downer."

"Don't think of it that way, Annie. Think of it as special." I gave her a look, but we all laughed. I

could be open and honest with these three and I needed that.

“Yeah, special ... until I sprout a tail or pointed ears or elongated canines.”

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The days were spent working with me on all the “side effects” of this change. I had the surgery that allowed the claws to come out and I quickly mastered control over them. The pain and aching I had experienced disappeared with the relief of the built-up pressure inside.

They used Wolf and Preta for comparative studies against my performance in things like the outward senses: smell, sight, and hearing. The three of us were pitted against each other in agility courses setup both inside and outside. Outside allowed comparisons of both sprint speed and endurance, long-distance speed.

I was surprised, but not as much as they were, that I compared very well against them. It appeared that I had the best advantages from each. Feline eyes are better at night, which I have noticed in my own vision. Canine hearing and smell is better and I shared that, too. I have increased power like a big canine, but the agility of a cat.

It was the nights, though, that added to the experience. I was ready for Jenna. She never said anything about that night we shared, but I had the strong feeling that she wasn't done. I did not feel she would be inclined to jump into canine mating right away, but I was prepared for an alternative for her if the situation came up, which I was hoping for.

As we were all leaving the club after dinner, when I was hoping to again enjoy Jenna, I was instead intercepted by the desperate duo of Mary and Steve. I had suspected that they had taken a big new step together and their whispered appeal to me confirmed that. Jenna had left to go to her quarters, grab a few things and meet me at mine. If Mary and Steve took too long, Jenna might be left waiting in the hall.

Mary, “Annie, we ... Steve and I ... we ...”

Steve, “Mary, of course ‘we’ is you and me, we’re the only ones here.”

“Steve, please. Don't you think this is hard enough!?”

“Of course, sorry.”

Mary tried to recover with a deep breath. “Anyway ... WE need some advice and WE think you can help us. You are ... the most experienced in these sorts of things and ...”

I looked back and forth between the two in bemusement. These two were amazing.

Steve took over. “Annie, we ... well, we came to an understanding. The two of us. We talked about it and agreed.”

Mary, “We agreed we cared for each other.”

Steve, “Care tremendously, actually.”

I hugged them both, one in each arm. I think I took them by surprise. I giggled, “The way you describe it ... it sounds so romantic.”

They looked at each other and Steve responded, "You're teasing now, aren't you?" I nodded.

I gave them a break and allowed them to express that they wanted to "express your affection in more physical ways". To simplify it for them, which I decided might be necessary for people that are too smart, I instructed them to stop thinking completely and act on what they were feeling. With my hands on their arms, "It's going to be awkward, at first. It just is. It always is, especially when you have isolated yourselves behind walls of reason and rationality. Love, peaking emotions, will seem counter to reason and rationality. Just go with it. Enjoy it and determine together what you enjoy and want. My favorite piece of advice I have hung onto is this: focus on giving your partner satisfaction and pleasure. If the two of you do that, it will be wonderful."

At the end, their eyes were focused on each other and they went off with barely a response back to me. That was alright. Good, in fact. That had to have been very hard for them.

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As I rounded the corner to my quarters, I found Jenna waiting. She had a small bag in her hands in front of her and the thought occurred to me that she was planning, or hoping, to spend the night. That was definitely good by me. Because I had a surprise for her.

We went into my quarters before coming together, consuming each other in hugs and kisses, expressing the physical attraction we were dying to rekindle with each other. Our time together might not have been frequent, but it had been intense.

When we broke the kiss, I put her out to arm's length to look into her eyes and gage her face. "Want to go the next step? Do you trust me?" She only nodded, took my hand and led us past the divider to the bed. She kissed me, again. I smiled. I enjoyed her taking some of the initiative in this, confirming her intention and desire to enjoy more of what we had earlier shared.

She pulled my shirt out of my pants and continued pulled up until I had to raise my arms for her to pull it completely off. I then went to work on the buttons of her blouse, then pushing it off her shoulders, so it could slide down her arms and to the floor.

Soon, we had each other naked. I saw a glint in her eyes and my head tilted slightly, curious what she was thinking. She put her hands on my shoulders and turned me part way around, slid her hand over my butt. "Nope, no tail, yet." I turned sharply around and swatted her arm and we both burst into laughter. She for the successful tease and me for the recognition of my inner conflict.

I bent over to pull my roller bag to the bed, lifted it up, then bent over it to unzip it. I felt hands on my back. I turned around. She looked at me solemnly, "I've been meaning to ask about all these scars. Some look like it was bad ..." She put her finger on each and I gave her an explanation. For the most part they were from the jungle, Sam doing the best he could to close the wounds. She absently commented, "You know, the doctors could do something to make these less prominent."

"I know. Sam said the same thing in the jungle. He actually apologized to me at the time for being so poor at sutures. At the time, all I could do is laugh. The man saved me by doing what he could. I'm going to complain about the cosmetics of his efforts? After, Sylvia suggested the same thing, along with others who knew me well enough to venture a comment. But, by then, with the tattoos, Wolf and Preta, the scars somehow seemed part of me, part of the experience. They seemed like a sign or symbol of what I survived ... and accomplished. I have been told there are very few Westerners who could have survived what Sam and I did in the jungle and then getting out on our own. In a perverse way, these have become something of my badges of honor. They remind me what I am capable of when I put my mind and body into something."

She was tracing one on my shoulder, stopped and looked into my eyes. "Nobody here, at Agency, would bet against you, Annie."

I kissed her on the lips, then turned back to my bag. "But, I do have some things for you. I picked these up before coming." I glanced over my shoulder. "You seem to enjoy your orgasms. Since I will not be around much to assist you in that endeavor ..." I pulled a plastic bag out and dumped the contents onto the bed. I then put the case back on the floor.

Everything was still in its packaging. I handed her the first one, "Your standard, basic dildo. You do all the work." The next one was another step beyond, "Not quite standard or basic. You'll notice the suction cup on the bottom. Be creative with this one. Stick it on a wood or metal chair, the floor, or the wall. Use your imagination." She actually blushed. The last one, "Looks fairly standard and basic, but you need these." I handed her a pack of batteries. "Batteries were not included." Her mouth was gaping.

She gaped at me, "You act like I am going to be doing this all the time."

"No, no ... if that were the case I would have brought a separate case just for the batteries ..." I got her laughing, again. "So, my sexy, young victim ... which one would you like me to use on you?" She looked embarrassed, but point quickly at the vibrator. "Awwww ... yes, good choice. Onto the bed with you, then. On your back, your legs spread and your knees pulled toward you." I saw the look on her face. "Yes, it is obscene to be put into that position. So ... do it!" She did.

While all this was going on, though, the boys were paying attention. They didn't presume anything with me even though I was naked. Our mating was still on my terms and it was not a common thing that other women were made available to them. So, they waited. Which is not to say that their waiting wasn't without some tension on their parts. The tips of their cocks were showing as they sat.

She obediently did as I commanded. In a way, that surprised me. The entire interaction surprised me. My taking charge, my demanding attitude, my directing her without compromise or alternative. Her acceptance didn't surprise me quite as much. She was unfamiliar with all of this. My taking charge did somewhat. But, I was comfortable with it. There is a difference between recognizing something new about your attitude and being uncomfortable with it. It was only recognition, not discomfort or awkwardness.

As she got into the position I directed her to take, I pulled the packaging apart from both the dildo and the package of batteries, unscrewed the end of the phallus, inserted the batteries, and reassembled it. Once completed, I looked at my victim in front of me as I knelt on the bed, moving bit by bit closer to her. This was a vision of Jenna I might never have believed I would witness. For all her studious reserve and proper attitude, a fire was clearly under the surface, a fire she was anxious to allow consume her. And, I was more than happy to be a party to fanning that fire.

I dropped the dildo between us, it rolling in the depression of mattress to her butt. I saw her eyes flutter and she sucked in air and looked along her blatantly exposed body at me. With my hands free, I placed one on each of her thighs. My eyes were locked on hers as I moved my hands along her thighs toward her crotch. Just before reaching her pussy, I moved my hands to the back sides of her thighs and back up toward her knees, never reaching that far before returning toward her crotch, again. Her eyes moved from mine to her pussy, her pussy so obscenely displayed in front of me. I told her to pull her knees more to her breasts and she did, again, as I directed her. Her eyes were pure lust as she saw how her upturn pelvis fully displayed her pussy and her splayed legs had opened her excited pussy to me ... and even to her.

I slid my hands down her inner thighs, this time until my thumbs came together over her wet and open pussy slit. My thumbs slipped barely inside and pulled her lips apart, opening her even more to my eyes. I looked up and her eyes were focused on my thumbs. I bent down, my eyes still watching hers. As my face became close enough to her pussy that she could switch back and forth with a mere flick of her eyes, her mouth opened in a silent gasp as my tongue came out to approach her open hole. I hung just above her, no more than an inch separating her pussy from the tip of my tongue. I waited, teased. I exhaled onto her and her gasp became audible. Her brows furrowed as if the waiting was too much. I lowered my mouth further and her mouth changed into an 'O', anticipating, wanting, beseeching me silently.

I drove my tongue into her open hole and she cried out, her hips curled up into the air more than before, pressing her pussy against my face. I moved my tongue from her hole to her clit and I closed my mouth over it, sucking the hard, sensitive nub into my mouth, my teeth brushing over it. She gasped and groaned. I looked up along her body, between her breasts to her face. Her head was pressed back, her mouth open and gasping between strained gasps and moans.

My hand searched the bed around us as I maintained my attention to her clitoris. With one hand holding the dildo, I switched on the device, rotating the dial until it felt sufficiently vibrating for her first contact.

I rotated my mouth about 90 degrees to free access to her hole. I don't think it even occurred to her that I had twisted slightly. She was enjoying the sensations being produced by my mouth. Not being able to see, I poked the dildo at her crotch, then moved it up near my cheek and it drove cleanly into her hole. At the same time, I nipped her clitoris with my teeth. The combination brought a cry of surprise, shock, and pleasure from her.

Satisfied with that response, I wiggled my butt and called for Wolf. I think that probably surprised him. I had never called him onto a bed before, but I had Jenna pinned in place. While I continued with her, I wanted my own satisfaction. I had more planned, but I was keeping everything from her until it happened, lest she decide in the meantime to not want to continue.

Surprised or not, Wolf was on the bed and licking my ass from pussy to asshole. My hands were occupied with continuing Jenna's pleasuring, so I used my ass to wiggle from his tongue, hoping to break his interest there and mount me. He did. He lifted his head as I wiggled from his tongue, then jumped onto my back. The sudden change in my action from the pressure of Wolf landing on my back brought Jenna's attention to me, her eyes opening wide at seeing what was now happening. Our nice woman-woman activity had instantly changed to woman-woman-dog and she loudly moaned, pressing her hips into the air, pressing into my mouth on her clit and the vibrating dildo in her dripping pussy. With my hands busy with Jenna, I couldn't assist Wolf's cock into my pussy. This might have been the first time either Wolf or Preta had mounted me without my assistance. The steady probing and poking of his hard cock against my ass cheeks and crotch was all the reinforcement I would need to continue by ritual of help my animal lovers.

Thankfully, Jenna's orgasm was moments before mine, which was only moments before Wolf dumped his dog-cum into my pussy. Jenna squirmed out from under my head while Wolf and I remained tied on the bed. She returned quickly with a bottle of water she retrieved from the apartment frig that was standard in the quarters. I awkwardly drank from the bottle, then collapsed back to the bed, my head resting on my forearms. I looked at Jenna who was watching me.

"You're amazing, Annie. I can't imagine what your life must be like. But, thank you for opening my eyes to parts of it."

I smiled at her. "Hmmmmmm ... you are soooooo welcome, my sexy friend." She was watching our tie and commented that it looked like we would separate soon. "In that case, get up on the bed in the same position as before." She looked at me nervously. "Something different. You'll love this, honest." She shrugged and got into the same spot on the bed, waiting to pull her ass into air until the knot came out of me.

I felt the knot spreading my pussy further until I could feel it pulling out. I got my legs positioned under me and told Jenna to get ready. As the knot came out and I could feel his cum begin leaking from me, I scrambled up and stepped over Jenna, my pussy over hers. I lowered myself down until our pussies were in contact. I looked at her and her eyes were open wide, her mouth fluttering. I started laughing, this had to look utterly insane to her, yet, I did have a plan.

After a few minutes, I started rubbing my gaping pussy over hers. It was erotic in an unusual way. I had never been in this position with a woman before, but pressing our pussies together was quite exciting, our lips gliding over each other, our clits being rubbed and pressed.

I stepped from her, kneeling beside her. I smiled wickedly at her and called Wolf who was on the floor licking his cock clean. He heard his name and looked to me. I patted my hip and he came running. Poor Preta was watching all this as he paced, but his time was coming quickly. Wolf joined us on the bed and I patted Jenna's mound and she gasped out a cry as she realized what I was intending. I put a hand on her stomach and continued to pat her mound. Wolf looked, sniffed and flicked his tongue to taste the source of the scent. The poor guy, he probably thought Jenna and I had the same scent. Jenna put her hands over her eyes, but her legs splayed out to the sides and her moans increased as Wolf continued his licking.

I flipped over onto my hands and knees, again. I patted my ass and called Preta. He was on the bed in an instant. That TV character Flash had nothing on Preta in that moment.

With Jenna moaning, sighing, and groaning her appreciation of the attention Wolf was giving her pussy, I was prepared for being penetrated by Preta and his barbed cock. I knew my hole was open from Wolf's knot and well lubricated with his cum; I was greedy now for a second fucking, enjoying both of my animals in the presence of my friend. I felt him slide into me, but it was on the first pull back to fuck into me, again, that I felt the barbs pulled away from his cock as they caught on my tender flesh inside. Yes, I sympathized and understood what female felines experience in mating. But, at the same time, I was somewhat jealous of what I had learned about feline mating, the continuous, repeated mating of a female to guarantee insemination. And ... each time ... it would feel like this ... the penetration of a powerful male ... the pulling of the insides of the vaginal walls and the penetration ... over and over. Yes, I understood, felt, knew, relished, the feeling of those barbs inside me, pulling on me, scratching at me inside. Yes ... yes ... YES! Yes, I knew the feeling of those barbs, how they pull at me, scrape my insides ... how that very thing, that irritation, is also an immense orgasmic stimulation.

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Jenna and I were selfish this visit. We consumed our time at night with each other and only each other. Sometime, I thought as I lay in bed, maybe Steve and Mary might be willing and approachable for a larger experience. Maybe sometime Jenna might be willing and approachable to allow more of Wolf to pleasure her than his tongue.

She lay next to me in my quarters. Her left leg was draped over me, her arm across my body just under my breasts. She was completely worn out. While I had experienced Preta, Jenna had cum twice under Wolf's tongue. She finally had to forcefully push his snout away and clamp a pillow

between her legs for protection. We had laughed at that, but then fell into soft, gentle hugs, kisses, and caresses that went further into the night.

As I lay in the dark, feeling the presence of a lover against me, I wondered about Sylvia ... and Adrian. Had he worked up his nerve and courage to talk, to share with Sylvia? For all his exhibited strength and courage in battle and the command of men, the thought of opening his heart to a woman seemed to be the scariest thing he might have to walk into ... and his only weapons would be the conviction of his love, the belief in her love for him. Emotions. I chuckled quietly ... no wonder he was so tentative.

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CHAPTER NINE: A NEW DYNAMIC

As I walked the extended ramp of the cargo bay of Agency's plane, Wolf and Preta joining me on either side, I spotted Adrian leaning against the driver's side hood of the SUV. I waved to him and he started to me. I turned and waved my thanks to the crew of the plane and returned my attention back to Adrian. Then I saw the back door open and Sylvia exiting. I bent over and pointed to her, the two animals running from my side on a bee-line for Sylvia. Adrian chuckled as they ran past him, barely offering him a glance.

I smiled at him and opened my arms to him, which he accepted, pulling me into a warm embrace, taking me off my feet for a moment. He took my roller case from me and we walked to the car. Sylvia was crouch between the two animals, giving pets and receiving licks.

As we got closer, Sylvia stood and walked towards me, her arms open. I duplicated her greeting and we hugged deeply. She gave me one of her warm smiles, "How was the visit? Anything interesting?"

"Yes, very interesting. We can talk about it later."

She looked at Adrian and smiled, then back to me. "Good ... let's go home, then."

"Home?"

"Yes, dear ... home. We need to talk to you about some things ..."

"We? I've only been gone a few days and I come back to find there is a 'we'?" She laughed and directed me into the back seat while Adrian opened the back and the animals bounded in. None of us were prepared to discuss any news in the car, all preferring to be face-to-face comfortably. The drive in non-rush hour wasn't long, it just seemed that way.

Adrian took my case up to my suite while Sylvia led me out to the patio. We were seated at the patio table when Adrian came out with a pitcher of ice tea and glasses.

Sylvia patted my hand, "Okay, tell us about your visit. You said you learned some new things. Tell us."

I looked across at them. When Adrian had pulled his chair out to sit down, he pulled it back into the table but closer to Sylvia. A small thing, maybe. But, an obvious thing to me watching. He was not directly across from me, but to the side nearer Sylvia. Not only that, they were purposefully not looking at each other, but intently at me. They were trying too hard.

"No ... no, I want to hear from you two, first. What's going on?"

Adrian laughed. "You ... you're the one who pushed me to talk to her. You started this ... you pushed this to become open."

Sylvia took his hand, the first overt public sign of affection between them. "Thank you, Annie."

I smiled and reach across the table, touching both of their hands. "Tell me. All of it."

I raised my left leg up, my foot on the seat of the wrought iron chair. I tucked my skirt between my legs, allowing the skirt to fall at the side exposing my hip. I got comfortable for the story I was anticipating with a joyfulness that surprised me. A joyfulness I hadn't felt for any other two people since Jake and Bobbi. The source and context for the feeling now flooding over me. Two people coming into relationship by way of me.

They talked and laughed about Adrian's admission of love. They shared their talk, their mutual relief that it was open to them, finally. They talked about their plans, a future, decisions that needed to be made. When, how would they start bringing this new part of themselves out to others. Sylvia, with her wealth, companies, and connections in the power and social circles was well known. Adrian, with his military service and sacrifice, was lesser known but in those circles he was very well known. They agreed they would take it slowly in public. Adrian would continue driving and protecting Sylvia in public. At home, however, their life together was forever changed. For the time being, Adrian would maintain his large apartment over the garage for appearances sake, but he was moving bit by bit into Sylvia's suite, already.

But, there was more. Apparently, Adrian only knew about the resort that Sylvia owned and managed. It turned out that Sylvia's ownership was hidden through a series of holding companies. Only the most skilled investigation, or a tip, would possibly link her to the resort. He didn't know that Sylvia was an active participant. That surprised me, but maybe it shouldn't have. The resort was her fantasy and desire, not something she might likely be sharing loosely. I watched Adrian while Sylvia explained this and his expression was unchanged. He watched her. She blushed some, but he never wavered.

She stopped and smiled at him. "He has no problem with anything we were doing or I was doing at the resort. In fact, that brings up another point we decided needs to be discussed." I looked at her wondering if this was going to be a change in the tone of the discussion, but it wasn't, it just continued. "I told him about your affinity for nudity and he agrees that is a terrible thing to interfere with." She gave him a playful jab with her elbow.

"Hey, I'm just thinking about Annie."

Sylvia continued, "And, we agreed, if it was okay for you to be naked around the patio, pool, and yard, it should be acceptable for you to enjoy your boys without having to sneak up to your room or run off into the preserve beyond our fence."

I looked at her, "Only me?"

This time he gave her a light jab and they laughed. Her participating in the open was also discussed, clearly.

I crawled out of the pool after my laps workout. I was now up to 30 minutes of comfortable lap swimming, a rest to rehydrate, then 4 lengths at a sprint, and a cool down swim for 5 minutes. Smart phones with timers are wonderful! Sylvia mentioned mp3 players that can be used in the pool. It

seemed tempting only because the scenery in the pool is virtually unchanging. But, when I run in the preserve with the animals, I don't use music, preferring to enjoy the sounds of nature around me. The sounds aren't quite the same in the pool, but my smart phone provides some music ... at least as I get closer to it in the center of the pool's length.

I stood in the sun, the water dripping off my naked body. I was convinced that swimming was meant to be done while totally naked. I was so thankful that Sylvia and Adrian decided it was okay for me. I would have been happy with just this part. Not to say I wasn't taking advantage of being naked as much as I could, though. There were days when I could and days when I couldn't.

Sylvia was unique in the area. She had all the money she should could dream of, but she only had help at the estate on certain days. Typically, she had help present three days of the week. Wages are so low that even if people didn't really have enough to do, most wealthy had daily help just to be able to assist in menial tasks. Sylvia believed in doing things for herself, though. But, it was nice to have someone to give a good cleaning to the house, cook a couple meals, and take care of maintenance and yard work. I remember asking her how she found and kept good people if she only paid them a few days a week. She laughed. It was true that they only were needed at the estate a few days out of the week, but she paid them for the full week and paid them well on top of that. Getting serious, she said, "You get and keep good people by being more than fair to them." This woman was a constant source of surprise.

As I stood at the edge of the patio, the sun warming and drying my skin, water pooling on the patio blocks I was standing on, the boys came to me. Each started by licking the moisture from my legs: shins, calves, and thighs. It was them getting to my thighs that, of course, got us going toward the inevitable. Preta had edged to my front, which moved Wolf to my back. While Preta started swiping with his raspy tongue on my mound, I spread my legs. That also opened better access to Wolf as his smoother tongue sought my ass. I leaned slightly forward, tilting my pelvis slightly to Wolf in back. This focused Preta's rough tongue on my clit, causing me to bite my lip in protest at the intensity of the feelings it produced. At the same time, Wolf's long, wide tongue lapped at the bottom of my pussy and along my asshole. In no time, his tongue was finding its way just inside my pussy hole, my body readily opening and accepting of everything they were doing to me.

I broke their contact with me by twisting to the side. I crouched down and took both of their heads into my arms, hugging them to me. I stood up quickly and walked deliberately to the grassy, gentle slope leading to the back of the property. I didn't look at the house as I walked. They assured me that it was okay to be in the open when it was just us at the house. It had taken me a couple days to accept it as fact, but those days spent intermittently naked, assured me they were serious.

So, here I was, a hundred feet off the pool patio near a large flower garden, but in full view of the house, if anyone was watching.

I knelt down to my boys, hugging and stroking them. I slipped a hand underneath both of the them and smiled knowingly. I could feel the tips of each cock already poking from their sheaths. I patted the grass in front of me and they both lay before me. Wolf was raising his rear leg as I approached him. I licked his cock tip. I moved over to Preta, but quickly went back to Wolf. He was going to be inside me, first; it just worked better that way.

I nudged Wolf and turned my full attention to Preta, taking his prickly cock head into my mouth while patting my ass. Wolf responded knowingly, jumping up and moving to my ass. He was quickly on my back, his cock sliding over my extended palm between my legs and finding my hole and plunging deeply into me. I opened my mouth wide around the cock in my mouth, not removing my mouth, only opening it to gasp out at the deep penetration. Wolf repositioned himself or me as he

pulled me further onto his cock, then re-gripped around my waist, and resumed plowing his cock into my welcoming pussy.

By the time I felt his knot forming and bumping me on the outside, I was eager to take him fully inside me. I was also eager to take Preta outside, too. It felt new and rewarding. Another of my life-cycles coming into full bloom, but still wondering what all this would truly mean for me.

I was whimpering as the knot stretched my hole, pressing insistently and demandingly to gain entrance into my body. I sucked in air, held it in concentration and determination, equally applied to become tied to this wonderful male, once again. I sighed deeply, groaning out a measure of relief and pleasure at the same time as the knot made the final stretch of my pussy and plunged into me, filling me even more than before. Cock and knot. Both inside me, both now swelling more as he approached his climax.

I heard a sound from the direction of the house, but I was too far gone to worry, even if I was inclined to. I wasn't. I only focused on the cock and knot inside me giving me such joy and pleasure, but also trying vainly to also attend to the barbed cock at my mouth. As I felt the barbs lightly pulling at the inside of my mouth, the sound from the house, and the pulsing of the cock and knot inside me, I came. My orgasm coming strongly and overpowering. This time my mouth did come off Preta's cock. My head pulled back, my mouth open, my lungs aching for air as it occurred to my fuzzy mind that I was holding my breath. As I exhaled the stale air and sucked in fresh, the sound coming from my throat was nearly a guttural howl.

I collapsed to the grass as my orgasm ebbed and the last of his semen was sent into my pussy, mixing it with my own orgasmic juices.

I regained awareness in moments to attend to Preta, again. And, not surprisingly, he was still hard, extended well outside his sheath. I licked the length of it, feeling the barbs near the base and again at the head. He raised his head and I looked up at him, thinking he was looking at me, but he wasn't. Instead, he seemed to be looking past me at Wolf. I smiled as I felt Wolf test the tie. It almost seemed to me that Preta was giving Wolf a playful evil-eye, telling him to hurry-the-hell-up. I held Wolf's hind leg after his climax, encouraging him to stay on me this time. The feeling of him draped over me, his furry body covering mine like a warm, alive coat.

I reached out to muss Preta's head just as the knot pulled out of my pussy. I glanced back between my legs, catching the sight ... such an obscene, deliciously obscene, sight. Cum running out of my pussy.

I quickly turned my ass to Preta, scampering around on all fours. I wiggled my ass at him and looking over my shoulder. The past memory of hearing a sound by the house had been long since forgotten as I waited to be mounted by my feline lover. My pussy gaping from Wolf's fucking and knot, my pussy swimming in cum, I was relaxed and comfortable in taking Preta and his barbed cock. I grunted as Preta landed on my back. I assisted him into me and I was again being fucked ...

"She's quite a girl ..."

"Woman, you mean?"

"You know what I mean and so would she. I don't mean 'girl' as demeaning, but I will try harder, if you think it wise."

She patted the arms around her, "Don't. She knows exactly how you mean it. She's strong and independent. She wasn't always that way, though. And, yes, she is quite a girl."

The sound Annie heard was the patio door opening and a iron chair being scraped over the patio pavers. Sylvia was sitting on Adrian's lap in the chair. The chair was moved to allow them to directly watch the action unfolding on the grass just in front of the flower garden.

They heard her cry out suddenly and sharply. Preta was on her back and pumping his hips into hers hard and fast.

Adrian, "Is she alright? That didn't exactly sound like pleasure."

Sylvia chuckled, "Have you ever seen a feline cock? Probably not. Google it sometime. The feline cock, whether a small cat or large like a panther or larger like a lion, has barbs on it. Annie says that going in isn't so bad, being pulled out ... she says it isn't awful and in a strange way it heightens the experience. Maybe because she has deep feelings for the animal with the jungle experience. I don't know."

He kissed her neck, "You've had dogs, right?" She nodded shyly. They had talked about it briefly, enough for him to understand that she did enjoy it. "What about Preta? Ever tried him?" She shook her head vigorously. He turned her face to him. "You don't want to ... or, you just haven't?"

She looked out over the lawn and watched the animal fucking her young friend. She murmured, "Just haven't."

He turned her more to him, kissing her on the lips. She clung to him, taking the kiss and adding her own passion to it. She squirmed on his lap and smiled down at him.

"Is this what I feel pressing into my hip because of watching her and the animals, or talking about me with the animals?"

He smiled back to her, giving her another kiss. "Both, to be honest. You can't deny how completely erotic that scene is, especially a female body like that; but, you my dear ... the image building in my mind of you under one of those animals, mating with it willingly and eagerly, that is even more erotic. So, I guess you are the major reason for my current condition you are feeling pressed into that sweet ass of yours."

She laughed. Sweet ass, she thought. What a sweet man ... And a man certainly warranting not to be in discomfort. She rose from his lap, him protesting as she did it. But, she took his hand to encourage him up and he had the common sense to realize that this was to become far better than he could have anticipated.

Without hesitation or doubt, she led him by the hand to grass, not quite half way to where Annie was in the midst of being fucked by the panther. She stopped, looked around the yard, assuring herself that they were in fact isolated from any neighbor eyes despite the fact that she had assured Annie of the privacy of the estate yard. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. She pulled her mouth from his after a long moment, hugged him harder, her breast pressing flat against his wide, hard chest. She put her face alongside his and gasped, "I want you, Adrian. I want you out here, outside in the open. I want you to love me with the same openness and comfort as Annie is with her animals."

He only smiled, putting his hands on either side of her face, kissing her lips. But, his hands immediately went to the buttons on her blouse, undoing them until he had to pull the tails out of her

skirt to finish the unbuttoning. His hands slipped inside her blouse, roaming over her skin and fondling her bra encased breasts. As his hands went around her to unclasp her bra, her hands were unbuttoning his shirt. In a blur, they were both naked above the waist and again pressed together.

Sylvia held him tight, "Oh, Adrian ... Oh, yes ... I love doing this. Promise me, this won't be the last time we make love outside. Promise me we can be as free about ourselves as Annie so obviously is ..."

He held her face inches from his, staring into her eyes with a softness and tenderness that overwhelmed her. "My dear, lovely lady. As openly, carefree, and naturally as Annie handles herself in nature with her lovers is a tall expectation." He smiled at her, though, "But, one I will eagerly try to duplicate with you."

They stripped off the rest of their clothes without seduction or delay. She took his hand, her eyes fixed onto his as she slowly moved to the ground, bringing him with her as she settled onto her back on the grass, her knees bent and opening before him. He looked at her from the kneeling position she put him in, gazing along her body to her eyes from between her legs. His gaze moved from her inviting face down to her breasts, which were heaving in excitement and anticipation. His eyes then wandered over her softer, mature stomach to her pussy openly inviting by her splayed legs. When his eyes returned to hers, he found them smiling and relaxed.

She put out her hands to him, inviting him to her, inviting him to join her, him on top of her. When he did, he kissed her breasts as he made his way to her lips. As they kissed he felt his hard cock against her mound. He raised up slightly, moving his pelvis down, then lowering his body as he moved back up on her, his cock now bumping alongside her pussy. Bump, bump, bump ... as he probed with his cock.

She smiled and he felt it. He pulled back slightly, his face inquiring ...

She giggled, "Your cock bumping me, probing for my pussy ..." She kissed him. "It is like a dog blindly probing to mate. Shall I assist the way Annie taught me to assist a dog?" She was looking at him teasingly. He didn't respond one way or the other so she reached between them and he raised slightly to allow her hand to move down to their crotches. She found his cock and guided it into her wet and eager pussy. She smiled at him, "There, just like she taught me ..." He drove into her and they both laughed. His driving his cock into her pussy and their mutual reaction perhaps driven by the analogy of an animalistic mating.

When the fog cleared from my head following my second orgasm, this one with Preta, I was initially confused by the sounds of passion wafting to me from somewhere in the direction of the house, but seemingly much closer. I raised myself from the ground where I had happily and contentedly collapsed. I looked around to find Wolf gazing beyond me, Preta cleaning his cock nearby. Following Wolf's eyes, though, I was delighted by the sight of Adrian and Sylvia in the midst of making love on the grass, missionary position.

I rose and walked the short distance to be near them. I stopped while still about 20 feet away and sat down on the grass cross-legged. The animals joined me, sitting on either side of me. We didn't interrupt by intruding too close, but we did watch. Both of them looked my way, but continued without embarrassment. There was no question left in my mind. They were eager to share their lives with me.

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## CHAPTER TEN: GUARD

Sylvia's assignment of me to work with her on the charity side of her life proved enlightening. The Contreras Foundation was much more than I had been led to understand initially. I had heard mentioned that the Contreras' provided a fund to the Venezuelan Special Forces and to the Caracas Special Crimes Unit, both of which were encouraged to use the funds for necessary equipment and manpower. The Special Forces was a branch of the military that Adrian had once commanded an elite unit within and were additionally used for fighting cartel and drug forces outside the major cities. The Special Crimes Unit was the Caracas Police group assigned to fighting and investigating similar activities, but within the city limits of Caracas. They were also responsible for a growing threat in the city involving sex-slavery. Sylvia asked Adrian to oversee and front that part of the Foundation activities on her behalf. She made the necessary formal transition introductions, but both the military and police groups were excited to be able to work with Major Ramos, as he was increasingly being referred to as his role became more public.

The other side of the foundation I assumed was the support of the arts that I had noticed her recognition. I was very wrong. Yes, she was very involved in supporting several of the arts groups in Caracas and she had even dragged me to an opera. But, the other major element of the Contreras Foundation was the poor and education. The education element included one of the smaller colleges but focused more on programs and aid in support of schools in the poor and slum areas of Caracas metropolitan area. It was this part of the foundation work she was pushing me to support her efforts.

I was not a citizen of Venezuela and was, therefore, restricted in what I could do in the way of any appearance of paid working. My visa was that of 'tourist' so I could draw no salary, but since I was living in Sylvia's estate and receiving an allowance of sorts, there was little real need for drawing a salary.

It was in this new role of accompanying Sylvia that I found myself making the rounds with Sylvia and on numerous occasions being with her when she visited her various offices and companies in the Caracas area. On this particular day, I was accompanying Adrian and her to the Contreras Enterprises Headquarters, which was coincidentally in the Contreras Building, an eleven story office and retail building in the business district. Contreras Enterprises occupies the top six floors with Sylvia having a corner office on the top floor overlooking the major business and entertainment district of Caracas.

It was from this building that Adrian led Sylvia and me through the main doors and onto the large outdoor courtyard with its raised flower gardens and fountain. We were headed next for the Caracas Opera House, which was about four blocks away. The time spent from the top floor to the ground was consumed with Sylvia and Adrian discussing walking or driving. Adrian wanted to drive us; Sylvia and I wanted to walk. It was a rare, beautifully sunny day without high humidity or temperatures.

While they continued there talking, Adrian really needed to learn and understand that Sylvia was going to win in the end, I spotted a street vendor on the corner. I told them I was going to get bottled water for the walk. Adrian gave me an exasperated look as he continued to make his point about safety on the streets of the most dangerous city in the Western Hemisphere, if not the world.

I touched Sylvia's upper arm and told her I would meet them at the corner. I turned and felt like I was nearly sashaying across the crowded courtyard and down the couple steps to the expansive sidewalk. The beautiful day added to the feeling of elegance in the way I was feeling about myself. The clothes Sylvia had me wearing in the city were stunning and the freshness of the air and sunny warmth added to the experience. I was wearing a spaghetti strap sun-dress and high heels. My

tanned and smooth legs required no nylons and I did not like the feeling of them in warm weather. Sylvia and I owned some, however, and teased about the show we could put on for Adrian in private, but we hadn't quite worked our relationship to the three-some stage.

The bodice of my dress covered most of the tattoos over my left breast, revealing only the larger crouching panther that sat over my breast to my chest. The skirt was full, coming to just above my knees, and swung freely about my legs with the breeze and my steps. I felt very much alive and vibrant as I seemingly floated toward the corner. It wasn't missed by me that the crowds seemed to part as I moved, allowing me room to continue in a straight path through the crowd. It was obvious that not only men were giving me attention as I passed, but numerous women, as well. The Spanish culture is still largely driven by male dominance and women seem to openly encourage the attitude in the process. At least from my North American perspective, there seemed to be an undercurrent of sexual tension present in ordinary life and interaction. And, it seemed that not only men, but also women, played to that physical attraction. My increased sexual being never seemed more at home as in such a public environment.

As I walked to the corner, my eyes were attracted to the sights around me and the sounds of the conversations, laughs, and tensions I could hear and feel from the people surrounding me and passing me. I had found the Spanish language easy for me to assimilate. I wasn't perhaps fluent, but I was accomplished enough to fully communicate. People would recognize me as being foreign, but also as someone respecting their culture enough to adjust to them. The three of us moved freely in our private conversations from Spanish to English and back as it seemed easiest to express ourselves, mostly for my benefit in expressing more complex ideas and thoughts than my grasp of Spanish might allow. But, it was required less and less as I encouraged our communication to use Spanish for my better assimilation.

At the corner, I approached the vendor. An older, grey haired man in an exquisite business suit was ahead of me. His attention was broken by following the vendor's gaze on me behind him. The man made an elaborate gesture of offering to allow me to go first, but I demurely suggested that he continue. He nodded and did, glancing up at the vendor in his cart, drawing a knowing smile from the vendor.

I was finishing my purchase of three cold bottles of water when I heard shouts and screams from down the sidewalk. With one hand on the vendor's cart counter top, I looked up and saw a growing concern spreading over the vendor's face. I turned to focus on what was happening and two things penetrated my senses at the same time. One was an increased confusion of excited sounds and shouts as the crowded sidewalk seemed to be parting to give way to an on-rushing force; the other was the sound of Sylvia's voice, distinct in tone to me even through the other sounds and distance, exclaiming that her purse had been stolen.

My mind and body seemed to simultaneously agree on the next moment's course of action. I turned to the vendor, handed him my small purse, and asked him to hold it for me. I then turned to the on-rushing force continuing to cause the crowd to part in front of it. I stepped into the middle of the sidewalk, squared my shoulders with my left leg ahead of my right, shifting my weight to my back leg ... and waited, my body tensed in a coil prepared to unleash dynamic energy. One of Adrian's mantras was simple: use the momentum of your opponent to increase your power and control. This guy's head-long rush to escape, combined with his initial appraisal of me as simply a refined, young woman, would be all the advantage I would need.

The image approaching through the crowd was similar to something moving through the water, a wake of people opening up before the guy and openness, like a wake, behind him. With only a few more people between him and me, I prepared for my move. As he broke clear in front of me, I shifted

my weight to my front leg, swinging my right arm around in the process, catching the man at the collar bone as I pressed my body and arm fiercely forward, driving my arm through him. Adrian, and Sam before him, stressed the importance of driving any blow past the target, keeping the momentum through impact.

It was exactly my intention and result. My arm impacted his collar bone, glancing upward into his throat before impacting his chin, driving his head back and up. His head stopped while his lower body still had its momentum, raising him off the ground, his feet in the air in front of him. He landed on his back, bouncing the back of his head off the concrete walkway. I moved into position for a follow-up strike, but his only movement was stunned confusion as he blinked his eyes and gasped for air. I pulled his far arm to put him on his stomach, then knelt with my knee between his shoulder blades, pressing my entire weight onto him, eliciting a cry of pain.

With that completed, my mind began registering the commotion around me. There was more rushing on the sidewalk as I recognized Sylvia calling and Adrian encouraging people out of the way. Behind me, I heard the distinctive whistles of policemen on foot rushing up. I reached over the man under me for the purse I recognized as Sylvia's, the strap cut. To the side was an open folding knife.

"Annie! What on earth? You could have been hurt!"

I looked up at her, handing her the damaged purse. I looked over at Adrian who was smiling. I looked back at Sylvia, "It appears not ..."

As the policemen arrived, I removed my knee from the man as I stood, smoothing out my skirt in the process. The police questioned several people, Sylvia and myself, then led the man away, firmly controlled between them.

I walked to the vendor who still had a stunned look on his face. He handed me my purse followed by the three waters. I smiled at him demurely, "Gracias, Senior." He looked at me for a moment before shaking his head and giving me a smile.

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We were sitting at a little restaurant downtown for an early dinner before returning home. We were at a table at the window, the thinning sidewalk traffic passing by just outside the glass. Adrian was sitting with his back to the window, Sylvia and I on either side of him.

Adrian held his glass of wine up to us, apparently in preparation for a toast. "To Annie."

Sylvia touched her glass to his, then to mine, but wasn't quite as pleased. "I have trouble being excited or joyful about what happened back there or that you felt it predestined."

He looked at her with sympathy. "I told you she was ready. I told you she was prepared. What happened back there was just validation."

I reached across the table and touched Sylvia's hand. "I'm fine, Sylvia. I was always in control of the situation. Adrian is right, it was like reflex. His training just flowed through my body. I never had any doubt."

He looked at her softly, "Okay? I really do think it is time." Sylvia shrugged with resignation, then nodded. He looked at me.

I returned his look, but mine showed confusion. "Time for what?"



He smiled. "Your next duty role for Sylvia ... and me. Bodyguard. You can more innocently be with Sylvia than I can, at times. There are situations where having me around is awkward. Then, there are times when I can be having the car or SUV ready as you bring her out."

I looked at Sylvia. She gave us both an exasperated response. "I REALLY don't think all this protection is necessary. This is my city; I've lived here without trouble."

I smiled at her. "Then just think of it as loving attention ..." She knew she wasn't going to change anything. Adrian had made up his mind and I was supporting him. As she relaxed to the idea of me being more than a very close friend assisting her with the Foundation, we shared a light laugh which started from her.

I caught her eye as we relaxed while Adrian paid the bill with a company credit card. I winked and asked, "Tonight as planned?" She nodded and seemed to blush just a little.

Adrian looked up as he finished with the bill, "What about tonight?"

Sylvia patted his hand as she pushed her chair back, "Be patient, my man." He looked at me but could see I wasn't giving him anything. He shrugged and dug into his pocket for the car keys.

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Arriving home and back inside the house, Adrian stopped at the large entertainment room. "I think this night deserves a little more time. How about one more drink and we relax?"

I gave Sylvia a sly look and she nodded and replied, "Give us a moment. You make the drinks; we're going to get a little more comfortable." He smiled, took off his jacket and made his way to the wet bar. Sylvia and I went upstairs to our separate suites. We had this planned and we wasted little time getting ready.

Inside my own room, I began stripping out of my clothes while still in the sitting room, dropping my dress and underwear on the bed, heading for the bathroom to quickly do my hair and touchup my lips and liner. Back in my bedroom, I needed little time to get dressed again. I took out my new black high heels, sheer black stay-up nylons, and black thong. Standing in front of the full length mirror in the bedroom, I got dressed. Once finished, yes finished, I appraised my look. I had to smile. The nylons were thigh high with lace at the top. On the back were little sewn-on flowers. The thong was black satin with a small lace wedge inset centered on the top. My heels were four inch stilettos. On top I was wearing my tattoos. It didn't quite seem balanced, though. I looked through the jewelry I now had and selected dangling silver earrings and a long string of costume pearls, which I double looped and arranged to hang between my breasts. Yes ...

I exited my room and knocked on Sylvia's. She opened the door while putting on her own heels. She had decided on white. She was wearing an enchanting sheer flyaway long white gown with laced cups attached between the breasts with a jeweled bow. It hung to her ankles, but when she moved the light material parted, flowing behind her, exposing what was underneath. Underneath she wore sheer white stay-up nylons and a white satin thong. She too decided on jewelry, choosing a small pearl necklace and dangling earrings. She was stunning and I couldn't wait to see Adrian's reaction.

"Are you ready?"

"Oh, Annie, I've wanted this to happen for the three of us since shortly after Adrian and I finally got together. Yes, I am more than ready. I just hope we don't shock Adrian too much."

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Adrian had our drinks waiting for us on the coffee table at the sofa. He was standing at the double door looking over the back patio and property. It was dark outside. The light was bright inside. Those glass double doors became a mirror. All he could really see outside was the lights in the pool that had been mistakenly left on. He was about to open the doors to walk to the equipment shed to do just that when there was a movement behind him reflected in the glass. The image he saw froze him. He didn't turn around, but gazed at the reflection in the glass, afraid that the image might not be real and turning would prove it.

Sylvia was standing in the opening to the room. She was unbelievably beautiful. He had known her since her husband was about to die. They had become quick friends and confidants, first for him as he pulled himself together in fulfillment of her husband's wishes, and later for her as she sought to expand and extend her place in the businesses her husband left to her. He could pick her out of a crowd at a quick glance. He had come to recognize her in an intimate way that few people might ever come to know another, even lovers. That intimate recognition recently took on an entirely new dimension when she had become his lover, and he hers. She had always been an exquisite woman to him. More than her form, which he hadn't begun to appreciate fully until recently, it was her manner, her carriage, her vibrancy that she showed. When he was given the gift of her full love, when he experienced the physical form of that love, when he had gazed and treasured the experience of her body in love, he never believed he would envision ANYTHING to compare. He was wrong and he was looking at it.

He turned from the glass, determined that he owed himself the risk of the image disappearing ... because, if it didn't ...

"Sylvia ..." It was almost a whisper as it came off his tongue to float across the room on air so still he feared it couldn't possibly be real. This had to be another dream. Yes, that was it, it had to be. He would awaken and this woman would be draped over him like other times. And that would be wonderful ... but ...

She stood in the opening wearing one of the sheerest white gowns he had ever seen. He could easily see the white thong and stockings underneath. Only a moment before as she stepped in, her leg and hip had been exposed. Now, the gown covered her, but not really. He took a step toward her, but stopped to gaze more.

"Sylvia ... you're ... my god, you're beautiful. Stunning!" Then he got nervous, but her appearance didn't change. Her face and posture remained composed and relaxed and assured. "What ... what about ... but ... what about Annie? Annie might ..."

She moved for the first time since she stepped into the entry. She moved her finger to her lips. Then, she stepped to the side.

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I had been standing just out of sight of Adrian against the wall in the hall. I listened, while watching Sylvia. There wasn't much said, but by the look on Sylvia's face, I knew the effect on Adrian had been perfect. When his comments stammered around my name, the implication that they might be discovered by me, I moved to the entry on my cue.

When I approached the entry, I was watching Sylvia and her face was glowing. She winked at me and nodded. I turned the corner and walked through the entry, stopping alongside Sylvia and looked directly at Adrian.

“What about me, Adrian?”

He only stared at me, then at Sylvia, but back to me. His eyes drifted from my face slowly down my body until Sylvia let him know we were aware, “Adrian, our eyes are up here ...”, we were laughing.

Embarrassed, his eyes quickly rose to our faces and he moved to the table, retrieved our drinks, and handed them to us. We laughed and both kissed a cheek as he stood offering the drinks. Sylvia and I giggled at his discomfort and awkwardness. But, we were surprised by the level of that awkwardness and how much he was taken aback, when she and I took seats at either end of the sofa and he stutter-stepped until he sat on a chair across the coffee table from us.

I had crossed my legs, as a woman often does when sitting, but then opened them, parting my knees slightly while looking him in the eyes. Yes, it was bad to continue teasing the poor man. His eyes, without his intention, dropped to look between my legs. If my thong had been a lighter shade or color, he might have seen how excited I was. Instead, his eyes returned to my face, which was smiling at him, they flew over to Sylvia’s and he blushed, again. Sylvia and I glanced at each other, smiled our recognition that it was time to end the teasing, and both patted the sofa space between us.

We were giving him a blatant display of sexual intention and the man was still nervous about reading the situation correctly. I leaned over to her and whispered, “You won’t have to worry about this man straying. He is too nervous about taking any action that might disappoint or offend you.”

She nodded her understanding and looked at him with increased admiration and respect. I put my drink down on a coaster on the table made of a slab of Goncarlo Alves from the Venezuelan forests. I rose from the sofa, stepped to him, and taking his hand led him back to the sofa. The three of us on the sofa should have been comfortable, but I put him close to Sylvia and I sat nearly on top of him, my body tight against his. I took my glass and presented it before Adrian. The three glasses came together, but Adrian had a confused look on his face.

“What are toasting?”

Sylvia kissed his cheek and giggled, “You, silly man! We’re toasting a man who we both feel so grateful to have in our lives.”

I continued, “So grateful, in fact, that we want you to know that we intend to express that feeling frequently ... together ... and separately.”

He looked quickly at Sylvia as if to question what he had just heard. She nodded, “Yes, dear Adrian, you heard correctly. And that has my full blessing. This, tonight dressed like this for you, is our way of introducing you to our intention, our desire to share in the openness of experiencing the pleasures that our bodies can experience, the pleasures that Annie and I had become so accustomed to sharing while at the resort.”

I put my free hand on his leg, high up on his thigh. “Of course, neither of us believes in forcing sexual attention on another person, so ....”

A huge smile spread across his face, his full acceptance of what was being offered to him settling in. He chuckled, placed his glass on the table, and put his arms around each of us, drawing us into his sides, his hands stroking down our bare arms, grazing the side of my bare breast and her lace covered breast. “No ... forcing is not an issue.” We all laughed.

I reached across his body, took her glass, and met her eyes. “In that case, I think this man is

overdressed." She nodded to me, kissed his cheek, and began unbuttoning his white shirt as I placed the glasses on the table. I then knelt down between the sofa and table to undo his belt and pants. I then moved to his feet, removing his shoes and socks. Sylvia had his shirt off and was removing his undershirt as I took hold of his pants and underwear, pulling them down and off as he raised his hips from the sofa.

He was being attacked by two determined women, but he didn't seem to mind very much.

Sylvia got onto her knees next to him in order to better kiss and stroke his now bare chest and stomach. In my kneeling position, I was taking care of other parts of his body. My hands ran along the top of his thighs, back and forth, as I watched them begin their kissing. My hands moved to the inside of his thighs and with little pressure, his legs opened before me. I settled between his knees, kissing my way up his thigh. By the time I had reached his crotch, his cock was already nearly hard. I took it in my hands, stroking up and down on it, watching it grow ever larger in my hands. My mouth went over the head and I sucked vigorously, allowing it to come out so my tongue could lick its length before again taking it back into my mouth. I mumbled, with it in my mouth, about his size and was surprised to hear a reply from Sylvia.

"I know, right?"

I smiled around his cock in my mouth. She has definitely enjoyed this cock and the man attached to it. I glanced up while sucking his cock to find his hands also busy. He was working on the tie of her gown between her breasts. Once it was undone, she straightened her back and moved her knees to free the gown and slip it off her shoulders and flip it off the sofa and out of the way. I had him very hard. He was a fine man ... and his cock was fine, also.

I stood up, reached to take Sylvia's right arm, and pulled her away from her man. She started protesting until she saw the look in my eyes and rightly guessed that I had something new in mind. She relented after giving him another kiss and allowed me to guide her off of him. I stood her in front of him, took the waist of her thong between my fingers, and pulled it down her legs. His knees were still parted, as they had been when I was between them. I moved her between his legs, whispered to her to put one leg on the outside of his legs. Then, I guided her backwards and she knew instantly what I had in mind. She smiled and moved on her own.

Adrian started closing his legs, anticipating what Sylvia was about to do, but I moved between them keeping his legs parted. I reached between both of their splayed legs and held his rigid cock vertical. At this point, Sylvia was crouched over Adrian's midsection. She reached down, taking his cock from me, but I didn't let go. I continued to hold the base as she used her fingers to guide it into her opening. I looked up when I saw the head disappear into her. Her face changed from concentrating on the penetration to the feeling of being penetrated. Her eyes closed, her mouth opened into an 'O' and her breath hung between intake and exhale. Neither happened until she had slowly slid down the full length of his cock and was sitting on his body.

I looked down to verify that she had him completely, then looked back up to her face. When her eyes opened and she looked down at me, they were eyes reflecting the lust and desire she was at that moment consumed with. I smiled, reached up and kissed each of her breasts. My own excitement spiked as I contemplated when I might enjoy this man for myself. Hopefully, yet that tonight. I raised myself momentarily to cover her mouth my own. I took her face into my hands and kissed her, again.

Looking into her eyes, "God, you are a sexy woman!"

I then pushed her back onto Adrian's chest and kissed my way down to their joined bodies, which

were now in motion as she rose and fell on him and he rotated his pelvis in time with her, adding his own motion to his cock going in and out of her.

I put my hand out, touching his cock as it appeared and her pussy as it covered him, again. My hand slipped underneath him to massage his balls and he groaned. I bent down, bringing my mouth into contact with their union, liking his cock as it appeared, licking her pussy, licking her engorged clit. I fastened my lips to the upper part of her pussy slit and clit, my tongue coming out to lick his cock, my upper lip pressing against her clit. One hand went up to her breast only to find it already being fondled. Without moving my mouth, I changed hands from his balls up to the other breast. I fondled it, pulled on her nipple, pinched it and twisted it. All the while, they fucked and I sucked.

At one point, she lifted her up and off his cock. I didn't even wonder why. I grabbed it and sucked it into my mouth. I sucked on it and engulfed it into my mouth and throat, moving up and down it. When I felt a hand gently touch the side of my head, I raised up, releasing the cock but holding it vertical. I watched as her pussy settled over the head and quickly sank back down in one stroke to the base. I returned to my licking and mouthing of their parts without wondering how or why that had just happened.

I felt his impending climax. Holding his balls in my hand, I felt them tighten. I heard his groans and moans increase and I watched him drive his cock deeper and more firmly into her. My fingers went to her clit and I strummed her as I watched intently as their fucking took on an urgency and demand that was almost animalistic. Animalistic is something I understand.

As they came, I pressed my body against Sylvia's, which pressed her back into him even more. There were arms and hands moving over bodies, sometimes becoming entangled as mine, Sylvia's, and Adrian's arms and hands battled for skin and body parts to caress.

We stayed like that, pressed into each other until I could feel their breathing begin to return to normal. The side of my face pressed into Sylvia's stomach was an easy indicator of their recovery. I rotated slightly and kissed her stomach, then sat back on my heels, which I was surprised I was still wearing.

I stood up, retrieved the glasses and returned with them filled with water, handing one to each of them. They drank greedily. I glanced down and found them still joined without embarrassment or self-consciousness. I knelt on the sofa next to them, giving each a kiss on the mouth. Sylvia stretched her naked body, extending her arm above her and bring them down around the neck of Adrian. I stroked her breasts, then slid my hand down her body to their union, his cock still embedded in her. They smiled at me, recognizing the position they were in. Sylvia put out her right arm and Adrian his left, pulling me into a three-some hug. This felt so good and natural. How did I get so lucky? And ... how often am I going to be asking myself that?

But, as we were settled into loving embrace, Sylvia wiggled to extricate herself. I moaned a complaint.

She persisted, though. "Come you two. It's time."

With her moved off Adrian, I settled tight next to him on the sofa. My hand naturally went to his thigh, as his onto mine. I looked up her, "Time for what?"

She looked at the two of us with a growing smile coming over her face. "Time to go upstairs ... now it's your turn." I smiled. Adrian apparently had a lot of confidence in his ability to perform, he moved up right away and pulled me with him, and we followed Sylvia up the stairs.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN: SEARCH & RESCUE

I was on the back lawn, again. With my boys, again. It was another of the days when both the house and yard crews were not working and we could be as we wanted, where we wanted. When I could manage days at home and not running around with Sylvia or Adrian, I tried to make them these days; days when we would be in the house and yard by ourselves.

I was underneath Wolf. I was on my hands and knees and he was draped over me, providing that feeling of warm security and comfort, his furry, strong body over my naked back. His cock was buried deep inside my pussy and he was pumping into me with that 'jackhammer' action that seems only a canine can do. At least, so far in my experience of animals, that has been true. I was braced underneath him, holding my body rigid and allowing him to do the work. It isn't exactly like a woman has much choice in the matter; that fast fucking motion is impossible to match.

We had just started, his cock hard and large, sliding along my pussy sleeve, squeezing and holding it as much as possible as it flew in and out, but never quite all the way out. His secretions were flowing, adding lubrication to my own naturally flowing juices, the combination creating a slick, contracting sleeve for him to work into. I felt his cock growing, expanding as he continued to fuck into me. God! I was in heaven ... AGAIN!

Bare feet appeared in front of my drooping face. I knew immediately, though, whose they were: Sylvia.

"Is this a private party or can three play?"

I tried to glance up with a smile. If I was successful or not, she dropped onto the lawn on her back and shimmied under me so our heads could make contact. She was naked. I loved these days we were alone!

After essentially necking for a few minutes, she slithered further under me until she was under my swinging breasts. She captured one in her hand and raised her mouth to the other, clamping onto the nipple and holding on with suction power. The added stimulation at my breasts gave me a jolt. And there in front of me were her breasts spread across her chest, shifting with her breathing and movements. I engulf the nipple of her left breast in the same way she had mine in her mouth.

My focus was split between the cock pounding into my pussy from behind and the breast and nipple at my mouth. But her body shifted, not a major change in position, but a move. At first, I didn't understand it, it is as if her hips are rising, causing a shift in her angle to me. As a shadow moves before my eyes, I break my mouth-grip on the nipple and look. I smile up at him. Adrian. Adrian has now arrived, too. And, not to be left out of the fun, he has taken a position between Sylvia's spread legs, has lifted her hips and penetrating her pussy with his marvelous cock.

Sylvia's groans are now matching mine. Her breasts are moving in a similar motion as mine, though mine are hanging and swinging, while hers are spread across her chest and bouncing from one side to the other like waves in a small pool being raised and dropped.

I have recaptured one of her breasts with my mouth after repeated attempts to anticipate the motion. She has begun to simply fondle both of my breasts and nipples with her hands and fingers.

I moan out as the Wolf's knot presses firmly, stretching my opening wider and wider. When it passes into me, I cry out my pleasure to again being filled with not only cock, but the ball attached to it. My

pussy is full and the movements constricted, but the feeling is intense and animalistic. I am mounted by this animal. I am tied to this animal by his cock. I will be bred by him in only moments. Once fully and completely inside me, tied to me, his cock and knot expand deliciously, larger and fuller than when entering me. Then, I feel him jerk inside, I feel his cock spasm and twitch and I know it is only moments, if that long, before he fills me with his seed, before he washes my womb with his doggy seed. And that, the action and thoughts, are all I need to join him in my own climax.

I move to the side, knotted to Wolf, but wanting to rest at least my upper body on the ground. To do so, I move a few feet to the side of Sylvia and lower myself to my elbows and then to the ground, my face resting on my forearms. I am looking at Sylvia as they are continuing their fucking. She turns her head, her eyes absently focusing on me. She smiles and I smile back, shifting my head to free up my right arm to move to her. I stroke her arm and shoulder, only able to graze the side of her breast. Her hand moved toward mine, searching blindly until we are holding hands as Adrian brings her to climax and he strains his body against hers, as deeply into her as he can, grunting his own release into her.

The three of us are relaxed on the lawn, slowly coming out of orgasmic bliss. Wolf has retreated a little way from us, contentedly licking his cock clean, a ritual that seems true for all canines. Preta, however, is still attentive and nearby. He is expectant, but patient. Like Wolf, he is comfortable in the relationship that I am not his for the taking, but that I am his when I allow it. But, I am also aware of the subtleties of male and female dynamics and harmony. Fair is fair, regardless of who is in control.

I roll onto my side and up to my knees, my hands on my thighs, arching my back, stretching and sighing at the feel of the sun on my nakedness. I look to the other two and smile. "You don't mind if I take care of Preta now, do you?"

It was almost a rhetorical question in my mind. They had previously assured me that they approved of my enjoying the boys when I wanted and where I wanted on the days we were alone on the estate grounds. They had also been closely present on other occasions when I would be under one of the animals. So, I wasn't expecting a response.

"Actually ... we've been talking ..."

So, I was surprised. I stopped at the mid-point of rising and settled back to the ground and looked at Sylvia who was now looking at Adrian. I saw him nodding, which caused me to wonder even more what this was about.

She was still watching Adrian, but she was clearly talking to me. "We talked. After watching you with Preta, he asked me if I had ever been mounted by him. I told him that I hadn't and he could tell by the way I watched and how excited I became in the process that I would like to someday. He encouraged me." I saw him nodding back to her. She turned her head to me. "Would it be okay, Annie, if that 'someday' was now?"

I crawled the short distance between us, took her in my arms and whispered into her ear, "You remember about the barbs?" She nodded. So, we proceeded.

She looked at me, but I just laughed. "Don't look at me. You know the position. This is the same as for Wolf, although there is no knot, there is something else, but you know about that." I looked at Adrian, his softened cock, and back to her. I think he should have you opened and 'lubricated' well enough." She blushed.

She got onto her hands and knees, but I found I did need to provide some assistance. Preta has only

been with me. The idea of mating with another woman was something he hadn't experienced and was unsure what he should do with this female presenting herself the way I had.

I crawled to her side and smacked her ass cheek a couple times. Getting his attention and to her backside, he sniffed the air, finding his way to her ass and pussy. He looked at me as if still unsure. I rubbed his head and gently applied a little encouraging pressure for him toward her. He licked her ass several times. I could see on Sylvia's face when he found her pussy. The raspy, rough tongue was different from a dog's or human's. After numerous licks, her eyes rolled back as a long moan escaped her throat.

I put my hand between her and the cat's snout, breaking his focus on licking. I patted her backside, again. This time he responded, jumping onto her back, instantly covering her body with his blackness. I reminded her about her hand and she responded by slipping her hand between her legs. Then, her mouth fell open and she groaned. I smiled at Adrian. My older friend was penetrated by her first large feline.

"You want to be able to watch her?" He nodded. "Me, too", I said.

I turned on my hands and knees and presented my ass to Adrian like I would to one of the animals. It was the best way for us to be close to her and both of us to watch. For a moment, I forgot that he had just come inside Sylvia and might need some coaxing, but when I felt his stiff cock slide into my pussy, I knew all of this was exciting him as much as the rest of us. When he began pumping into me, I could match his rhythm and I did. I pushed back against him as he pressed into me. He leaned over me and captured one of my swinging breast in his large hands and mashed it in his grip. He was a powerful lover, but within that power was a caring that was intoxicating to feel. All that power and strength, but he provided a security in the effort.

Sylvia was a sight to be seen. On her hands and knees, a huge black cat on her back, covering her, his hips pumping vigorously into her. Her face showed signs of stunned sensations of both pleasure and irritation, both mixing inside her pussy and radiating out through her body. Her back would periodically arch high into the air, almost like a cat stretching, but it was a physical reaction to the barbs pulling at her tender flesh inside, her body moving, searching, trying for a combination of just a little more comfort. I knew ... I knew very well. I also learned after the first few times that I wasn't going to have the tender, sensitive flesh of my pussy ripped and torn by those barbs. It was irritating, yes, but not damaging.

I watched her as she experienced her first feline mating, watched her go through the mix of emotions and physical reactions. I watched as that mix of sensations slowly, but steadily drove her body ever higher in ecstasy and pleasure. I watched, and knew that Adrian was seeing the same thing, as her body began shaking and quaking. First her arms, then her breasts swaying with more wide abandon as her quaking added to the thrusts from the big cat. The flesh on her thighs twitched and shimmied. When her head began rising and falling, her shoulders twitching, and her mouth uttering sounds never before heard from her, I knew she was going to have a magnificent climax.

Adrian stopped pumping into me, holding his cock deep inside my pussy, watching as the woman he had recently committed himself to was shaking and convulsing into an orgasm he knew he could never duplicate for her.

It was a wonderful experience. An experience that for each of us would help make our interesting relationship very memorable.

I was in Sylvia's study at home going over some reports she received from each of the charity organizations her foundation sponsored. I found the tedious task of reviewing cleverly written prose about all the good they had accomplished combined with the summary of incoming and outgoing funds just that ... tedious. I was learning from Sylvia, though, by her steady and patient guidance how to pick through the bullshit (this woman could be very blunt when appropriate, at least privately) and interpret the truth. Or, enough of the truth to ask pointed questions and request additional financial data to unravel the true picture. As with almost anything in this world, good and bad, some charitable groups functioned for the good of others while others functioned for the good of those managing it. The trick, it appeared, was to determine quickly which was which and minimize the waste of time, resources, and money that she could detour somewhere better managed.

It was a day when others were around the estate. Sylvia rarely wore shorts and pull-over shirts, anymore. That apparently was something she did at the resort to fit in with the staff and guests. Here, she was usually in a dress or skirt of some kind. As a result, she had me dressing the same when we were in view of others or in public. This day, I was in a light summer dress. Spaghetti straps with a skirt that stopped well above the knees ... and no underwear. I had to look the part. What people couldn't see shouldn't bother them. It was my little rebellion.

Adrian strode into the room without his customary knock on the door jamb as he passed it. Sylvia and I both looked from the computer screens with a measure of surprise, but our surprise grew immediately on seeing his face. He was showing worry about something. He strode up to the desk, searched, picked up the remote for the TV mounted on the far wall, and turned it on. We both looked at him as if he had lost his mind. There were TV systems throughout the house, why pick this one?

He switched through all the local cable news channels, then blurted out, "See! Nothing!"

Sylvia leaned back in her chair staring at him. "Adrian, what is the matter?"

He turned off the set and paced back and forth in front of the desk. "We have a problem." We both looked at him bewildered. What on earth could be causing such a reaction from him? "Remember that kid that went missing in mountains behind us in the Preserve?" We both nodded. It had been on all the channels. It was about all that could be found for the better part of the day he went missing. "The police were mobilized with dogs and trackers. I think they even had a helicopter up there, I know at least one local station did."

I stood up and stopped his pacing by getting in his way. I put my hands on his large biceps to keep him in one place. "They responded, so what? That's their job, isn't it?"

He poked an index finger into my chest, "Exactly! It's their job!"

Sylvia stood up, her chair rolling backward. "Adrian, stop! Make sense."

He took a deep breath and apologized before continuing. "Today, three little kids nine to eleven ... they went missing in the hills. And they can't be found."

"Adrian, they will. The same thing will be done and they will find them. Why is this our problem?"

"Because, these kids weren't rich kids lost in the preserve. These kids are from Petare. Annie, for your benefit, Petare is the largest slum district in Caracas on the east side of the city."

I touched his arm, "Isn't that where you grew up?" He nodded.

"I just heard from one of your drivers. You saw that there is no news coverage, but there also is no

police coverage. Those kids are up in those hills behind the slums somewhere and it is going to be dark in a couple hours, shorter if it gets cloudy like the forecast." We looked at each other. He continued, "Sylvia, you have made tremendous in-roads up there in getting at least some of the people to open up and trust someone from the city. If something happens to those kids ... I know ... I know how they will react." He looked her right in the eyes. "I know how I would have reacted. Everything that has been said will look like just another set of lies from the rich and powerful."

Sylvia walked to the window. It faced South, opposite of the mountains to the North that made up the Preserve. She craned her neck to look as far East as she could. She wasn't going to see anything, anyway. The trees blocked any view to the horizon.

Absently, she muttered it, "Everything we've worked for?"

He came up behind her, his large hands on her sagging shoulders. "Everything you have worked so hard for. Nearly by yourself, Sylvia. When others said it was hopeless, you said there was always hope and set out to prove them wrong, both the people in the city and the people in the slums who didn't believe anyone really cared."

She turned around and looked up at him. "There has to be something. It's still light for a little while. Maybe if we can mobilize the police or army or ..." He was shaking his head. She turned back to the window, she knew he was right. It was too late for that. If they were inclined to mobilize, they would have. "There has to be something ..."

Adrian turned around and looked at me, but still spoke to her. "I think there is, but you have to trust me. You both have to trust me."

I looked down at the floor. He means me ... he means that I can still help those kids. My mouth opened and closed without anything coming out, then open, again. Sylvia beat me to a response, though.

"I can't ask you to do this, Annie. Adrian can't. The dark, the wild animals are used to feeding on the garbage from the slums. The worst wild animals are those that have become used to the presence of humans, they lose their natural fear and instinctive reaction to avoid us. I can't ask you. I don't want you to."

"You're right, you can't ask me. But, you should. Don't you see? Adrian is right. Jenna and Mary and Steve are right. Sam is right. Don't you see? It's time for me. I thought I had accepted what has happened to me, but I continue to play a game of understanding and intellectualizing. It is time that I accept it and do something. Even before these ... gifts, if that's what they are ... even before they were really developed, they helped me get out of the jungle. And, there is something that I have tried to ignore, to pretend isn't there, but I know deep down is real ... somehow real. Wolf and Preta found me in the jungle. How? How could they do that? There has been other happenings, too. There is something else there besides the physical." They looked at each other. "We have to try. Besides", I laughed, "if I am up against some coyotes, I have my boys ..."

The clouds did roll in from the ocean. The weather service was predicting a storm with maybe half an inch of rain. If this didn't sound like a good idea before, it just became less so.

Sylvia was scanning the stations on the radio hoping for information on the kids, but it seemed void of any knowledge that the kids were even missing. Adrian was driving us in the SUV through the slums. The going was difficult and slow and the three of us were very nervous. Adrian's information

from the driver gave us a location but finding it was another matter. The lack of good street maintenance and winding streets made the process feel strange compared to the city proper where a simple GPS system could direct you to a location.

The headlights were already needed and when we found the location at the top of the slums near the start of the wild, we were quickly surrounded by people as Adrian edged the vehicle into the mob. He left the headlights on and took a large flashlight. With about half the street lights not working, it felt instantly as dangerous as it probably was. Adrian was seen talking to some men who point further ahead. He disappeared into the crowd and Sylvia and I were suddenly more nervous than before. After some long minutes, Adrian could be seen causing the milling people to part as he approached. He went to the back, opened it and took both animals by their leashes, handing them to me. Sylvia was moved between us.

Adrian filled us in as we worked our way through the crowd. The animals assisted in getting a wider path created for us. I suppressed a smile. My nervousness had evaporated. I remembered what I was capable of and what Wolf and Preta were capable of. The two families were up ahead. The men had managed to search the front face of the hills but darkness had caught them before they were able to move over the ridge. Beyond the ridge was wild country. He introduced Sylvia to the families, then pointed to me.

“This woman has skills in the wild. She wants to continue to search with her animals.” I was dressed in black. Exercise leggings, boots, and tank top over sports bra. My appearing before them in black alongside my black animals seemed to intimidate them. It was a good start. Sylvia and Adrian would remain with the families.

I asked them to show me on a map where they had searched. I listened to them and watch them point to areas on the map, picking out landmarks and terrain features. There were trails up there but on the other side of the ridge, the trails were nearly non-existent.

I turned to Adrian and Sylvia and asked in English, “What do you think will happen if I can’t find them?”

Adrian sighed heavily, “Find them and we won’t have to find out.”

I smiled. My confidence surprised me. I fist-bumped him, unclipped the leashes and handed them to Sylvia. I turned and ran into the darkness, followed closely by Wolf and Preta. I didn’t stop until we reached the ridge. We had been given an old tee shirt of the youngest boy but if it started raining, the odds of any scent assisting us would be lost. Time was not on our side. In the distance to the East, somewhere still over the ocean, was lightning. And it was coming our way.

A woman came up to Sylvia as she stood staring into the darkness. “Senora, you let her go by herself? Aren’t you worried?”

Sylvia diverted her eyes to the question and found a small older woman. “Do you know the children?”

“Si, I am grandmother to one. Is she yours?” In the light of the headlights and flashlights, the woman looked old. Her face was a road map of deep creases. She might not have been much older than Sylvia herself, but her appearance showed the struggle and hardship of her life.

Sylvia touch the woman on the arm, “No, she is not mine. I think, though, I wish she was.” She gave

the woman a sad smile. "Yes, I am worried, but I can't be more worried that you or the families of the children. There are young children alone in the wild, in the dark, and in fear. Somebody has to help them. She thinks she can be that somebody."

A man next to Adrian turned to him and asked softly, "Who is she, senior, to go rushing into the dark like that?"

Without turning, he responded just as softly, "Just a woman who wants to help."

"No, senior. No ... not just a woman. She must be more to move in the dark without a light ..." Adrian let the comment die on the breeze. Anything he might add would just generate more questions.

On the ridge, after nervously gaging the coming storm, I tried to come up with a reasonable plan for proceeding with the search. I hadn't given the actual search effort much thought until this moment. Now, standing on the ridge and scanning into the darkness to the east, away from the city, all there was to see was blackness. That's all that might normally be seen. However, in my case, and Preta's, images of varying shades of grey were visible. I trusted that Wolf was also able to find some images by the way he had handled the run to this point.

Lacking anything remotely approaching a reasonable plan, I went with my gut. I pointed downhill to the right and encouraged Wolf in that direction. I then did the same to the left for Preta. I moved straight down. The slope was steep but the footing was still stable.

I had nothing to approximate time passage except the approaching storm, which was the most critical factor in this effort. I had thought there had been a scent like the tee shirt at the top of the ridge, but I was not picking up anything like it any longer. I hoped that Wolf was having better luck. Or, Preta with his sharper senses. I was realizing something significant. If my senses have changed to being enhanced, I was not in-tune with them to understand what it was I was picking up. It was important, then, for me to be aware of Wolf and Preta. But, then, I thought how stupid could I be to separate us.

At that point of self-doubt, I heard fierce barking and yelping cries. I stopped, turned to the right and focused my attention on the sounds. The barking sounded like Wolf's warning call. The yelping growls had the sound of coyotes that I had heard from the hills to the back of the property at night. I gave a sharp whistle for Preta, then repeated it twice more before jogging to the right in the direction of the sounds. I angled up hill. If there was to be a confrontation with wild coyotes, I wanted the high ground advantage. In minutes, Preta appeared alongside me, his head and eyes focused into the darkness as mine were.

I slowed to a walk and Preta matched me as the barking and growls became closer. When it happened, I was surprised and confused. Wolf was nearly lost in the dark but the five coyotes were clearer. I heard some rocks shifting behind me as I came up behind Wolf. Turning, I found the three children pressed up against a boulder, their eyes wide in fear, their faces streaked with dirt and tears that appeared to have dried on their cheeks. I put out my hand to them indicating for them to stay where they were. It must have been even more frightening not being able to see through the darkness at what was happening beyond the sounds of barking and growling.

I tried verbalizing my confidence and calm to them, "It's alright, kids. We'll have you out of here and back to your family soon."

I turned my attention back to the coyotes. I stepped between Wolf and Preta, both were in attack

positions and giving their natural warning sounds back to the coyotes. I calmed both animals with a hand on each of their heads. If not calmed, I managed to quiet them. I then decided to go for broke and try something that we had only joked about.

I could make out five adult coyotes ranging in a loose arc in front of the kids. It seemed that the kids may have been herded by the coyotes and Wolf interrupted the encounter. Coyotes are known to be pack animals when it suits them. Another thing about them came to my mind at the same time. Normally, they will hunt in the day, hunting at night generally indicates a greater need for food, perhaps for young. Every pack has its leader, the one animal more dominant than the others, the alpha male. If I was going to try to connect with one of them to leave us alone, it had to be the alpha.

As reason would have it, he was right in front of me, in the center of the arc. With Wolf and Preta protecting my sides, I took several steps forward. "Okay, now. We want no trouble; we just want to take these young with us. You back away and we'll leave, too." I was initially hopeful. He lowered his head and inched backward. Then, he seemed to consider those on either side of him, stiffened his back and rose into a challenging position. I guess it's hard to get anything that used to being in charge to back down ...

He lowered his head, issuing his growling, snarling warning before springing at me, covering the 15 feet separating us in a flash. In my peripheral, I saw the others feint in, too, but both Preta and Wolf charged halfway driving the others back. The one coyote coming for me was now in the air. I was unarmed. We never expected a reason for me to bring a knife or my batons, either of which would have been handy given the training Adrian has been pushing on me. Instead, I only had myself, my bare hands against a charging clawed, fanged beast.

Exactly what happened next was going to remain something of a mystery. What I do remember was realizing my right hand was holding the coyote by the throat, my fingertips pressed into the throat. My left hand slicing into and up the stomach until I hit the ribcage, then pulling my left hand free and driving it into the chest of the animal. That was accompanied by deafening silence for a minute as I stood holding the convulsing animal in that position. Then, a crack of lightning shook the ground and lit the area.

"AaaiiaaeEEEEEEEE!!" The cry came from behind me. I turned my head and rotated my body, dropping the animal to the ground, readying myself to attack what was threatening the children. But, there wasn't anything. She was screeching at the vision of me, her finger pointing at me. I looked down at my hands and forearms ... covered in blood from the animal. At the ends of my hands, though, the ends of my fingers ... claws.

Claws that I could discern, but it was still darker than dark under the approaching storm cloud cover on the opposite side of the mountain from the city. Think ... think ... what just happened? No ... no, she couldn't have seen them. I turned away from the children and brought my hands to my face. Even with my enhanced night vision I wanted the best view of my hands possible. They had retreated. It was just my fingertips. What would she see have seen? The blood. My fingers were still in the animal, holding the animal when the lightning flashed for that instant. When I dropped the animal, it was again black. She was shocked by the attack, the invisible conflict, and the blood. She may even have been shocked at the sight of my animals, black as me, so close to them suddenly.

I pulled the tee-shirt from my waist band to wipe my arms and hands before discarding it down the slope. I moved with a soft voice to the children. "It's okay, okay. The black animals are my friends; they will protect us." I was looking at them, seeing them, but their eyes were wide and nearly unseeing. I got closer and they saw. I smiled, putting my hands on each of them. "Should be go see your families?"

“Si ... si!” It was a chorus of three young, terrified, and relieved voices.

I sent Preta to lead with his better night eyes. I had Wolf follow in case the coyotes decided to revisit their lost opportunity, though I seriously doubted it. They are opportunistic and are not known to fight stronger competition. I carried the smallest and had the other two in front of me where I could keep an eye on them.

The crowd had grown with the news spreading through the area of the young woman and her animals going into the night to find the missing children. The mood had changed from menacing and angry to hopeful, prayerful anticipation.

When the angry animal sounds drifted over the hill like an ominous fog, the entire crowd suddenly fell quiet. Slowly, bits of questions and speculation from small groups mixed with the dying sounds from the mountain. The mood of the crowd shifted yet again, this time from hope to anxious fear.

Sylvia grabbed Adrian’s arm with more strength than he expected she had. “What ... what was that? What does that mean? What’s happening?”

Adrian pulled her into his arms to soothe her. People turned their way, their looks turning to sympathy and understanding. A sense went through the crowd that it wasn’t only the families who could suffer loss that night.

A man next to Adrian touched his shoulder, “Coyotes, señor. I heard coyotes, but ... something else, too.”

Adrian put his lips to Sylvia’s ear, “Something else ... Preta and Wolf ... they are with her.” He separated them to focus on her face. “Preta, Wolf, and Annie. We know what they are, what they have survived together. Those three against a coyote pack?” He laughed causing some to turn toward him. “What do you think?”

“Oh, Adrian, I know ... I know. I just hope we’re right.” She looked up at him, “How many lives does this girl have?” They both laughed, partially for tension relief, but mostly for the inside joke about their girl.

The tension mounted as the silence from the mountain continued. Good news or not? Hopeful anticipation mixing steadily with fearful apprehension.

A woman near the front of the waiting crowd shouted out, “QUIET! Everyone ... did anyone hear something?”

Indeed, the crowd became instantly quiet, the sound of the storm filling the air around them. As everyone seemed to turn their hearing to the mountain hoping to have suddenly attained fine-tuned antenna. Instead, the storm broke over the ridge, filling the air with thunder and rain. But, nobody moved ... not a step for shelter. All ears and eyes were tuned to the mountain slope. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed. At first it seemed impossible to focus either hearing or sight.

Again, someone shouted, someone screamed, women and more than a few men had hands at their faces as tears fell from eyes. Fingers pointed up the mountain and arms waved frantically.

I had just encouraged the children to yell in unison to their families when the storm unloaded on us, instantly covering their voices and soaking us and the path we were following. Then, the lightning appeared to shine light on us as the crowd below started shouting and pointing. I called Preta back behind the children and put down the one I had been carrying. They stopped and waved back, shouting without effect because of the storm.

I encouraged the kids to move carefully on the muddy trail, but as we got closer and closer to the crowd there was no holding them back from running headlong into the arms of their mothers, fathers and friends crowding around them.

I quietly melted into the shadows of cars and moved around the throng of people, happy to keep Preta and Wolf away from the chaos after the trouble on the mountain. A strong hand grabbed my arm and pulled me to the side. I looked up to find Adrian pulling me into Sylvia's waiting arms. Lost in the noise of the storm and the celebration around us was the crying of Sylvia. When I managed to pull myself away, I assured her I was okay but wanted to put Preta and Wolf safely in the SUV. They followed me to the back of the SUV, both covering the animals in happy, relieved pets.

As I closed the back of the SUV, a young woman stood directly behind me. She had a smart-phone in front of her.

"Who are you? Why did you do this? What made you think you even could? What ..."

I put my hand up to stop her. "Who are you?"

"Oh, right ..." She stuck her hand out, "Rosa Lopez. I'm a blogger. Here, here's my card." I took it but Sylvia took it from my hands and looked at.

"Rosa's World. You write Rosa's World?" The woman nodded. "You're good. I follow your blog."

I looked at the two of them, "Rosa's World?"

Rosa smiled proudly at the compliment from Sylvia, "Thank you, Senora Contreras."

"You know me?"

"Of course! Everyone here knew who you were when you came." She looked back at me. "Rosa's World is a blog about the plight of the people living here in the slums. I figured nobody seemed to care so I would try to 'enlighten' some of them."

I smiled, "Is it working?"

She frowned, "Not so much." I laughed. She continued with renewed excitement. "But some might if I can get some words from you. Also, I think I have video of you bring the kids down to their families. Can I use it in the blog?"

I put my hand out for a shake, "I admire you. Quietly trying to change the world, or this part of it, anyway. Yes, we will talk. And, yes to the video, but ask the parents, first. They might not want pictures of their children on the internet."

She hugged me excitedly and started off toward the families. I called after her causing her to stop. "Rosa, I changed my mind about the talk. I'll give you the full exclusive story, for what it is worth." She jumped up and down, smiling as she headed for the families.

I put my hands on the backs of Adrian and Sylvia, pushing them to the car. "Home. I need a shower and, after this night, the boys need a hearty treat."

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE: GIRL TIME**

We were all soaked to the skin after the exposure to the storm. I settled the boys in for the rest of the night after rewarding them with the leftover meatballs from a recent spaghetti dinner, despite Adrian's playful protests. I equally playfully offered that he could take them away, if he really wanted them.

The three of us were headed for the upstairs for hot showers and bed when Sylvia emptied her pocket in the kitchen, finding the business card Rosa had given me.

"Annie!" I was at the bottom of the stairs when I heard her call. There was an equal measure of confusion and fear in her voice. I poked my head into the entry to the kitchen and found Adrian with her, looking at something in her hand. As I approached she held it up to show me. It was the card. "There's blood on the card. Where are you hurt?"

My mind was a fog between the fatigue and the downside of the adrenaline rush of the evening. I felt my legs and arms, touching my face, when she grabbed my hands and looked closely, holding one up to Adrian to verify what she was already seeing.

"Smearred blood on your hands and forearms."

"Okay. I hoped I had cleaned it off." I gaged her reaction but realized she wasn't going to be appeased by a casual shake-off answer. "It's not mine. The alpha coyote charged, leapt at me, and I caught it. I had to kill it. Look ... it was too dark for the kids to see what happened. They only heard the snarls, growling, barking, and the rest."

Adrian, still looking at my hand, switch his gaze to my face. "You didn't have any weapons, though. How ...?"

With my eyes, I indicated to my hands. They both looked from me to the hand they were holding. Instantly, my fingertips changed with the appearance of one inch claws. Sharp claws. Sylvia dropped my hand, her hands went to her mouth. She backed away, her face draining of color. She turned, walking deliberately to the stairs. I called out to her but her reaction was telling. Her raised her hands to stop me and she continued up the stairs. I sank to the floor on my knees, my shoulders sagged, my chin on my chest.

Adrian knelt next me, taking me in his arms. He wiped the tears from my face.

"She hates me. I disgust her, I know it. I should have always known it."

He lifted my chin. He had a soft smile for me. He seems unaffected by this new revelation. "She doesn't hate you. She's tired. She's confused. She's afraid. And, she loves you. That hasn't changed. Give her some time to work it out herself. Please? Okay?"

I wiped some fresh tears away. I stood up and walked through the rec room to the patio door. I heard Adrian ask from the entryway, "Where are you going?"

"The rain stopped. I'm getting the boys and spend more time with them." He didn't argue, even if my



response didn't make much sense.

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The next morning, I wasn't to be found. At least, not in the house. The shower in my suite hadn't been used, the bed hadn't been slept in. I wasn't downstairs in the kitchen or rec room. I wasn't hiding and I hadn't left. When I retrieved Wolf and Preta after leaving Adrian, I led them to the back of the property and settled on the ground against a landscape rock formation near the back fence. It had been a quiet and peaceful night. When the storm blew through, the sky cleared, revealing a magnificent starry display in the dark sky. The boys settle in next to me and promptly went back to sleep. They had done everything they could in support of me last night and they had every right to now seek some deserved rest and recovery.

I didn't sleep very much, however. I spent much of the night thinking. Thinking and petting my boys as they slept. They didn't bother themselves with emotions, second-guessing, recrimination, and doubt. I did. Sylvia did.

I must have fallen asleep late, or very early morning. I woke to the stirring of the animals next to me. They didn't get up, but they were shifting. That alone indicated that whatever it was, it was safe. I opened my eyes to find Sylvia crouched in front of me, petting each of the animals.

I rubbed my eyes and stretched my aching body. I was exhausted and soaking wet before I left the house. After spending the night on the wet ground, I felt even worse. During the night outside, a lot of different thoughts came to my mind deserving consideration. One, that reoccurred several times, was if I should consider leaving Sylvia. Maybe find someplace where I could hide. Ultimately, I knew I wasn't going to hide or pretend, anymore. Leaving, though ...

I looked at her with guilt in my heart and face. "I'm sorry, Sylvia. I should have known better than to think I could exist in 'normal' society. I know what you saw last night frightened you. I understand. I do ..."

She pulled me into her arms and she sobbed as she held onto me. "Shhhhh ... oh, Annie, no ... no, never. Annie ..." she pushed me back enough to make eye contact. "It's me, Annie. I didn't handle that well, not well at all. Adrian questioned me last night and I suddenly realized what that must have seemed to you. I tried to run to you, but he made me promise to leave you for the night. All of our emotions were so raw from last night." She hugged me, again. "That's no excuse, though, Annie. I'm sorry. Can you forgive me?"

"No, it's me. You saw me with claws. I don't blame you for being frightened."

She chuckled. I looked at her sharply. She put her hand on the side of my face gently. "Yes ..." she looked deep into my eyes, "yes, I was frightened. But I wasn't fright BY you. Dear girl, I frightened FOR you." She moved and pushed Preta out of the way so she could sit next to me. That alone lifted my spirits; she has come to trust the animals so completely. She trusts that she won't be hurt by these wild animals. "Honey, first, none of this would have ever happened if I hadn't pushed you to go to get those animals for the resort. Second, even with all the talking we have done about what is happening to you, even after hearing from you that you may have claws, it was all theoretical to me. You were that wonderful, young woman that lit my life with amazing new experiences. Yes, Annie, I was frightened, scared, and I felt hopeless. I was afraid for you, not me. I should have sat down with you last night. I should have talked about all this last night." She held my face between her hands, "That's why I ask for your forgiveness."

I scrambled to throw my arms around her neck, causing Wolf to scramble away from my feet.

She took me inside, guided me to my suite, making me promise to shower and go to bed. While I was in the shower, she turned down my bed, drew the curtains to provide some darkness, and left a note on the pillow. I smiled at the words: Annie, I believe with all my heart YOU are going to do great things for others. Just as you did last night. I will always treasure our friendship. Love, Syl.

Syl. She has a nickname? Is that Adrian's influence?

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I woke with a start. I was being shaken awake. My sleep had been deep and untroubled. Given the night before, I was surprised how peaceful it had been. Sylvia was encouraging me wake and to dress, the day had suddenly become busy and she needed my help. She would explain over lunch downstairs.

It was just after noon when I entered the kitchen and was pointed to the dinette table where plates of eggs, sausage, and fresh fruit were waiting. Breakfast was my favorite meal and she remembered how I hated to miss it.

On the way into downtown she told me that two things came up for today. The first, a press conference became a demand as a result of the word spreading about the kids being saved. The other ... she said she should have told me about yesterday and talked to me about it, but the evening kind of fell apart. I laughed, the understatement. But, she said the details could wait until later, but she was having a little get-together for two of her closest friends and they wanted to meet me. Adrian was taking some of the police officials to the soccer game tonight.

That sounded less than clear. What was it she was still not telling me?

Adrian and I were standing behind Sylvia as she took to the microphone setup in front of the Contreras Building. It seemed that every TV and other news agency were present as well as general people. The entire courtyard was filled and spilled onto the sidewalks and required police control to manage the traffic around the crowd. According to Sylvia, the media had pressed much of the day for more details about what happened last night. Word had spread about the search and that Sylvia had personally been present. Sylvia's few words gave way to a flurry of questions.

"What was your involvement in the search, Senora Contreras?" "Did you go to offer support?" "How was your support received?" "We have heard that a young woman was ultimately responsible for finding the children?" "Is that true?" "How did she do that in the dark, if we heard the conditions properly?" "Who is this woman, Senora?" "Is she available?" "What about the families, the children? Are they available?"

Sylvia held up her hands to stop the barrage of questions and turned to us. "You're the one they want to talk to."

I looked at the group assembled. There's always a first-time for everything. I stopped her as we changed places. "Did someone contact Rosa Lopez about this?" She nodded. "You know I promised her the story." She nodded, again.

I stood before the microphone and the questions started up, again. This time it was me who held up my hands to stop the questions.

"We need to understand three things right at the start. One, my name is Annie Linder and I am associated with the Contreras Foundation. Two, I am not answering any of your questions about last night. Three, is Rosa Lopez out there somewhere?" A hand rose above the heads, almost at the rear.

“Okay, make a path for her. Come on, open a path. I want her right here in front.”

Comments started, again, this time why no questions were going to be answered. That was what a press conference was, blah, blah, blah.

I held up my hands for quiet. “I will answer questions, but only from Rosa Lopez, here.” Protests and I held up my hands for quiet. “Listen, folks, she and I can have an interview in private or she can ask her questions in public and all of you can get the information. You might feel this is unfair; I’m sure you do. You are the big news outlets for the surrounding area, maybe for the country. There is a reason why I am doing this, however.” I waited for a beat, getting their attention. “Rosa Lopez writes ‘Rosa’s World’, a blog. I looked it up this morning.” I looked at her directly. “It’s good! Well written and gutsy. She focuses on issues involving the poor. She covers crime, education and medical needs, and the need for local employment and markets.” I waited and was satisfied with the attention. Rosa looked nervous with the attention. “Does anyone know the reason I am answering only her questions?” Nobody, of course. “Rosa Lopez took the risk, if she felt any, to be up there when the kids went missing.” I looked out over the crowd of reports and press. “None of you. Only her.”

She led me through a series of questions: who I was, where I came from, how I knew Senora Contreras, why I thought I could find the children in the dark. That last one stopped me and I thought. I certainly couldn’t answer the full truth.

“My animals are very good at that kind of thing. I just had the feeling that we could do it.”

You’ve done the same thing before?

“No, not like that.”

Then, like what? And, how did you come to have those animals?

I didn’t want to look back at Sylvia and raise any suspicions. Maybe a partial truth would be better. “Do you recall a story of a woman and man walking out of the jungle from Brazil a few years ago?” And, that led into the animals ‘befriending’ me and helping us out of the jungle. “Ever since, we’ve been together.”

The questions from Rosa continued for another fifteen minutes. Cameras were capturing it, writers were taking notes, Rosa was recording it all on her phone. I leaned into her, “Satisfied?” She smiled so brightly, I thought she might burst.

I thanked them and requested a few more words. “Senora Contreras might gasp when I say this. I’m not sure I should even be saying something on her behalf, so I will say it as someone who is just learning. I have come to believe that this is a wonderful country and city. I believe there is so much potential, but there is also so much that needs to be done. I want to share a little story that occurred just before we made the decision to try to help finding those kids last night. Senora Contreras and I were in her office reviewing some charities her foundation is assisting when Major Ramos came in to tell us what he had learned from one of the drivers. The kids had been missing all day. All day. There was nothing on the news. The police were not involved in the search. Remember that one child a couple of weeks ago? Yes, we all do. Remember the effort that was given in that search? I am not speaking ill of anyone. Choices are made. Politics. Economics. Social station, right? You think that my not answering your questions isn’t fair? That disparity in this city between different people is REALLY not fair. That was when we decided to do something; anything at that point was better than nothing.” I hesitated, “I just think more people need to do more for each other. Thank you.”

I turned to Sylvia and was surprised to see a tear leaking from her right eye and sliding down her cheek. We hugged. I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to find Rosa. I enveloped her into my arms and hugged her tightly. She thanked me for what I had done for her. She pulled back.

“There are some people to see you.” She pointed down the stairs to the courtyard. Rosa motioned for them and I sat on the top step and was crushed by the three children crashing into me. I would find out later that several of the cameras were still recording.

After I managed to hug and talk to each of the kids, Rosa introduced the families. Sylvia, Adrian and I were invited to a ‘thank you’ celebration in a park-like area near their homes. Adrian leaned to my ear and whispered that it would be honoring them to accept. So, I did. After a nice conversation where it was made clear that the animals were also invited, we made our way home. I told Sylvia and Adrian that I was uncomfortable with the families spending what little they had in celebration for me. They assured me of two things: one, that to the families it was their way of giving thanks; and, two, Sylvia would try to anonymously contribute some of the food. I was not used to this public attention.

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Once again I found myself in my bedroom dressing specifically for Sylvia. But, unlike the time when we both were dressing like this for Adrian, this time my outfit was simpler and it was only me. I looked in the mirror and wondered how I so easily agree to these things. The dampness between my legs and the erect nipples on my breast were obvious indicators, though. I was turned on by being an exhibitionist. Not an exhibitionist that might offend others who might not enjoy it, but an exhibitionist for those that are also turned on by the display. Apparently, that was what this little gathering of Sylvia’s two friends was about.

Well, maybe not just about me in black stockings and heels and nothing else but my tattoos. Specifically, it was about me dressed this way and being mated by Wolf and Preta, in that order. How did this come about? It seems that Sylvia over time had let just enough slip during their little gatherings that her two widowed friends started piecing information together with some internet searching to discover enough to approach Sylvia directly. Certainly not in a confrontational way, but a very, very curious way. These three women had known each other since they were in grade school together. Now, they were very curious about bestiality. Ironic, it was Sylvia’s curiosity about bestiality that got me into this part of the world. Now, it was her friends’ curiosity about it that had me about to do a performance of sorts.

Sylvia assured me the women were all quite serious about getting into bestiality and felt the best first step was to see what it for themselves. Sylvia was reluctant to do it herself and, besides, she didn’t have animals of her own. So, as I descended the stairs in heels and stocking, I was getting more excited by the moment. This wasn’t much different than the presentations we made at the resort. It was better, in fact. This was more intimate and for people who were important to Sylvia. And, with Adrian away at the game, there was time to play.

They were gathered on edge of the patio, Wolf and Preta were running in the back of the yard, oblivious of what might be coming shortly. I opened the sliding door and stepped onto the patio, my heels clicking against the stone surface. This caused the women to turn at the sound. The two friends of Sylvia sucked in a gasp at seeing me walking slowing to them. I wanted this entire affair to be sensual for them, not just the fucking of an animal. So, my walk was slow and sensual, placing one foot directly in front of the other, a gait that would accentuate my hip movement and provide a slight bit more bounce to my breasts. They stared as I approached.

Sylvia was seated in the middle of the women as they faced out to the yard and the preserve in the distance. I walked up behind her, stopped and bent over with straight legs, feeling my breasts fall slightly as my back went horizontal. My arms around her, I kissed her neck. She put her hands on my arms and pressed them into her upper chest. She pulled me between the chairs to be in front of the women.

“You are such a tease. I didn’t know you were going to do this ...”

I smiled at her with glances to the other two women. “Nothing is too much for your friends. I wanted to show that bestiality doesn’t have to be crude or dirty. A woman can be elegant, sophisticated, and discerning while enjoying the pleasures of an animal. Or,” I winked at her, “a woman could allow herself to be animalistic, too.”

The two women, Martha and Sofia, were still gaping. Martha broke their silence, first, “Syl, you’ve been hiding this goddess?”

Sofia added, “You are a beautiful creature, my dear.”

I thought to myself, they called her Syl. That was an affectionate name from as far back as when they were her school friends.

Sylvia got up, took me into her arms from the back. “Vultures. I’ll protect you from these hussies.” They all laughed. Sylvia introduced everyone but they didn’t stop gazing at my exposed body.

They had questions about mating with a dog, but were just as curious about my preference, including my preference of man or dog. I laughed.

“Man or dog? Why not woman?”

That stopped them. They looked at Sylvia, then me and back to Sylvia with eyes pleading for explanation. Sylvia confessed that she and I did also enjoy each other. I explained that I didn’t have a bigger preference of one or another. I enjoyed males of human and animal species and I also enjoyed the pleasures of women. I explained how I felt each had pleasure aspects that the others didn’t have and that went for different species of animals. Wolf and Preta were different, but I enjoyed each immensely.

I received reassurances from the women that they were serious about exploring bestiality based on Sylvia’s descriptions and felt my demonstration with Wolf would also help. I suggested that rather than me trying to do a running dialog for them while in the act, I would leave Sylvia to provide some comments and answer any questions along the way. That was mostly for my benefit than for theirs. Even though this was about to be performed in front of a woman I had just met, I was most interested in enjoying Wolf and the exhibitionistic side of the activity.

I whistled loudly, bringing both Wolf and Preta rushing to us from the back of the yard. The women were astounded at the grace and power showing in the way the animals moved. I looked over my shoulder at them with a twinkle in my eyes. “That isn’t the only way they can show their power.” They were quiet for a moment before they giggled their understanding.

I walked about ten feet onto the lawn and stopped, waiting for them to arrive. I was only going to be mating with Wolf, but Preta would not be left out for long this night. I had Preta go to Sylvia. Sofia, who was sitting next to where Preta decided to sit, was apprehensive, but the easy, comfortable, caring stroking Sylvia gave the animal relaxed her quickly. Soon, Preta had two women stroking his neck and back, and he was soaking the attention up.

I knelt down to Wolf and began stroking him. I slipped a hand underneath him and smiled knowingly. He usually could anticipate what my intentions were in such situations. I could feel the tip of his cock already poking from his sheath. I patted the grass in front of me and he lay before me. Wolf was raising his rear leg as I approached him. I licked his cock tip. The pre-cum leaking from it was an indicator of his level of readiness. I sucked and licked on his tip and cock as it came out of the sheath. In the background, I could hear soft conversation, but I ignored it, focusing on what I would be enjoying.

I nudged Wolf and turned my body while on my hands and knees and patting my ass. Wolf responded immediately, jumping up and moving to my ass. He was unaffected by the presence of other women, as he had been on the island. He licked my ass, probing between my cheeks and onto my pussy, but he was quickly on my back, his cock sliding over my extended palm between my legs and finding my hole and plunging deeply into me. I opened my mouth wide to gasp out at the deep, familiar penetration. Wolf repositioned himself on me as he pulled me further onto his cock, then re-gripped around my waist, and resumed plowing his cock into my ready pussy.

By the time I felt his knot forming and bumping me on the outside, I was eager as always to take him fully inside me. It felt new and rewarding in a strange way. A silly thing, maybe, but this felt somehow that I was able to return something of a favor to Sylvia. It was also rewarding in the sense of introducing two more women into the lifestyle I have enjoyed so much.

I was whimpering as the knot stretched my hole, pressing insistently and demandingly to gain entrance into my pussy. I sucked in air, held it in concentration and determination, applying each in the effort to become tied to my favorite canine male, once again. I sighed deeply, groaning out a measure of relief and pleasure as the knot made the final stretch of my pussy and popped into me, filling me so wonderfully. Cock and knot, both inside me, both now swelling as he approached his climax.

I heard a sound from the direction of the house. I knew it was the women, one of them shifting her chair for a better look, but I was too far gone to worry or wonder, even if I was inclined to, which I wasn't. I only focused on the sensations the cock and knot inside me were providing. I felt the pulsing of the cock and knot inside me and I came. My orgasm coming strongly and overpowering. My head pulled back, my mouth open, my lungs aching for air as it occurred to my fuzzy mind that I was again holding my breath. When I exhaled the air and sucked in fresh air, I growl my pleasure. Having lost all consideration of the women nearby, only aware of the pleasure of the cock and knot my Wolf provided me, my exclamation of release was honest and primal.

I collapsed to the grass as my orgasm ebbed and the last of his semen was sent into my pussy, mixing it with my own orgasmic juices.

Sylvia would later confide that the women were quite taken aback by the sounds I exclaimed. She assured them it was merely my intimate relationship and connection to my animals. If I wasn't part beast now by genetics, it might well have been true ...

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN: RECRUIT TRAINING

"Tell me, again, why we are going to this meeting?" Sylvia didn't like it that she seemed to be the only one who didn't know what our destination was or the reason for this drive to the edge of the city.

"Oh, just give us a little patience, woman!" I tried to sound exasperated, but it only elicited a chuckle

from Adrian. I smiled at him, recognizing my failure in accomplishing the tone I was trying for. After my demonstration to the ladies, a kennel was found to locate the dogs preferred by the ladies. To my surprise, but delight, Sylvia also put in a request for a dog. The order was for a Black Lab for Sylvia and a Golden Retriever and Dalmatian for the other two ladies. Yesterday, the man had called and I was lucky enough to take the call enabling me to setup this surprise for Sylvia. He was able to locate the Lab, but the others were proving to be a little more difficult, though he believed he had solid leads on both. Finding the types wasn't as difficult as finding adult, intact males of those types.

As Adrian pulled the SUV off the road into a driveway with a sign outside identifying the kennel, Sylvia was guessing what was happening. I just ignored her chattering. Adrian beeped the horn as we approached the yard and I spotted a man leading a Black Lab out of one of the side buildings. I looked to Sylvia and her face was nearly against the side window, peering out at the dog the man was leading.

Needless to say, Sylvia was delighted. The dog was up-to-date with vaccinations, medical examinations, and basic trainings. As we approached, the dog started wagging his tail excitedly. The man explained that he had been owned by a family with children, but the family was moving out of the country. It turned out that the family had other animals, as well, which gave us reason to believe that socialization with Wolf and Preta would be easier.

It took Sylvia little time to be sure this was the dog for her. The man confirmed that he now had good leads on the other two dogs and they should be available within the next week or two.

The drive back to the house was a little different. Sylvia didn't want the dog in back; she was so excited, she wanted him close. I sat in front with Adrian while she and the dog shared the backseat. Adrian and I shared a knowing smile. It was going to be more interesting around the house now with two dogs, not to mention the large cat. Although she enjoyed the uniqueness of mating with Preta, she preferred dogs. I wasn't surprised, I have long felt that the feline cock was sort of an acquired taste, so to speak. Perhaps that made me a connoisseur.

Sylvia was impatient. She loved the dog and they became quick friend. The dog was by her side constantly unless he was romping in the back with my two who took to each other like they had known each other since being young. Sylvia wanted desperately to try mating Bo, which was the name he came with. Sylvia was happy to accept the name to avoid confusing him in his transition to the new household. I convinced Sylvia, though, that a time of familiarization was important before moving the dog into a sexual relationship, not knowing how the animal might react.

Over the following week, Sylvia and Bo developed a strong and comfortable relationship. The animal allowed and welcomed Sylvia's touches and stroking over any part of his body, even when she accidentally grazed his sheath. That made both Sylvia and me more comfortable and considered the next steps.

We were on the back lawn just off the patio by the pool. Both Sylvia and I were naked, while Adrian sat on a patio chair at the edge. Bo sat next to Sylvia who was on her knees near me. I put Wolf on his side and began licking and sucking on his growing erection. When he was well out of the sheath, I pulled back so his hard cock was visible to the others. During all of this, Sylvia continued petting and stroking Bo. I then lay on the ground, my legs spread and showing my pussy to the others. Wolf, of course, came to me immediately as I patted the inside of my thigh. He sniffed and licked at my pussy until I was dripping in anticipation and arousal. Bo remained very attentive.

I moved onto my hands and knees, again patting myself on the ass, which was Wolf's signal to mount me. When Wolf jumped onto my back, Bo reacted, standing from his sitting position and looking to

Sylvia as if concerned. Sylvia softly spoke to him, reassuring him and continuing her petting. That was a good sign that he was prone to protect me, which indicated he would for Sylvia, as well.

In usual fashion, I slipped my hand down to give Wolf the slight assist I found so helpful and he was inside me. I gasped out at the penetration. I glanced to the side and found Sylvia with a loving smile on her face. I don't think that woman every tired of seeing me with my two animals.

I nodded to her as the signal we had agreed on before we started. She nuzzled Bo's head and whisper to him. It didn't really matter what she whispered and I had no idea what she did, what mattered was that he felt encouraged and that she was comfortable with him. She patted the ground, encouraging him to take the same position Wolf had been in just minutes earlier. She slid her hand along his stomach and worked her fingers closer to his sheath and the cock peeking out. She smiled at him, after the sight of the red tip showing.

She gave a tentative lick of the tip, raised her head and looked back to him. He was watching, but he seemed content to trust her. She repeated the action several more times, eventually taking his cock into her mouth and sucking the pre-cum out. When he still seemed content, she became more aggressive with her action, being rewarded by more of his cock protruding.

I was periodically checking on them, knowing that Adrian had moved a little closer to watch over his lover this first time. I saw her move from his cock and was expecting her to assume a lying position on the ground to encourage him to taste her, as well. Instead, she elected to bypass that step and moved onto her hands and knees, patting her ass in a duplication of me. The dog went to her ass, sniffed and even looked over to Wolf and me. His tongue came out licking the source of the scent, walked around her, but returned to her ass with Sylvia repeatedly patting herself. After a few more licks, he positioned himself and jumped onto her back, now duplicating the efforts of Wolf. I saw her hand move underneath and then her mouth open as she gasped out. I knew she had been penetrated for the first time by her new canine lover. Bo's fucking was no different than any other dog I had known. Instantly, he was a pile-driver, driving his cock into her pussy. I saw her brace herself, a smile spreading over her face, moans and groans escaping at the same time.

I glanced further back to Adrian. He had a bottle of beer in his hand and held it up in a form of a salute, a big smile on his face, too.

I was in a meeting with the Marketing Director of Puma Venezuela at their corporate offices. They had contacted me through Sylvia. It turned out that the President and Sylvia's husband had been close associates in the business community. I was meeting with Puma, an international sporting goods and apparel company headquartered in Herzogenaurach, Germany. The Venezuelan company covered Venezuela and several other neighboring countries. Some of their marketing was allowed to target specifically the attitudes of the local consumer. In this case, they had seen the press conference I gave after finding the kids in the mountains. The President and Marketing Director were impressed by the way I took on the local media and gave my story to a blogger, instead. Between my public appearances, the attention our foundation was now receiving in the Petare slum district of Caracas, and the video that went viral once released by the local media referencing the blog, Rosa's World.

"Senor, I am confused how I can be of any assistant to your company. I work with a foundation to help the poor and children, how does that tie into Puma? I am sure Puma, as a corporation, is wonderful in its own ways, but ..."

He held up his hand. "My apologies, Senorita. I somehow understood there had been some communication through Senora Contreras. I was assured that she approved this discussion."

"No apologies are necessary. I am certain there is just some lapse in communication. I am happy to hear your proposal; I am just not sure how we fit together."

"Let me explain ... my understanding is that you are not a Venezuelan citizen."

"Si."

"We would like to investigate you possibly doing some modelling for us, mostly our athletic apparel. And, since you are not a citizen, therefore not able to work for a salary, we would instead contribute those sums to the foundation or any other separate account of your choosing. In addition, if we were to do this, Puma Venezuela would also become a generous sponsor of the foundation."

I looked at him. Of all the things that had been suggested to me, modelling seemed to be the most outrageous. Considering that I had been approached to be a ranch bitch, a bestiality specialist at a resort, and travel the Brazilian jungle in search of animals for women to mate with. Modelling seem very out of context for me. Maybe especially now that I was feeling, and at times acting, quite beastly.

"That's ... that's an intriguing suggestion, Senor." Just then, my cell phone buzzed. I was not expecting a call and few people had my number. I looked at the screen and looked up at my host. He indicated that I should take it. The screen indicated that it was Adrian. He said I was to end my meeting and promise to discuss whatever it was again, but there is an emergency without explanation. He said Sam called and wanted me at the Agency, if at all possible. The plane was due to arrive in 15 minutes. Adrian assured me that Sylvia packed what I would need and he would be on the street in the SUV by the time I got downstairs. We would talk more in the car.

I looked at the Marketing Director and I was sure I had a flustered appearance about me. "I am sorry, Senor. There appears to be an emergency, nothing too serious, but it still requires my immediate attention. Thank you for the proposal. Such a thing had never occurred to me. But, as you are aware, the Foundation is looking to expand corporate donation support to increase our effectiveness. I promise to discuss this very positively with Senora Contreras and we will be back in touch with you for more discussion." He seemed pleased. And I left, bewildered by the need for me rushing off to Agency.

As the cargo ramp of the plane lowered, I saw the now familiar sights of the 'garage' with Sam and Jenna approaching from the door leading into the main building areas. I stood with Preta and Wolf while a crewman brought my two bags. Adrian had told me they had packed casual and training clothing in the roller bag and my training weapons in a duffle. Although Adrian had started training me on rifles and handguns, when he said my weapons, he still meant the bow and arrows, and the batons used in martial arts.

After hugging both of them and Jenna giving both of the animals considerable amounts of petting, she took them to the 'patio' where she assured me they would be happier than my quarters and quite safe. Sam and I headed in a different direction.

My meeting with the Marketing Director of Puma Venezuela had again required me to dress in the kinds of clothing that Sylvia preferred. She was turning me into something of a lady when we weren't in private or when I wasn't training or running through the golf course early in the morning

or up in the preserve mountains. And, I was still dressed in the same outfit. Adrian had picked me up outside the Puma building and delivered me directly to the commercial airport closest to downtown. My high heels clicked clearly with each step in the quiet of the facility. Besides my heels, I was dressed in a full-skirt summer dress with spaghetti straps that allowed the panther tattoo to peek out from underneath the straps and the top of the plunging bodice. I wasn't dressed for what was to follow.

As the elevator doors closed, I turned to Sam, "What's happening that is such an emergency that I cut a meeting short and didn't have time to change and pack myself?"

He laughed, "Sorry about that, Annie. It wasn't intentional. Well, not completely. There are a couple of important things coming together here right now and I thought it could be important for your participation and contribution. I didn't, however, intend for it takeover your life and take precedence over your life."

I smiled at him, "Another in a string of miscommunications lately, it seems. Well, I am here, so what is happening?"

"For one thing, we have eight agent recruits here for training. Each of the facilities has recruits, but as part of the training, we bring them together near the end for evaluation against each other. It's on the order of bringing high school jocks together initially for the start of their college experience. How do they handle themselves and others when they find themselves thrown together with other shining stars? Some get defensive, withdrawn when they are no longer treated as THE star. Others see the opportunity to learn and being a cohesive element to bring personalities and skills together. Leaders aren't generally the most skilled in a particular aspect but in wide ranging aspects."

"And ..."

He laughed, "Yes, and ..." We exited the elevator at the floor of the training level. Inside the training room were eight men and women paired against each other in hand-to-hand combat training. Beyond the large, open training room was a large lecture room and computer skills lab. "There they are. Recruits with 6 to 10 months training. All of them from some form of elite military unit from American or European militaries. All of them eager and confident to get into the field. All of them with high egos and supercharged adrenaline we are trying teach them to control." As we stood outside the window, he turned from them to me. "I want to throw you into that mix."

I turned my gaze to them. Without looking at him, but evaluating those inside with the instructors standing loosely around them, "To test me?"

"Maybe a little, but more to challenge them. You have been trained by an elite who doesn't believe in convention. Adrian was one of the finest warriors I have fought alongside. And, if I know you, you've absorbed what he could throw at you and improvised some along the way."

"Okay. You said, 'first thing', which would mean there is another thing."

"We are going to have a mission strategy, logistics, 'hypothetical' situation training. I want to get your take on the situation." I nodded. I was already here, what else would I be doing? It wasn't as if Jenna needed to study me any longer ...

As I reached for the door to enter the area, he touched my arm. "I'm not pushing you to do anything. It would help me if you just go in whatever flow you are comfortable." I nodded, again. He hand remained on my arm. "Remember, these people are by nature high in aggression and ego." He smiled, "That's both a warning and a clue."

Sam walked into the training room and I followed, my high heels again ringing out with each of my steps, decidedly incongruous to the setting we had just entered. The center of the large room was covered with rubber, cushioned mats, the recruits paired up and combating in a fighting style I recognized from the times Sam and other Agency people trained with me. Adrian's style was much more interesting and as we walked around the outside, I could see why Adrian preferred his mix of many forms. Some of these people seemed in a potentially endless series of parries and attacks. Everyone having the same style limited the sparring to strength, speed and agility, or advanced skill.

I nodded to a couple of the trainers I recognized, but I was focused on getting through the training room. I was very self-conscious of my appearance compared to theirs. Then, as we were about three-quarters the way to the other side to reach the lecture room, the room went quiet except for the heavy breathing of eight people. Then, I heard the challenge I was expecting because of the caution from Sam.

"Hey, Princess ... we heard there might be someone new coming to the group. I think you're in the wrong place, though. Looks to me like you belong at a debutant's ball." There was laughter, but it didn't sound like it was coming from all eight people.

Then, I heard a female voice, "Hey, Princess. Yeah, that's right for her ... Princess. Pretty, little Princess."

I looked up at Sam before turning around to identify who was taunting me. He shrugged, then mumbled, "Like I said. Whatever you are comfortable with. Remember that it is full contact and you are not dressed for it ... if it gets to that point, I mean." He smiled. He knew it would probably escalate to that point unless I backed down. And, my backing down wasn't something he anticipated, nor I.

I turned and identified the male and female taunters. They had taken several steps and were side-by-side. I stepped on the mat and stopped ten feet from her.

"The new girl ... so, what did you hear about the new girl?" I wasn't backing down and instead was directly challenging her. She seemed to lose some confidence and looked at the man she had mimicked. "Don't look at him. Does he tell you what you should do? I asked you a question, what did you hear?"

"Uh ... nothing really, just that there would be someone new coming for training."

"Then why are you taunting me? I could be an agent in disguise for all you know."

She looked at Sam, then back to me. "Are you?" I shook my head, but smiled after my own taunt.

I looked her up and down shaking my head. "No, I am not. This is my first time at recruit training. But, that doesn't negate the fact that your assumptions were ill advised."

But, she just smiled and gave me a challenging push on the upper chest. I took a couple steps back to regain balance and appraised her. She was about my height and weight, maybe slightly heavier. She was in workout leggings and sports bra. Her exposed midriff and the flesh on her arms showed more body fat. She carried herself, though, with confidence and an attitude that was undoubtedly necessary to survive the highly competitive and physical environment of elite military units. It seemed to me that she was trying too hard, however, but it might simply be that I couldn't imagine subjecting myself to such treatment to fit in.

I glanced at Sam, again. He was impassive. He had already established the expectations and now the

group had to be treated on equal basis. So, I tried to negotiate a way out for both she and me.

“You seem to be intent on proving something to me, to the others, or to yourself. I don’t know which it is. Maybe I should change into more appropriate clothes and we can see what you have to prove.”

She looked around the group of recruits as if she just thought of a very clever alternative. “No ... just like that. The instructors are always stressing that we have to be prepared regardless of the situation or condition we find ourselves in. You might as well learn that lesson right away.”

I shrugged. It seemed grossly unfair for her to be in workout clothes while I was in high heels and a dress. That would increase the embarrassment for her if she lost, but I was pretty sure that possibility was no longer being considered in her mind, anyway.

I regained my position in front of her and took away any indication that I might retreat from her challenge. She squared herself and I waited, my hands still at my sides. I noticed an image at the window and saw it was Jenna, returned from taking the boys to the beach area.

At the last moment, I saw the woman act with a right, left hand combination and shifting her weight to bring her right leg into action next. A classic move and she was executing the moves in textbook fashion. I smiled, though. Maybe, it was a smile within myself or showing outside, I wasn’t sure. Without a thought or consideration, Adrian’s incessant teachings were automatic. Classic and textbook techniques was often easiest offset by unorthodox responses. That was the reason for his use of multiple martial arts and street fighting techniques. I brushed off the hands with my own and stepped into the leg move so her leg hit me with her upper shin instead of her foot, the result being an ineffective blow. Additionally, I was too close now for her to respond with either hands or legs while maintaining her committed technique.

Having her close, though, allowed me to change to a Thai technique using knees and elbows. I drove my right knee into her side, then the left knee into the other side. Her arms fell to protect her already injured sides. I stepped into her with my left foot and my right elbow drove up into her chin. I followed that momentum with my right foot driving into her stomach as the elbow blow staggered her backwards.

I stood over her and smoothed my skirt over my legs. I looked down at her as she held her stomach. I pointed down at her, “Someone might want to have her checked out. I tried using the toe of my shoe, but I think the heel made good contact, too. That’s going to hurt.”

I walked off the mat to Sam, slipped my arm inside his, and looked up at him demurely.

“That was interesting.” And I smiled.

He chuckled, “I see you’ve taken your training with Adrian seriously.”

From behind me, I heard one of the instructors, “Okay, enough for now. Take her to the infirmary for attention. Clean up and eat dinner. Be back at 8:00 PM for a debriefing on what was just learned here.”

I smiled, again, this time for myself.

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## **CHAPTER FOURTEEN: JENNA’S FULFILLMENT**

I was still confused why Wolf and Preta were with me on this visit to Agency. This visit had all the markings of my participation in new recruit training rather than any on-going evaluation of my 'condition', as it was being delicately referred to with so many new people around. This visit also had markings to it that seemed as though my primary purpose was to provide an unconventional and contradictory element for the recruits to deal with as a distraction. I could understand the benefit of such a tactic being introduced in their training, but it left a question in my mind what else was really happening, especially with my boys along.

As far as discovering the need for my boys, I was to discover that soon enough. And, there were few conspiratorial issues involved.

My dinner was casual and light with Jenna, Mary, and Steve. We shared a lot of laughter and they delved into some of the things I had experienced recently. Nobody was expecting more developmental surprises and it seemed that my tests were showing signs of reaching some equilibrium. Jenna laughed, patting me on the back, and giving me a tease from a seemingly long-ago comment of mine. "So, it seems you don't need to worry any longer about growing that tail." She nudged me, "At least, not at the moment." She leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, "But maybe I should do some closer inspection later tonight ...". Whether Mary and Steve could overhear or not, my formerly prim and proper Doctor was becoming quite emboldened.

We were interrupted by Sam and another man who I recognized as one of the instructors that had been encircling the recruits in the training room when I arrived. Sam introduced him as Sig from the European facility. Sam made the introduction of everyone at the table, causing Jenna, Mary, and Steve to become self-conscious.

"Sig, I'm sure you believe you have the best people at your facility, too; but, in my book, there isn't a better scientific team in all of Agency."

He chuckled, "Well, I do think we have great people, but from what I have already seen, you do, too." He looked right at me, smiled and turned back to the others, "What you have found and done with Ms. Linder, here, is quite amazing. Scientists willing to go outside of science for inspiration ... quite unusual and productive. And, you, Ms. Linder, I was glad to see you in action without having to be facing you on the training floor." He turned, laughing, and proceeded to the door. Sam hung back.

"Annie, are you going for your early run in the morning?" I nodded. "Good. The recruits will be going out at 0800. If you were coming back about then, it would be perfect."

I looked after him and mumbled, "What did he mean by that?"

Steve conjectured, "He assumes you are going with Wolf and Preta. The recruits don't know about them, yet. If you were returning at 8:00 AM, they would see the three of you running up the mountainside. They will be running the ridge."

Mary smiled and added, "Of course, he's adding more intimidation for the recruits. Never underestimate someone new ..."

Mary and Steve got up from the table, each coming to me for a hug while I remained sitting. They both expressed how happy it was to see me ... how happy it always was. I shared the feeling. There was something special about this place. Maybe because of the unassuming help these people had given me. But, also because of the people they were. Different, certainly, but a special difference.

Jenna looked over her shoulders, scanning the dining room, then leaned to me, putting her hand

over mine. "Annie, can I asked a very special favor?"

I smiled at her and put my free hand over hers, "There is no favor I wouldn't do for you."

Her look became conspiratorial, "I want to be with Wolf ..." I watched her closely and a smile slowly formed on my face. I arched my eyebrows. She nodded assertively. I stood abruptly, keeping her hand in mine, and pulled her out the door. Another woman into the sisterhood. Was I a corrupting influence or an enlightening one? Regardless, so far, nobody has ever complained!

I didn't even offer her to go to her quarters, first. I was rising early in the morning for my run and she could make her way back to her quarters while the facility was still shrouded in early morning quiet.

Inside my quarters, I could hear both Wolf and Preta jump off my bed at the sound of the door hissing open and closing. After greeting me with their usual enthusiasm, they tentatively approached Jenna. It wasn't that they didn't know Jenna, but she was gaining her own comfort around them. Jenna had not grown up with pets, always having been in 'guardian' homes near campuses. Now, the appearance of 'pets' was in the form of a still mostly wild panther and a wolf-like-dog that could be just as wild acting, certainly appearing.

Tonight, though, was a marked change in her approach to them. She deliberately, if still a bit tentatively, knelt down in her dress to take each of the animals at their level. The first couple of licks caused her to look up at me. Seeing my face light up, she freely gave her face to them for more. Soon, she was giggling and squealing with delight. She initiated tonight without any push or suggestion on my part and she was showing me her interest and resolve for it to continue.

I patted the boys on their shoulders and they made room for me. I stood Jenna up and looked her in the eyes. "You've not been with a man, yet." She shook her head but did not show any weakening of her resolve. I gave her a devilish smile of understanding, "So, your first real cock will be canine." She nodded with a growing smile on her face that included twinkling in her eyes.

I reached behind my back and unzipped my dress. She watched and immediately began doing the same thing. She was removing her bra as I was pushing my thong down off my legs, my sundress having had built-in support. Once we were both naked, I pulled her into my body, our hands roaming freely over each other as we kissed. I broke the kiss and looked to the sides. Jenna following my gaze to find the animals watching intently, but patiently, undoubtedly hoping that these naked women would somehow also involve them eventually.

I slid my hand down her arm to hold her hand. I directed her attention to Wolf by directing my gaze to him. "You've enjoyed his tongue on your pussy and clit. As I recall, you came a couple times that night." She nodded. Despite what she had committed herself to doing, she blushed at the memory. "Then, I think it is time for you to return the favor to him. Not to climax, though. You want him to climax inside of you, right?"

She nodded. "Yes. Yes, I do. I want to feel it all, the way I have seen you with him. I want to feel his cock and his knot and his cum. I want to feel his cum run out of me when he pulls his knot out of me. God! I am so horny. I have to have him."

I smiled and squeezed her hand. "Then you shall ..."

I stripped the bed, laid out the cover on the floor over the rug, doubled up the top sheet over that and put towels over that, then patting the surface for Wolf to lay down. He looked at me as he did, expecting me to move to him, but I didn't. He momentarily seemed confused when I stayed still and

Jenna moved down to him. I knelt next to her and petted his head, instructing her on what to do, or how I liked to do it. She didn't hesitate or show any sign of thinking about her decision or questioning the direction of the fulfillment of her desires. She stroked the side of Wolf and moved her hands gradually to his stomach, ever moving closer to his sheath. I could see the tip of his cock sticking out from the sheath, but she stayed to my directions, touching only the sheath and his cock hidden inside it.

Wolf was calm, long since accepting of another human female caring for his needs. His head resting comfortably on the padding, he was rolled partially on his back with his hind leg raised to allow better access to the actions he was now very familiar and comfortable with.

I offered soft comments to lead Jenna in her quest for a first mating with a dog. I watched as she carefully lowered her face to Wolf's crotch, putting her tongue out to the red tip of his cock peeking out from the sheath. I watched as the tip of her tongue came into contact with the tip of his cock and the pre-cum hanging from it. I watched as she raised her face a few inches and brought her tongue back into her mouth. I watched as mouth moved as she sucked on her tongue tip, moving the bit of fluid around her mouth.

I lowered my face to the level of hers, "Well?"

She turned her face to me and smiled. "Well, it isn't as if I have a lot to compare it to." We both chuckled. "But ... it's not an unpleasant taste." She went back down to take up more that had formed. "In fact, it is a taste I won't mind at all."

I was going to respond, but she was already back to Wolf's cock, now a couple inches out of the sheath. This time she parted her lips and took the tip between her lips. I saw by her cheeks that she was vigorously sucking at the pre-cum now. That action quickly produced more cock for her and she took all that became exposed. She was performing admirably for someone who had not yet been with a man. I wondered how much the dildos I left with her had been used while alone at night thinking thoughts of experiences to someday come to her, experiences that she had inklings of from our time together and her visual stimulation at the resort.

She raised her head and I now saw a good four or five inches of exposed, reddish cock. She looked at me like a student looking to a mentor and seeking confirmation. She was smiling. Finally, she asked, "Is it time? Are we ready?" I nodded at her excitement.

She moved into the hands and knees position and I patted her ass, encouraging Wolf to mount her. He sniffed and licked at her ass a few times and I heard her gasp as his tongue apparently slipped between her thighs and lapped at her pussy. I instructed her on using her hand to help him into her.

"Use your open palm, but put your thumb over the base of his cock to give just a bit more leverage in moving the cock to your hole. You are both blind in this but it is better than him butting and probing with his cock."

The initial penetration was obvious at hearing her loud gasp and groan. Then, he gripped her tightly and moved into her more, which brought more from her.

"OH ... MY ... GOD! OH ... oh ... my ... god. Oh, Annie! He ... the way ... godddd ... he grabbed me ... he pulled me onto ... onto him! He squeezed my waist and ... and pulled my ... my hips back, pressing ... me ... him deeper into me."

She moaned out the experience, her head dropping, sagging from her shoulders. I reached under her and fondled one of her breasts.

“Oh ... myyyyyyy ... yesssss ... oh, I love the feel of this! He ... I love him on me, his fur on my back. Even though ... I am being fucked ... like an animal ... his large, furry, strong body draped over ... like a large comforting blanket. My god, what a combination of sensations!”

It was up to the two of them now, so I call Preta to me. I stoked under his belly and felt his cock outside about three inches, which was plenty for the way I was feeling. I turned so I was alongside Jenna and smacked my ass. Preta, after watching the event so far, was on my back in that next instant and inside me the next. He started fucking into me and I reveled in the difference. It had been a long time since I took Preta without having been fucked before him and I was, again, finding this experience completely new ... all over again.

Although they had a good head start on Preta and me, they would be knotted for a time after they climaxed. I knew this would work out just fine.

I was brought out of my own euphoria by grunting and strained sounds from Jenna. I knew what it was as I saw them moving. I encouraged her, again, “Press back against him. Help him. You will open. Press back.”

She grunted and groaned, but soon she gave a whimpered cry as the knot stretched her completely and passed into her and filling her like she had never dreamed.

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“There she is.”

Sam was with the other instructors on the ridge near the exit from the facility at the ‘balcony’. The recruits were gathered for their morning training workout. Part of any mission could likely involve prolonged exertion. This morning they were going to be following the ridge line trail, which required careful placement of each step along the path dropping and rising along the natural terrain of the mountain ridge. Unknown to the recruits who were already moaning about the run over the four miles to come was the runner approaching from below them on a makeshift switchback trail, generally following a natural game trail up the side of the mountain.

It took several moments before one of the recruits finally noticed the attention the instructors were giving something down the mountainside. When he realized what he was seeing, “What the hell?” He poked whomever was next to him and soon all the recruits were now focused on the woman making her way up the mountain trail at a consistent jogging pace with two black animals, one in front of her and the other just behind.

Sam, of course, knew exactly who the person was and what the animals were. The others were perhaps more resistant to accepting what they were seeing, both that a woman was indeed running up the side of the mountain and that she was accompanied by a wolf-looking dog and what looked like a large panther.

From below, they heard a shout but unrecognizable. The instructor next to Sam asked what that was. Sam told him to wait, it will happen again and laughed.

They did watch, especially the recruits, as it became clear who the woman approaching up the trail was. The woman had made a move at a switch-back and jumped between the two animals again and was right on the tail of the dog. Approaching the next switch-back, the panther cut up the slope rather than taking the switch-back. Again, she cried out, clear now that they were nearer the top, “Cheater! You’re supposed to follow the trail.”



She turned off the trail and started scrambling up the rough slope using her hands for support, but was no match for the animals who powered up the slope efficiently using their four feet to drive them up. They sprang onto the trail not far from the other humans watching, turned and panted while watching Annie follow.

Scrambling to the top, "Enough with the racing. You two cheat every time!" She was wearing compression shorts and sports bra with running shoes. She dropped her bare knees to the rough ridge trail surface and the animals crowded into her, still panting as hard as she was, but seeking the reassuring petting she would give them.

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I had a sense from the comment Sam made to me last night that this was just the appearance he was hoping I would be able to make. I was exhausted, as were Wolf and Preta, but I also knew that the run we had just completed was the type of effort that only experienced ultra-terrain runners would so casually attempt. It was one of the wonderful side benefits of what had happened to me.

I stood after giving and receiving attention with Wolf and Preta and walked through the recruits as they edged off the trail but careful not to slip down the slope. They wanted to move further off the trail as Preta followed on my heels, their eyes no longer able to dispute the animal in their midst.

I stopped next to Sam. The rest of the group, including the instructors, had turned to follow me with their eyes. Seeing that he had their attention, or rather that I had their attention, he made his point.

"Yesterday, some of you, maybe all of you, made the mistake of judging this woman based on the appearance she presented when she arrived. Her appearance fit in with the rich, proper society from which she had actually just departed from. She was in fact meeting with the Marketing Director of Puma Venezuela, each were hoping to negotiate something from the other. Annie is a lead for a charity foundation for the poor and educational needs in Caracas. So, yes, as the taunts we heard yesterday, she might appear as something of a 'princess'. And, you may have mistaken her interest in the sparring as we walked through as something she was unfamiliar with. I think you now realize she was just sizing up your skills. You've undoubtedly heard the story of how I managed to walk out of the Brazilian jungle after being 'lost' for five years." He put his arm around my shoulder, "This woman, with her two friends here, brought me out. She, and them, were responsible for saving my life from the jungle several times during that trek."

Someone in the group, "What about the animals? That's a real panther?"

I smiled and put my hands down, both ducked their heads under my hands for an always appreciated pet or ear scratch. "These two, yes ... Preta was a wild panther when we met. Wolf is some kind of canine mix. I met them both in the jungle and we've been together ever since."

I turned to Sam, indicating I was going for a shower. I heard the instructors getting the recruits together for final instruction before their run along the ridge. Sam stopped me with a hand on my arm.

"I got a message from Jenna. She must have missed you before your run. Although, I did see her in the hall earlier this morning ... in the same dress as last night." His eyes were twinkling and he winked. I didn't say a thing. I tried not to even flinch or lose eye contact. He continued with his smile, "She said she would like to run another test. These guys will be running, then cleaning up. I would like you to attend the simulation mission strategy session, but you should have plenty of time for both."

I thanked him and moved to the hidden door in the rock face, but turned before getting there. “What kind of test? I thought we were past that.”

He shrugged, “I thought so, too. She didn’t say.” He turned back to the recruits. I knew he wasn’t intending to do the run with his damaged knee. But, before turning for the hidden key pad, I saw him getting into a discussion with the senior instructor.

I was curious about the test Jenna wanted. She didn’t say anything last night about it. It must be something that our discussion late last night ignited in her mind. I was also curious about the simulated mission discussion. I still wondered why Sam seemed so interested in my participation. But, first, a shower. I opened the door and called the boys into the short corridor to the elevator. First things first, trail running produced a lot of dust to collect on a sweaty body. I almost hoped I wouldn’t encounter anyone until I showered. I wondered if I could entice Wolf and Peta into the shower with me. That might be fun ...

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN: MISSION STRATEGY

Sam was standing at the one-way window looking into the lecture room that also doubled as a computer technology lab for the recruits. Inside were the eight recruits and Annie. They were just beginning with the ground rules for the morning’s agenda. Each of the recruits was stationed at a small table with a computer, double monitors, and other office supplies they might need for the assignment.

Sam heard the door to the small, darkened room hiss open and close. He wasn’t expecting anyone, but wasn’t surprised at the voice that broke over the voices coming from the next room through speakers that allowed him to hear them, but kept his presence unknown.

“How are they doing?”

He didn’t bother looking back, but moved to the side just enough for Dr. Moore to have room at the window. “They’ve just started.”

“Sorry for getting her back a bit late, I hope that didn’t hold up the start. I saw how she was met with some resistance yesterday; I didn’t want to add anymore to it.”

“No. It wasn’t a problem. She has pretty much eliminated any notion that she might be a weak, new recruit that can be pushed to the bottom of the pile. Besides, she isn’t a part of the group. This is the part of the training I wanted her for.”

“Is it really a hypothetical mission situation?”

He turned to face her. It wasn’t normal for her to be curious about missions. Agency had a distinct separation of information to protect those involved, even though most people were generally isolated at one of the facilities. The time away for personal reasons could expose them to enemies, if information was spread too widely. But, he suspected, and he knew he was correct in his supposition, that she was more interested because of Annie than about the mission.

So, he smiled at her and turned back to the window, leaving his answer as short as possible. “No, it is not hypothetical. A workable strategy, though, is escaping all of us. We were hoping that a presentation of ‘think wildly’ might cause a spark of ingenuity that nobody considered.”

“And, you think, Annie, might have that spark?”

He turned back to her. “Annie has proven to be a most interesting and unique woman, wouldn’t you say? Beyond the beast-stuff, her mind is quite agile.”

Jenna smiled and turned to the window to watch Annie in the group. “Most interesting, indeed. You know, she is constantly putting down her intellect. ‘Barely making it through community college’ is a favorite deflection of hers. She may not have the books behind her intellect, but she is very smart.”

He was watching her now, too. “Her common sense and intuition must be off the charts.”

She turned back to him. “Her brain is the reason I came by while she was occupied. Is this a good time?” He pointed to some chairs and nodded. “She and I talked into the late, late hours last night. She talked and talked and I asked subtle but probing questions to keep it going. Did you hear about her experience in saving those children lost in the mountain?” He nodded. She knew there wasn’t much he didn’t know about Annie between contacts with Adrian Ramos, media, and internet now that she was becoming a higher profile individual for Mrs. Contreras. “The kill of the coyote had an effect on her. Not one that she has particularly noticed or been bother by.”

He looked confused. “It affected her, but she hasn’t noticed?”

“It was things she said and didn’t say, then piecing events and feelings together. It was the reason for the testing this morning. Brain scans. Early on, we did some just because we had all this fancy equipment. What I found was a change in the prefrontal region of the brain, specifically an overactive amygdala. She merely mentioned a new anxiety developing after the confrontation with the coyotes. Then it mellowed and came back and mellowed, again. It had returned just before coming here, but then she admitted to it disappearing during the day. She describes it as a feeling of irritation, an itching in her feelings that she can’t scratch, a psychological itching if you will.”

He chuckled, “Thank you for dumbing that down for me. I was getting concerned with the ‘prefrontal’ and ‘amygdala’. So, psychological itching. What is that, do you think?”

She looked down, then faced him, again. “You’re going to think, ‘here she goes, again’. But, there are ancient mythological references throughout cultures and tribes around the world that deal with creatures that were part human and part beast of one form or another. Those connected to a violent form of beast, wolf, large cat, might be subject to something simply called ‘blood lust’.” His eyes opened wide, as she expected, so she rushed to continue. “That sounds terrible, I know. But, hear me out. A violent kill would often be the initiator. In Annie’s case, that would be the coyote. She killed it with her bare hands ... with her claws without even thinking about it. According to her, it didn’t even traumatize her. It just was ... there was violent danger and she reacted to it.”

He looked through the window at Annie. “And, she felt better yesterday. Yesterday was that fight ...”

“Exactly! So, it doesn’t have to be blood or death, just a violent action. Just ... okay, that’s not just a just, but you know what I mean.” He nodded, still watching through the window. “But, there is more. The other times when the feeling dissipated ...” She paused and he turned back to her expectantly. “The other times ... they were after highly charged sexual events.”

He laughed, “So, if she isn’t in a highly charged fight with someone, she should be performing highly charged sex.” He looked seriously at her.

She shrugged and raised her eyebrows. “Something like that. But it isn’t immediate. She described the events being a week or two separated. I suspect she doesn’t feel higher anxiety, itching, more

intensely because of the amount of sex we know she has. Probably, the training she regularly has with Ramos and her intense workouts help.” She blushed and she knew she was to say it to Sam, “But, yes, for her to feel great, she needs intermittent doses of intense sex in addition to her lifestyle. Poor girl ...” Her face belied the last words. Annie and sex were one and the same.

He shook his head and gazed out at the girl; even he had the pleasure to experience the sexual side of her while in the jungle. “Okay. We need to talk to her, then somehow get this explained to Sylvia and Adrian. I think they need to understand in case they see any indications of this ‘itching’.” He smiled at her use of that term, but was glad she really had dumbbed it down for him.

I was more than just a little surprised when Jenna said she had another test to conduct. And, a brain scan, at that. I remembered going through one early in this process of discovery, but not why another was needed. She wouldn’t commit to anything when I asked, but I have come to know how she comes to these decisions. There was something, probably in our conversation last night, that raised her curiosity. I always get so relaxed and warm with a partner after sex and our quiet ‘pillow talk’ late into the night must have contained something. She did do some probing in her quiet, subtle way. Well ... she’ll tell me. Right now, I need to concentrate.

This training session was described to us as a hypothetical mission strategy training. All recruits were positioned at tables with computer, monitors, notebooks, and pencils. If we needed something else, we could ask for it. The instructors were presenting a scenario of mission parameters and we would be asked to devise a workable plan for mission completion while keeping in mind two important objectives: mission success and operational safety. In other words, succeed in the mission while minimizing the risk to operatives.

One of the monitors showed the overhead simulation graphic of the target location. A house sitting 50 yards from the water edge of a quiet, private appearing cove. The house was otherwise surrounded on the other three sides by heavy growth of various tree species with a sloping hill in the back. The target was inside the house. Inside would be a human target along with computer files, money, and other documents and items which might be of interest. The mission was to capture and extract the human target and as much sensitive information as could be determined and taken under the conditions of extraction.

Complications, however: The house and property was guarded and was surrounded from approach by land by motion detectors activating cameras and infra-red imaging for nighttime along with remote controlled guns and two lines of electrified fencing separated by 10 yards of open space, presumably containing landmines; any air approach would be monitored by radar and surface-to-air missiles; any sea approach would be monitored by radar above the water and sonar below the water. Additionally, it could be expected that the target inside the house may have access to a safe room. Once inside it, he could alert more backup and secure the documents needed.

The only thing we were asked to resolve was getting the operatives to the house. A separate mission strategy was planned from the point of them reaching the outside of the house. The idea was for appearances to indicate that it might be the work of a rival cartel or organization. It would be difficult for the host government to explain if it appeared that a navel, air force, or other military organization was responsible.

That was all, the instructor stated. I could read on the body language of every recruit that it was impossible. Too many restrictions and too much technology to overcome without detection. Not having been through any other mission training, as the others had, it seemed impossible to me, too.

We were given three hours to develop a rough plan and send it to the server from the computer. The plans would be reviewed by the instructors and individuals would be questioned for additional clarification, if needed.

For the first hour, I stared at the monitor, playing with the features. The simulation had a feature to zoom in on sections of the landscape and provide cross-sections for terrain features. A sea approach seemed too exposed for a stealth attack. I spent most of that hour on the ground approaches and from the air. I looked at parachuting in, gliding in from the air. I looked at ground maneuvers, cutting fencing while remaining hidden. Nothing seemed reasonable. The trees had been cut back to eliminate the ability to use the trees to jump over the fencing, which also eliminated any cover in the approach to the fencing.

So, I was back to the sea approach as a last resort. Well, not a completely last resort ... last resort in my mind was to suggest a Cruise Missile strike from the middle of the ocean. Screw the target!

I looked at it with a perspective from the beach, then from the inlet to the cove. I looked at cross-sections of what they thought the cove structure would look like. I found myself musing about the cove. It had a similar appearance to the cove I enjoyed at the resort. That made me think about how much I wish I still had such a cove to enjoy. The cove was more than a place to swim. The cove was peaceful, quiet, yet open to the ocean beyond with occasional abundance of fish and animal life. That, of course, reminded me of the encounters with the dolphin. And, that made me stop musing and seriously thinking and finally planning.

This was crazy! This was wild! But, the comment was to think outside of the box. How often is that phrase used in silly circumstances, but now that comment seemed to make sense. This problem had all the markings of being impossible. Solutions to the impossible have to be crazy!

All the recruits were gathered in the large training room outside the lecture room. We were to relax and hang-out while the instructors looked over the ideas submitted. Some started half-heartedly lifting weights, others doing some floor exercises or stretching. Two of the guys were goofing around with sparring, trying not to get hurt in the process. Finally, after about an hour, the door to the lecture room opened. Everybody turned to look.

“Linder.” That was it, just my last name. Was that good or bad. Nobody had been called. I was just the first? Were they doing the easiest to eliminate and working to the more realistic? I reminded myself that I wasn’t in the agent training program. I had nothing to lose ... nothing but the desire to be effective, especially for Sam. He put himself out to ask me here.

Several of the instructors were in the room with Sam and Director. Director nodded to me as I took a seat at the table I was directed to. They had the simulation of the mission site on the large screen at the front of the room.

One of the instructors I hadn’t noticed before started, “What did you think of the simulation?”

I looked to Sam but he was again impassive. “I thought it was impossible as it was laid out.”

“Yet, you were able to suggested a solution.”

“A wild one, yes. It seemed to me that an impossible situation required a radical option. May I ask how the other ideas compared?”

They all looked at each other, trying to suppress smiles. "They were ranging from Cruise Missiles, bombing run, navel bombardment, and ... I think one was a full attack on the fence line. Oh, yes, someone else suggested coming in from the sea fast, hoping to catch them off guard."

"So ... your idea ..." He pulled it up on the screen. I had included screen shots and description of the events. "Lay it out for us."

"Well, it's really quite simple except in its execution." I smiled, but they didn't return it. Sam and Director did, though, and that was all I needed. "Okay ... a small Seal Team goes in underwater and don't come out of the water until the lead guard is neutralized. Is that the right word? Neutralized? Or, should I just say, killed?" Now they smiled. "The only way to get into range of the house is if the men trained to monitor the surveillance equipment have a reason to doubt any presence of danger. That's what this hinges on."

"We have to presume all these men are highly trained, probably mercenaries. What would make them let their guard down to ignore the equipment?"

"Not ignore completely. More ... more that they would be trained to question it. They would get the blip on the screen, or whatever, and they would be like, 'okay, more of them'. He would follow-up per procedure, but he would notify the guard at the beach to verify."

"Verify what?"

"Sorry, I tried to show it on that cross-section of the cove entrance, but I'm not much of an artist using the computer, I guess. Those blobs are seal team members being pulled by dolphins."

"Wait ... dolphins? They will still be registered by the sonar. Why won't they just blast them out of the water?"

"Training! Training the dolphins and the guards. If you can get the dolphins to start appearing at the opening to the cove, they will trigger the warning. Have the dolphins surface. Do that random days, early or late or mid-day at random, making sure all the guard shifts are covered. Then, you have the dolphins go into the cove, surfacing, maybe jumping and splashing. Who doesn't like to see that? Just animals that have found the cove. They stay for a little while and leave." They were staring at me. I figured they thought I was crazy, already. Might as well continue. "I figure a small team of Seals because they each will need a dolphin. Can't have a bunch of swimmers among the dolphins and the guards only see a few dolphins but a dozen markers on sonar, plus they won't swim right for a dolphin." They were still watching me. "So ... once they are inside the cove the guard on the beach is eliminated ... neutralized, killed ... and they move to the house."

They were talking to each other, then turned back to me. I looked at Sam and shrugged. "How would the beach guard get 'eliminated'?"

"Shoot him! You guys are in that business, right?"

They stammered at that while Sam and Director erupted into laughter. I looked out into the training room and saw that they had heard it. I could just imagine that they thought I was being laughed at, especially THAT woman.

The instructor clarified, "What I mean is, they probably have sound equipment that can pick-up certain sounds like gun fire; even silencers, before you ask that, too."

"Bow and arrow."

They looked at Sam and he nodded with a pleased grin on his face. They shrugged and conferred among themselves more. It occurred to me that in this modern world of advanced weaponry, the idea of hinging a mission on the use of a bow and arrow might sound crazy. But, more crazy than hinging a mission on the use of dolphins encouraged to behave in a predictable manner? They had a few more questions, but it was evident to me that they were unclear how to consider this idea. In short order, I was back on my way home. Interesting to me, though, was that both Sam and Jenna were accompanying me, saying only they had something that needed to be discussed.

I dreaded the conversation just concluded. Another negative revelation about what was happening to me. I thought all that was behind us and we could move on with dealing with what was known. Now ... this new development. It made sense and I understood Jenna's conclusions. I didn't disagree now that I had something to put perspective on the feelings, the sensations, and considering the timeline. Sylvia didn't need this new thing, though. She had dealt with a blow to her understanding of me with the full realization of the claws and how I might instinctively use them. Now this ... blood lust. Jenna couldn't have come up with a more innocuous term than 'blood lust'?

Sylvia had hugged Sam deeply and gave the same to Jenna, including a kiss to the cheek and whispered words that brought a smile to Jenna's face. Adrian was his stoic self and was hard to read, but his hand shake with Sam and Jenna seemed warm. The ride in the SUV to the house, however, was as quiet as a tomb.

Inside the house, I let Wolf and Preta into the back yard as the early evening light was just fading behind the mountains on the west side of the valley that was Caracas. I heard someone moving in the rec room and thought it was Sylvia. I turned, but found it was Adrian. He was at the bar and opening a bottle of red wine.

I came up to him, "Is Sylvia upset?"

"Upset? Sylvia? I don't think so. Why would you say that, Annie?"

"She was so quiet in the car. I thought this new ..."

He stopped and turned his attention to me. "Blood lust. That's amazing!"

From behind me, I heard, "Adrian! 'Blood lust' isn't amazing!" I turned to Sylvia's voice. She was coming in from the kitchen carrying a tray of cut fruit, vegetables, and cheeses. "It doesn't sound cool or amazing or anything remotely interesting to me. But ..." she smiled at me, "I am also not angry or scared or worried. I learned my lesson last time."

She set the tray of nibble food on the coffee table, then I handed her a glass of wine. I sat next to her on the sofa, Adrian in a chair to the side. I took a sip of the wine, then looked at her. She was still quieter than normal and clearly in thought about something.

"Okay, you aren't angry or worried, but what are you? You are deep in thought about something."

She looked at Adrian and chuckled, then turned toward me. "Dear, Annie ... why I am thinking about you, of course. I have been thinking about possible situations we can create to give you intense sexual experiences!" She put her hand over my forearm, "I have to admit, though, this is different than giving you opportunities to exercise to relieve tension ..."

I looked at Adrian and back to her. They were both trying to keep from laughing. Ultimately, we all

failed.

Those imaginings, however, were not required for this night. It was nice to see Sylvia taking to this news with more of a relax, confident, and assured attitude. I wondered if Adrian hadn't spent some time discussing with her some of the things we had mused on during our training sessions. Increasingly, we confided that what happened with the coyotes could not be considered a one-time aberration. I proved that again with that recruit.

But, this night wasn't to be completely tame, however, even tame by my standards. And, it appeared they had something worked out between them. Sylvia took a big gulp of wine, got up from the sofa, and left the room. In moments, she returned with a large, old blanket she spread on the rug after Adrian moved the coffee table. She then went to the double doors and called out to the animals. Soon, two dogs and a large cat were following her into the room, looking expectantly at Sylvia and me. Then she left, again.

Adrian put his hands out to me and he assisted me off the sofa. He took me into his arms, kissing me and I returning kisses to him. His hands were over my body and I felt the back zipper of my dress being lowered as we kissed. He didn't stop, just removed the straps from my shoulders and helped the dress down to the floor. He reached behind me, unfastening my bra, helping me off with that, then pushing my thong down my hips and off my legs. I was naked and back in his arms as I heard the sound of feet on the stairs.

I felt Sylvia come up behind me, pressing herself into my bare backside. She was naked, too. Her breasts pressed into my back, her hips pressing into my ass, which pushed me into Adrian's crotch. His erect cock was unmistakable through his pants. Two naked women and one fully dressed man with three male animals watching with interest of their own. What did Sylvia have in mind? And, why had she gone upstairs when she could just as easily have been undressed by one of us here?

She motioned Wolf to lie on the blanket, then point at me and down to Wolf. No problem there. I was plenty excited and needed to get Wolf to the same point. She wanted me to mate with Wolf and I was always willing for that. I noticed that she indicated for Bo to follow suit and the two of us were quickly licking and sucking on dog cock, both of us eager to get to the next stage of being mounted.

From the side, I could see Adrian losing his clothes as well. What I hadn't noticed, however, was the tube of lubrication Sylvia passed to Adrian while I was fixed on Wolf getting into position. Had I seen that transfer, I may have had an even greater curiosity of what was planned. As it was, I was their willing, pliable subject.

Sylvia got into position and indicated for me to match her side-by-side. I did and patted my ass, signaling Wolf. My shifting to my hands and knees, my mouth coming off his cock is normally sufficient indication for him to move to my ass. I love the licks he gives my asshole and pussy before he actually mounts me. It seems like he is being an attentive lover, thinking of his female, his bitch, the bitch he shares with a cat.

When he mounted me, I groaned at the sudden, though expected, weight of his body landing on my back. I assisted him into my pussy and he does that thing, that amazing feeling of an animal taking control of the situation. Even if I give him the opportunity, this moment is when I feel him, as Preta also does, take control for the duration of the fuck. My hips and waist are athletic, maybe even more so now with the added muscle and bone density, so it isn't as if he is grabbing a small waist connected to rounded hips. But still, he grabs me with his front legs, tightly and firmly, and at that moment of feeling control transferring, he pulls me back, back further onto his cock as he presses more firmly, and shifts into a higher gear and begins rapidly fucking into me. This is the wildly

animalistic sensation that makes bestiality so intriguing, so addicting.

Sylvia captures my attention with a hand on mine, "Move Preta on the floor by you. I want ... you to try to ... make him cum twice with your mouth." She was gasping out the strings of words through the fucking Bo was giving her.

I turned to her. "Twice? I ... I don't know ... that there will ... be enough time ..."

She looked over me to Adrian and smiled at him. "Yes, I think there will be."

I was confused, but, then, I was being deliciously fucked, too.

I first felt the knot forming and hitting my pussy. While sucking and licking Preta's barbed cock, my attention was drawn away from the knot more than it might normally be. Once recognized, though, I pressed back into the knot being pressed at me by Wolf. Adrian was the last thing I was thinking about at the moment. But, once the knot pressed fully into me, a thought came to be; something I had done before, a different time and place.

Wolf was earnest now, pressing firmly, pushing his cock and knot into me as hard and deep as he could, even though the action was restricted greatly with the knot inside my clamping pussy. My mouth would open around Preta's cock as I groaned or moaned my reaction to the efforts of Wolf at the other end of my body. I clamped my lips around the barbed cock in my mouth, renewing my efforts to get him to cum, when Wolf slammed into me harder, driving his cock as deep as possible in my pussy. The resulting action also pushed my face into Preta and his cock deeper into my mouth to the entrance to my throat, which constricted around the barbed object unceremoniously violating it. My throat clenched around the barbs several times. I felt Preta's cock swell and twitch in my mouth and throat. I pulled my mouth back with a last second effort at lucidity as my body convulsed into orgasm. As the cock pulled out of my throat, the barbs scraping along the tender tissue, Preta also came, shooting his cum directly into my throat leaving no option but to swallow in time with his spurts, or gag. It was all overwhelming and it put an additional spike to my orgasm, jolting my body in the midst of the current orgasm, my entire body shaking in response.

I pulled my mouth from Preta's cock and gulped in air, but kept a hand on his hind leg to hold him in position. According to the challenge given me by Sylvia, he had another climax yet to come. At the same time, the last of Wolf's cum was draining from his cock into my drenched pussy, his knot holding us together. I felt him turn, moving his leg over my back and somehow rotating his cock inside me so we were now ass-to-ass.

I shifted my hands and stroked Preta's head and neck before returning my mouth to his cock. We had never done this before. He raised his head and looked down his body at me. I had the strangest sense that he wondered what I was up to, but was resigned to seeing whatever it was through. The feeling of my mouth returning to his cock was not a feeling he was about to complain about.

I was settling in for a good suck of Preta's cock while tied to Wolf when I felt a hand on my ass, then a glob of a cool gel spread over my asshole. When a finger went inside, pushing the gel into me, I pulled off Preta's cock and looked over my shoulder. I found a grinning Adrian. He was standing over my hips, one leg on either side and he was spreading the gel over his hard cock, too. His large, hard cock. I turned to look to Sylvia who would also be tied and found her with a similar devilish smile on her face. Now, I understood what was going to be happening. I was about to be double penetrated while tied to Wolf.

Sylvia made the comment we were all thinking, "Intense sexual experiences ..." I shook my head, but smiled with them.

Now that Adrian and I were both greased up, I felt his hands on my hips, again. This time he was pulling my left cheek to the side, while he aimed his cock for my rosebud opening with the other hand. When it made contact, I tensed, then pushed back against him. He responded to my willingness by pressing against the tight opening. I tried to relax, to allow it to open. It is hard to relax when you know that the cock that is trying to penetrate you is the largest one you have ever seen, felt, sucked, or fucked. But, I was determined to do my part and not let them down. After all, they were just trying to help me with my 'itching' problem. It is nice to have friends who will go the extra step for you. Joking aside, though, this was about to become very intense.

I felt Adrian pressing harder and harder against my asshole and with our combined effort, I began to feel my sphincter slowly, almost reluctantly, opening up to the pressure. He was so large, though. I was beginning to seriously become concerned about taking him in my ass while knotted with Wolf. There was so little room left. Then, I had an idea. I lifted up my ass and felt Wolf cock and knot pull me down.

I mumbled to Adrian, half around Preta's cock and half not, "Lower your butt to Wolf's back so he can't raise up when I do. When I arch up, go for it!"

He did what I asked, then I raised my hips, again. It had the effect of stretching my pussy vertically and that cleared some room between Wolf and where Adrian needed to be. He pushed hard and he popped into. I put a hand back to hold him, not saying a word, but he was attentive and anticipated this from me, the need to have my anal passage adjust to him being inside. In moments, though, I released my hand from his thigh and he gently pushed a little more into me. He pulled back an inch and pushed in two inches more, an inch out, two in. Soon, he was fully inside me and we rested, again.

Wolf was trapped now. Peripherally, I saw that Sylvia and Bo had separated. Sylvia moved with some effort to hold and pet Wolf's head and neck. I returned my mouth to Preta as Adrian began thrusting smoothly in and out, gliding fully into me with the aid of the lubricant.

I renewed my concentration on Preta as I felt my own body building to another orgasm. I returned his cock to the entrance of my throat, again, clenching and relaxing it around the barbed head. It was an odd feeling and I was enjoying it immensely when Adrian did something that jolted me at both ends. He must have been nearing his own climax and he pounded into my ass hard. The result was twofold: the knot trapped inside my pussy was jammed against my g-spot as my body was pushed forward; and, my mouth was jammed over the cock in my mouth, this time pressing the cock past the entrance to my throat and into it.

I started to gag, but my body went into a convulsion at the same time. When Adrian pulled back, I moved back just a bit to breath around the cock in my mouth. My mouth was dripping with saliva from the effort, but I had little time to consider anything further. Whether Adrian had realized what he had done or not, his next hard thrust into me yielded the same result and it was repeated over and over. My throat gulped down the hard, barbed cock head while my g-spot was hammered by the violent impact of the knot stopping any forward motion.

I came soon after and was surprised when Preta again released his cum while deep in my throat. I gulp as fast as I could as Adrian leaned into me, holding me against the cat, the cock buried in my throat. At the same time, he was grinding into me as he released his semen into my ass at the same time that Wolf became agitated by all the sudden motion and flinching around him and pulled hard on the tie, but only managing to pull his cock into my g-spot even harder than before. While shaking in my orgasm, another peak built on top it and my chest dropped to the floor, my mouth sliding off Preta's cock and cat semen dribbling out of the corner of my mouth as I lay motionless, partially

aware, but motionless.

My limbs were shaking and quivering for minutes. I had male cum running out of all three holes of my body. I was unaware of when the three separate cocks had left my body. I was only semi-aware of the feeling of being well used and satisfied.

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## **CHAPTER SIXTEEN: DOLPHIN CONTACT**

Once again I find myself sitting next to the water looking over the vast expanse of the ocean and wondering what could happen next in my life that has turned so crazy. This time I am sitting on an isolated beach on a small island off the Southwest coast of Columbia, roughly halfway between Buenaventure and Tumaco. The island is uninhabited, primitive and secluded. The significance of the island and the reason I find myself sitting on this particular beach, alone, is: this specific location on the island is a cove very similar to the one identified in the mission parameters; the surrounding area is known to have active dolphin sightings; and, equally important, it is located only 8 miles from the mission target.

All that and much more was explained and discussed with me when I was called back to Agency. Sam explained that nobody in mission strategy came closer to developing a mission plan that appeared to be successful and still give the appearance of a small independent and possibly rival group. As a result, my suggested plan rose back to the top of consideration. If that wasn't surprising enough, the meeting was attended by an agent of the Columbian Intelligence Group and a Captain from the US Navy Seals. It was clear to me that despite their attitude that my plan was rife with problems, it still remained the best possible plan they had available to them.

Sam asked if I really thought I could get the dolphins to do what needed to be done. I told him I never said ANYTHING about me doing anything on the mission. Surely, there were professionals who trained dolphins to do any number of things. He agreed, but not in the time frame they were talking. Suddenly, the time frame for the mission was not quite two weeks. I asked him why he even thought I could do something like that and he said he had talked to Jenna and she said something about the cove at the resort and that I might have ... damn, loose lips ...

Then the conversation got real. He turned me to him, "Look, Annie, this mission has a chance to go or it doesn't, and Columbia loses a great opportunity to get rid of a major underworld boss and cripple his organization. We're talking drugs, extortion, money laundering, prostitution, and sexual slavery. He will be at that retreat and when he is, he runs his organization from there. Everything will be in one place. What we miss is getting inside his defenses."

"So ... you want me on this mission. And, you want me to influence dolphins in order to accomplish that."

"This is big, Annie. I know what you can do with animals. Wolf and Preta. And, Jenna said you have ... what, some success with a dolphin ..."

"Shhhh! Sam, you know darn well what all that was about. Now you think I can use that to get five dolphins to do what we need?"

Needless to say, that led to me agreeing to try. But, the first step, the step that everything else depended on, was to see if I could wrangle five dolphins and get them compliant to my thinking. I've only had limited success with this and a lot was riding on it now.

Which was how I ended up here, sitting on the beach looking out over the cove and the ocean beyond. I was dropped off at this location by a charter boat that would begin setting up 'dolphin watching' excursions and their route would pass by the inlet to the mission target cove. The operators were US Navy Seals. There were five in the team: one to operate the boat and four to make the assault and return to the boat, hopefully with everyone intact and with the target.

I was given a tent and some supplies for week including more than enough fresh water and food. After the last time with the dolphin, I mentioned the problem of controlling breathing while being so ... occupied. It turned out the Seals had a new breathing apparatus which Mary and Steve made some quick modifications to. It somehow pulled water through the apparatus and filtered out the oxygen to breath. It had a limited timeframe, but they increased it to 15 minutes. Replacement filter canisters could be easily replaced, even underwater. It allowed swimming underwater without the heavy and bulky tanks on the back. Perfect for my needs. I was also provided with other diving equipment like long fins, weight belts if staying under water the entire time was necessary.

I had my camp together and a week to finish, or the mission would be called off. If that happened, they would be forced to wait and hope to find a better alternative, perhaps at a different location. They believed this was the best and most isolated opportunity, however.

So, here I was with only one way I had any success in dealing with animals. Of course, that was not discussed with anyone outside of Agency. I was not so naive to think, however, that it could remain a secret for long, especially if I was successful. One thing at a time. For the time being, I would be on my own and to my own devices. What happened in this cove, stayed in this cove. Yeah, fat chance of that!

I swam in the cove three times that first day on the island. The IST deep sea scuba fins and mask the Seals use made swimming much easier. I seemed to glide through the water compared with the effort of swimming without them. I saved the breathing apparatus for when I might need them, but I did have it around my neck for easy access. Like a belt with slots for bullets, I also wore a strap on my upper arm with two spare canisters.

The next morning brought a new resolve that surprised even me. I made some coffee over the single burner camp stove I was provided and nibbled at two protein bars while musing at the scene before me. I was still naked after waking up in the tent, making the decision without much debate in my mind that I would probably remain so. The island was separated from any other land mass and the cove I was located in was on the opposite side of the island from the mainland, a distance that still made any indication of land on the horizon questionable.

In my musing, I made the connection of this cove to the one on the resort island. Although not identical, there were similarities and those similarities provided an additional psychological support and calming influence for the task at hand. It was in these quiet musings that my attention was interrupted by the very sign I had been so actively seeking yesterday during my swims into the cove. At the entrance to the cove, rising and falling in its swimming across the opening, was a single dolphin. I stuffed the remaining portion of the protein bar into my mouth as I searched around me for the fins, mask, and mouthpiece, finding them inside the crate where I had replaced them for the night.

I had devised a plan during the night. It was to be seen if it might work with these animals and if I could hold myself to the plan.

I sat in the shallow water, rinsing the dried sand out of the boot part of the fins, then putting them securely on. I put the mouthpiece over my head and hanging from my neck. With the mask over my

face, I waddled out into deeper water until I could push off and beginning swimming. I swam directly for the inlet, periodically raising my head enough to look ahead, searching for any sign of the dolphin anywhere ahead of me. I stopped when after a couple of looks I didn't see anything of the dolphin. I tread water as I gazed out through the inlet, then 360 degrees around me. Nothing. I put the mouthpiece into my mouth, curled, and stroked beneath the water, kicking with the oversized fins once my feet felt under the water. I swam down further, then came vertical, holding my position under water, using my arms to keep me under. As I did, I turned slowly seeking any sign of the dolphin.

A shadow passed over me from the left and I looked up in that direction. Above me was a single dolphin gliding just below the surface. He seemed to be intent on watching me as I watched him, then he curled his body and kicked with his powerful tail and dove straight down in front of me, looping well beneath me and rising in back of me, but I turned to follow him. As he came to my head level, he adjusted his body to horizontal, his face at the level of mine and five feet apart. For a moment, we just watched each other.

Since my previous encounter with the dolphin, I did more research on them. I found they can be quite sexually aggressive and they seem to enjoy sex for the sake of having sex. I could certainly vouch for that. Also, sexual encounters with human females have been known to happen when the dolphin was the aggressor. I am not sure I can vouch for that, however. We may both have been aggressors in that previous encounter. I hoped the same would be true this time, too. In fact, I hoped it would be true for the next few days, if I was lucky. But, another thing I learned is that groups of male dolphins have been known to isolate a single female and use her repeatedly ... a dolphin gangbang, so to speak. Who knows ... I mean, I need to attract and somehow control five dolphins for the mission.

It wasn't as if I could read all that in this instant of encounter, but the thoughts were dominant and ever present in my thinking. The whole plan began and depended on dolphins as a diversion and mode of entry. And, we each needed one for appearances to be proper. Four Seals and me. Five. First things, first.

Remaining vertical in the water, I used my hands and arms to move slowly to close the five feet between us until I could reach out and touch the side of his face, which is what I did. He allowed the touch and I moved to his side, sliding my hand along his side. I then moved my hand underneath him, rubbing his underside. I felt the water shift around us slightly as he moved both his flippers and his tail slightly, moving a short distance before turning around and facing me, again. We stayed in this position for a moment, as if he was assessing me and my intention.

Without thinking about the action, I realized I had moved one hand to my breast and was fondling it while the other worked to hold my position in the water. It was then that I saw his head move just enough to give the impression that he was looking over my entire body, my face, down, and back to my face. I wanted to move to him, again. I didn't, though. I held my position. I waited. I wanted to mate with him. That was why I was here. Then a thought came to me and I wondered why I had made the leap. Was this even a male? I hadn't been far enough back on its body where the slit would be.

That thought was interrupted by his movement, though. He moved to me without even seeming to move. I could detect no movement in him, yet he was closer and closer. His beak came to my face and he gently touch me, then he lowered his entire body in the water, touching my chest, my breast, my stomach, my mound ... I realized I was holding my breath as he hovered at my crotch. Was there a scent or flavor in the water from me? I was excited enough, there was no question about that. Fascinating! What was he picking up? Was he picking something up?

I bent my head down, gazing along my body, watching his snout not quite touching me at my crotch. I spread my legs a little more, took a breath, waited ... My God! When his beak touch me between my legs, I wanted to cry out. If I did, there was nothing coming out but expelled air.

I didn't know how long I had been underwater, which was a mistake I needed to correct in the future by wearing the dive watch the Seals gave me. I kicked for the surface. When my head broke the surface, I took off the mouthpiece over my head and checked the gage on the front. I had only been under for four minutes. It had just seemed to be longer. I had at least fifteen minutes on each canister. I replaced the mouthpiece over my head and insert it. I looked around me to find the dolphin and suddenly cursed myself if I startled him and he left. But, he didn't.

I found him swimming in a loose circle around me, keeping behind me as I turned, as if he were playing with me, teasing me. When I found him, and tracked him, he dove underwater, slapping the surface with his tail. I dunked my face into the water to follow him and was watched him as he made a tight circle below me near the bottom, turned onto his back and glided around one more time. I looked along his body, as if that was what he was intending by the presentation. I found the slit and any doubt of male or female was dispensed. Although, his penis wasn't completely out of the slit, the curled member was visible, though barely protruding. Then I saw him smoothly change his glide into a vertical approach. I held my position, using my arms for control, and watched him rise slowly and effortless to me. I was again holding my breath, not believing what might happen if he continued like he was and I stayed exactly where I was. But, as he rose, it seemed inevitable and certain. He was aiming between my legs and I saw them part more as he got closer. I gasped and moaned around the apparatus when his beak poked me directly on my pussy. My head went back and I cried out, a muffled cry, but cry none-the-less.

The warm lagoon water moved gently with the incoming tide. I have always loved the feeling of water over my naked body, a primary reason for preferring to swim naked, even in the pool. The feeling of the water was only a small part of the sensual feeling my body was experiencing at the moment, however. I was in full anticipation now of another sexual encounter and a step toward my plan.

After poking my pussy, unbelievably, the dolphin sank back down, swam in a circle around me, then up to the surface before going back down. I watched him glide down near the bottom and returning to mid-depth. He stayed there, stationary in the water. I curled and kicked, propelling myself down, gliding myself to his level. He came within inches of my face. I reached out with my hands to each side of his head, then moved my face to his beak and planted a kiss on his mouth. He pulled back and looked at me, then turned to the side and swam away. Did he leave for real this time?

I lost sight of him in the distance, but I was confident. Something in the interaction told me that there was a connection. I continued to watch in the direction he disappeared, watching for a change in shadows or reflection of the sunlight from above. I was not expecting what did happen, though.

I didn't feel any movement of water around me or shadow change in the water or on the cove bottom. What I did feel, though, was the dolphin silently gliding past me on the left, turned on his side, the bottom of his chin grazed my hip, first. I looked down sharply, flinching to the right in response. He compensated, however, and was touching my hip quickly with his smooth, slick underside. I put my hand out, allowing it to slide along his side, hitting his flipper, which he had raised up so as not to bump me. As he moved by me in constant contact, I felt a change on his underside, a pronounced bump protruding. I looked down and saw that it was his slit and the curved penis was still partially protruding, the tip and most of its length still inside.

I used my hands to push myself deeper while remaining vertical and he responded. He turned, dove

deeper himself, then curled up so he would now rise in front of me, his underside within a foot of my body. He swam up this way, giving me a close-up view of his slit and the partially exposed penis. He swam to the surface, blew water from his top hole and returned down. I remained where I was. It seemed as if we were now somehow in an erotic inter-species dance, and I was happy to let him lead.

As he came up in front of me, this time, he slowed as his underside came to my eye level. I looked up at his head and saw him looking down at me. I refocused on his smooth belly as he continued to rise, but he was rising slower and slower, until he seemed to stop in front of me. In front of my eyes was his slit. I put my hands out, but pulled them back. I looked back up above me and saw he was still watching me. I smiled, though the mouth piece made that impossible to show on my face. I reached my hands out and touched his belly on either side of the slit. I saw the penis before, but ... the penis curls inside the body. I could see a portion of it curved outside the slit while the base and top were still inside. My fingers moved to the portion exposed. I was transfixed by what was before me. I was too curious. I was too needy.

I moved my fingers to the slit and the penis partially protruding. It was right in front of me ... right there. I moved my face to his body. No, I moved my face to his penis. There was no body in my view, any longer. It was only that curled penis in the slit. My fingers of each hand were on either side of his slit, touching the slit, touching the folds of the slit where the penis was curled. My face was within inches. I tilted my face, removed the mouthpiece and kissed the exposed penis.

He moved slightly. I pulled my face back slightly, replacing the mouthpiece. My eyes never left the slit, though. I saw the penis move slightly, then more. Before my eyes, it came out of the slit, it uncurled itself from within and sprang out in front of my fixed gaze. It was curved, the tip/head being pointed and much thicker at the base where it disappeared into the slit. I pushed my face forward, bumping it with my mouthpiece. I felt embarrassed at the clumsiness, removed the mouthpiece and returned my lips to it, making contact with the surface and running my tongue up the length. It was about nine to ten inches and I licked the entire length.

I pulled back. I was still looking at his cock when it occurred to me that he was probably still watching me. I looked up and he was, indeed. For some reason, that embarrassed me, again. Caught staring at another cock.

I kicked hard for the surface and he turned and swam to the side. At the surface, I quickly changed out the canister, and prepared myself for what I hoped was following. We had both teased and shown our obvious interest. I hoped it was time to act.

I looked around on the surface and found nothing. I put my face in the water and searched the water and found him to my right. He was well below me and when he turned to rise in front of me, his protruding cock was obvious and unmistakable. It seemed it was time and I was so turned on to once again experience this magnificent animal. We were at the same point in our interest, our anticipation, our expectation. I used only my arms to tread water as I watched me glide up to me and I saw my legs opening. I didn't have long to wait for his response to that action.

I first felt the touch on the insides of my thighs. As his head reached mine at the surface, my thighs were forced further apart by the width of his body. His flippers hit my legs and I pushed them further apart, bending my knees. Instinctively, my legs encircled him and his body rose and went horizontal on top of the water, lifting me with him, watering running off both of us. His body felt like wet leather and I reached for his flippers as I lowered my front down onto him, my legs now dragging behind me on either side of him. I slipped on him, moving further back. As I secured my grip on his flippers, I felt him bump into me at the junction of my thighs, his penis, his pointed penis

bumping, probing at me. And probing it was! Maybe during my first encounter, I was too overwhelmed by the experience and the fear of the potential from drowning when in the water with an animal capable of remaining underwater for extended periods. But, I didn't remember this ... this movement of his penis!

The canine and feline jam their cocks in pursuing the pussy. A man uses his hand to guide it. This was entirely different. I lay on his belly, his erect cock head touching my crotch ... and it was moving up and down, side to side, pressing but not jamming against me. I remembered in that instant what the research I found had said. The dolphin has a prehensile cock that allows him to consciously manipulate it like we do with our fingers. Although, they don't use them for grasping, they can direct their cock to move where they want, even to curl or bend as is required to enter their slit when not erect. I felt it find my slit, then moved along it until it found my hole and it went inside with a flip of its tail driving his cock into me. With a couple powerful kicks of his tail, he surged his body forward in the water and me backwards onto his cock more fully.

He swam in a wide circle, his tail propelling us and at the same time humping his cock into my pussy. Once again, the act of swimming turned into an act of fucking. But, even in the haze of sensual bliss overtaking me, I knew he couldn't swim like this for too much longer. Dolphins breathe only through their blowhole on top of their heads, they cannot breathe through their mouths like land mammals. But, this thought was already worked out, so when he rotated to his side and then putting me on the bottom, hanging onto him with my legs around his body and my arms around his neck, the breathing apparatus came into use. I adjusted and tightened my hold on him and remained on his cock.

This was completely wild and different from the one previous time. I was relaxed with the ability to breathe and not having to hold my breath and tensed about getting my next breath of air. I hung onto him as he dove underwater, his tail moving us and the action driving his cock repeated into my pussy, the water rushing over my body as I clung to his.

He turned, again, this time still underwater so I was again on top, my naked body pressed against my aquatic lover, holding him tightly, pressing my breasts into his underside, pressing my pussy back against his curved cock buried deep inside. And, not concerned with any of the other issues of before, I felt his cock move inside me. Not just the fucking motion of his cock in and out as his tail propelled us through the water; but, his cock wiggling inside me, moving to one side and then the other of my pussy. It curled and seemed to stroke my wall, then extend straight out and a new jolt hit me. His cock was long and the tip pointed. Extended, he sometimes found my cervix and managed to press the tip just inside, just inside my womb.

I was beyond control at this point, but was in complete trust of the breathing apparatus given to me and I allowed myself to completely release to the sensations and pleasures being given to me. He curled and kicked for the surface. Even if I didn't need air, he did. He broke the surface and rotated 180 degrees, clearing the surface with half of his body and falling back with me riding him as we crashed back into the water.

The jolt sent me to heaven ... and he climaxed with me.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: DOLPHIN TRAINING

During the rest of the day following the thrilling encounter with the dolphin, I was visited by the same dolphin twice more. How did I know it was the same dolphin? It wasn't by noticeable scars or

other marking that I had distinguished during our mating. I hadn't noticed anything of the sort. My attention was decidedly on much more important things at that moment. No, it was a very obvious indicator of his familiarity with me, not the other way around.

Each time I saw a dolphin in the cove the rest of the day, I went through the same scramble to get fins, mask, and breathing in place to waddle into the water. After all, I needed to have five dolphins for the team to enter the target cove naturally and undercover. No, the reason I knew it was the same dolphin was because each time I swam out to meet it, his penis was out of the slit and quite erect. The first time, I stopped twenty feet from him at a depth of about ten feet below the surface. Even though I was dealing with an animal, this seemed rather bold of him. However, I remembered that dolphins were quite sexual and enjoyed sex for the sake of sex. Hmmm, like someone else I know ...

I decided to initiate the next part of my plan with him since he already knew my interest. My plan was to go with the training methodology I used in the villages with Wolf and Thor. Simply, using sex as a training reward for positive response. It worked for the dogs and something had to happen if they were to be used for the mission.

I moved to him and he boldly moved vertical, holding his position as I neared him. I smiled to myself because I knew it wouldn't properly show with the mouthpiece in place. I came up vertical in front of him and reached my hand out, taking his erect cock in my hand, then stroking it up and down several times. He looked at me, maybe thinking he had me, maybe he wasn't thinking anything, but that it was just to be expected. I didn't know really, but I did know that when I released my hand and pushed back from him, putting several feet of water between us, his look changed. Now there was definitely something going through that brain of his. We all know dolphins are smart, smarter than dogs. Cats, on the other hand, don't seem to respond, whether out of not getting it or not caring. That is, except for Preta. Whatever it was that worked for Wolf and him, I hoped would combine for the dolphins.

Over the course of the day, I experimented with some simple hand signals to get my intentions across to the animal. After some initial frustration, for both of us, I reassessed what the expectations were really necessary from the dolphins. I didn't sleep much that night as the problem of controlling some element of the dolphins weighed on me. The entire mission depended on the dolphins for establishing a routine acceptance of intrusion by the guards at the target and providing a stealth insertion of the Seals. So, the next morning, I was intent on simplifying my approach still further. When I saw the dorsal fin and glistening back of a dolphin rising and sinking in the nearly calm water of the early morning, I returned to the water myself intent on focusing on only two signals: one pointing in a direction for swimming to be used for transporting us; and, two, pointing vertically to the surface for the dolphin to be seen by the guards on shore. Those were the two things required for this mission for a successful beginning.

It took some time and frustration but this dolphin finally began to respond to those two simple commands. He finally accepted that doing it would get him what he was really interested in. And, I was perfectly willing to give it to him.

It started out with simple expressions of attention to him when he showed some recognition. I started with stroking his cock, then moved to sucking him. Stroking was easy, but sucking was more interesting. It also showed his playfulness and it was then that I knew we were making progress and he would soon break down and give in. Without the mouthpiece, I couldn't be underwater for long and I couldn't suck him with the mouthpiece. When he realized what I was going to do, he went into the shallows and rolled onto his back. Knowing that his breathing ability was now underwater, I moved quickly. I straddled him backwards so my head would be towards his tail. I engulfed his cock

and wrapped my legs and arms around him. He stayed where he was initially, seemingly content with me pleasuring him in a new and unique way. He eventually needed to breathe and rolled, sending me crashing into the water.

I should have expected it, but this was something new for both of us. I indicated a motion with my hand out into the cove. I thought he might be able to smoothly rotate if he was moving. At this point, I didn't want to lose what advancement we had gained. I straddled him, again, and he kicked away from the shallows. He swam in a loose circle with me on top, greedily sucking his cock. It was long and when he kicked hard, his body reacted and tended to drive the tip into my throat. After a few times of that happening, I found I could relax and go with it, feeling his cock slide into my throat and back out.

I felt him tip to the side, then regain his position. I felt like he was warning me and I grabbed tighter to him in a five-point clinch: one mouth, two arms, and two legs. He rolled for less than a minute and returned to his back. After only a couple times of that happening, I felt his cock stiffen more and pulse. I made sure the cock wasn't in my throat and he came in my mouth, spurt after spurt. It wasn't bad. I have begun to wonder if I just like the taste of any semen ...

We spent time that day refining our cooperation, including him fucking me, again. That time was much like the previous except that I was even more comfortable with the fucking process underwater. I fully believed in the breathing apparatus and was easily taken anywhere the animal wanted to take me during our mating. Apparently, when he has a willing female who he isn't trying to catch and swim alongside, or on top of, the mating event can be quite long.

The next day was different ... completely. The next day I was watching over the cove when I spotted a dorsal fin in the water. Then there was another. Two dolphins. Making progress.

I grabbed my gear and made for the water. I was in the water and confronting two dolphins before I had considered how I was planning to incorporate more dolphins into the process. I had made good progress with the first one, but how does that translate to assimilating more? It was compounded almost immediately when the two I had been looking at in the water became three as another swam into my view from the side.

Three ... I hadn't figured out two ... now there are three. But, I was certain that one of them was the one I had worked with the day before. So, I used the hand motions to figure out that one and then find something on his body or head I could use for identification. I gestured up and one immediately rose to the surface, breaking the water and curling back to the depth where I was. I noticed a scar on its dorsal fin that undoubtedly was the result of an unpleasant encounter with something in the past, possibly a shark. I moved in front of it and gestured to a direction, hoping that the others might just follow, if nothing else. They followed, but not in the way or for the reason I had hoped.

I held onto the dorsal fin of the dolphin, indicated a direction to him and he responded perfectly. The other two did, also. But, what I soon discovered was their different intention. I felt a poke at my hip and then another on my stomach. I was surrounded by dolphins and the two who were new had erect penises and were poking at me as we swam. I tapped my dolphin on the side of the head and pointed up to the surface, which he responded to, again. I was very pleased with how he was doing, but the other two were focused on me in the wrong way. As we shifted direction for the surface, the other two quickly reacted and I felt an erect penis poking my ass. I let go just shy of the surface, turned and pushed at the snout of the offending dolphin. The one I had been holding onto, turned and faced the confrontation between me and other. Then, from behind, the third rose from below me and behind, his erect penis catching me between the legs and pressing nearly into my asshole. I spun around and swatted his snout. The resistance of the water, however, reduced the impact to a push

on the side. I turned for the shore and swam. Again, one of the dolphins attempted mating me by swimming on his back underneath me, his cock moving in search of my pussy. He bumped my stomach and it flashed into my mind how vulnerable the female dolphin was to sexual attack.

I was close enough to the shore to stand and swatted back, hitting a snout that was pressing at my ass. I continued to the shallows and sat down in about a foot of water. I reflected on what I was trying to accomplish here and what I had learned in my research about dolphins. The slit in a female was at the same location as the slit of the male. The female had none of the protection that I did. For her, a male intent enough could swim above, below or alongside and possibly maneuver his penis near enough that he could flex it one way or another to enter her. The advantage I had was hands to swat with and legs that needed to be parted for them to penetrate me. It was still a bother, though. I now understood how a female could be corralled by males and become overwhelmed by their persistent attempts. In the short exposure I just had to that kind of attention, it felt very much like gang rape was a real possibility if it had been allowed to progress too much further. The abrupt, blunt jabs I felt from snouts might easily become physically threatening and subduing for a female dolphin, much less a woman.

I pulled my knees up to me, my forearms on top of them and my head sinking down to rest on top of them. What have I gotten myself into? How naive could I be to think this could be done? I had thought with one trained that others could be influenced to follow. Maybe that's not the way dolphins behave ...

Something pulled my attention away from internal reflection to something happening in the physical world in front of me. The water surface was roiling with occasional splashes as a tail or fin broke the surface. I stood, moving into deeper water, in order to gain a better vantage point to see what was happening below the surface. My view was still restricted by the refraction of light and the reflection of sunlight off the surface. I fit the mask back in place and mouthed the apparatus, leaning into the water and gliding underneath in the direction of the activity. I was a little cautious in case the activity wasn't just the dolphins but some other aquatic life ... of course, my worst fears in the ocean is shark, despite the knowledge that they pose little real danger except in specific locations and conditions.

As I swam carefully in the direction of the activity, I found the three dolphins in a swirl of motion around each other. But, the closer I got and the closer I looked, it became obvious that the activity, the commotion, was one dolphin directing snout butts and tail slaps at the other two. And, when I specifically looked, I found that the one dolphin had the telltale scar on his dorsal fin.

When I was spotted, the three stopped, and turned their attention to me as I still cautiously approached. They were in an uneven line formed across my view in front, suspended in the water and quietly attentive. Still concerned about the aggressiveness of the earlier encounter, I was tentative about my approach, but there was something about the interaction when I initially saw them and their quiet attitude now that encouraged me to approach closer. The first to move was 'my' dolphin, the one I had fucked the day before. He came forward, his snout stopping a foot from me. I gently touched the side of his head and he retreated, somehow moving backwards with just his fins. Then, one by one, the other two duplicated the movement, each receiving a touch from me.

I admit to being stunned by the quick change, but I wasn't going to waste the opportunity. Since they were all facing one direction, I point with my arm behind me, curious just how far this change in attitude had gone. To my additional surprise, they all started moving in that direction, the second two moving a moment after the 'my' dolphin responded to my signal. I reached out as mine went past and took hold of his dorsal fin, the other two coming alongside. To push the effort, I pulled myself forward on him so he could see my hand as I changed my signal to point in a direction about

45 degrees to the side. They smoothly curved to that direction. To push my luck further, I indicated directional changes to create a figure-eight movement, which they completed. Each change in direction resulted in the other two reacting after a moment of delay, which seemed to indicate that they were reacting to 'my' dolphin's movements rather than my signals, but I had no problem with that. They were responding and my complete control was not the issue; the issue was for the dolphins to move in a necessary direction and that could be accomplished by following my direction or following a dolphin alpha.

Dolphin pods, I knew, were led by an alpha like a wolf pack would be. The reaction of these dolphins caused me to wonder if they were part of a pre-existing pod that was nearby. Once stopped, again, and the dolphins floating near each other, I could distinguish other markings on their bodies. The one that I had come to consider mine by our initial contact had many more marks on his body. Another had a few raking marks on its body and the other had almost none. I guessed that 'mine' was already the alpha and the rake marks and wounds apparent on his dorsal and body were the result of defending his territory and pod. Somehow, I had happened on the alpha; but, perhaps it wasn't so much 'happening' as determined by his authority to investigate what was happening in his territory. This discovery was immediately exciting for me. There was a pod nearby and I had befriended and connected with the alpha. Somewhere nearby there were more dolphins, perhaps females, but more. If there were three males, I conjectured that they should be at least that many females or more. I then wondered how the possible existence of calves in the pod might complicate my thinking or not. Did it matter? I wasn't intending on the dolphins being involved any further than providing confusion, distraction, and short distance transportation into the target lagoon.

After running through a few more maneuvers to verify that what had happened before wasn't a fluke, I considered how I wanted to proceed. The earlier incident was still fresh in my mind and on my body where I had been repeatedly poked and bumped. I swam backward a few more feet and considered them. I then remembered my breathing and had lost track of how long I had been underwater. I took a deep breath and removed the apparatus, checked the canister gauge and decided to replace it. I removed the old one, replaced it with a fresh one from the ones I wore on my arm. I tested it to be sure I had it functioning properly, then turned my attention back to the three male dolphins.

This should be interesting ... my intention all along was to motivate the 'old fashioned way', which was simply to give them what they wanted when they succeeded. I knew what they wanted. They made that plainly clear, earlier. And, now they had succeeded. So

I moved slowly to my alpha, who as it turned out was 'my' initial contact. I stroked the side of his head and gave him a simple nod of my own head. I didn't even look at the others, but he did from one to the other. He then slid alongside me and I grabbed a hold of his dorsal fin and he pulled me a short distance from the others. When he slowed, he rotated onto his back, breaking my hold of his fin. I swam above him, looking down into his face as he looked up to me. I moved my hands through the water to move me down over him until, with legs spread, I sat astride him. I rubbed my hands over his body up to his head, then back down. I took hold of his side fins and pulled myself up along him, then pushed myself back, pressing my open and exposed pussy on his smooth, slick body. My pussy slid over his slit and I could feel his penis coiled just inside, the surface of it just opening the slit. I slid my pussy over his slit several times, each time feeling more of his coiled penis exposed against my crotch.

I pulled myself further up his body and raised my crotch from his body and peeked between us. He pulled me along as I floated a foot off his body. I watched as his curled penis uncoiled out from his slit and extended along his body, 9 to 10 inches of immediately erect and ready cock. I lowered myself onto his body, but this time I pressed my breasts into him, mashing my erect nipples into his

slippery body. My legs were not around him at the moment, but I extended them down his body with my legs spread. I allowed the motion through the water to provide the pressure necessary to move my body back along him until I felt his cock touching my thighs and my pussy. What a marvelous cock! He moved it up and down, side to side, curling it to find not only my pussy, but to ultimately locate and penetrate my pussy hole. And, when he found it, he extended that unusual cock into me and I allowed the water to push me further back, embedding the cock deep into me.

A stream of bubbles escaped as the equivalent of gasping came from my mouth piece. Once penetrated, I secure myself onto him with my legs and firm grip on his fins. He curled his head to look down at me and I gave him a nod. We were just passing the other two dolphins and they were watching and fell in alongside us. They swam with us, but there was no competition to penetrate me this time. There was some understanding achieved between the alpha and the others. Their time would come.

My current mate turned over so I was now on the bottom, my hold being tested, but I held on. He kicked harder and we went to the surface, just breaking so he could breath, then he slapped the water with his tail and we were diving straight down to the bottom. It was exhilarating, but I found I slipped slightly forward on him and lost some of the penetration. I was considering how to adjust, the greedy bitch that I am. I was swimming in the ocean with a dolphin cock in my pussy and I was wanting to get more of it deeper into me.

About the time I felt I had it worked out, he solved my problem himself. I hadn't realized how close to the bottom we had become until he curved sharply, my back and slides being stroked by the tall, extending leaves of bottom plants gently swaying with the motion of the tide in the cove. Then, he kicked furiously and curved us sharply upward. I watched ahead as the light of surface became closer and closer until he turned again to the side and rolled onto his back, now allowing me to relax my hold a bit as I rode his body.

The quick directional changes and the power of his swimming, his body flexing, did amazing things to the inside of my pussy as his cock jammed into me and I slid one way, then the other, his cock sliding along one side, then the other inside me. But, the truly amazing thing, the thing that I could now focus on since I was comfortable with breathing, was the voluntary movement of his cock inside me. Not only was I sliding back and forth on this cock, but he was moving it, curling it, touching my walls and even my cervix with the tip of his cock like he was teasing me with a long finger.

When I came, my mouth piece released a long stream of bubbles as I silently shrieked out my exploding orgasm. I felt my pussy clamp on his cock and I felt him move the tip of his cock rapidly around my insides, as if he was seeking the most stimulation on the head. His cock swelled and convulsed and my pussy was filled with his seed.

He slowly moved us to the surface where he lulled with his blowhole exposed to the air. Meanwhile, my legs released their clamp on his body, then my hands released my hold on his fins. I drifted near the surface a short distance from him. I kicked a couple of times with the long dive fins I was wearing and my head broke the surface. I removed the mouth piece and moved to my aquatic lover and kissed him repeatedly over his head, snout, and face. I moved a bit from him and his head nodded rapidly up and down.

I shook my head to clear the last remnants of fog from it, replaced the mouth piece, curled my body, and kicked down below the water. I swam to where the two were gently floating just below the surface. This could be another challenge. Were they equals and how would I choose which to take first?

The answer to that solved itself very nicely, though. I swam to them, placing a hand gently on the side of each of their heads. I stroked them, then leaned in and kissed each on the snout. I was sure the action meant nothing to them, unless some other human female had seduced them at some point, and I doubted that. But, I was sure it expressed the tenderness and willingness I was intending and feeling. I used their bodies to push myself underneath them and I found what I was looking for immediately. Both had already extended their penises from their slits, the result of watching me with the first dolphin. I stroked both at the same time and I knew I had their attention as they both flinched; but, they both remained where they were.

What followed was an example of how animals can manage when they are properly incited. I moved along the side of one, gently pulled up on his fin, trying to get him to roll over. I had a very weird idea.

I felt him start to roll and I held onto his fin as he did. It pulled me over with him and I swung my leg over his body coming astride him. He kicked and started swimming on his back. I moved down his body until I was again feeling a cock at my crotch. As soon as the contact was made, I felt his cock tip start moving, vertically, side-to-side. When he felt the head slip into my slit, the head moved up and down within it. Soon, he found my hole and he extended his cock into me. That was when I slipped down his body, taking more of his cock into me until I came to a stop at the base of his cock where it went back into his slit.

That was when I took the next amazing step. This was more involved than I had any right in believing it should work, but things had been going my way since the alpha had that confrontation with these two. I moved my right hand to his head and opened my hand to give him a signal to slow. After a couple attempts, it worked and he glided on his back through the water. The other dolphin had been swim alongside us, perhaps the old aggressive impulses only being held in check, as opposed to being eliminated. I motioned with my hand to it and he glided alongside and I touched him. I put my hand on his snout and pushed backward. When he was behind me, I acted out the next step.

On top of the one dolphin, I raised my hips off him, his cock still inside me. I presented my ass to the other dolphin. To make it more obvious to him, I balanced myself carefully, then used both hands to spread my ass cheeks. I glanced over my shoulder and he was watching. He was doing more than that, his snout came down and approached me. I felt his contact with me and then lost it as I needed one hand to reclaim a fin for support. But, in losing the feel of contact with his snout on my ass, I felt his body on my back. Then, unbelievably, I felt his cock touching my ass, then it slipped between my cheeks. Like the other cock, this one moved around my ass, touching the area inside my cheek crack, probing with his marvelous, dexterous cock. When the tip touched my asshole and probed the opening, I knew I sucked in a deep breath. I was wondering if this could really work when the pointy tip sank past my sphincter and I let out another long stream of bubbles against the underside of the dolphin I was riding.

In a moment, he had kicked powerfully with his tail and he was deep inside me. It took a few moments for the two to get into sync with each other and I don't know how they worked that out ... but they did. Their tails soon were moving together, me sandwiched between two aquatic lovers, a double penetration of unimaginable sensations.

We rose to the surface. I saw the light of the surface getting closer and I sensed that they were both needing to get air. In anticipation, I reached up with one hand and grasped the fin of the dolphin on my back, now holding onto each loosely, my legs around the dolphin below me. We rode on the surface this way for a while, then I felt an indication of a roll, but it didn't seem to happen as easily as they intended. Instead, they dove back down and rotated underwater before returning to the

surface, me now underneath the dolphin I was primarily holding onto, the other one swimming slightly against us to maintain his contact and his cock inside me.

Their tails kicking together had the effect of pulling slight out while the other one was pushing in. All the while, I felt their cocks moving around inside as though seeking something along my walls or at the end of my canal or just fascinated with touching my cervix opening, sometimes penetrating it. I came, and when I did, it was hard and intense. They joined me, almost at the same time, both of my holes being filled with dolphin seed.

Then, the next surprise. They slowly parted, their cocks being pulled out of me at angles. I was exhausted. Exhausted even though for all practical purposes I was just along for the ride. I slowly floated to the surface. There was no focus to my vision, I simply floated to the surface. I removed the mouth piece and gulped in fresh air. I saw a dorsal fin moving to me and I recognized it as the first dolphin, my dolphin, the alpha. For a moment, I just watched it, recognition not quite closing the circuits of understanding. The fin disappeared as he curled and dove under the water. I looked under and saw him approaching from the deep and the circuits closed and recognition made the connection of understanding. I replaced the mouth piece and opened my legs just in time. He rose directly in front of me, curled onto his back and lifting me with him. I was again astride him, his cock touching my pussy. I chuckled around the piece in my mouth and voluntarily slid back down his body, his cock again finding my hole and working itself inside.

I had no preconception of their recovery time. I can, however, now attest that their recovery is very good!

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## **CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: DOLPHINS & SEALS**

I was being pulled by the alpha dolphin, my body slightly above his on his right side at a depth of about 15 feet. I looked to the right and behind me, then to the left, before glancing behind to verify the position of the two Navy Seals on each side, each holding the dorsal fin of a dolphin. Behind me, a single female with her calf followed closely. We were just passing through the inlet to the target cove making our planned approach on the designated target. Despite my nerves at being at the critical point of a first true attack mission depending on my skills that would determine the success of the mission, my body and mind were tingling more from excitement of the adrenalin rush of the situation.

Once I had the three male dolphins under relative control, everything else came together very quickly. The dolphin pod came together at the island cove. The remainder of the pod consisted of three females and one calf. Dolphin pods are frequently small in size, but many pods can come together on occasions and number in the hundreds when food sources are plentiful. This pod came together with the alpha and I found the females taking to the training without issue. In fact, they didn't train at all, I realized. They seemed to pay no attention to my signals, but reacted quickly to the movements of the alpha and other males. Although we only needed five dolphins for the mission, we had six. As it turned out, the calf was a surprisingly good addition to the group.

The pod reacted to me so well, that I took them out into the open sea almost immediately where we dove to great depth and swam together for nearly a mile without problems in following direction or staying as a tight grouping. Immediately after, I communicated with the Seal team, indicating that we were ready to move to the next part of mission training. The five Seals, including the boat handler, arrived the next morning to the cove and our mission training began in earnest.

With the Seals coming, I began wearing a bikini, which might have been confusing for the male dolphins, but they were to learn soon enough that the next couple days would be entirely spent on mission coordination and assault planning and technique. They were long and grueling days, but I was always aware of the reality that what was to come would not be computer planning or simulation, but a real mortal danger situation. Once it was established that the dolphins would accept the male Seals, the preparation and contingency planning went into full action.

Which brought us to the point we now found ourselves. We made several approaches to the target, always avoiding contact but establishing the presence of the dolphins. As was my initial premise, the key was 'training' the guards and those monitoring the security devices to discount indications from a water approach. We did that by starting with visual observation of the dolphins near the entrance and gradually becoming more obvious. The first time we penetrated the cove, it was only me and two of the males. I stayed near the bottom wearing a weight belt while indicating for them swim in circles and even jump to draw attention. The first few times were of short duration. Over a couple of days, the entrance to the cove covered all the guard cycles, but especially the early morning.

We were benefited by the unexpected presence of women at the site. As it turned out, the target made a habit of travelling with a couple women to entertain him and his men. We discovered during these trials that the women seemed to be naked for the most part so we had a pretty good idea what their presence meant. This played in well with our planning, although complicating my participation. They played an unwitting advantage for us, however. One of the earlier times I took the dolphins into the cove, the women were found on the beach sunning. When the dolphins were spotted, they squealed with delight, making a fuss of excitement that drew even the target to watch. This was when the presence of the calf turned into its own advantage. The sight of the young dolphin imitating its mother drew delight from all the witnesses. These observations were made and recorded by the Seals on the boat cruising past at a distance outside the cove inlet.

As the final plans were discussed and established, the main point of contention among the Seals was the initial approach. Once successfully inside the cove undetected, the next critical element was exiting the water undetected by anyone inside the buildings; the main house where the target would be and a separate building where the guards and help were housed. The approach would be just at sunrise, putting the new sun on the horizon and providing additional difficulties in identifying the approach.

The initial plan had considered a first assault with a bow, at least that was my initial smart-ass response to the problem in the simulation. The planners liked the idea, but the Seals were less enthusiastic putting the initial assault into my hands. They were to bring the same bow and arrows I had been training with under Adrian's tutelage. However, when I opened the crate, the weapons were something different. Mary and Steve had designed and created a replica of my Hoyt Gamesmaster Recurve bow using a metal and coating that would resist the effects of salt water which couldn't be avoided in our underwater approach. The arrows were also of a metal composition. The effect was a combination that reacted nearly identically to the bow I was used to, but the arrows flew truer. My initial performance for the Seals convinced them that it could work as they challenged me with various targets, approaches, distances, and surprises. The crate also contained some new technology ... explosive arrows. The arrow had a bulge behind the point. By twisting that bulge, the explosive was primed. The bow had a button just above where my thumb would be placed. Pressing that button sent a signal that triggered the explosive. We tested the performance and potential. Such an option wasn't a part of the plan, but the Seals insisted that mission adjustment on the fly were a part of any mission.

So, once we were inside the cove, I released my hold on the dolphin and began swimming on my own. To my right and left, the Seals were doing the same, fanning out to their positions in the water.



We were all wearing communication units that had us in touch with each other and with the boat a quarter of a mile outside the cove. After releasing the dolphin, I signaled for it to rise to the surface. As he did, the others followed. We knew the alarm would be tripped by our approach through the inlet. We also knew that the guard stationed nearest the beach would be alerted to verify the disturbance. From previous test approaches, we came to count on his relaxed attitude in anticipating the dolphins.

But, we still had to exit the water safely. That was where the naked women being present came into play. They, the Seals, decided I should approach naked. When I first became visible, it would present some confusion to the guard. The women were all native Columbian, so my long, black hair and deep tan would look appropriate. The guard's first reaction would be to associate me to one of the women before questioning to himself how she could have gotten into the water without being noticed. The hope, however, was that the momentary delay, that split second, would be all I would need. We practiced the initial moment until I was weary of the routine action.

But, now was the moment of truth. We had code names that were all we were known by to each other for security. I was 'Cat' (my tattoo), the leader was 'Able', then 'Bart' (he always quoted the Simpsons), 'Frog' (French parents), and 'Prof' (short for professor ... he was always reading serious stuff).

Able came over the comm unit in my ear, "Ready, everyone?"

Then we all sounded off with our code name, "Cat is go." I removed my fins. I was in a crouch in water just deep enough to cover my presence. I knew that the others were doing the same thing. The Seals to my left would be approaching the building housing the guards. The two on my right, including Able, would be going directly to the main house.

When he was satisfied, he gave the command, "On my mark. Three ... two ... mark!"

I stood and walked casually, but deliberately with the bow in my left hand hanging at my hip, already notched with my first arrow. The quiver of arrows on my back might be confusing, but we trusted seeing a naked woman rising from the water would distract him properly. The combination of all these elements proved to be sufficient in giving the edge we were hoping for. The other alternative was that he immediately started shooting and the mission be jeopardized from the start. Instead, with the next step of my left foot, I took position with the bow rising and my right hand taking hold of the string and arrow notch. My left arm went rigid while the right drew back the arrow until the string was pressed into my cheek and the arrow immediately released to the target. While all that was happening as a matter of muscle memory, my eyes ascertained the target wasn't wearing a protective vest so my small target was his upper body mass center, which provided a target with some leeway but also some vital organs.

With one eye recording the arrow hitting the target as planned, I was already scanning the main house for the anticipated next targets coming from their routine, circuitous perimeter watch. We anticipated, and planned for, the entire guard attitude to be numbed by the long night of watch and expected change of shifts, and we were rewarded with exactly that behavior. I knelt in the shallow water as practiced to minimize my profile for the next targets, releasing the next arrow as the guard rounded the back corner of the main house. My attention then shifted to the other building. This was the one we feared the most. The time and attention on the other two left this one to his own for critical moments, but he, thankfully, proved to be the least disciplined of the three. He rounded the building from the back with his weapon hanging loose from the strap around his neck while lighting a cigarette. I don't think he noticed the other guards on the ground or me in the water.

I quickly notched another arrow and scanned the scene in front of me. I quietly reported, "Targets 1, 2, and 3 down."

I continued covering the scene as four Navy Seals rose from the water and sprinted for their positions at their respective buildings. I was surprised when I saw Able turn his head to me and deliver a smile. These were professionals of the highest order, far better trained and experienced than the men they were attacking, and he took the brief moment to give me his approval.

Now that they were taking the next steps, I was to retreat to deeper water and remain crouched on one knee with only my head exposed. I would be nearly invisible but still able to provide surveillance and cover support if it became necessary, but the element of surprise would soon be unnecessary. The next target was for the two at the main house to take out the man monitoring the defense systems where it was presumed to also contain communications. They didn't want an emergency distress call to go out that might bring reinforcements or an alarm that warned the target so he could enter the saferoom. The other two took positions outside the other building. They were not entering that structure, but to remain in protected positions to keep anyone from exiting by accident or from alarm.

They were each armed with silenced, assault-style rifles and hand guns holstered to their thighs. Each were wearing body armor over their upper bodies with their mask and breathing apparatus hanging from around their necks on their backs, just like I was. The fins contained air pockets in the heels of the boot so they floated at the surface vertically and could be found and retrieved later.

The scene was tense and eerily quiet after Able and Frog disappeared inside the main house. I saw something change at the other building, but before I fully registered the what it was, I saw a man falling after exiting the doorway, the door closing behind him. He came out in shorts, holding his shirt, and rubbing his eyes. All I heard was the distinctive 'phewt' sound. Surprising to me from this experience, the silencer is not the quiet, soft sound you hear in movies. The silencer softens the sound but doesn't eliminate it, which was why they wanted the initial kills to be completely silent to eliminate the potential of others hearing it since the entire mission hinged on capturing the target alive and retrieving documents and hard-drives.

Almost at the same time, I heard, "Comm room cleared. Report." I heard no shots from inside the house.

Bart responded, "Someone came out. Handled, but don't dawdle in there."

My job was to continue scanning the scene from a further back perspective.

Everything was quiet, again, but everyone was tensing with the realization that the rising sun would mean more men would be awakening.

Then, "Target has been secured. Two women secured with cuffs and gags. Retrieving data. Ready for us in two minutes."

The mission parameters were to minimize the kills, when at all possible. That was good by me, except my initial participation in the mission were the only required kills. Everybody involved in the planning was concerned about that, but everything that had happen to me indicated I would be fine. And, as I assessed myself as I waited for their exit, I found only a calm, controlled attitude as I knelt in the water with bow ready.

"Ready to exit with target and equipment. Report."

Prof replied, "Quiet."

I reported, "Clear."

"Cat, fins and breathing?"

"Ready." I had my fins retrieved and had retrieved the fins for Able and Frog. I had an extra breathing piece strapped to my ankle, which I now had looped over my forearm for the captured target. He would not have a mask, which should encourage him to keep his eyes shut tight against the salt water.

They burst out of the main house, their captive stumbling between them as they nearly pulled him off the ground between them. Frog's weapon was slung from his neck and he was muscling a large duffle bag in his other hand. I moved forward into shallower water, laying out the fins, then muscling the captive onto his face, giving him just enough slack to keep his face turned to take in air above lapping water.

A short burst of fire came from the other building, making small, vicious splashes in the water around us. That was rewarded with heavy, suppression fire from Bart and Prof. I glanced that way while forcing the breathing apparatus over the captive's head and jamming it roughly between his teeth, tightening the strap around his head. The other building had a door in the center and a window on either side of it. Bart and Prof were setting a steady, brutal barrage of fire into all three.

I picked up my bow and turned to verify the progress of Able and Frog with their baggage. They were just going underwater. I turned to check on Bart and Prof, still hearing their steady cover fire.

I announced the status, "The package is in the water."

Bart and Prof changed their tactic to extraction. Bart continued to lay down heavy fire while Prof sprinted back toward the water edge where he stopped, took his position on one knee and began putting down suppressive fire while Bart sprinted to join him while replacing the magazine in his weapon. I was nearly underwater when I heard the situation change.

Bart announced, "Prof is hit. Repeat, Prof is hit."

I stood back up and moved to shallower water. I removed three of the explosive arrows and primed all of them. "Get Prof!"

Bart continued to fire his weapon as he moved to Prof, taking him by the arm and pulling him into the water. Holding two arrows in my bow hand, I fired the first arrow into the door, the second into the left window and the third into the right. I turned and ran in the shallow water, my fins slapping my back. I pressed the button on the bow and the three explosives ignited together. Then, there was another explosion to my right. I turned and saw the boat moored to the dock erupting in smoke and flame. I had forgotten that Bart or Prof were tasked with lobbing a grenade into the boat to eliminate anyone following us. I reached the other two, found their fins and followed them into the deeper water. I put my fins on, my breathing apparatus, then my mask before moving to the other two. I assisted Bart with Prof, securing his mouthpiece and mask, leaving the fins behind. Bullets were piercing the water all around us and I was now worried about a random hit.

As I flinched from the bullets streaking around us, some large grey objects were suddenly rising up to us from just below. Dolphins! They had come for us. We each grabbed a dorsal fin, watchful of Prof, but he seemed to be hit in the leg and he gave a thumbs-up gesture. Within minutes we were outside the cove and in safety of the deeper water. The rest of the pod was milling around Able and

Frog. On our arrival, Bart used hand signals to indicate that Prof was hit, but would make it.

Our extraction was a quarter mile down the coast where the Dolphin Experience boat was waiting for us. At the boat, I signaled for the dolphins to continue without us. We were assisted into the boat by the fifth Seal, Strong. The extraction plan was modified by their command. They had intercepted a communication from the target site that indicated an attack. It was interesting that the signal didn't initiate from the main communication room, since that was compromised by Frog. Command wanted to establish a diversion to cover the extraction of the target and his information. We huddled around the radio, understanding what they wanted from us. Able was concerned about me, but I assured him I was good with the change.

Strong got back on the radio and contacted the harbor master where the Dolphin Experience was based. He reported hearing sounds that seemed to him like gun fire and explosions. He gave a general location and asked that a report be given to the local authorities. He then fired up the engines and headed for the island. Along the way, Able came from the cabin below the bridge holding some cloth. He was smiling.

"Thought you might like this before we encounter anyone else ..." He was holding my bikini top and bottoms. Until that moment, I had completely forgotten that I was naked among these men. I know I blushed as I reached for the flimsy garment, but before I was able to grip both items the wind caught the top and it went sailing in the air behind the boat, floating on the water in the wake before it was quickly lost from sight. I was standing holding only the bottoms which tied on each hip. Able looked at me and put on an act, but his smile and the pleasure coming from the others showed that it was not nearly as accidental as he might have had me believe.

I stepped into the bottoms, which consisted of a small triangle patch of material in front that barely covered what needed to be covered. The back was only slightly larger and I knew from past experience that my crack would easily show after only a few moments of active wear. But, it was the only thing I had to wear. I tied the ties on the sides a little tighter than normal hoping to somehow hold them in place.

I looked at each of the guys who, without embarrassment, had been watching the entire show. I laughed and they joined me, "Well, I guess it isn't as if you hadn't seen everything I have ..."

Strong raced to the other side of the island where another boat was waiting. This boat contained three more Seals who took the captive and the equipment liberated from the house, Prof for medical attention, and all of the weapons, including the bow and arrows I had been using. Strong then took us back to the cove where the training had been done, where we inflated a raft, threw it over the side of the boat, then our fins, masks, and snorkels were dropped into the raft. Able, Frog, Bart and I were to remain in the cove. We were to be a cover for Strong. He was to race back into the general area of the 'sounds' and wait for any authorities to arrive. It was suspected that the local authorities had been corrupted by the man we had just abducted. The story would be that we had fired Strong to bring to this cove for snorkeling in hopes of finding some dolphin. After leaving us with the raft, he went to check on another location he believed might also have dolphins. It was during that search that he heard the shooting and explosions with smoke.

I immediately dove into the water to try snorkeling. After using the breathing apparatus, it took some practice to get the hang of snorkeling. I joined the guys in the raft which had been anchored. Strong left us some bottled water and sandwiches which we decided to enjoy on shore. The guys paddled us to the beach and we rested in the shade of trees near the water. After another hour past, we moved the raft back into the cove and made the appearance that we really were interested in snorkeling. The guys decided to at least be wet. I was enjoying the new experience, getting the hang

of breathing through the snorkel, diving, then blowing the water out of the tube before taking another breath.

I was surprised when the dolphins reappeared in the cove. I had just descended to the bottom, investigating a large conch shell. I had already brought three up to the raft and this one seemed even bigger and in better condition than the others. As I was inspecting it underwater, several shadows passed over me. I looked up to find the pod had returned to the cove. Whether by chance or in hopes of meeting us, or me, again, I wasn't sure. I brought the shell to the surface and announced to the guys that the dolphins had returned and immediately dove back down before hearing any response from them, if they even gave one.

It was while I was playing with them, going to the surface frequently for air, that I noticed the shadow of another boat above. I watched from under the water as the boat came alongside the rubber raft.

I kicked up to the surface and partially pulled myself onto the side of the raft. Hanging on the side of the raft, I saw that the Dolphin Experience was waiting a little way away. Able was talking to the officer on the boat, which was a Columbian Coast Guard boat. Able was answering questions about what we were doing and how we had gotten here when I came to the surface. My sudden, nearly naked, appearance stopped the conversation for a moment. Able then identified me and indicated into the water. One of the crew saw a dolphin and indicated it to the officer. He looked at the dolphin, then at me, then at the shells in the raft and the three men. The questions seemed to be intended to verify if the story Strong had provided would match what we told him as he asked separate questions of each of us. As long as Strong kept to the story, we would be fine.

The officer seemed to be considering what he wanted to do. It might have seemed suspicious that our group just happened to be in the area when the attack took place. But, they would not have found any weapons or incriminating equipment on the Dolphin Experience or the raft. For all he could reasonably discern, we were, in fact, just tourist intent on enjoying some snorkeling and finding dolphins. He seemed to be deep in consideration about something, though.

So, I decided to break his chain of thought. I sank back down into the water, which brought attention back to me by disappearing. Then, I kicked hard and shot up, grabbing the inside straps and kicking to gain a leg up on the side of the raft to get in. Frog was next to where all this was happening and he grabbed my arm and hoisted me up and into the raft. I sat on the edge next to him and indicated to the bottles of water. He opened it for me and I thanked him. Suddenly, the crew and officer were now facing not only a young woman in a skimpy bikini, but they now knew that the skimpy bikini was only the bottoms. I made no effort to conceal my breast, not that I could, and acted like this was completely normal for me and the group.

That seemed to seal the deal. The officer thanked us and the boat backed away from us, apparently believing that we had more interesting things on our minds than shooting up a drug lord's safe house. Strong brought the boat in and we tied off to it before climbing into the boat. Able reported in to command and got further instructions. When he came back, he informed us of the final details to extraction. We were asked to spend the night in the rooms they had used while they waited to see if I could get the dolphins to cooperate. That would add to the cover story. Then, in the morning, we would take our duffle bags to the boat as if that would just be another day of snorkeling and dolphin watching. Strong would take us to a waiting boat twelve miles out to sea where a US Oceanographic ship would be waiting on the pretense of research. Another man, already contracted, would take the Dolphin Experience to another city on the coast and sell it.

But, that meant we would be spending a night together. The options were intriguing to me and I was

sure it was beginning to occur to them, also. On the trip back to the harbor, Bart suggested that we find the best restaurant in the village, since the government was paying for it. We all agreed, but another realization hit me. Everything I had brought with me had been in the cove and it was packed up before we left for the mission. All of that had been transferred to the other boat with the weapons and equipment.

I looked at them all with concern. "I just realized I don't have anything to wear." I pointed down to the bit of cloth attached to my hips. "Everything was put onto the other boat."

The way they all looked at each other, it was clear to me that the successful ending of the mission was like a release of all the tension and formality that had previously existed. Now, the professional soldier part of them eased away before my eyes. Their attention to my exposed body was suddenly very different and creating very different options in their minds.

Able, seemingly the leader regardless of the situation, addressed my concern. "We'll take care of that Cat. There are some nice shops by the hotel." He looked at others, then back to me. "Or, would you feel better sitting at the hotel by yourself?"

I smiled, "No ... no, I definitely don't want to do that. This has been amazing and ... I kind of don't want it to end quite yet. Can I confess that I'm glad we are stuck here for the night?"

They all smiled. Frog ventured, "Then, we're all glad. I think we all have two question we are dying to know, though. One, what do those tats mean; two, how were you able to get the dolphins to cooperate so quickly?"

I chuckled, "You know the old saying, guys, 'I think you need to at least buy me a good dinner first' ..." I gave them a suggestive wink.

They looked at each other and smiled.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN: BOUND BY TRUST

While talking on the way back to the harbor, we were congregated on the bridge with Strong. I had spent days training with these guys wearing nothing but this tiny bikini, although it had been both pieces. This last day, though, was spent completely naked with the intention of drawing attention to myself for an additional surprise effect on the target's guards. It had worked well and for the rest of the mission and immediately afterwards, I forgot all about it. Now, standing casually on the deck of the boat with these guys going back to the harbor, I felt not only comfortable while being essentially naked, but also expectant.

The guys laughed and joked about banal things, as if the dangerous experience they had just been through hadn't happened at all. I watched, not from a distance, but in the midst of them. I was a part of the group and it was assumed. If I had moved away from them to give them space, I suspected they would, as a group, coax me back to being with them. You hear about what happens to men ... people ... as the result of being together in prolonged, intense situations. For these men, it had become their job, something they seem to turn on, turn off. They have complete and unwavering trust in each other. It is something only people like this can truly experience and know in their souls.

The conversation isn't all banal, however. Perhaps that was a tension reliever, initially. After a short period, the bridge went quiet but for the roar of the inboard motors propelling the boat toward the mainland and the harbor. There were expressions of concern and support for Prof, who was luckily

the only one wounded. They were all still wearing short wet-suits from the mission. Their shoulders, arms and legs were visible and I could now see evidence on most of them where wounds had healed. The mission went well, almost perfectly except for Prof at the end, and they all expressed relief for it.

I put a finger on a rough scar over the shoulder of Able, finding more on legs and arms of the others. "It looks like you have all experienced the same thing as Prof."

Able turned to my touch and seemed to immediately remember the moment. "It's the unfortunate part of our job, I guess. It would be delusional to think this job can be done without someday your luck running out." He looked at his team, "Like Prof, though, we've always survived." They each fist-bumped, an unspoken recognition of the dangers and fortune they have shared.

Frog turned the attention back to me. He touched a couple of my scars, one on my chest above my right breast and another on the right side of my stomach. There were others on my leg and arms, most from the jungle and the interesting way I left that plane.

"What about you, Cat? Something told us pretty early on that you weren't just a pretty face who could shoot a bow. It looks like you have survived your share of experiences, too."

I smiled and blushed, again. It was still interesting to me how I react. As much as I love being naked, as much as I love the feeling of exhibitionism, I can still have a feeling of exposure and vulnerability. Perhaps, it is the reason I enjoy exposure so much. The rush of the feeling of being seen, the feeling that comes from being the only one naked, or the only one having sex in front of others. In this case, their attention was brought back to my nearly naked body. The two scars he touched and drew attention to, surrounded my breasts. I was very aware of the change occurring in me and wondered what they thought as my nipples hardened in front of their gaze.

I touched them, too. "Yes ... I've had a few violent, near-death experiences myself." I looked up and found them all, even Strong who was navigating the boat, gazing into my eyes, perhaps wondering if I would share more. In an effort to change the subject, "You said, 'the unfortunate part' so there must be a fortunate part of what you do."

Able reached across the console in front of Strong and powered the engines all the way down. The boat went from racing over the ocean surface. to gliding, to drifting in moments.

"We can't dare to speak about the mission or anything about what we do once we reach the harbor, not even in our rooms. This is Columbia. We don't know that they might not still suspect us, but we can't let anyone have a reason to think we are anything but what our cover story says: a group of fun-loving divers looking for dolphins who have included their charter captain in their fun." I nodded. I could see that the little speech was for my benefit. "There is something we need to say and want to say." The others nodded and became quite serious, making me nervous. "The fortunate part ... is what few others could possibly know or understand. Along with Prof, we are bound to each other in a way few people could ever experience. We are bound by trust, a trust that doesn't come easily or trivially, but a trust that has been forged in the fire of combat." He looked at me in a way that held my eyes in his. I knew he was talking not only to me for my ears to hear, but to me for my soul to feel. "But, not just combat, not just any combat. No, what we feel, the trust we are bound by, comes from being in a situation when your life is on the line and your brother ... or sister ... never hesitates, never flinches or questions, but moves decisively and effectively to your defense. That is what we have all experienced with each other."

He looked the other men in the eyes and I followed his gaze, each one nodded quietly their

agreement. But, as their eyes turned to focus on mine, I had the deep sense they weren't agreeing with just those words, they were also agreeing, encouraging, and endorsing, the words that were still to come. The tension building inside me was intense and consuming. What he was saying reminded me of how Sam and I were bound to each other after the jungle; the trust between us was immeasurable and unquestionable. The tension I felt was palpable enough that my arms involuntarily crossed over my chest as if I was trying to hold myself together. I looked down at the deck, seeing the bare feet, but also, again, recognizing that I was nearly naked among them and it felt so natural, so comfortable. I felt safe with them, even in this vulnerable condition. I opened my mouth to try to express that, but I was stopped before I got going.

Able took my left hand in his and extended it into the group's tight semi-circle around Strong. "Cat, what I was saying about this team being bound by trust because of what we have experienced together is, in a way, something that is sacred, a kind of warrior's bond that is everlasting. If we were separated now, then brought back together several years later, that trust we are bound by now would be everlasting and immediate when we were reunited. Can you imagine such a thing?"

I looked at them all, seeking eye contact with each one individually. "Yes ... as a matter-of-fact, I can."

With my hand still held out by Able, the others put their hands on top and he said, "We thought so. Cat, we feel that way about you now. Prof went down and Bart became vulnerable because he wasn't going to leave Prof behind. We were already underwater with the target, the situation had every right to be a very bad. But, it didn't. It didn't because of you. You didn't hesitate; you charged into the gap to give them the cover they needed to reach safety. And, impressively, you did it with the only weapon you had." Heads were nodding and four pairs of hands had mine completely encased. "We didn't see a use for those exploding arrows, but you didn't question it. You saw the option and used it."

Their hands came apart, but Bart took mine into his. "You very likely saved the two of us in those split seconds. That's how we became bound, instantly."

I smiled, trying to relax the situation. "All for one and one for all ..."

He laughed, "Yeah, something like that."

Able took over, again. "What that means is, we would gladly go into any situation with you at our sides."

I smiled and looked down, again, before returning their gazes. "Remember when I said I was glad we were spending the night? This is why. This is the way I was already feeling about you guys. I didn't want to give up that feeling so quickly. I didn't realize you might feel the same way about me. Being professionals and all ..."

"Well, being professionals, as you call it, is why it is so important to us."

I got hugs from each of them and the feelings that were piling on over me began to be overwhelming. I knew then, if I had anything to say about this last night, it was going to be a long one ...

Strong brought the boat into the little harbor and guided it backward into its slot on the dock as if he had done it most of his life. I was watching the whole operation from the pilot deck as the others prepared to secure lines. I was standing next to Strong with my hand on his shoulder for balance when he turned around quickly and half stood to check his position on the other side. His face

bumped into my breast and he flinched back embarrassed.

“Sorry, Cat, I ...”

I stroked his shoulder, “My fault, Strong! I was standing too close while you were working. I’m the one who should be sorry.”

He quickly looked at the position of the boat and cut the engines as it slid into the slot. He looked back and up to me, his eyes stopping at my breasts for a split-second. “I really didn’t mind ...” He winked at me and looked directly at my nearest breast and nipple. For a moment, I thought he might actually reach up and kiss it, but he just smiled. I gave him a playful swat on the arm and turned to someone calling to me.

It was Able, “I don’t know what you two are doing up there, but you might want to wrap this around yourself, Cat.” Over the railing from the back came a large beach towel. I looked back at Strong and we laughed. As I stood on the upper deck in front of the world we just returned to, I wrapped the towel around my nearly naked body with the thought that it might not be as hard as I thought for the team to go from fighters to lovers ...

The guys grabbed the little bit of gear we had, mostly consisting of diving equipment and a cooler, then led the way up the dock and down one block into the town and another to the right to the entrance of the hotel. I saw immediately, the sign prohibiting the wearing of swim attire in the hotel lobby. The guys stopped just short of the door while Able went to the desk for information on a good restaurant. While he had them distracted, I was led through the lobby surrounded by the others. I noticed a gift shop as we past with tee-shirts and tank tops. I filed that away as Able quickly joined our group at the elevators.

Their rooms were adjoining and I noticed that everyone entered one door and the adjoining room door was propped open. They dropped the dive gear in a pile under the hangers that served as a closet. Bart went to the mini-frig and took out five beers, replacing those with more from a case on the floor next to it. The room was a single large room with a king bed on one wall and a sitting area at the other with a dresser with a TV on it separating the two. The bathroom was to the left and the little closet area to the right. The adjoining door was to the right. We stood in a group, opening the beer bottles, and putting the necks together in a gesture of salute. I watched as they all gulped down about half of the bottle. Frog turned and squeezed past me to open the sliding door to the little balcony. In the process, his body tugged at my towel and it came loose, dropping to the floor around my feet before any of us knew what was happening.

The group got quiet for a moment, but I didn’t move to pick it up or to become embarrassed. The truth was that I had loosed the fold holding it around me. I only met these guys a few days ago, when the mission moved into the stage of final training and rehearsal. But, I was a long way from still being that reserved, self-conscious, and insecure girl I was in Arizona. When I didn’t react, they all relaxed, smiles appearing on several faces as I moved comfortably to the balcony and stood against the railing to look out over the street below from the fifth floor. Soon, there were two guys on either side of me at the railing.

Frog spoke up, finally. “So, what’s the plan, boss?”

Able, standing on my left, considered it. “Well, you heard the lady. Give her a good dinner and she’ll give us the scoop about her tats and how she got the dolphins to cooperate.” He turned his head to me without otherwise moving, “Something tells me there is more to those stories than we might imagine.” I smiled at him. “There is a nice restaurant three blocks from here where casual attire is

acceptable. We have reservations for 1900 hours, which gives us some time. But, Cat needs something to cover up with while we take her to find something more suited to wear to dinner. What do you suggest, Cat?"

I turned so my bare back was to the railing. I pushed off and stepped to the hotel wall and turned to face them. I was still aware that they still treated Able as their commander and they probably always did whether on duty or not. But, I was also aware that the situation had shifted from duty to off-duty with an air of anticipation, if not even expectation. It was in that awareness that I faced them, fully conscious of how naked I was as the situation shifted.

"We all need showers, as the first thing. I noticed a gift shop downstairs that has tank tops and flip-flops. One of you can go down for an x-large tank and cheap flip-flops, which will get me to a dress shop." They pushed off the railing, but I put up my hand to stop them. "If I am breaking some kind of Navy Seal rule or something, tell me ... but, I don't want this night to end with dinner. For me, it would be a horrible let-down to cap the entire experience."

They looked at me with more expectation, then turned to Able. He must have felt their attention on him because he never took his eyes from me. "What are you saying, Cat? You've earned our full respect and confidence. We're not going presume something that causes us to demean you."

I smiled at each of them down the line. "I appreciate that and it is why I feel this way. As you can tell, when I feel safe, I can be an exhibitionist. I enjoy the sensual feeling it gives me. No surprise to you, guys." They all smiled, but they weren't going to interrupt my train of thought. "When I share my stories about these tats and the dolphins, you'll understand more about me. If you also want this evening to be more, play along with me." They nodded, still not wanting to interrupt but to give me encouragement. "I want you to decide on the dress I wear and influence what we do." I could see some nervousness, so I smiled and stepped up to Able, "Don't worry, I won't leave you wondering." I hugged him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. I then did the same for the others.

I turned, entered the room, put my fingers to the sides of my hips and pulled the strings holding the bottoms in place. My bikini bottom fell to the floor as I walked bare ass to the bathroom to get cleaned up. Behind me I heard someone say, "Holy, shit ... am I dreaming?" There was only hushed chatter, which I couldn't make out. I smiled to myself as I entered the bathroom and closed the door.

I had just gotten into the shower, washing my hair for what I assumed would be just the first time to remove all the salt that had collected in it when the door opened. Bart's voice came through the frosted glass door, "Cat, do you want any makeup or something?"

I chuckled. Like he could pick out some makeup for me. "No, nothing. I'll go natural tonight."

He chuckled, "Natural, I don't think they will let you in the restaurant that way."

I laughed back, knowing the whole time that he was watching the foggy shape of my naked body through the glass. "You know what I mean." I smiled at the tingling feeling sweeping over my body and it wasn't the hot water beating down on me. Transitioning wasn't hard for them, after all.

We were walking from the hotel to the blocks of tourist shops along the parkway that followed the shoreline. Dressed in only an x-large tank top meant for one of these big men and flip flops, I quickly became very aware of my exposure. I was careful when we came upon families with children, but there was only so much I could do. I concentrated on keeping the hem at the bottom in place by holding my hands at my sides. Of course, that meant my breast were still free to bounce and sway with my steps. When we were away from the eyes of youngsters, the guys would stop at gift shops and have me reach high or low for items to inspect. Reaching my arms up, exposed the very large

openings at the sides and exposed the sides of my breasts, not to mention pulling the bottom hem up to expose the bottoms of my ass. When I went down for something on a lower shelf, I was careful to crouch with my knees together, but I still knew that the top did little to hide the fact that my ass was exposed below me.

This was going to be short-lived, I knew, but it had the effect of guaranteeing the comfort of them with my body. The display was turning me on and I was confident it was having the same effect on them as they continued to play the situations.

I saw a clothing shop that looked promising and I stopped the troop and entered. They hadn't forgotten my entreaty to decide on the dress for me. The shop wasn't large, but it was exclusively for women with a good selection of dresses and casual wear. There was a section for lingerie for day and night.

The guys split up into different parts of the shop, checking out what options they had. There appeared to be one woman working the shop and she watched the five of us entering with curiosity. I told her that we were looking for something for me to wear to dinner and I had offered them to decide what it should be. She looked at me with wonder.

"You're letting them decide?" She asked what size I was and led me to some dresses she thought they might like. She was showing me several that were nice. Some showed plenty of cleavage, some were nearly backless, and others were quite short. I heard my name being called. The woman and I turned at once to find Frog holding something on a hanger and admiring it. Bart was nearby and was admiring it, too. From the other side of the shop, Able and Strong turned and watched. They were looking at various high heeled shoe styles.

The woman next to me muttered just loud enough for me to hear, "That's the lingerie area. That can't be more than a slip."

I turned my head to her and, as that comment sank in, a smile grew on my face. What was he thinking and what was I thinking for even allowing the thought?

He called me, again, and that drew the entire gang to him, including the woman working the shop. He held the garment up by the hanger, "What do you think, Cat?"

The shop proprietor said, "That's a slip. It is meant to be worn UNDER a dress."

Bart just looked at her, "So?" Then he looked back at me. "What do you think? It sure would be sexy ..."

I took it from his hand and held it up so I could look at it better. "You aren't suggesting that I wear a slip as a dress?" He nodded. Yes, apparently, he was.

The woman standing next me exclaimed, "You're not serious. You can almost see through that. It's meant as a layer underneath a dress that's also filmy."

I wasn't listening to the woman, though. The other three guys were now standing behind Bart, watching to see what I might do with the challenge to abide by my statement that they could decide what I wore. Their positioning behind Bart was an obvious reinforcement. They weren't either challenging him or giving me a way out. I held the garment toward the shop window, the other woman alongside me was seeing the same thing I was. The bodice was lace, but the rest was smooth fabric that wasn't quite sheer, but the outside light did shine through it easily.

Bart was the one I was dealing with; the others were observers. "Underwear?"

He shook his head and the others looked at each other, probably thinking he was pushing his luck. They knew me as a strong woman, not someone who would be pushed around into doing something I didn't want to do. I could see it in their faces, this might be more than I would want to do. But, they also knew I was a professed exhibitionist, so ...

Bart spoke up, "I considered it, Cat. But, I'm just thinking of you. You're right, this is flimsy and I figured underwear would be too visible underneath, it would just make it more obvious."

I took steps to close the distance between us. I leaned into him and kissed him on the cheek. "Oooohhh, how sweet ... you're only thinking of what's good for me."

The guys promised to buy me some real clothes before we left in the morning, but tonight was different. I left the tank top and flip flops in the shop. I also picked out a pair of high heeled sandals. The 'dress' I was now wearing as we walked the blocks to the restaurant gave only slightly more support for my breasts than the tank top did (which had zero support). What I was wearing was cream colored, a deep cleavage cut, almost no back, and the hem stopped a mere 6 inches from the bottom of my ass cheeks. Walking down the sidewalks with 4 big guys and dressed like this drew a lot of stares. When a police car slowed down as it passed, I was afraid we had pushed our luck. But, nothing happened and we soon found ourselves at the restaurant and close enough to our reservation time to be seated with little additional wait.

We were seated at a round table near a large window overlooking another harbor. After only a short time at the table, I realized it was futile to control the dress. Every little movement caused the hem to shift more and soon I found myself sitting bare assed on the chair. There was little I was going to be able to do about it unless I left. And, I didn't want to that, so I gave up and went with it.

We enjoyed a drink before ordering and Able took the moment to toast the team without saying too much about it. It got quiet as Able raised his glass a second time, "To Prof and a speedy recovery." The emotion, the tenderness shown on the faces of these four strong and sometimes violent men was evident. One of their own had been hurt, not seriously, thankfully. Even for men in such an obviously dangerous job, it is not taken for granted. For someone who had never been in the military where danger was an immediate and constant companion, this impressed me immensely.

We ordered dinner and after the waiter left the table, Frog pressed, "Cat, it's time for your stories."

I looked around the table and considered how much I should really share. But, I wondered, could I possibly share too much with these men who I had just successfully fought with? I didn't think so, but I needed to protect myself.

"I said it before, but it is important to me: whatever you hear or experience tonight must remain only with us. If that is acceptable, I will explain the tattoos." They all nodded and agreed to the terms. I started very simply by just answering the question, 'what do the tattoos mean?' I felt I needed to gage their reaction to the basics of who I was at a base level. If they couldn't handle that, the night was over and the rest was untold.

I looked around the room, removed the strap over my left shoulder and allowed the bodice on that side to sag. I touched each of the tattoos over my left breast. "Simply put, these signify animals I have mated with." I looked around the table for their reaction. I decided the best way to start was to blurt it out. Their reactions were universally the same: surprise, but not shock or disgust. I waited for a moment and allowed them to share looks around the table. Smiles grew on their faces as their eyes returned to me with rapt attention.

"I won't go into the entire story, but suffice it to say it all started long ago with friends in Arizona. I then found myself with a woman who knew of a tribe in the Brazilian jungle with similar interests as mine. The women of this tribe have a tradition of mating with animals as a kind of tribute to the jungle that sustains them. I won't go into details of who or where these people live for their protection. Understandably, the security of their culture is very fragile. I was able to spend weeks with them, learning their ways and techniques."

I was more than pleased and becoming more excited. They weren't turned-off. They had probably seen a lot of things, but this still had to be different for them. Frog, sitting on my right, turned and reached across my body to touch the paw print. "Dogs?"

I nodded. "Their society fell into a hierarchy of animal involvement. The women were tattooed by their level of participation. Most every woman I encountered in the several villages making up the tribe, had at least the paw print. It was given after the first dog. The dots around it indicate the number of separate dogs, not times, a woman has mated with, but a maximum of four dots."

Bart, sitting across from me, "I'm going to go out on a limb and suggest that four doesn't nearly cover the dogs you have been with."

I blushed, again, and nodded. "Guilty." I went through the rest of it and drew exclamations at the identification of the animals I was mated with while in the jungle. The panther tatt drew a lot of curiosity. I explained how that came about and that I still had him back home.

Able leaned into the table, "We don't normally go into combat with someone we don't know. Our lives depend on everyone's response. You ended up proving yourself, but we were more than concerned. We were ordered to accept you. Agency insisted that you were the right person. Why were they so sure? You aren't one of theirs, even if you have spent some time there. And, you aren't military."

I told them the story of leaving by the plane and it being shot out of the sky, my discovery by Sam, and our escape from the jungle. I explained about the concern expressed by friends and Sam about 'changes' in me and testing to determine the cause. "I'm not entirely human." Confusion was written across their faces, but those looks turned to fascination as I described the changes we discovered.

Strong looked at me, then around the room and back to me, "You're serious? You're not pulling our legs? Cross-species?"

"Anyone watching us?" I watched them as they each scanned the room. Each could easily scan a different section of the room. I put my hands flat on the table near the center. When they indicated it was okay, they looked at me, then my hands. I extended the claws quickly.

"Shit! Look at that!"

Able swatted Bart's arm, "Well, now they are looking." But, I had retracted them just as quickly. He looked at me, intently. "So ... the dolphins ... you enticed them with ..."

I nodded. "There also seems to be some kind of 'sixth-sense' thing that I don't understand, but sometimes it works to communicate."

"You think that worked in with the dolphins?"

I nodded. "Somehow. I think it was what Agency was counting on. I thought it was a gamble, but they convinced me it was the best gamble they had."

They all nodded in thought. I figured part of their thoughts were the conditions of the mission and it had hinged on a woman to get animals to cooperate. I figured another part of their thoughts was just the complexity that was me.

If I had any remaining concerns about their reaction to me and my story, it was immediately dispelled. Able signed the receipt and everyone stood. Frog put his arm out and I slipped mine into his. Able had his reassuring hand on my shoulder as they led me out of the restaurant into the dark, but still warm night. We passed a bar with music pouring out of it and a dance floor visible from the sidewalk. Frog started for the door with me in tow, until I stopped abruptly.

He turned to me, glancing at the others, "Cat, we agree with you ... we're not willing to let the night end so quickly."

The slip I was wearing as a dress hung loosely over me. So, when Strong brushed up against me, his arm gently pulling at the strap, it fell down my arm, my right breast almost completely exposed. I looked down at it as the others did, also. I looked up at them, checking in with each pair of eyes. Although we were grouped on the sidewalk, they had me enclosed. Demurely, I shrugged my shoulder. It was a slight action, but it was all that was required for the bodice to fall completely off that breast, exposing not only the breast but an erect nipple. I stepped up to each of them in turn, giving each a kiss on the lips, the strap hanging from my elbow, my breast exposed.

"I don't intend to let the night end, but ... not with dancing." Quick glances were exchanged as if they needed verification that my implication was heard by all. It was. I slipped a thumb under the hanging strap and replaced it over my shoulder, turned on my heels and started for the hotel. Bart ran to catch up with me, took my hand, spun me around, and led me in the other direction.

"Wrong way to the hotel. No reason to take the long way ..." I giggled and grasped his arm, slipping my other one inside Able's as we took over the width of the sidewalk. I am sure we presented quite a sight, a single woman obscenely dressed in the company of four rough looking men. But, that was nothing compared to the image I was creating in my head.

Entering the hotel lobby, Able turned for the hotel's bar and we followed. Inside, he ordered five bourbons straight up. Once they were delivered, I raised my glass to them with a devilish smile which was returned by each of them and a clink of our glasses. Able explained the diversion, "I thought it might be a good idea to understand your preference, Cat."

"My preference ... simple ... we have fun, don't be bashful, but stop if I say so. As you can guess from what you have learned tonight, I have some ... experiences. I am adventurous and sensual. So ..." I lifted the last of my drink to them, "we have fun."

Our drinks were gone in the next large swallow, the strong liquor burning down my throat. I took a deep breath and left the table with four guys following behind. I pushed the elevator button and found myself engulfed by the guys, hands on my shoulders, back and hips. I stepped into the opening elevator, taking a position against the back wall. As they stepped in after me, I hooked my thumbs under the straps on the slip and pulled them off my shoulders, the garment pooling around my feet. I stood before them naked, again, except for the heels. I held out my arms to Able who took me into his arms, kissing me while his hands roamed over my bare back and ass. I went from one to the other, soon having my breasts fondled during the kiss. When the elevator dinged and the door opened, we found ourselves on the fourth floor and a startled middle-aged couple gawking at the scene. I heard the man mumble something that sounded like they would wait for the next elevator. As the door closed, we all laughed.

With the next ding, I playfully extricated myself from Frog and moved to the opening door, not considering picking up the slip lying on the floor. I walked to the door down the hall, the four men following behind me. I made sure my hips moved with some extra sway, my breasts bouncing with each exaggerated step. I turned to face the door as Able moved to insert the room keycard into the slot. I stroked his back and I felt someone begin stroking mine, another hand on my ass. Able pushed into the room and I followed, kicking my heels into the alcove of the closet. I walked to the sitting area, turned around near the open balcony door, and the guys formed a loose half circle in front of me.

My hands went to my bare stomach, sliding up to my breasts, which I fondled before their hungry eyes, eyes that watched in detail what my hands were doing. I turned to Frog on my right, stepped up to him, and kissed him urgently on the mouth. I then moved around the half-circle until I reached Strong on my left. I then pulled Strong's shirt over his head, kissing him again before moving to the next man, removing each of their shirts in turn. I saw them shifting their weight as they pried their shoes off and kicking them out of the way. I then shifted to undoing the belt, clasp, and zipper of Frog's slacks, pushing them and his underwear over his hips. When I had done the same to Strong, I sank to my knees, looking up into his eyes as I did. I saw his eyes following me down, but I could also feel the eyes of the other three on me.

I licked the underside of his half-erect cock, then looking him in the face, I took the head into my mouth. I sucked on it, alternating licks with sucks until I was satisfied with a hard, erect cock. I shifted on my knees to the right, looked up into the eyes of Bart and licked his cock. I moved along the group until Frog, on the far right, was also hard inside my mouth.

I stood, letting Frog's hard cock fall out of my mouth as I did. I turned and backed into Strong, putting my hands back to stroke his hips and legs, pressing my ass into his hard cock, opening my body to the others. And, they didn't let the opportunity go to waste. I had four pairs of hands and associated fingers over my body; my breasts were fondled, my erect nipples pinched, twisted, and pulled, and my wet pussy stroked and probed. I moaned and groaned unabashedly, my legs separating more to allow more fingers to probe and investigate.

I spun around, pressing my body against Strong, mashing my groin into his hard, erect cock. Hands continued to stroke my body as I wrapped my arms around him, kissing his mouth, face, and neck. The choice of Strong wasn't a choice, it was happenstance, it was because he was there at that moment in that space. I stepped back, taking his hands in mine, backing until my legs contacted the bed. Someone, or more than one, recognized the next step and moved quickly to pull the covers and top sheet from the bed. I crawled backward with Strong's hands in mine. With him kneeling on the bed, I moved back and lay my body out, my knees bent and spread out, my arms out to him. There was no favoritism. It could have been any one of them. He crawled to me, his knees now between my splayed legs and I put my hands on his shoulders, applying pressure to pull him to me. I raised my legs and wrapped them around his waist as he guided his cock to my opening. I was ready, eager, and needy of cock inside me. There was no need for preliminaries and he understood that from my expression and desire.

I lost track of the other guys as Strong's cock penetrated me and slid into me deeper and deeper until I felt his groin against mine. I pulled his face down to mine and we kissed, passionately, intensely, meaningfully. Then, I felt the bed shifting, first on the left and then on the right. I felt a cock touch my cheek on each side. I released Strong's face and smiled up at the three men around me, Strong in my pussy, Frog on my right, and Bart on my left. I turned to the left and sucked on Bart's cock. After several minutes, I let his cock slip out with an obscene slurp and turned to take in Frog's cock on the other side. I raised my hips to the thrusting from Strong, who was indeed very strong and powerful in his fucking. I was intent on taking each of them in my pussy at least once, so

sucking them was merely to keep them hard. I assumed Able would insert himself after the next shift.

Strong was now holding my hips off the bed and thrusting into me with the energy of the depraved ... and I loved the assault. His groin impacted mine sharply, his pelvis striking my clit repeated as he drove his cock home as far as he could manage. I was already close to my first orgasm and I hoped that he was, also. Silly, but I love when orgasms are joint. But, whether he was ready or not, I was. When my body crested and erupted, I felt my entire body react, the cock in my mouth being lost as my mouth opened in a cry with deep moans and sighs. I lifted my hips, assisting his efforts, my legs shaking from the climax taking hold of me. My pussy spasmed and clamped around the cock inside, tightening around him, clamping and relaxing through the spasm until I felt him stiffen, his cock going even more rigid, then twitching and jerking before spurting his cum into me time and again.

He collapsed on top of me. The men on either side moving back, allowing us room ... and time. But not too much, as it turned out. And how could I blame them, even if I was a mind to, even if there was anything to blame, because there wasn't. I created this need by opening myself to them; I created this desire by giving myself to them. They were only reacting, driven by my desire for them as much as their own for me.

As Strong raised himself to his knees, he kissed my mouth and breasts as he slowly pulled himself out of me. I put my hands on his shoulders as he moved, sliding my hands down his arms to his hands as he moved back until my hands fell to the bed. I looked around me, three more men were waiting, two I had maintained their cocks hard and ready. I looked from Frog to Bart. Who was next ... and how?

Frog made the move. He patted my legs and hip and I guessed his desire. I rolled to my side and rose to my hands and knees: doggy position, one of my favorites. He moved between my legs and eased his cock into my drenched pussy. I groaned as he slid deep into my pussy, which still was feeling the remnants of the last orgasm. I looked up and smiled at Able as he took his place next to my head, his cock softer than Bart's. I moved my head and mouth to Able's cock, engulfing it without preamble, sucking it into my mouth as if I was afraid it might be taken away. Frog was aggressive, too. He fucked his cock into me, pounding his hips into my ass with each thrust. Each strong thrust drove my body forward, my hanging breast swaying with each thrust, my mouth pushed further over the cock in my mouth.

When Frog came and brought me with him, my second orgasm, I felt his cock slip out and the mixed cum leaking from my open pussy. Even before my body returned to some semblance of recovery, Bart was lying next to me on the bed and indicating that I should climb on him. Okay ... cowgirl, that's a good one, too. Hell, they were all good.

I eased down on Bart's cock and opened my eyes to find Able standing next to me, his cock held in his hand, pointed at my mouth. I opened my mouth and he put it inside. I smiled around this cock and sucked hard while straining my eyes upward to see him. He smiled down at me. I bounced up and down on Bart, using a hand to hold Able's cock in my mouth.

After Bart, I found Able lying on the bed, too. But, as I started to straddle him, he shook his head and twirled his finger around. I smiled, reverse cowgirl! Yes! I sat on his cock, easing myself down until I was sitting on his hips. He pulled my back against his chest and we fucked. The movement seemed slightly less free, but the sensation was very different. His cock rubbed against the front of my pussy and the head hit the top of inside as he pulled nearly all the way out. In the process, his cock rubbed against my g-spot, sending a jolt through me each time it happened.

In some back part of my brain, it seemed to register the sound of doors closing and movement in the room, but I wasn't caring about anything but this cock inside me. And like each before, this one was driving me to yet another climax. I would have thought that the fourth orgasm would have to take some time, but the way his cock was hitting that spot inside and his fingers tweaking, twisting, and pulling my nipples, alternating with strokes over my clit, I was being propelled to that fourth orgasm quickly. Able raised his hips into the air, lifting me with him, and I felt his entire body stiffen, his body underneath me and his cock inside me. As I felt the first of his spurts into my already filled pussy, my body erupted. I felt my legs and arms quiver. My mouth opened to shout or cry or shriek, but nothing came out. I sucked and exhaled air, panting out my release.

I either passed out or dosed off after Able. I found myself under the covers and the room darkened. The door to the next room was only partially closed and I heard soft talk in the adjacent room. I slid out from under the covers and went into the bathroom. I checked myself out in the mirror and decided I didn't look too worse for wear. I combed my hair with the comb on the counter and washed my face. I glanced at the door, took a tissue, dabbed it against my pussy, and found I was still leaking. I looked up at myself in the mirror and verbalized what I was thinking, "Small wonder, girl. Four loads." I looked back at the door leading from the bathroom. "Ready for more?" I smiled. I knew the answer to that before even asking myself.

I went to the door, turned around the corner for the adjoining room, but stopped. I went back to the bathroom and grabbed a towel. I was still leaking ...

I stood in the now fully open door to the next room. I found the four guys with bottles of beer, lounging and comfortable in quiet talk. Able and Strong were sitting on the couch, while Bart was on the only chair in sitting area and Frog was on the desk chair pulled over from the other side of the room. They had all slipped on underwear. I was the only one naked, again. Frog spotted me first and jumped up, moving to the small wet bar area.

He held up a bottle of red wine. "We seemed to remember you mentioning a fondness of red wine. Can I pour you a glass?"

"Yes, thank you. Where did that come from?"

"Well ... while you were ... occupied, I had it sent up by room service, along with more beer."

Able and Strong separated on the couch to create more room between them. They didn't seem to be very anxious to be touching while nearly naked, but squeezing me between them didn't bother them in the least. And, neither did I.

I put my hand on Able's knee, "How long was I out?"

He chuckled, "You almost weren't. We just got you covered up and settled in for a beer when we heard you in the bathroom. But, maybe you should stay in bed ... it was a stressful, full, and long day."

I looked around the group, "For all of us, but successful and rewarding."

They raised their bottles in agreement. Able put his hand on my knee, "We've been curious during the short time you were out. It can't have been easy to accept what has happened to you. What has it been like?"

I smiled into my glass of wine, then looked up at them, "You're right, it was hard. I think, initially, maybe longer than that, I was in denial. There were indications of the change as early as when Sam

James discovered me in the jungle: healing unbelievably fast, reflexes, endurance. They seemed to be instantaneous. They weren't so noticeable, though. Night-sight, acute hearing and smell, my hair turning black and wild, were more noticeable but I could still allow myself to be in denial. When my body changed, though, bone density, muscle and ligament enhancements, body-fat dwindling to low single digits as I maintained weight ... the claws. Those didn't just freak me out, the woman I live with about went nuts."

"So ... dwelling on 'if only' doesn't help, but do you? Has it been a curse or burden?"

I shook my head emphatically. "NO! Look at this body!"

"Sorry, Cat, but we have been and it's hard not to."

I laughed. "Yeah ... I've noticed." I smiled at them. "No, that same woman who freaked out ... she also told me this has to have happened for a reason. There must be a purpose meant for me as ... this. I just have to find out what that is."

Able stood and took my hand, pulling me up in front of him. Taking my glass and putting it down, he took me into his arms and hugged me ... just hugged me. It felt so comforting, so safe, so secure. The next thing I knew, it was a mass group hug, all of them finding some part of me to touch and stroke.

When we broke, Able held me at arm's length, the other guys surrounding me. "We were sincere before Cat. We would gladly, eagerly go into another mission with you at our sides. In fact, we were talking. If we think the situation is right ... could we request you? You have the right to decline anything, but ... could we contact Agency and ask?"

My eyes got wet and my lower lip quivered. How silly, huh? I mean, they were asking if it would be okay to ask me to risk my life for them some other time in the future. But it meant so much to me right then. I touched each of their arms and nodded my head. "Whatever ... I'm honored, thank you." They, of course, fussed that they were the ones who were honored and we eventually got past that and accepted that we were all honored.

My emotions were strong. I wondered to myself if this intense feeling was somehow associated to the 'lust' element Jenna discovered about me. It couldn't be, though; the day had been the survival of an intense military mission in which I had to kill three men. Besides, we had followed that with an early evening of exhibitionism that edged on the illegal and followed that by an intense period of group fucking. Any one of those activities should have been sufficient to quell that 'lust'. This must just be me, my desires and feeling of belonging and wanting. Maybe, this is where I belonged now, maybe this was the purpose behind my new being. I recognized my fatigue and the intensity of the situation, however. This was no time for critical decision making ...

We had been standing in that tight little clustering for only a few moments, not a word being uttered. It may have seemed longer than that to them as I came out of that introspection and uttered a slight sigh of acquiescence, not needing to think too much harder about all this.

I smiled, a signal at least to myself to release all the important thoughts in my head and concentrate on the physical impulses being renewed by the presence of four hardy, longing, and ready male bodies surrounding me. I turned and headed back to the door of the other room and spoke to nobody in particular, "Time to get out of that underwear, unless you don't have the stamina I think you do."

When I turned around to face them, I found four naked men with cocks growing in hardness and that primal hunger and desire back in their eyes. I smiled at the sight and thoughts came back into my head despite my desire to merely give into the desires. I smiled because these men were perfectly

comfortable sharing their feelings about camaraderie and trust in me as an equal to them; yet, they were equally resigning to their feelings of our intimate relationship, as well. I bet this doesn't happen often in their mission assignments.

"You each did well in deciding how things happened before, now ... my turn." The looks on their faces belied nothing but willingness and acceptance. There was no way for them to lose. I had mentioned a long night being with them and this next reflected that desire. "Now, it is in pairs. Someone find some kind of oil or lotion. Someone lie down."

Again, Bart moved first. Clearly, he was the most impulsive of the group and his code name was fitting. He crawled onto the bed on his back and was comfortably compliant to await what happened next. Next, was me crawling up and straddling his already erect cock. I smiled down at him as I teased him just a bit more to be sure he was more than just hard; I wanted him and the rest straining in their hardness. I had no question in understanding my own body and knew that it had renewed its own lubrication, and that was in addition to the four loads of semen already inside me ... okay, minus what had seeped out in the meantime. With my eyes focused on his, watching his face with a slight smile of recognition that I was teasing him and watching his reaction, I slid my pussy over the length of his cock. Back and forth, my pussy lubricated the length of his cock with the juices coming from my pussy opening and the mess surrounding it. Then, I grabbed it, held it vertical and slowly sat down the length, his eyes closing in response.

I glanced over my shoulder to find three men with hands unabashedly stroking their straining cocks. Frog held a small bottle of oil in his other hand. Why he carried that with him in his travel kit, I didn't know. I had not stopped moving my ass on Bart's cock, but I pointed to the bottle in his hand, then to my ass as it continued to move. The faces of all three reflected the immediate recognition of what was to come. In my experience, this can be a brutally, abusive experience put upon one, or it can be an exceedingly intimate experience of three coming together. Ever since my early experiences in Arizona, whether animal, human or combination, it has since been the latter or not at all. The bonding intimacy was what I desired now and it would soon be all five of us together.

Since Frog was holding the bottle, he was the one to come up behind me. I felt the oil dribbled between my ass cheeks, then a finger spreading it over my puckered opening, then forced inside. A second finger joined it, sawing in and out of my tightest opening. I leaned onto Bart's chest, squashing and rubbing my breasts into it, and stopped moving. Frog properly took that as the signal that the time for preparation was over and action to commence. I felt the bed shift as he crawled closer behind me until his thighs came into contact with mine and his cock head touched my asshole. I pushed back slightly, an effort to reassure him that I was ready. As he aligned his cock to my puckered opening, I pressed back against him, feeling my hole open slightly to the pressure. I put my face into Bart's chest as both Frog and I pressed our bodies against each other until I felt my opening yield, my sphincter opening to the cock pressing against it. When it pushed an inch into me, I put my hand against his thigh and he stopped his pressure. He was just inside me and I needed my body to adjust to the pressure in my ass.

I felt the bed shifting, again. I raised a hand to the new arrivals on the bed. I knew who they were and what they wanted, I only needed a moment more for my body to relax around the two cocks inside my two lower holes. I knew there were also two cocks waiting impatiently near my head for attention from my one remaining hole. I was filled with two cocks and I would be alternating between the two remaining.

I eased my ass back toward Frog, taking more of his cock into my asshole. At the feeling of my pressing back, he pressed slowly and carefully forward, mindful of any indication from me to halt. I wasn't giving a halt, however. I was ready and indicated it by bracing myself with one arm while

capturing Able's cock in my mouth and Strong's in my hand. I was now the proud possessor of four cocks to satisfy, but I only wanted to fully satisfy the two that were currently struggling to develop a coordinated rhythm for fucking me. The other two I merely wanted hard and ready.

The stimulation given me was tremendous. The cock in my ass and the angle of his thrusts were pressing the cock in my pussy down and as it pulled back would occasionally rub over my g-spot, sending a jolt through my body in the process. I came before either of them, but they continued their steady, driving thrusts into my two holes even as I collapsed onto Bart's chest, thereby releasing the two cocks near my head. I didn't move from that position as they continued to fuck me on and on. Having just recently cum, their staying power was increased, but it was Frog in my ass who was destined to give in to the inevitable sooner than Bart. His hands were on my hips, holding me as he drove in more firmly and completely than Bart could who was restricted in his movements by my body and his position. So, when the cock in my ass stiffened more and was rammed deep, I could feel each pulse as his cock shot its cum into me. It was only moments, though, that Frog pulled out and Bart rolled us over so he was on top of my immobile body. In a matter of a few more urgent thrusts, he too erupted inside me, adding yet another load of man cum to my pussy.

He stayed inside me for several moments, continuing to press into me as the last of his cum seeped from his cock. I was holding onto him desperately as he ground his cock and pelvic bone into my clit. I cried out as another orgasm caught up with me, my legs wrapping around his lower back, pulling his body and groin into me tightly enough for him to grunt out from the effect.

By the time I released him from my arms and legs, he quickly backed away, pulling his limp cock from my sopping pussy, much to the delight of the others. I thrust one hand between my thighs, closing them tightly as I held myself in the last throes of orgasm. My other hand was on my breast, fondling, and squeezing.

After some moments, I released both parts of my body, and only then noticed the rapt attention of the four men around me. I felt a warm rush of heat flow over me as I was sure I blushed from the display, but my body was so flushed from the experience, I doubted that anyone could tell the difference.

I rolled to the side, then squirmed to the edge of the bed to fling my legs over the side in an attempt to sit up. I was unsuccessful; I flopped back down on my back. My arms went out to the sides and I started giggling. I pushed myself back up and sat with my elbows resting on my knees. I shook my head lightly and chuckled as I looked up and around the room at the guys.

"God, you guys are something!"

Able stepped around the bed and approached me, giving me his hand to assist me up. "No, my dear, you are amazing ... we're just trying to keep up with you."

Bart spoke up, "Hey boss, I have an idea. How about we recruit Cat onto our team."

There was a lot of nodding and agreement about that idea. I chuckled and shook my head with a smile. "Thank you, but my lusty abilities are not the reason I want to be part of a team." They got nervous, but I put that to rest. "I know, I know, just having fun with you. But, seriously, there are a number of people who might object and have their own designs for my lusty abilities." We all laughed.

I touched Able and Strong, "Are you two ready?"

Strong asked the question, "Are you sure you're up to it?"

I laughed, "I didn't think you were really that slow." The others gave him a ribbing. "I have something in mind that I have never tried before. Are you as strong as you look?" They all assured me. "I think Able will figure this out as we get going ..."

I stroked his cock a few times to catch everyone attention. "I need you to hold me up while I am wrapped around you."

He looked a little confused, but I jumped up and wrapped my arms and legs around him. He grabbed my ass and lifted me up. I reached down and positioned his cock. He smiled as I lowered myself and he felt the head of his cock touch my wet pussy and he took over. Once I was seated on him, I looked over my shoulder at Able. I was right about him and he was already moving in to take his place behind me as he stroked the oil over his cock. With Strong holding me securely, Able came to me, parted my ass cheeks and pressed his cock head against my puckered hole. My mouth opened in a silent gasp as the head passed much easier into my asshole than it had when Frog had entered me.

The two paused as they became fully seated inside me. Never having pursued this position before, I had no idea what the next step would be for the fucking. Strong took the initiative, however; then, I felt the assistance of Able's hands. The two of them stood firmly and with their arm strength, they raised and lowered my body on the two cocks embedded in my body. They weren't gentle and there was probably little way for gentleness in such a position. Motion up was dictated by their strength and the reverse was fueled by gravity and when I hit bottom, their cocks were jammed inside me, my ass filled while my pussy was jammed against pelvic bone, my clit pressed violently almost every time. I exploded, again, well before either of them. And, like the guys before, they didn't slow or pause while my body shook in orgasm. They continued to raise and drop me on their cocks ... over and over ... my orgasm cresting and then re-cresting as the stimulation continued unrelentingly.

My legs were tight around Strong, my arms around his neck, my breasts crushed against his chest, but nothing relented the continual rise and drop despite my hanging on for dear life. But I wasn't complaining! I cried out, moaned, groaned, and sucked in gulps of air as my body exploded, tried to recover and exploded all over again.

When we were done ... when they were done ... I was a mess of limp limbs, a silly smile on my face, and a constant stream of groans escaping my throat, not to mention the stream of cum from my holes. When they woke me in the morning, I tried to focus for minutes, then as I sipped the first cup of coffee in bed, my mind tried to remember how it all had ended. I couldn't. The ending last night was all a blur. The fucking moving into fussiness, blurred. They were exceedingly attentive that morning; I guessed it was as wonderful for them ...

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY: IS THIS MY NORMAL?**

I slept about a full day after my return from the Columbian coast. Our agreement had been that Agency would pick me up by helicopter from the Research vessel and return me directly to the commercial airport in Caracas. All parties held to the agreement and Sylvia immediately put me to bed upon my arrival home shortly after noon. It had been about eleven days since the boys had seen me, but Sylvia was adamant that I sleep first. A very wise woman ... that homecoming reunion would become very extensive.

But, several days later, I was waiting in the foundation's conference room near our offices on the top floor of the Contreras building. I was waiting with Sam and Director from Agency, standing at the wall of glass windows that looked down into the bustling business and entertainment district of

Caracas. I suppose from this height it could possibly be the view in any number of large city business districts, but I wasn't a large city girl and it still impressed me. Adrian was sitting in a chair near the door. He refused to allow the meeting otherwise.

When the other participants arrived, it was a small group of men led by an obviously domineering type, all in civilian business suits. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I knew this was a 'classified' debriefing of the mission against the gang-lord's secret, safe retreat. These men were all from the US Navy. When I turned at the disturbance that was their arrival, I saw that despite their civilian attire, they managed to draw significant attention to themselves merely by their attitude and manner. I saw that even Sylvia was drawn to the doorway of her office to discern the disturbance in her office area. I waved to her and she returned a nervous smile.

Adrian closed the door after them and introductions were made. I sat at the table with Director and Sam with the windows behind us. The Navy sat on the other side and Adrian oversaw everything from near the door. Director revealed a strategic side to him that I hadn't been exposed to previously; arranging the seating so it would provide a subtle advantage in questioning and control by forcing them to see me slightly hidden by a bright backdrop of the sunny day outside and forcing them into a condition of squinting to make-out my expressions, eventually causing them to tire. I had assumed we were all on the same side, but Director seemed to be providing an indication that nothing involving Agency was ever completely comfortable and brotherly-love.

The lead Navy man was a Rear Admiral in charge of Naval Intelligence and he didn't look particularly happy and he expressed that quickly.

He looked directly at Sam, after glancing at Director, as if warning him aside. "So, Sam James, you're the one responsible for me making this unnecessary journey for a debriefing. I understood the relationship with Agency, almost always against my recommendation, that debriefings would occur at our locations." Even I had recognized that Director was not one to be brushed aside by a glance of warning, but Sam merely put his hand on the table next to Director to control the confrontation, but I decided to control it further and put my hand on the table next to Sam.

I fixed my gaze directly on the Admiral while sitting with a straight back and legs demurely crossed the way all 'ladies' seem to be taught. He had barely even glanced my way except during the introductions, deciding instead to confront Agency.

"Back off, Admiral, I might just as well cancel this meeting now." That was all it took for Adrian to rise out of his chair and stand at the end of the table in a clear warning of his own. I held up my hand and he back off to the wall, but remained standing and physically dominating the room. "Neither Agent James, nor Director, or anyone at Agency had any control over the conditions of this meeting any more than the US Navy did." My attention was drawn to Adrian as my peripheral vision caught his hand moving, but it was to try to discreetly cover the smile appearing on his face. Director and Sam, however, were reflecting stone-faced confrontation to the Admiral. "These were my conditions for 'enduring' a debriefing. I am neither Agency nor US Government. I was doing Agency, you, and the Columbian government a favor and I am not inclined to suffer intolerable egos. I am aware that your Seal team has already been debriefed and I sincerely doubt there is more I can provide beyond that. But, ask your questions with respect or I will have Major Ramos show you the door."

The meeting, for all the posturing, didn't last more than an hour after that. Maybe because of my attitude; maybe because there really much more to cover. The Navy left by being shown to the lobby by a secretary, which seemed to be a final dismissive gesture by Adrian. Director, Sam, Adrian, and I relaxed at the table with water.

I turned to look directly at Sam and Director. "I hope I didn't cause you any problems."

They both laughed and Director responded, "It was beautiful! Annie, we don't go around cultivating clients and their relationships. We have unique skills, willingness, and ability to accomplish things that the partnership governments either cannot or are unwilling to do. Frankly, we were surprised the Seals were even involved in a foreign domestic issue, but it was a huge success."

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The days went by and it seemed that life might be back to normal, if I even knew what 'normal' was for me. The mission with the Seals had done something I really needed. It showed me that I was indeed a very unique woman capable of amazing physical things in tense and critical situations. I wasn't sure what that meant for me; though, it was a good realization for another situation requiring more than a meeting in a conference room. I was a woman who could cross between the physical world of danger and conflict, but also function well in the ordered and restrained world of refined society.

I was again attending a meeting in the Venezuelan headquarters of Puma-Venezuela. I was shown to the office of the Director of Marketing, but I stopped in the doorway thinking a mistake had been made. The president of the regional group was already in the office with the Director. They both turned as the secretary gave a warning knock on the face of the open door.

"Aaah, Senorita Linder! Please ... come in. Senorita, please meet Senor Sanchez, President of Puma-Venezuela." We exchanged kisses to the cheek and I was directed to a chair next to the President, who resumed his seat. "We were just about to review the photos from your photoshoot."

The President put his hand on the arm of my chair, "Senorita, I am very impressed. The photography, of course, he is very good. I mean, however, the look you present, especially with that puma of yours. Very natural and comfortable. Most models are not so comfortable in the presence of such an animal. Also, most are not as physically fit as you are." He hesitated, looked at his Director of Marketing, then continued. "There is a sense in marketing that the model should give off beauty and grace, but not exude a sense of physicality that might be intimidating." I wondered where this was going. I laughed to myself, had my career as a model ended with only a trial photoshoot in the back of the estate? "The belief has been that the clothes and shoes should look good on the model and the attraction should be that, since it is clothes and shoes that we make and sell." Yep, my modeling career, that I didn't want, was over. "You have caused us consider a new perspective with these photos."

I didn't know what else to say and I felt I needed to participate somehow. "Oh?" Brilliant, right?

The Director of Marketing took over, "It would seem, the marketing effort could be focused on clothing that looks good, but is functional to the extreme for someone training in the way you do. Intense exercise, yet graceful and elegant. Your animal at your side throughout it all enhances the image."

We discussed the idea and what they would like from me. I then talked about the needs of the children and poor on the east and west mountainsides, the locations of the worst of the Caracas' slums. Our partnership was thus cemented: unique modeling for generous donations to the foundation's efforts for the poor and children.

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"Senoras and Senores, thank you for coming to our first annual Contreras Foundation gala evening."

There was applause from the hundred or so elegantly dressed members of Caracas' business and social society. She stood on a small stage setup in the grand lobby of the Caracas Opera House. The guests congregated in groups around the lobby in discussions, but were drawn by the voice of Sylvia. "As you know, the foundation is shifting part of its attention to the very important work of assisting the poor and young of our city and region. Since my husband's death, I have had the opportunity to meet with many of you beyond my former role of wife." This drew laughter and applause. Many of the men in the room had long since forgotten what Sylvia was like as the wife of a powerful man, now taking on that roll herself. "One such meeting was with Bono. Yes, of U2 fame and an organizer of the ONE movement. I was fascinated that this group of musicians were so adamant of the idea of taking care of the poor in world. Poverty, clean water, sufficient food. Senoras, I will confess that he is as charming and inspiring and good-looking as his music is. He inspired in me a wonder ... what the world could be like if those basic needs of all people could be solved. Of course, I needn't have looked any further than our own country and city, did I? Our own backyard needs so much. So, that is the reasoning for shifting part of my focus through the foundation." She put out her hand behind her. I was standing with Adrian behind and to the side. "But, I can't do this on my own." She chuckled, "That's why you are here ... well, you and your money." Again, the people laughed. They knew full well this was to be an expensive gathering, but Sylvia was hard to say no to. "But, as important as your support is, this young woman will be assisting me. Some of you have already met her, other have heard of her. Senorita Annie Linder."

I stepped to the front of the stage where Sylvia handed me the microphone. I was nervous. The applause greeting me was initially polite, then became more enthusiastic as I noticed people sharing comments. "Thank you, thank you. I ... I'm not sure what I can add ... Sylvia has been a wonderful friend and mentor. She has shown me what it means to be a woman in all the wonderful ways that are possible. She is strong and tender; she is fierce and soothing; she can challenge men to excel in business and guide a young child's view of a flower and see a world. I know, she has done all that for me. She's been my strength when I questioned my own; she's challenged me to overcome setbacks; she's fiercely stood watching over me when I was threatened; but, she's also been the tender soul when I needed it, soothing my hurt body, heart, or confidence; and, she has opened such a world of wonder to me. I grew up in a poor life. Not like these poor, perhaps, but it is not unfamiliar to me. I have several people to thank for being the person I am today. They were people who cared enough about others not to turn away, but instead to help when others may have turned away. That is the work that needs to be done on a grander scale. I look at myself and I am amazed at what I have become. It makes me wonder what those kids could become if they were given the chance. Which of them might discover a meaningful solution to the environment? Which might solve the need for plentiful, safe water?" People were quiet, but I realized they were paying attention and that encouraged me. "Sylvia honors me. She has asked me to help her with that part of the foundation. I am excited ... and scared. But, I know how important this work will be. Some of you know a little bit about me. Some of you might know that I managed to get lost in the jungle of Brazil." The reaction was mixed, some laughter and some exclamations. "I couldn't manage to stay in the airplane, either. If you had seen me when I first entered your beautiful country from that jungle ... well, I sure didn't look like this." This brought hearty laughter. "I think I have rambled quite long enough."

Sylvia and I made the rounds of the guests. It was easy to see that the event was going to be a huge success for the foundation and the poor. I was constantly pulled into one group after the other to regale them about the jungle experience, finding those children, or the time I stopped Sylvia's purse snatcher. It seemed there was as much interest in the dramatic events as the efforts of the foundation, but it was all for the foundation in the end.

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Sylvia and I were relaxing under the late afternoon sun on the back lawn. We were both naked and



freshly fucked ... several times, actually. For me it was my two boys. For Sylvia, it was Adrian and her Bo. Such a way for a lady of the city to behave. I teased her, but it was the reason for such care in making sure of our privacy.

Adrian had gone back to the house for some cold drinks. I rolled onto my stomach and watched him walk past the pool for the glass doors. Sylvia noticed my attention and rolled over herself, then seeing what I was watching so intently.

She poked my arm playfully, "He's mine."

I chuckled, "I know, but you'll share."

She giggled, "Yes, I will. And, I have never heard an objection from him."

"That is a fine man, Sylvia." I put my hand on her bare back and stroked her. I rolled back to my back and sighed. She turned onto her side, propping her head in her hand and asked what the sigh was for. "Mmmmm ... sometimes I just ... I don't know. I might envy you. Your life seems to be moving along perfectly. A wonderful man. Respect in the business world. Your foundation is accepted and beginning to make a difference ... beginning."

She touched my arm, "What's wrong? You are a part of all of this, an important part."

I turned to my side so I could look at her better. "Is this what my life is? Is this my normal life? It has occurred to me that for all the growing and changing I have been through, I have always been supported by someone at each stage. Bobbi and Jake in Arizona; you and the team at the resort; now, you and Adrian here. I'm sorry, it makes it sound like I'm not grateful, I am. But ... I don't know."

"Annie, what about you saving those kids? What about helping my friends with their dogs? What about ... about the mission you were on? The kids and mission were huge."

"So, what am I? Am I this? Or, am I that?"

"Dear girl, maybe you're both! Maybe, your 'normal' isn't normal at all."

"Hmm, maybe." What would be wrong with not being normal? Then I remembered. "Sylvia, I keep forgetting ... Adrian has been around us for some time now as we mate with the animals and he seems perfectly accepting." She nodded but was confused. "I was wondering ... do you think he ever wonders what it would be like?"

"You mean like getting a female dog for him?"

"Well ... I suppose, but that's not what I was thinking. You both seemed very intrigued by my depiction of the dolphins. Just the diving and swimming with the apparatus is wonderful."

She squinted her eyes at me, "You mean ... you mean go back to that little island where the dolphins were? You said there were females in the group ..."

She's right. Why does life have to be normal.

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I was floating vertically in the water about 15 feet below the surface. All around me was activity. The pod had returned within a day of our arrival back to the little cove at the island off the coast of Columbia. Adrian had found a rental boat that was large enough for us to sleep on and small enough

to enter the cove and anchor there. The two dogs and Preta spent most of their time on the island, which was uninhabited except for small animal and reptilian life.

We had planned a week vacation to clear all of our minds and enjoy some new experiences or the same experiences in new settings. Either way, the island and cove were relaxing. The three of us agreed this would be a time without outside communication distractions. Besides relaxing as a priority, it would be a sensory experience. As soon as Adrian had the boat outside the harbor and nearby proximity to other boats, we became naked and put all our clothes away for the remainder of the trip until we returned to the harbor approach. Our time would be spent enjoying our surroundings and each other, including the animals, as often and wherever the inclination presented itself.

Adrian had been easy to convince to make the trip. He confessed that watching us being mated by the animals so casually and naturally continued to be erotic and stimulating for him. Usually, he would fuck Sylvia before she mated with Bo, but as he watched the woman he loved underneath the frantically humping animal, he as often as not remained hard and eagerly accepted our sucking him to another climax. Although the idea of bestial sex intrigued him, he hadn't been convinced he wanted to try it. He confessed a reluctance to force himself on any female and, with the two of us in his life, he was never wanting for sexual satisfaction. He was convinced there was no substitute for two women he loved so intensely. But, this idea fascinated him. It would be a unique experience in a new, sensory environment ... underwater.

Which was how I now found myself suspended in the water observing the activity around me. In addition to the pod of dolphins carousing around us, there was numerous other fish and two sea turtles. The turtles were large enough to tow us, but we easily swam alongside them, aided by the same equipment I had during my previous visit here. It was a sign of how grateful Agency and the Seal group were after my past assistance that I was able to get this equipment within days, just by asking for it through Sam. Both Sylvia and Adrian took to the water and the freedom the equipment provided and they realized the extent of the sensory experience of being naked in the water, the feel of the water movement over the skin, and the availability for frequent and casual touches.

Once the dolphins arrived, we spent another day allowing acceptance. They seemed to remember me and the males responded with overt familiarity. I wanted them to be the same way with Sylvia and Adrian, so we took our time. It wasn't as if the dolphins were needed for our sexual play and satisfaction, but they would be a bonus experience.

Sylvia and Adrian were both engaged with a dolphin, playing, being pulled, the familiarity and comfort between them growing by the minute. I swam to Sylvia and showed her what to do in order to offer encouragement to the male dolphin she was with. I backed away and watched as she kept herself suspended in the water, her legs open, as the dolphin swam in a tight circle below her. He was swimming upside down and his attention was clearly on her. Sylvia's attention was equally fixated on him and I saw her raise her knees as the dolphin changed his tact and slowly rose toward her, his long, curved cock fully out of his slit. He rose so close to her that his underside rubbed against her breasts and she took hold of his fins just before his cock made contact with her crotch. They slowly rose toward the surface, his cock tip visibly moving to find her opening. The next thing I saw for certain was a long stream of bubbles emanating from her apparatus. I saw her arms and legs wrap around her new mate as it suddenly raced up to the surface and returned underwater.

Not far away, Adrian was finding a less aggressive encounter. The dolphin he was engaged with was far more curious and undoubtedly a direct result of no prior experience with human males. Adrian was clearly excited in an aroused kind of way. His cock was erect and hard as he remained in a suspended position to engage the female in a way that was far different than holding onto the dorsal

fin for a ride. For her part, the female also appeared interested, if partially confused. In her experience with males, she was the passive one, but here was a male that clearly was interested in her but was far less aggressive than she was used to.

Adrian seemed tentative. He looked back at me not knowing how, considering his intention not to force himself, he was going to get to the next stage. It wouldn't be his action in the matter, however. The female swam off, but quickly turned down and smoothly glided back to him, rising up from below. She slowed to a stop when her head was at his cock level and her snout touched it gently. Adrian was watching this action intently when she slowly rose in the water, her eyes passing his as she continued to rise. Remembering what he had seen me do previously and Sylvia just a moment before, he put his hands out to grasp the fins as they appeared before him. Holding onto her, he slowly rose with her, this time completely different from past times when he held onto her dorsal fin. This time his bare front and her underside were separated by inches, occasionally coming into contact as the water forced them together.

I kicked into a horizontal position and swam alongside them. I was as curious about this as he probably was. Well, maybe not quite. As I arrived alongside, I found her arching to a horizontal position still about 6 feet below the surface. In the process, Adrian was now resting on her underside and his cock was bumping along her slit, which I saw was more open than it had appeared before.

Adrian looked over to me, not the most comfortable in the water, but his face reflected a marvel and exhilaration as this experience was just beginning for him. As the female swam on her back, I watched as Adrian allowed his body to rise slightly to give him enough space to look between their bodies. Human males don't have prehensile cocks like the dolphins do so his penis wasn't able to move on its own to locate and penetrate her pussy slit. He had to assist the penetration physically and he seemed determined to do so by aligning his body to hers. He allowed his body to drift along hers until he was in position, then he used his feet and legs to hold himself and pull himself closer to her. His rigid cock touched her pussy and she arched her body to increase the contact, which also had the effect of sending them deeper.

Going deeper wasn't what was on Adrian's mind, though. Correction, going deeper in the water wasn't ... going deeper into the first female animal he attempted to mate with was very definitely on his mind. He felt, and I saw, his cock head in position, touching the slightly open slit of her pussy, and he pressed down and forward. Even having to look through his mask and the distortions from the side that it can create, I could see the look of wonder and amazement in his eyes as his cock sank in and then was driven further into her. I continued to watch from the side as his legs wrapped around the dolphin and he leaned completely forward, his cock inside and he pulled himself forward along her smooth underside, driving his cock even deeper.

She responded with powerful kicks of her tail and she turned over and went to the surface, swimming there for enough moments to gather fresh air while Adrian clung underneath her. Then, she curled and kicked to drive them both underwater and into the deep. I stayed in one location and attempted to follow the action around me. The other dolphins were swimming, diving, and gliding past the two being mated by humans. I watched as the two mated couples curved alongside each other, both dolphins on their backs. I even saw Adrian reach through the space separating them and touch the arm of Sylvia.

The powerful kicks from the dolphins were having their effects on all four of them and it wasn't long before I could see the humans, by their body language, expressing their underwater climaxes.

With the breathing apparatus, I wasn't so concerned about drowning, but I swam to Sylvia's side as she slid limply from the dolphin. I gathered her and pulled her up and to the anchored boat's stern

and the swim platform where with its ladder extending into the water. I boosted her up the ladder and she collapsed on the platform, her back leaning against the back of the boat. While I held to the ladder, I turned to look for Adrian. Not seeing him on the surface, I was about to drop down to search underwater when a hand grabbed the ladder rung I was holding. He pulled himself up so his head was out of the water, removed the breathing and mask, throwing both onto the platform. He crawled up and sat next to Sylvia, taking her around the shoulders. I watch from the water level as he turned her to him and kissed her. He smiled over to me, then turned back to Sylvia, asking, "How was it?"

She too looked to me, "My God! I've never felt anything like it. His cock was so deep and the sensation of being taken through the water, to the surface and to the bottom of the cove." She kissed him, again. "It was wonderful. You?"

He smiled at her, "The same. Exactly the same! I didn't know if it would feel different physically to be inside a female animal. Thinking about it ... I'm not sure if it felt different or not. What was different, so very different, was the knowledge that I was inside an animal. To add the element of water, the visual and sensory elements that included, it heightened everything."

Sylvia turned her attention back to me after taking Adrian's hand into hers. "We're going to do this, again."

I laughed as I pulled myself out of the water and climbed into the back of the boat. Over my shoulder, I called out to them, "Again, yes. The next time I will join you. But, not now. Now you rest and rehydrate. We have a couple more days ..."

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Our time away was coming to an end. Any ending was too soon for this experience and all three of us were in complete agreement. As we approached the harbor for the rental, and we were still naked, I mused about our days together. I, of course, was well aware of the discussion of lusts as regards my 'condition'. Intense physical activity or intense sexual activity. I stepped between Sylvia and Adrian, hugging their naked bodies to mine as I smiled and finished the thought to myself. This time, I created the intense sexual activity for them. The dolphins were exclamation points to the pleasures we shared with the dogs and Preta, sharing Adrian between us. It was time we all wished could have continued forever ...

We were getting very close to the harbor and had come within sight of several other boats so it was decided that some clothes were finally required. Adrian had dug out his clothes and took his cell phone as he resumed captain duties. Sylvia had her panties on and was dropping her sundress over her head, sans any bra, when Adrian announced, "I have three phone messages from Sam James."

Sylvia dug into her bag, retrieving her phone, "I do, too. Three."

They both looked at me. I was having a very difficult time wanting to put clothes on and was still naked. I opened my bag, grabbed my phone and waited for it to come on-line. Standing at the windshield of the boat still naked, a boat load of teenage boys cruised by and whistled. I didn't even react, though. My screen was showing four calls from Sam.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: THE GUARANI

"I don't understand. Why doesn't someone's army, police, or someone take care of this?"

I was reacting to the information Sam was providing us. By phone once we were secure at the harbor, Sam agreed to meet us at the house. He would be bringing an analyst to assist him. It had seemed all very mysterious at the time and, as far as I was concerned, it was only slightly less so after hearing the news he felt he needed to share.

It involved Sylvia and me in a very real way, even if indirectly. Sam provided us with a simplified overview. The Venezuelan government had been in a campaign to weaken and disrupt the massively powerful cartels. In some respects, they had become powerful to the extent of being the authority in the remote parts of the country. They seemed to freely distribute drugs and sex slaves throughout the country and beyond with so much ease that the city authorities stubbornly doubted the central government's ability for control. With such widespread and open challenges, the central government took action in multiple ways: investigation and elimination of corruption; detection of entry points across the borders; sources of sex slavery and distribution; and, finally, a plan for pushing back against them.

Although the planning and operations of the military units was showing positive results, it was the effect of one of them that had raised the concern of Agency, or at least Sam. The military massed an assault on a regional group in the south of Venezuela, successfully pushing them out of villages. They were no match for the assembled military and fled to the jungles to the south rather than standing and fighting. Sam suggested, and Adrian concurred, that it was probably believed that they would simply wait out the military, then return to retake control once the government would have to pull back out of the region. The cartels outside of major cities were little more than rebel groups who funneled product (drugs and sex slaves) into the cities where the organization reaped the profits.

To answer my question, he had the analyst pull up information from his computer to show us. It was satellite images, which were pretty amazing to us. The images showed the progress of the military in the region.

Sam pointed out the location of the military and the retreating rebels. The analyst zoomed out to provide a regional view and inserted a dotted line across the screen. The military was at the dotted line, the rebels were moving further south into the jungle.

"The dotted line is the location of the border between Venezuela and Brazil. Your military cannot push any further south. In a matter of days, they will be ordered to retreat to a location to the north, just south of several of these villages, where they can be resupplied easier. How long they will stay is uncertain and that is precisely what the rebels will be counting on."

I asked nobody in particular while studying the overhead image of the region, "Won't Brazil come in?"

It was Adrian who responded, "No, they won't. As far as anyone in the south is concern, this is just wilderness and the rebels will pose no significant danger that would warrant sending in troops."

"But they'll just repeat what they have been doing, nothing will be resolved."

"True, but from Brazil's point-of-view, whatever they do will be back in Venezuela."

I shook my head, it seemed like insanity. The military pushes them across the border, then after a time they come back. But, a deep thought suddenly came to my mind: why was Sam bringing this to our attention. It was interesting, to be sure, but it wasn't pertinent to us in any way. I challenged him on that. Adrian looked from me to Sam and backed up my question.

He had the analyst pull the view further back and moved the focus south-southwest. His finger traced along a river meandering through the jungle. Then he zoomed in further just south of the river until a trail was occasionally visible in scattered clearings and ... villages!

I didn't even look up, "The Guarani ... How far apart are they?"

"That's the reason for bringing this to your attention. I know what the Guarani mean to you Sylvia, and to you Annie. Right now, it is estimated that it would be 2 - 3 days of walking through the jungle."

I looked back at Sylvia, who had come up closer to look at the screen. I looked at Sam. "You think they might make their way to the Guarani villages? It seems to be quite a way to fight through the jungle for no reason. We had a reason and it was miserable."

He nodded at the memory of our own struggle through the jungle. "Adrian might be able to get better information from his contacts in the military, but what we have been able to put together is that the military is prepared to wait them out this time. If that is true, the rebels will need a better place to setup to wait and they will need good food sources and ... well, knowing them, they will be looking for women and any resources they can to live. There is a village midway, but it is not large enough to support the roughly two dozen men. They may not find the Guarani in a couple days, but they will be sending men out to find any resources and support they can. Sooner or later, they will find them as long as the military stays just beyond the border."

I looked up at him, then to Adrian, "And nobody is going to do something? Those people aren't warriors. They hunt but they would be no match against guns with their crude bows and spears." "Any military force going in there would be violating Brazilian authority. Nobody will do that for a few primitive tribes."

I looked at him, "What about ..."

"No. Even Agency needs authorization, even covert operations have authorization." He put his hand on my shoulder, then the other on Sylvia's. "Maybe, I shouldn't have said anything about this. After all, this is the twenty-first century and these remote, primitive tribes and cultures are existing against all odds. It is going to happen sooner or later."

I hugged him, "No, I am glad you told us. You might be right that these people are going to dissolve into the bigger world, but we were hoping it wouldn't be in our lifetime. Heck, I was kind of hoping, dreaming, that I might get another chance to visit them. Maybe not ..."

Sam hugged Sylvia and shook Adrian's hand, talking with him quietly as they left. Life can be wicked. From the highest highs to the deepest lows, just like that.

I was coming back onto the property from my run in the mountains in back. After getting both Wolf and Preta through the gate and locking it after us, I turned to jog to the house. We had just picked up the pace when I noticed Adrian standing at the edge of the patio. He saw us, too, because he started walking into the backyard. I wave to him as I continued in a jog.

"Hola. Everything okay?"

He smiled. The news about the rebels south of the border had both Sylvia and me on edge and he felt like he was sometimes walking on eggshells around us. It kept him thinking about the issue,

though.

“Fine ... Annie, can I talk to you out here away from the house? I’ve been thinking ...”

I smiled at him. Talks away from the house were about something he was afraid Sylvia would be unhappy about. “Of course. I’ve been doing some thinking, too. But, you first.”

He went on to tell me about an idea that came to him while talking to some of his old buddies in the service. He proposed that a small assault group of former military guys might be possible. He was thinking that a small, well-armed group might be able to slip over the border and liberate the villages. He admitted that it would be dangerous and acquiring the firepower needed might be difficult, not to mention the men, but ...

I put my hand up and he stopped. I gave him an intense hug and kiss. I took his hands in my and looked up into his dark eyes.

“Adrian, thank you. I appreciate the thought. Honestly, I really do. And, I know Sylvia would appreciate it, too, but I do understand why you are bringing this to me and not to her.” He gave a nervous laugh. “She’s only going to see the danger in any action. If nothing is done, the people or, at least their culture, will be destroyed. If a force goes down to defend them, there will still be blood and death and the people will be caught in the middle.” I smiled up at him. “I’ve already talked about some of this with her.”

He chuckled, “I should have known. What were you thinking?”

“That this is very complicated. If the villages are reclaimed from the rebels, some of the people survive, but ...”

He held my shoulders, “But, what?”

“But ... they will lose who they are, what they are. Don’t you see that the connection of these people to their ancient past is hanging by a thread today. The very fact that Sylvia and I were there shows how tenuous their cultural survival is. At least they still want nothing to do with the outside world and have a deep distrust of outsiders and whites.”

He smiled, “Except for you, Celina.”

I smiled, the memories flooding me, like they still do so often. “Yes, well ... that is part of the problem, isn’t it? To them, Celina is real, an important part of who and what they are. Imagine what happens to them when armies with unimaginable weapons fight among them, slaughtering and killing all that is between them. And those that survive, what are they then? What do they believe then as more men and aid and unimaginable things are brought into their midst in the name of helping them? I suppose Sam might be right that it is just a matter of time, but why does it have to be that way? Why can’t the innocents of the world remain innocent? These people have everything, Adrian. Everything they could imagine they could need. They are happy. They work together and work for the common good. Their way of life has kept the jungle abundant for their needs for generations and generations. They live very much as they have for all those generations. They are some of the very few remaining that are God’s innocents. Why? Why does this have to happen without a good solution?”

He took me in his arms. I hadn’t realized I was shouting out the last part. I only realized it when Sylvia came running out of the house to add her arms around me from the back.

Sylvia and Adrian were standing inside the double doors to the patio and pool area. Sylvia's arm was around Adrian's waist, squeezing him tightly. His arm around her shoulders. They were both watching out into the back of the property.

Sylvia asked the question she was constantly thinking, "How do you think she is doing?"

Adrian glanced down at her before returning his gaze out to the young, naked woman near a flower bed near the back of the property. The dog was getting ready to mount her as the big cat sat nearby. "I have no idea. There are times during the day when I think she is okay. Then, and it could be the next minute, there is a fire in her eyes that causes me to step back."

"I don't know what to do ..."

"Sylvia, she doesn't know what to do and she is the one that has to find it. She seems in control of herself. Then ... well, you know our girl. She seems like a wild, fierce animal that has been cornered. But, I am pretty sure something is going to break soon."

"Why do you say that?"

"The way she goes back and forth. She is working something out ... fighting with herself internally. Calm versus fierce ... one will win."

She looked up at him with admiration. "Very insightful. Where is this analysis coming from, my strong hunk?"

He blushed, "Not me, to be honest. I had a long call with Doctor Jenna Moore. That's pretty much what her diagnosis was. In a sense, her civilized human and her reactionary beast are fighting for the proper course of action." He looked down at her, "I expected you to be the one to fret the most. Her reaction has been much stronger."

"My in-laws, yes. You know they never accepted me. I never belonged. Even that last time with Annie, they didn't trust me. It was Annie. Once they met her, they felt something. She just had to prove it and she didn't even know what was happening." She returned his look. "I think at the end, they all believed she was Celina. I think there was a part of her that wanted to believe it, too. Even if she knew she wasn't. It was something that was truly just from her, something that she did for others, maybe something that only she could."

"That's something else Dr. Moore said. She is still struggling with who, what she is. She desperately wants to find what she is supposed to be doing, what all this that has happened is for."

Wolf and Preta had been very solicitous of me. The thought occurred to me that they could feel or sense something about me that was different. And, there was something about me that was troubled, conflicted. I felt there should be something that should be done for the Guarani people, but according to the experts there didn't appear to be anything. That wasn't the same conclusion emotionally coursing through my body, however.

I had tried talking about this frustration in a rational and reasoned way. I had tried a hard run with Wolf and Preta. I had tried yelling and letting my frustration out into the open. I had tried a hard workout, insisting Adrian to push me harder and harder until we moved to working with the batons

and I released an angry flurry of aggressive blows requiring us to stop to attend to his bruises, thereby compounding my feelings of frustration with those of guilt.

My mind never seemed to stop, though. No matter what I tried in the hopes of consuming my mind, there was always that part still tied to the fate of the villages. It seemed almost irrational, at first. Sylvia, though, was the one who put her finger on it. The connection formed, the bond, with the People went deeper than the time together could explain. Celina became real, if not completely to me, certainly to them. I brought a living experience to their generational beliefs, a cultural bond between themselves and their ancestors. Their long commitment to a way of life was justified.

Now sex. Now, I am trying bestial sex for diversion or insight. That is, after all, the connection with the Guarani people. That is the strength behind their life and their obligation to the jungle life ... the way of Celina.

I was on my hands and knees by one of the flower beds in the back of the property with Wolf and Preta. They were my constant companions, now. As if they had a primal sense of my need. Preta sat near my head as Wolf prepared me with licks to my ass and pussy, his tongue sliding deliciously over my clit, up and over my puckered hole. I didn't want the preparation, though, I wanted his aggressive and forceful fucking, I wanted to have him on top of me, driving into me with animal dominance. I craved it. I needed it.

When he jumped on top of me, I didn't use my hand to assist him. I wanted to feel him on me in a way I rarely allowed. I wanted to be his bitch. This time, I wanted it to be animalistic, dominating. I didn't want the caring, comforting, sharing coupling that I generally insist on as the alpha of our small group. This time, I wanted to be dominated, used, to succumb. The turmoil inside me was still being waged. If reason and rationality hadn't moved me to conclusion, maybe succumbing to the beast would. I tried the rationality of my human side; now, it was time to try the reactivity of my beast side.

His hard, pointy cock poked around my ass just like he would with any bitch. It hurt after a few stabs and I was reminded why I used my hand to assist him, but it also served its purpose at this time. When his cock, almost unexpectedly, thrust into my pussy, I gasped at the suddenness. His front legs shifted slightly and his grasp became tight and controlling as he pulled himself forward and me back as he sank his cock deeper into my body. He made me feel exactly the way I wanted to feel. I wanted the beast to come to the surface, to take over, to consume me and open me to whatever might be waiting for my mind to accept and focus on.

Preta was near my head and I knew it. He shuffled anxiously within my field of vision, but I ignored him. A bitch in heat being mated by one male wouldn't spend any effort preparing the next male to mount her. This wasn't our normal sexual session and I think it confused him. He was used to my mouth around his barbed cock while Wolf mated me, knowing his turn was approaching. This time was to be different; this time I was to be dominated by both animals. I was human; I was beast. One needed to win out and now was the time; I needed to understand my course of action ... maybe my destiny.

Wolf's cock pounding into me was intense, his knot banging at my opening demanding entrance was frightening. It was as if he was aware of the difference in my attitude and he was doing his part to comply. His assault in mating me was strangely erotic and consuming ... truly bestial in every sense. Since the news, I had few moments when the conflict within me about the Guarani wasn't consuming me. As Wolf assaulted my pussy, it was the same. My body was being taken in the most primal of ways, but soon it became much more than my body. He was assaulting my soul, my inner being in a way I had never experienced or could have anticipated. My brain flashed images, feeling, and

impressions like some form of subliminal messaging intent on influencing the reluctant; but, I wasn't reluctant, at all. I was searching and seeking.

His knot plunged into my pussy with a force I never before experienced. His hind legs banged into my hips and thighs as he pulled back, stretching my opening before plowing back into me. It was the most brutal fuck I had endured from Wolf or ever again hope to. But, moment by moment my sense of myself and my desire crystalized.

When he came, spurting his cum into my pussy, I gasped at the sheer volume that he deposited into me as if the forcefulness of his mating with me caused a primal effect on him as well. I wasn't sure I was going to orgasm under the assault. The times I had been used and gang raped in my distant past were time of being used by men for their pleasure, not mine. I anticipated the same thing here, but it was different now. I was being used in a way we had never entertained before, but it brought with the primal attitude a primal eroticism that my body and primal mind reveled with. I not only climax, I orgasmed with a reciprocal intensity as Wolf's.

I made up my mind I was going to enter mating with Preta in the same way. How he knew or understood, I had no idea. While still tied to Wolf who had turned to be ass-to-ass with me, Preta approached me. He walked over my head and mounted me backwards, his erect cock bumping into my forehead. I turned my head up and to the side, opening my mouth to take his cock inside. On the first feel of my lips on his cock, he thrust, driving his cock deep into my mouth to the entrance of my throat. I was being face-fucked by a barbed cock while tied to a knot in my pussy. The barbs hitting my throat was uncomfortable, but I was already compliant to Preta for the same experience I had with Wolf. But, if that was uncomfortable, I was in for a very new experience from Preta's domination.

Wolf pulled at our tie as if his intent was to rip his knot from me. There was a moment when I thought ripping was a very real possibility, but I stayed in position, accepting the abuse at my pussy and the face-fucking. When Wolf pulled his knot and cock from me, Preta delivered a couple more powerful thrusts into my throat, then abruptly pulled his barbed cock out. He walked around me, issuing a growled warning for me not to move and I didn't, not a muscle. I was transitioning from being treated as a bitch to being a molly.

He sniffed and licked my ass and I stayed exactly as I was as he continued to send me low growls. He leaped to my back and his cock began probing my ass. When he sank into me, I gasped and sighed. YES! Filled, again. I arched my back into him and was shocked as a low growl escaped my own throat. But, then his fucking caused his cock to pull from my overly lubricated pussy. He probed, again, and my hand flinched to go to aid him, but I resisted. I wanted this mating to be the same as with Wolf, primal and controlling. I hoped this would complete the experience I was seeking.

When his barbed cock head found my hole, again, it was the wrong hole. His cock was pressed to my asshole, but the resistance to entering me didn't seem to concern him. He pressed harder, then harder. Slowly, I felt my sphincter open as he pressed his cum covered cock head at the wrong hole. I moaned and gasped but resisted stopping his penetration. Whether he understood what he was doing or not, he was taking his molly, he was controlling the situation. I bore down and pushed back against him, arching my back and rotating my pelvis, turning my pelvis one way, then the other to assist him in entering me if that was his desire. Intentional or not, it most definitely was now his desire and I worked with him.

I cried out, gasped, shouted, screamed, and moaned as the shock and pain of the initial penetration slowly gave way to a higher feeling of primal acceptance. The barbed head drove deeper and deeper

into me with each new thrust until I felt Preta's hind legs against my ass and thighs. Each time he pulled back it felt like I was being ripped inside and each time he drove his cock back into me I groaned, moaned, and gasped as the animalistic eroticism drove me higher and higher. My orgasm swept over me with my ass clamping down over the entire length of the cock inside me, which merely increased the strange sensation of pain and stimulation. When my orgasm allowed further consideration of what was happening, what I was feeling, my asshole was already flooded with cum.

I collapsed to the neatly cut lawn, pulling my body from the barbed cock. My body was still reacting involuntarily to the experience and I curled into a fetal position to hold myself as completely as I could manage. I felt the wide, wet tongue of Wolf and the raspy tongue of Preta on my body, a smile coming to my face. These were solicitous licks seeking my acceptance and response. Whatever had just happened, my boys were again my boys and they were seeking reassurance. I rolled to my back and sat up, taking both of their heads into hugs, kissing and murmuring to both of them. With their big heads in my arms, their tongues still seeking skin to lick, which there was plenty of, I knew then and there what I was going to do. What I needed to do.

I rolled to my knee and stood up, cum running out of both my pussy and asshole. I spread my legs and bent over to examine the obscene sight before scratching both behind the ears. I turned and walked deliberately to the house, one animal on each side, as if they had been trained to heel.

Coming from the house was both Sylvia and Adrian. So ... I had an audience, again. Did that look as different as it felt?

I strode up to them, stopping four feet in front of them, and I saw Sylvia take Adrian's hand tightly in her as she read the look on my face and the hold of my naked body. She knew then, even if she couldn't have expressed it.

I looked from one the other, "I know what is going to happen."

Adrian found his voice and there was tension in it. "About the Guarani ..."

I nodded, "They deserve a champion to fight for them. I need to talk to Agency." I started walking past them. Sylvia took my arm.

"You think Agency will send a team? Sam said they couldn't without authorization."

"No, not a team from Agency. But, I think I can get him to sneak me to a location I know south of the villages."

Adrian put his hand on my shoulder. "You can't do this on your own, Annie."

I smiled at the two of them, "Annie isn't going. Celina is. It has to be Celina and her animals. Their culture has to be their champion ... otherwise, they lose their culture."

Sylvia stepped in front of me, putting both hands on my shoulders, and looked at my entire body from head to toe, but it wasn't sexual, it was assessing. "Is there any way to talk you out of this?" I shook my head. She sighed and hung her head for a moment before looking up at Adrian, then back to me. She smiled and hugged me, "Then, we better get to work."

Adrian stepped forward and enveloped us both. I sighed into the group hug and found myself smiling and my heart soaring.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: CELINA RETURNS

“Annie isn’t going. Celina is. It has to be Celina and her animals. Their culture has to be their champion ... otherwise, they lose their culture.”

Those were the words that came out of my mouth, but it sounded like it was coming from someone else, that someone else had caused the words to flow decisively, emphatically, and passionately from me. You hear about out-of-body experiences and this was one for me.

Those words didn’t only speak fervently about the Guarani, but about me. Those words, in conjunction with the ardent commendation given me in the debriefings of the Seal team after the mission against the drug lord, exemplified the evolution still occurring with me. I received only superficial arguments about the idea. I expected deeper resistance from Sylvia, but her reaction was thoughtful and considerate, as though she had been waiting for such an eventuality at some point. The ease with which I took on and completed the assignment with the Seals drove a stake in the ground marking a point in time when my evolving self took on acceptance from myself and others.

It was how, by the next morning, I found myself surrounded by most of my closest confidants in the cargo bay of an Agency plane preparing for takeoff from the commercial airport in Caracas. Only Sylvia wasn’t there. There was only so much I could expect from her and we had our goodbye in the house before Adrian drove the boys and me to the airport in the SUV. She made me promise to say ‘Hola’ to the lead women and ask if we could both come back to the villages sometime after this was over. I smiled and gave her a kiss and promised. It was her way of ignoring the threat and focusing on the part that was a reunion. I love her. She has become my rock and home base.

We had spent almost two hours going over all the data, satellite images, and maps of the region. The only real trail of any use was from the border region to the first village in the jungle, which is where the rebels appeared to have massed. A rough estimate of their numbers from both the Venezuelan army and satellite was somewhere north of two dozen in the village, but they knew some had been sent further south in search of supplies in case they needed to stay for a longer period of time. The number on that search were unknown but estimated to be anywhere from 6 to 12. Numbers seemed to be a guess.

Sam, with Adrian standing next to him, turned my attention from the computers and maps to him, “Annie, this is as close to crazy as anyone could imagine. That team of Seal you were with was going up against a much smaller force. And you want to go into this alone? I have to be honest with you, a five man Seal team would be risky; a single person, the risk is really high, too high if I was calling the operation.”

I looked down at all the information I had been digesting for the past two hours, the maps and satellite images before looking up, my eyes moving from Sam to Adrian and back. “I’m not going to argue about this. Besides, the drug lord had sophisticated defenses and these guys are barely more than backcountry guys with guns. You said it yourself. They will only have their eyes and ears for defenses and jerky trigger fingers. They will be unsophisticated and superstitious; and it is that superstition that I will play against them.” I looked around the cargo bay, taking in all the people who had come to brief me and support me: Sam, Jenna, Mary and Steve, Adrian, and the technical analysts. “This is something I have to do; something I need to do ... for them and for me. I’m not sure I can explain it properly,” I chuckled and shook my head, “I’m not sure I can fully understand it myself. But, I do know that if I don’t do this nobody else will. It isn’t just the Guarani, is it? It is indicative of all the indigenous people scattered over the world. The 21st century world has little time for those happily living in the 18th and 19th centuries. And, what a shame that is.” I looked around at them, then moved to the opening and looked out to the slums in the eastern distance on

the mountainside. "I know ... so one indigenous tribe is saved from civilization for a while longer, who will really care? What difference will it make in the scheme of things?" I turned and looked at them, "Maybe no difference at all. Maybe even they won't be saved. But, if somebody, sometime, somewhere doesn't make a stand, what kind of people are we? I don't know if I can make a difference there or not. I only know I have to try. Maybe, this is what I am destined to do with these changes."

Jenna broke from the group and came to me, hugging me. "Tactically, it seems like a disaster. Emotionally, I hate it. But, psychologically, I understand."

That got everybody moving again. We secured ourselves into seats for takeoff, then resumed reviews. The information download was complete. It was sketchy at best. The jungle canopy made it difficult for satellite images to ascertain definitively what the situation was. The latest they knew was that some rebels appeared to have reached the villages, but the exact status was unknown. It was going to have to be self-discovery and spur-of-the-moment decisions.

The plan was for the Agency plane to drop Wolf, Preta, and me a few hours from the end village, the one where I first met Preta. From there I would make my way through the villages determining the situation as I progressed.

I was comparing the images with the maps, again. Without turning, "What about my extraction?"

Sam chuckled, "I like your optimism." He pointed to a quiver of arrows lying on a crate, Steve handed it to him. He pulled the arrows out and reached inside, pulling out a small disc. "Each quiver has one of these at the bottom. Press the little button and it sends a GPS signal. If the signal comes from the villages, we will come to the same location we drop you off. If the signal comes from some other location, we will get as close to you as possible. Now ... we can't be waiting somewhere close by. Don't think this can be an emergency support, get-out-of-jail card. It will probably take us 3 to 5 hours to get to you. Any questions about that?"

I shook my head, but asked, "Quivers? How many quivers?"

Mary and Steve moved to the crate, "We've got you covered, Annie."

Sam opened the crate and looked inside, "Wow, I said cover her, but did you clean out the armory?" He was joking, of course.

I looked inside and reacted, "No. I said this had to be the jungle defeating them. No firearms. They have to believe the culture defeated them."

Sam reacted, "You're making your odds worse, Annie."

Adrian stepped in, "This is her call. We're not going in there, she is. How can we assist her?"

Mary went to the crate, dug through, pulling out assault weapons, packs of magazines, handguns, land mines, grenades ... jeez, this was enough firepower to assault a small ... oh, yeah ... a small army. Finally, she seemed to find what she was looking for.

She pulled out a flat black, matt finished bow that looked every bit like mine, but was clearly not. "We retooled your bow. We upgraded the metal to be even tougher and stronger. It will hold up if you use it as a handheld weapon. We all know how you are fond of using batons and staffs. Otherwise, it will perform in every way as your Hoyt Game Master Recurve. We took the liberty of making this one permanently assembled, we didn't think you'd have the need to take it apart for

traveling.”

Mary picked up the arrows Sam had taken out and the quiver. “The bottom and the sides near the bottom of the quivers are magnetized to hold the arrows inside. Our tests show you can run, jump, even roll without the arrows coming out. The arrows are also the same new metal.” I noticed they were also the same flat black matt finish for the fletching, shaft, and broadhead point, except for the very sharp edges.

Steve grabbed what I remembered as the exploding arrows, but I could see the two he was holding were different: red and blue at the bulges. “The blue are the same as the last time. You said they worked well when you had to use them.”

“They did. Twist to prime and press the button to trigger. So, what is the range for this to work?”

He chuckled, “If you can shoot it there, the signal will reach it.”

I raised my eyebrows, “Wow, impressive.”

“Yeah, pretty cool, huh?” Mary poked him, “Right ... okay, the red ones are different but they work the same. The difference is ... and this is really cool ... the metal shaft of the arrow is filled with a compressed propellant. This functions the same way, twist, shoot, and press. When you press the button on this one, the propellant is released and a second later the explosion occurs. The effect is, besides an explosion, it creates a bubble of fire.”

“When would I use that?”

He shrugged, “Don’t know. I trust you will when and if you need it.”

They had 2 quivers of arrows, 24 arrows to a quiver. Sam picked up an assault knife from the items discarded on the floor. He held it against the side of my right calf, I nodded. Next, he pulled out a suit that looked like it would be form fitting. I shook my head, Celina was naked.

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I was on the ground, kneeling with Preta and Wolf as the Agency plane took off vertically from the small clearing in the jungle. The cargo bay door was still open as it ascended and I waved to my friends waving back at me. Adrian stopped his wave to give me a ‘thumbs up’ sign. I returned it to him. I sincerely hoped it wasn’t the last time I saw them and I understood more than ever why Sylvia couldn’t bear to come down here with the rest of them. My heart did a somersault as I watched the plane move from vertical takeoff to horizontal flight.

I took a deep breath and assessed myself, again. The assault knife was strapped to my right leg on the outside of my calf. I adjusted its fit after a few steps so it was secure and stable. The second quiver had a snap-on hood over the top. My primary quiver was over my shoulder and back with the arrows sticking out over my right shoulder. It was secured with a diagonal strap across my chest and between my breasts. It was cinched tight and barely moved. The spare quiver was loosely slung below the other. I intended to store it someplace where I could easily retrieve it when necessary. Otherwise ... I was Celina, a naked white woman with her tattoos over her left breast. The beast changes also allowed me to be barefoot, which I knew would be an advantage in stealth. At least, I hoped.

In the moments it took me to assess myself, the Agency plane was long out of sight and hearing. It had stayed low, barely over the canopy and following valleys to remain out of sight, as well as the

pilot could. The world around me was jungle and quiet. But, as my senses readjusted to this new environment, the jungle was, truthfully, not quiet at all. My recognition of sounds from my previous stay in the jungle came rushing back to me. The jungle is always teeming with life, on the ground, in the trees above, and in the air, both large and small. Each segment of these environments held its own dangers.

The ground was a hotbed of activity with animals from panthers to wild boars that could cause quick and deadly damage. It was also the place for snakes, some large enough to squeeze the life out of you or to render you immobile with paralysis or quick death from a single bite.

The canopy above held monkeys of several varieties. The Howler Monkey is one of the largest and live in group of about ten. They can become aggressive when their territory is threatened. Snakes, again. Always there are snakes.

The air has large and small issues, also. There are several species of bats, some with wingspans averaging 2 feet. Although, not normally dangerous, they are disquieting when they swoop around you. Insects and mosquitos can be the bigger danger, but my experience from my last time in the jungle has led me to believe that I have some immunity to random bites and stings.

I rushed us out of the meadow and into the trees. It was mid-morning and we were still several hours on foot from the village at the extreme edge of the string of villages. I wanted the sun high in the sky when I approached the first village. The jungle would be the most active at that time and our approach might be less noticed than at night. I wanted an impression of the general situation much sooner than later in order to still have time in the daylight to develop a plan for proceeding.

It was an eerily welcoming feeling to be in the jungle, again. The memories of Wolf and I running from village to village came rushing back to me. The quiver had a side pocket for a map that I marked with overhead visuals for reference and compass references from those landmarks. The overhead image identified a particularly tall and distinctive tree. I loosened the quiver and rotated it around me to remove the map contained in a plastic Ziploc bag. I replaced it and cinched it tight. The strap over my front contained a compact compass fastened with a snap. I referenced my location and found the direction we needed to proceed, which was ENE, just slightly north of east. I slipped the map underneath the strap high on my chest, hoping the bag would protect the map from sweat.

The oppressive heat of the jungle was all too familiar to me, now. I remembered thinking the jungle under the canopy could feel like a wet sauna. The heat wasn't as overpowering as the humidity. I understood why the people of the jungle were naked to provide more skin surface for possible evaporation, but it really didn't seem to help much, except for not having wet clothes sticking to you. I had previously become acclimated to the jungle environment and it didn't take long before I was again.

I felt one step better about all this when we approached a small clearing ahead. The map, overhead images, and compass directions had led us to the exact location I wanted ... the entrance to the furthest west village of the Guarani string of villages. I knelt on one knee at the edge of the undergrowth and studied the quiet, deserted feeling village ahead. As I scanned to left, I saw the tree under which Preta had been found and where I had comforted and cared for him on our first encounter. Preta was standing at my left side and I was looking over his shoulder as I remembered that first day and the days that followed when I thought I had left him behind. My eyes dropped to see that he too was looking at the scene, then his head turned to me. Our eyes connected and he licked my shoulder. I put my head down to him and our mouths touched, then our tongues, each of us signifying our remembrance and connection. I put my right hand out to stroke Wolf's head and neck at the same time. The three of us were a unit and isolated memories didn't interfere with that.

I brought my attention back to the deserted appearance of the village as I felt Wolf's body tense. I followed his gaze into the village and spotted a young girl, maybe 10 or 11 years, darting from one piece of cover to the next before disappearing into a hut. I was about to move from our position of hiding when I spotted a larger form peeking around in the same way, then moving just as rapidly from place to place, and entering the same hut. The village had the appearance of having been deserted, but that apparently was not the case. I waited a few moments longer, carefully listening as well as watching, but no further movement or activity was evident.

I stood into a crouch and notched an arrow onto the bow as we entered the village, keeping to the left side, checking each hut as I passed. Wolf was moving along the right side with Preta moving down the space separating them. I stopped after checking the first hut to find that Wolf was poking his snout into the one opposite, easing the door open, before backing out and looking at me. When things like this happened, one of the animals duplicating my actions by visual reference only, even I began to wonder if there was something more happening between us.

We were quietly approaching the hut the woman and girl disappeared into on the right side. I moved along the left side to better view the hut on approach. Between Wolf and me, we had cleared all the other huts along the way, Preta watching intently further into the village. At the hut, Wolf looked at me and I motioned with the bow for him to continue. Preta moved to the opposite side and I took up position directly opposite the door with the bow at the ready. Wolf nudged the door open with his snout, his head down close to the ground as he peered around the edge of the thatch door. From inside came a girl's scream as Wolf's head rounded the door's edge. Wolf turned his head to me and gave a soft bark. Preta and I both moved to the door. I used my foot to edge the door open as I entered with notched arrow pulled back and ready to release.

I pushed the door fully open and quickly scanned the single room, my bow stopping at a woman hugging a child in her arms in the far corner. I loosened the tension on the bow string and lowered it in my hand to the side. I turned to look around the outside before reentering the room to stand in the center before them, Preta and Wolf coming to my sides.

The girl struggled in her mother's arms to peer at me, then struggled harder to turn around for a better look. "See-leen-a?"

Her mother looked down at the girl, then to me, her brows furrowing in concentration. I pulled my long hair over my shoulder to expose my front. "See-leen-a ..." She focused on my tattoos on my left breast. "See-leen-a!"

They both jumped up and rushed to engulf me, the animals moving to the side quickly. The girl hugged me at the waist and mumbled, "I knew you would come."

I looked at the mother, then knelt to one knee in front of the girl, "What do you mean, you knew I would come?"

She looked surprised, "Many of us have called to you in our hearts and minds. And, here you are."

I smiled at her, putting my free hand on her shoulder. "Of course! That is how I ended up here." I winked at her mom.

I had her pet the animals while I talked to her mother. When the rebels came to the village, they had been in the jungle picking fruit, nuts, and roots. They heard a commotion so stayed just inside the undergrowth and watched as the rebels gathered the entire village and moved them out towards the next village. The men carried things that were strange, not sharp like a blade, or long like a spear. One held it up in the air and it made a terrible noise, which frightened and cowered the people into



doing what was demanded. The mother and child followed the group at a safe distance. The next village was grouped the same way and both groups were moved to the next village. At the next village, the combined group was divided by adult men and everybody else. Then, the younger women were separated from the women and children and put with the men. That group was moved to the next village and the group of women and children were moved into huts where they were.

“So, women and children are at the village with the horses? Where I learned to ...?”

The woman nodded and looked at the child with the dogs. “Yes, where you learned to RIDE.” We shared a knowing smile.

“The next village after that would be the center village with the compound.” The woman nodded. “Why did they separate you? And, what about the villages further down the string?”

She overheard two of the rebels talking about taking the men and young women to the center village. The men would be used for putting supplies together and taking those to the main camp in a few days. The young women ... she shook her head and I understood. She assumed the villages beyond would be segregated in the same way they were on this side. I hugged the woman and tried to reassure her. Her husband was with the men taken.

I took off the spare quiver and knelt down next to the girl, holding it out to her. She looked at it, then me. “Will you keep this safe for me until I return?” She looked up into my eyes, her hands leaving the animals, and grasped the quiver to her little body.

As I stood up, her eyes followed me as she moved next to her mother. “What are you going to do, See-leen-a?”

I looked at the mother, “Whatever I have to ...” She gave me a smile that read ‘thank you’. At the door, I peered out, then turned back, “Stay out of sight for a while longer. Don’t leave this hut.” They nodded.

We approached the next village with the same precaution. After watching from hiding for many minutes, the village seemed as deserted as the first one, which no longer was comforting. We inspected each hut the same way, carefully, soundlessly, and ever ready for something to be wrong. Neither Preta or Wolf or my own senses were alerted by sound, sight, or smell. This one truly was deserted.

The next village was the one we anticipated to be active, at least according to the report of the woman. It was approaching mid-afternoon as I knelt behind cover with the animals and surveyed the village in front of us. The large barn structure was to our left and the open field with the horses were to the right, but the horses were not visible. Perhaps they had also been taken to be used for hauling supplies to the main camp. I doubted that feasibility, however, as the going is hard enough by foot, much less something the size of a horse laden with cargo.

I could see only three armed men standing between the huts. Three of the huts showed a fire at each, which was the custom of the people for preparing their meals and hard-tack breads. Suddenly, there was movement and a woman exited a hut to check on what was cooking over the fire. Soon, each fire had a woman tending it. Each disappeared back into the huts with baskets and bowls, then gave some to the men guarding them. It became clear, then. The women and children were confined to the three huts, except for preparation of food. The guards were quite relaxed, obviously not expecting any danger or concern from outside the huts; they were merely concerned and attentive to the hut doors and the occupants inside.

I remained contemplating the situation. An arrow shot while they were tightly clustered might get one of them, but the other two would then be warned of the danger. Their automatic weapons could release many more shots than I could accurately expect to counter with in a few seconds of surprise.

I motioned for Preta to go around the huts to the far side and Wolf to move to the right side by the huts with women and children. Remaining in crouching posture, they silently moved through the underbrush and, shocking even me, seemed to be doing what I had intended. I waited to see what would happen while pulling an arrow out and notching it. I shifted into a crouch, ready to spring up and shoot whenever the opportunity was right. And, even if it was accidental to the extent of what should be reasonably expected from any communication with animals, what happened, happened perfectly. At least, perfectly enough.

Wolf seemed to become visible first, as the men turned their attention to that area. Then, Preta jumped out into the open and split their attention between the two, but more importantly, away from me. I stood immediately and fired my first shot at the guard standing at the back of the group. Since they all had their backs to me, the other two never saw the third drop behind them. The animals were at this point growling with bared teeth as they slowly approached the men. This could go very badly very quickly if they started shooting. I targeted the one facing Preta as the other was now fully facing Wolf to the side. As soon as I released the arrow, I started sprinting toward the remaining guard. The sound of my approach caused him to turn his head my way, but he had more to worry about than my approach from 20 yards. Preta was already moving and his fierce growl combined with snarling from Wolf caused him to freeze as he couldn't decide which was the more desperate danger at the moment. On the run, I notched another arrow, turned my body at the waist as if my upper body was in shooting position while I continued to move forward.

I shouted at the man and his body spun around to me. He was too late, however. Preta was already in the air and his full weight drove into the man's shoulder, driving him to the ground and at the mercy of the two animals now biting down on legs and arms, which he was using defensively but to no avail. I whistled loudly and the animals backed away as I put the full weight of my body onto the weapon with my left foot, the drawn bow pointed directly at his face. He released the weapon, his eyes flitting from animal to animal and the bow. He finally relaxed, his arms falling limply at his sides.

I had him roll over onto his face, knelt my knee into his upper back between his shoulder blades, eliciting a grunt and moan as the air was driven from his chest. I warned him that if you wanted to live, he wasn't to move a muscle, because the animals hadn't eaten for days and were quite hungry, especially with the smell of blood in the air. I was sure he couldn't detect any smell of blood, but I knew that Preta, Wolf and I were.

I moved to the other men, each in turn, put my foot on the body and pulled the arrow out the way it went in. The first one didn't react. I put a finger on this neck and found nothing pulsing. The next one reacted to pulling the arrow out. I looked at him, check for a pulse and found a slight one. I looked quickly at the huts and finding them blank of watching eyes, I pressed the arrow into his back, sliding it through ribs and into the heart. He was dead the next moment. I looked at the two animals guarding the other man and considered what I had just done and how it was affecting me. I stood up easily and moved toward the other man lying on the ground, I felt nothing and knew at that moment that I had indeed changed much more than I could have ever believed while living in comfort in Caracas, Arizona, or the resort.

He watched me approach him and I could see the terror in his eyes. I could use that.

I called to the huts and heads peeked out through the doors before eventually accepting safety and

filing out into the open area, milling around the man and glancing nervously at the dead men. I requested rope ... well, what they would consider as rope made from stripped vine and fibrous plants ... then tied the man's hands and feet together before turning him onto his back.

With him secured, I moved to the gathering of women and children. There were more greetings of me as See-leen-a, the women touching the tattoos on my left breast. The children were fascinated by the animals and both of them transitioned immediately from aggressive support against danger to the aggressive touch and contact of children. I told the women about the woman and child back at the far village and told them to move to that village and wait there.

As they were starting down the trail, I turned to the man, then called back to the women. I had a long-range idea and it included having a rebel to use as bait and unwitting pawn. I asked that four women stay at the edge of the trail. They would take this man with them, keeping him securely tied and separated in the open without food or water. Once I was satisfied that the remaining women could not see the man from their vantage point, I knelt down next to the man.

"I want you to tell me all about what is happening at these villages and what is going to happen."

He shook his head vigorously. I took one arrow and showed him the point. I happened to remove one I took from one of the other bodies. They were very sharp. I pressed the point into his cheek. It barely drew blood, but he didn't give up.

"You will tell me what I need to know." He shook his head.

"No, they will kill me if I talk."

I laughed loudly. "Kill you? Hell, we can do worse than kill you!" I put a hand on the head of Preta. "Much worse."

He looked at me, then Preta and Wolf surrounding him. Apparently, he was very much afraid of those other men, either in the next village or at the main camp. I smiled at him, patting his cheek as I replaced the arrow. He seemed to relax and took in a deep breath of air. I put the fingertips of my right hand on his forehead, pulled them down over his eyes and nose, over his cheeks, lips and chin. I ripped open his shirt and did the same down his chest and stomach. His head lifted to watch. He seemed to be confused by that action.

I smiled at his confusion. "You're wondering ... what is she doing? I think I should do it, again. This time a little different, okay?" He had no idea and didn't react. I moved my hand back to his forehead before extending my claws, letting them push into the skin of his forehead as they came out. I could see the confusion add an element of fright at the strange feeling of piercing pain where my fingertips should be. I dragged my fingers down the same way as before, but this time, a ragged, raw, red streak appeared behind my fingers. As my fingers pulled over his eyes, they went wide in horror. I continued, though. The impression had been made, but not enough for the information I needed.

As my fingers pulled over his chest and stomach, he raised his head, again. This time his eyes were wider than I thought possible. His mouth opened but nothing came out.

His eyes flashed from my fingers pressing into his stomach to my face and back. "What are you?!"

I smiled at him. Was I enjoying this? Was this the extreme element of what Jenna referred to about my lust? "Me? Mmmmm ... well, I'm a little of each of them ... and some human mixed in. But, right now ... I'm your nightmare. You can die right here very slowly; do you believe that now?" He nodded

vigorously. "Okay, now tell me everything you know." He knew quite a bit for a lowly rebel; they must talk very freely.

Based on the man's information, there should be another village with women and children two villages further. It would be made up of the accumulation of the women and children of the villages further down the string. The next village would be where the men and young women would be held. Of significant interest to me was that the rebels had only arrived the previous day. I was hopeful that nothing too damaging had occurred to the people in that time.

I elected to go into the jungle and move around the central village, wanting to approach the less guarded village, first. This village was very quiet. In the center of the village I found the three guards sitting on the ground in a tight circle, their weapons slung over their backs as they did something in the space between them, perhaps some sort of game by the appearance of their movements. Regardless, they were very much at ease and not showing any indication of being worried or concerned about their situation. I sent the animals down each side on the outside of the huts. I waited several moments to allow them to gain position on the sides, then took one of the newly designed arrows. They were so closely grouped, the surprise could be overwhelming.

I stood and moved quietly at a walk, the arrow primed and notched, the string pulled three-quarters as I moved at a diagonal to gain the angle I wanted. Despite one man partially angled toward me, his attention was fixed on the ground between them. I stopped, checked each side of the village, finished aiming for the space now visible between them, breathed in and out, and released the arrow. As it flew, I took out another as I watched the first strike the ground. As I pressed the button on the bow grip, I notched the next arrow, moving forward at the same time. For an instant after pressing the button, I could distinguish nothing but the surprise of the arrow appearing between them. They all looked my way in surprise, only one managing to struggle with pulling his weapon around from his back, but the next instant stopped that action as well.

When the explosive charge detonated, a sphere of flame pushed out into the three men, the flame, concussion, and debris stunning the men, pushing them onto the ground. I sprinted the 10 yards and observed as Preta and Wolf leapt from the sides into the tangle of bodies. I arrived only a moment later, using my bow as a hand-to-hand weapon that Mary and Steve assured me it would withstand. I swung the bow into the side of a man's head, sending him sprawling onto his front on the ground. I stepped to him, dropping the full weight of my body onto the back of his neck with my knee. I turned to Wolf, pulled an arrow and stabbed it into the base of the man's skull who was under Wolf, his struggling and screams ending immediately. I pulled it out, turned to the final man, and stepped between him and Preta, driving it into his heart as his eyes focused on me with dread. I went back to the man I started with. I had apparently broken his neck.

The women started coming out of the huts, having been satisfied that the fight was so quickly resolved. Once, again, there was a moment of stunned disbelief before a middle-age woman approached from the group and laid her palm over my left breast in recognition and deference. She was one of the women who had been responsible for my challenges and training during my original visit.

My eyes welled up as the full weight of what I was trying to do came over me with the recognition of this woman. I had experienced and shared so much under her guidance and finding her safe and now free, overwhelmed me with gratification for what I had been able to accomplish so far. But, they were still not safe unless I was able to free the remainder of the people at the central village. As I pulled the women into my arms, my tears released as woman after woman joined our hug, then taking turns to grasp me with the soft whisper of 'See-leen-a' in my ear.

I instructed the women to drag the bodies into the jungle, then to move the group to the far village and wait for the men to come to retrieve them. I told them it would be dark or in the morning because I was waiting for darkness before approaching the central village. By now, all the lead women had grouped before me.

"See-leen-a." She didn't speak it as a question, she just spoke the name. The woman took my free hand and held it. "You speak well now." She smiled.

"Si, I have changed and learned much."

She looked at the group before adding with a wry smile, "We didn't know See-leen-a was a warrior." I only smiled. She looked down at Wolf and Preta, clearly recognizing both. "You were separated from them ... how ...?"

I put a hand on the head of each. "They found me in the jungle and have been with me ever since." There was a lot that wasn't said or explained in those words. It may have left the impression that I had stayed in the jungle. Was it dishonest to leave such an impression? "Warrior ... well ... I have changed greatly because of them." That part was definitely true!

I received a little more information from them, then had them moved to a village further down the trail for their safety. I watched them move to the trail, seeing several turn to look at me a final time before disappearing. I crouched to pet both animals and asked them if they were ready for what I assumed to be the more challenging of our efforts. They, of course, gave me the only response I expected with my face close to theirs ... licks on both sides of my face.

I moved in close to the edge of the center village and quietly watched the movements within the village. The Guarani and rebels here were busy moving things into piles. I left my watching point to return after dark. When I did return, the village was quieter, but still with some movement. There was light still shown from several of the larger huts but I was able to identify the large huts where the men and women were separately located. I wondered to myself just how long I should wait and ultimately decided on the same logic as applied when the Seal attacked the drug lord in Columbia. I would not wait for first light, but for deep dark of the night when the village would have been quiet for some time and the guards might have lowered their attention.

It was hard to know what time it was, but it had been dark for a long time and as I knelt undercover in view of the village, the entire area was quiet. The main huts where I had identified the people being contained were dark and quiet. I knew from others and my own observation that there were 6 rebels in control of his village. I could identify one standing outside the hut with the women and one sitting opposite the door of the hut holding the men. I had seen rebels using a hut opposite the one holding the men, and it was also quiet. It seemed odd that only two men would be guarding all the people, especially only one for the men, even if they were a peaceful people. But, it was all I could determine. It would have been nice to know more about the location of the rebels, but I knew I needed to act sooner than that.

I watched the rebels who were visible and it stayed constant. Then, I saw my opening. Someone inside the women's hut started crying loudly and unconsolably. Even though most of the women being held in this village were young, some seemed to me to be too young for the intention I assumed the women were meant for. The rebels weren't only in the business of moving drugs, they were also heavily involved in the movement of sex slaves through the South American region and into Central America. I was sure that some of these were simply older girls, if for no other reason, by the size and development of their breasts.

I watched as the guard over the women reluctantly moved to the door. I notched my arrow and prepared. He spoke through the door, then yelled for someone to quiet her. When she didn't, he lifted his left arm, which was holding his weapon, to push the door open. I released the arrow as his arm rose, hitting him below the arm pit, piercing his side. As he fell into the hut, I ran in a crouch to the hut, jumping over the body and pulling it into the hut as the animals jumped over the body as I slid it in.

I closed the door and the sudden appearance of a wolf-like animal and panther jumping into the close space generated shrieks from several more of the women. I reopened the door so the light of the torch outside would shine into part of the space. I put my finger to my lips, turned to the side so the light shone on my left breast and pointed out the tattoos.

"It's See-leen-a ... we thought you left long, ago. You still have your animals."

I didn't want to have this conversation, again, not just now. "Is everyone okay?"

Someone said, "One of us was taken just a while ago."

"Where? Where was she taken?" They didn't know. "How many guards are out there?" Three. I only saw two, so that is what happened. One of the guards got bored and came for a woman to pass the time. But, where was she taken? To that other hut by the men?

I went to the open door and peered out. The women became animated and I had to strongly warn them to be quiet. I watched and listened, Preta and Wolf at my side. I heard a muffled cry, the ground being scraped, and a scuffle nearby. I could hear it, but the women were distracting my ability to hone in on the direction. I pointed outside to Wolf. He slunk out, moving from hut to hut in the general area. Suddenly, he dropped to the ground and inched to the door, then turned to look at me. Good, boy! I told the women to stay still and quiet.

I looked to the other guard and he was occupied with something in the dirt in front of him. I moved quickly to the door of the hut and slowly moved it open to peek inside. Sure enough, the bastard was on top of one of the women and she was struggling, but his hand was over her mouth. He seemed to be enjoying the struggle. The combination really got under my skin. I pushed the door open with my bow held in my left hand. I walked up to them without him even noticing until the woman's eyes got bigger. He turned his head and I swung hard with the bow, catching him across the side of his face. She screamed, but he called out just as loud.

I froze for an instant when I heard the other guard urgently call out, "Quiet! You'll wake up the others."

I had stunned the guy but my hesitation gave him time to recover just enough to swing his leg, knocking mine out from under me. I landed on my back with a breath shaking thud. I saw him move for the door, but I sprang to all fours and drove my shoulder into his back, sending us both past the door and rolling into the corner. I got my legs under me, continuing to press my body into him, shifting our position until I had him on my shoulder. I pressed my hands into his chest while I drove my knee into his crotch. I stepped to the side as he bent over and I leapt into the air and came down with my elbow to his neck. When he collapsed to the ground, I drove my knee between his shoulder blades, grasped his head and twisted sharply.

I was wondering why my back hurt until I realized I had landed on the quiver. I stretched my back muscles, found my bow, and took the hand of the woman who seemed to be inclined to resist until we got to the door and she saw my tattoos. I looked across the way to the hut with the women and found them peering out at us. I held the woman firmly by the shoulders and told her that the women

needed to go down the trail until they found the other women and children. I then sent her across and watched as the women ran for the trail.

I peered around the corner of the hut. The other guard was just getting up. He looked at the hut with the other rebels, then at the hut with the men, but he was concerned about the guard. I suspected he believed he was taking too long, but was torn about leaving his post, too. This was going to break apart right now. If the information I had was right, there were three rebels still inside the other hut sleeping, I hoped sleeping. I quickly took stock of my next moves. The guard was looking frequently at the hut holding the men and I could now here voices coming from it. The screams from the young woman I just released had them agitated and the missing guard was becoming a problem for the remaining one.

The huts had an open space serving as a window and a doorway. The entire structure was thatch and wood. I chose a fire/explosive arrow, primed it, and moved out into line of sight for the rebel hut, putting the arrow in the door frame of the hut. Exposed, now, I hoped the guard remained distracted by the men as I notched my next arrow and aimed for his body mass. Wolf moved near the hut and drew the attention of the guard, turning his body slightly to me and giving a larger target. After releasing that arrow, I triggered the explosive arrow and the hut exterior burst into flame.

I sprinted to release the men where some had already appeared at the window at the sound of the explosion. The first out hesitated at seeing Preta, but I told them to move in either direction down the trail where they would find the women. They streamed out of the confines of the hut and divided their direction, probably based on the direction of their original village. I was focused on the burning hut and the cries and shouts coming from it as the last of the men made their escape.

The flaming door to the hut was sharply pulled inward and the automatic fire of a weapon sprayed across the clearing. I used an explosive arrow targeted for the door opening at the ground for diversion, if nothing else. I could see nothing from inside that hut and standing at the corner of the hut where the men had been provided little real protection from the bullets smashing through wood, thatch, and dirt at my feet.

I moved around the hut to the other side, trying to buy a little confusion of my own. There was no feeling of relief from freeing the men. The rebels needed to be eliminated here and now or the situation would merely repeat itself.

One rebel dove out of the burning hut and I crouched as small as I could, minimizing myself as a target as he regained his feet and sprayed his weapon in a wide arc until the distinctive sound of an empty magazine. I quickly recovered and put an arrow into mid body mass, minimizing my risk of missing while not able to take proper time for deliberate aiming. There were still two rebels I hadn't yet seen, but the firing coming from inside the hut was devastating and my moving from location to location was having less success at hiding me as they changed their tactic to widely spraying across the open space.

The shattering wood and thatch was everywhere. It felt like a hundred bees stinging at me constantly, the temptation being to cover my face and head but that would leave me blind. Something needed to change soon, so I selected two more fuel/explosive arrows, primed them both, and firing them at the same time. One stuck in the thatch next to the window, the other going through the window. The detonation cause an explosion of flame. The two remaining men ran out of the hut, both of them firing widely on full automatic.

I covered myself behind the thatch wall, but screamed as a wild shot tore through my right thigh. Despite the pain, I stood immediately after the firing ended. While they were busy digging for

replacement magazines, I put another one down with a carefully placed arrow. The other looked at me in shock as his companion was felled by a naked woman with a bow and arrow. I randomly took an arrow from the quiver and saw it was an explosive. Rather than taking the time to replace it, I primed it and fired it into his stomach. He stood looking at me as I walked out into the open. He started raising his weapon and I smiled, not otherwise moving my bow, which now hung at my side as I carefully put weight on my injured leg. I pressed the button. The arrow's explosive charge isn't massive, but inside his stomach ... it was.

I took a deep breath at the sudden quiet, but knew I needed to verify the condition of the other rebels. I slowly bent to take the knife from my right calf and approached the closest downed rebel. I had already made the decision that I wouldn't take chances with them. Each would receive a stab into the heart. As I moved from one to the next, I heard a fierce growl, turned just in time to see two things happening simultaneously: Preta in the air attacking a struggling rebel and his weapon aimed awkwardly at me with one hand. I felt the searing pain in my left shoulder, saw Preta followed by Wolf cover the screaming man, and looked down at my shoulder to find a darkish red hole in my skin, but little blood coming from it.

I felt woozy, but my wounds didn't seem that bad. It hadn't felt like bone had been hit or joints damaged as I could still put weight on my right leg and I had instinctively raised the bow toward the man before my brain registered that Preta and Wolf were sufficiently taking care of the problem. But, I also felt like a pin cushion with stings covering parts of my body.

It was weird how the mind tries to handle conflicting stimulation. I was experiencing major pain in two locations, but my body seemed to be most irritated by 'stings'. I investigated absently and found splinters of wood and thatch penetrated into my right arm, side, and leg, the side of my body next to the hut when the heaviest suppression fire had been directed at me.

The woozy feeling, though, persisted. I wanted to believe it was the adrenalin seeping from my body, but the darkness forming around the periphery of my vision was suggesting something else. As the darkness closed in over my vision, I had the distinct feeling of falling ...

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: RECOVERY

The feeling of blackness coming over me certainly wasn't a new experience. I hoped it would not continue to be familiar to me in the future.

The first sensation to return was sound. It was difficult at first to distinguish and identify the sounds that came to me. The sounds and my place in the world relative to those sounds were confused. My mind wanted me to be waking in a richly appointed room secure within an estate in modern society of the well-to-do. I wasn't in such a place, though.

Before my eyes opened, it was the sounds, then the smells. They were familiar, but not expected. They were reassuring, but not what I could identify. The sounds were of people, activity, children, life, even excited anticipation in the air and sounds. They were all muted sounds, though. The sounds of children were as though they were being held in check, or attempts at it, anyway; like children who had reason for excitement but they were being held back until the proper time for that excitement to be released. The sounds of people were whispers, soft voices speaking, sharing with others. The activity outside was slowed, hushed as it passed wherever I was. I heard animals, trading, and cooperative efforts, but nearby it was muted, hushed. The smells were somehow familiar but not at all expected. The smells were earthy, raw, and natural. There was a smell of food

cooking but not the seasoned, elaborate preparation of food I was used to. This was food that was simple, natural, and plain in its preparation and enjoyment.

Physically, my body felt trapped, confined in one position, which was flat on my back. Something pressed into each side restricting my movement. As my mind sought full recognition and realization of my surroundings, my hands moved from resting on my body to my sides. What was constraining me moved at the touch. I forced my eyes open, immediately recognizing the thatched room and walls of the Guarani people. I raised my head and upper body to gaze down my body. Pain seared through my left shoulder and right thigh, and additional recognition and realization rushed into my consciousness, the events leading to my injuries coming back to me in a rush.

The constraints restricting my movements shifted as I moved and I was attacked by two tongues licking my face in joyful exuberance. I laughed at the attack from Preta and Wolf, but also groaned at the effort of moving. The laughing and joy far outweighed the pain, though, partially from the excitement they heaped on me and partially from recognition that the pain wasn't worse. I instantly remembered being wounded by at least two bullets in the fight with the rebels. I tried to move the two so I could inspect the damage to my body, but they were having none of it, and I willingly gave up the effort, falling back, and their attentive licks following me until I captured both of their heads in my arms and hugged them to me until they settled on or next to me.

The thatch door opened with a scraping sound of the door being pushed against the dirt of the floor. A woman I remembered from before poked her head around the edge of the door, tentatively checking on me. Seeing me aware and covered by the animals, she turned her head and said something I couldn't quite hear. From outside came a cascade of exclamations and comments, followed by the appearance of four women crowding into the hut, others crowding into the doorway and window opening now being uncovered.

The three other women were of the senior women leaders who had coordinated my challenges and training during my previous stay in the villages. A hush went over the women inside and the people outside. There was unspoken emotion emanating from the people.

"Thank you ... how are you feeling?"

"I ... I hurt ... but I think I will be okay. Will I be okay?" I raised myself to an elbow and touched the bandages wrapped around my shoulder and thigh.

"While you were not awake ... we cleaned you, treated the holes in your body. And, the wood ... mmmm ... pieces of wood stuck in your side ... we took them out and treated the skin." I smiled and thanked them. I remembered the automatic fire into the thatched hut I was using for shelter and the thatch and wood being decimated by the bullets, striking me up and down my right side. The holes they mentioned I assumed were the bullet wounds.

I touched the bullet wounds, again, "What do these look like?"

One woman rushed to me, carefully loosening and unwrapping the bandage material from each wound location. I looked at my shoulder, then my thigh. I didn't think they had much experience with bullet wounds. "It looks clean, thank you. Did they go through? Out the back?" If they had no prior experience, would they have a concept of a small object going in and out the other side or hitting a bone and causing more damage inside?

She nodded, "Yes, two holes, front and back at each." She looked embarrassed and looked to the other women for encouragement, which she received. I had the impression she might be the primary healer of the villages. "How do you heal so fast?" She looked at the others, again, then back to me,

putting her finger near the wound at my shoulder. "This only happened last night. How is it already healing?"

How, indeed. Should I attempt a discussion of 'cross-species DNA' with them? They were all looking at me, but I didn't think an answer of any consequence was beneficial. So, I just shrugged. I put the bandages back on despite them already scabbing over. She asked if I was up to moving around. I had only been out for about 12 hours, I figured. The sun was just past its highest point, so it must be very early afternoon. I wasn't sure what time the fighting had ended last night, but I imagined it being around midnight or slight later. They indicated that there were a few people who wanted to see me. I moved to gain a knee to rise and the pain put me back down. I honestly felt that much of the pain was from stiffness that had set in. I was used to the way my body healed after injuries and bruising from training with Adrian. I thought I had a pretty good handle on what to expect and as long as there wasn't infection or undetected internal injuries, my recovery would be quick.

A woman in group call outside and two boys tentatively came inside. They were boys, probably in early puberty; they were shorter than me, skinny, but healthy looking.

"These two are yours." I looked at them, then back to her with shock registering on my face. She caught the look and blushed. They usually speak in a combination of Spanish and Portuguese with some other words thrown in occasionally, but I was forcing them to restrict their talk to Spanish. Our communication was greatly improved from my previous time with them when I didn't even know Spanish, but it still created some moments of confused wording. "No!" She put her hands on the boys to reassure them and the other women laughed at the discomfort exhibited by us. "No, I mean they have volunteered to assist you moving around the village as you might want or need. Walking will help to heal, I think."

The Guarani are very sexual, but they don't include the young. It was unclear to me when they might be initiated, but I trusted they had their social norms. It was my understanding that the parents would have sex in the small huts with children nearby in the dark and it was an occurrence that was common and normal. Children, however, were not included, even if they knew it was happening.

The boys came to me and the animals made way for them as they reached their arms and hands to me and leveraged me into a standing position. I winced in achieving a vertical position and putting weight gingerly on my right leg, again. The boys came alongside me and we worked out the best way to do this. I used my right arm over one boy's shoulder for support for my injured leg; my left arm limply hung over the other boy as he firmly took hold around my waist. This was pushing me into a new world of nudity comfort ... three naked bodies in close contact and two of them children, but not far from being considered men in this society.

Once supported, I noticed my bow, knife and sheath, quiver and second quiver next to the wall near the mats I had been on. I half turned to the women, "What of the dead rebels and their weapons?"

"Buried. Some of our men buried everything that wasn't from us in the jungle."

I took a step and stopped. "Was anyone hurt?"

They exchanged glances, "One man killed when they first arrived. We didn't know what to think of those things they carried. He resisted and they killed him to make an example. Others, were hit with hand or kicked, but not seriously."

"What about the woman last night?"

"You saved her in time before ..." They shared glances, but the point had been made.

"The man ... did he have a family?" I nervously watched as they hesitated.

"Yes, his woman and a girl."

I pondered that. This had been almost perfect, after all. The brutality of man against man evidenced in that action, though, tore the feeling of accomplishment from me. If I had reacted quicker, would he still be alive or would it all have been worse by being ill prepared? But, Sam and Adrian have been adamant with me that a plan that is well executed should not be left with questions of 'what if'. So, I offered to meet them. I was assured, in their community way of life, the young family would be cared for and she would eventually find another mate among the people. I nodded and gave a weak smile.

The women went through the door opening before me and my two crutches of boys. When the women appeared outside, it went quiet; when I appeared in the doorway supported by the boys, I found a massive crowd that spilled over the entire village. I thought the people were much more than just the villages in the area and it was confirmed when a woman saw the look on my face to comment that she thought the entire people had gathered to be present the first opportunity to see me.

The boys seemed to know what to do. They took me into the crowd, leaving the women behind as they used a serpentine route through the crowd. People, men, women, and children, reached out their hands to touch me. Those that could, reached for the tattoos on my left breast, others settled for some part of my exposed body, reaching around the boys supporting me. I thought I was feeling better, but this took quite a while and everyone waited patiently for the opportunity to thank me with their touch and look. The boys were troopers as they guided me through their people, obviously taking great pride in being able to assist me in the effort.

That evening, after seemingly endless encounters with people, the boys led me to a small hut and I noticed that everyone else shrank back away, leaving us alone in front of the hut. My right leg aching from the effort and I knew that by morning it was going to be protesting severely. The boy I was hanging onto on the right informed me that this was the woman and child. I looked down at him and he nodded. The other boy slipped his arm from around my waist and stood slightly in front of me and, with a startling sensitivity, stroked my left arm and looked into my eyes. Children have to grow up quickly here for the people to survive. But, taking on responsibilities is one thing; for a pubescent boy to reflect the caring and love I have experienced from the people before was inspiring to me. I lifted my arm to the side of his face and smiled. I kissed his forehead, then did the same to the other boy. They left me standing by myself as the thatch door scraped along the ground to reveal a young woman with a toddler hanging onto her leg.

She had prepared a simple dinner and we shared about ourselves easily until we realized the little one was sound asleep in my arms. Their life is hard in the jungle, surviving on what they can and how they can, but their life is full of the same expectations and wonder for the future and their children as might be found in other societies ... the expectations are simply more basic.

When I woke in the morning, the light of the new day was only just entering through the window opening. The woman was already up and pulling together fruit and bread for the morning meal. The toddler was sitting next to my chest, gently touching the tattoos on my breast with special attention to the tattoo of Preta who was curled up behind the child, providing necessary backrest for her stability. As she saw my eyes open and settle on her, she seemed to spring from her sitting position, half landing on my stomach, eliciting an 'umph'. The motion caused Preta to open only one eye; Wolf, however, was sitting at my feet, his tail beating out a rapid rhythm of pending play.

I carefully used my left arm to settle the child onto my body when she took hold of a breast and clamped her lips around the nipple. I looked to the mother.

"I still nurse her."

I smiled and held the girl to my body, stroking softly over her bare back. "She won't get anything from me ..."

The woman was now kneeling next to me, stroking the child's messy-haired head, "Yes, she will, See-leen-a ..." Her other hand touched my head, "Her mouth may not be nourished by milk, but her soul and heart will be nourished by your abundant love and caring. She will learn and understand what happened to her father and she will learn and understand that during that dark time, she was held to the breast of See-leen-a."

I lay my head back, one hand holding the child's head to my breast, the other stroking her little body lying on top of me. I listened to the insistent sucking sounds and feeling the lips working my nipple. What would this life be like? To start the day with your child sucking at a breast, the sounds of the village and jungle coming to life outside? Would the primitive existence somehow satisfy the primal needs I now felt inside me? Or, would this, too, leave me wanting?

The woman opened the thatch door and the two boys were timidly waiting outside. They led me through the village, people stopping to nod to me or touch me as we passed. The boys stopped in front of the healer who removed my bandages in the middle of the commons area. She shook her head while examining the wounds, "I don't understand. They are nearly healed. How do they feel?" She probed the edges of each wound.

As expected, the morning brought an increase in soreness, but it was stiffness as the muscles tightened during the night. The wounds themselves were tender, but as I moved, my body loosened and the soreness dissipated.

I was standing in the commons open area of the center village at the area that was once the compound for the lead women and was now an opened area for all to use. I was still leaning supportively on the boys and they seemed intrigued by their proximity to the discussion with me by the lead women of the tribe. At some point, the comment that seemed to occupy the thoughts of many was again expressed, "See-leen-a, you are our link to cooperation and interconnection with the natural world of the jungle, water, and sky. We did not understand you as a defender." I never knew how a response to that expression of puzzlement could be satisfactorily given. It seemed that there was nobody who didn't believe that I truly was Celina. There seemed to have been a transformational experience ... physically for me and relationally for them. On some level, there must still have been a recognition that I was still that woman who came to them from the outside world. But, that recognition of who I had been at one time to them was overshadowed and dominated by the image and belief of the person in their midst at present. I felt guilty to pretend, but, on the other hand, it was that very image and belief that I believed might save their delicate cultural existence. So, I buried my guilt under the belief that the greater good was being served. But, they were beginning to give me pause ... could I be the one deceived into thinking I wasn't that woman?

Those thoughts were abruptly interrupted, though, as a voice from behind authoritatively proclaimed, "She isn't See-leen-a." We all turned to look behind as all the people in the immediate area fell silent and watched in stunned disbelief. The stunned reaction lasted only moments before people and the lead women confronted the man and argued. I noticed, however, their defiance was reserved and respectful. He was an old man, his dark skin showing the creases and wrinkles of his

age, his arms and legs thin to the point of seeming to show little muscle at all. His hair was long and grey, hanging below his shoulders, and decorated with various feathers, bits of bone and fur. His face was a sight for me to behold with a 5 inch bone piercing his nose; a circular carved wood piece inserted in his lower lip, extending it out an additional 3 inches; the dark, creased skin of his face made darker still by faded tattoos pressed into his skin long ago. But, what I couldn't get over was the decoration further below, below his waist. What had to be an 8 inch hollowed out, curved gourd was prominently sticking out from the location where his penis would be and held in place by string around the loose skin of his body at the waist. I had never seen him before and doubted that he could be from the village and we hadn't come into contact during my previous stay. Or, he was just some strange form of jungle idiosyncrasy.

I asked the boys, "Who is that man?"

He struggled in describing the man, but he was obviously known. He spotted someone in the distance and waved frantically. A woman came directly to us. It was his mother. After greetings and indicating her pride in the boys in being able to assist me, she struggled herself in explaining the man.

"He has wandered the jungles for so long, even he doesn't remember what tribe he was originally from. He now is representative of many tribes in his appearance, communication, and customs. He is revered by most tribes, as a result. He is what is called, 'Quiem sabre los espiritos', it meaning 'He who know spirits'." The hybrid language references were translated as best they could into Spanish.

The old man held up his hands to silence the discussion, "I meant no disrespect to the Guarani. You certainly know See-leen-a when you find her. I only meant to clarify that she is not only See-leen-a. She is more." That stopped all discussion and argument. I thought I understood what he was referring to. If he could truly see inside a person, if he could discern spirits in the world, could he also see that I was an outsider, a person of the civilized, greedy, corrupt world? But, no, that wasn't it, at all. He walked with awkward steps to me and I wondered how he managed to wander in the jungle. He looked and moved like he was centuries old.

He walked up to me, put his hands on the sides of my face and closed his eyes. After a moment of awkwardness on my part, he opened his eyes and smiled. He indicated for the boys to move away and I stood on my own, his hands moving to my shoulders. His right hand and index finger touched each of my tattoos, stopping at the panther and looking down at Preta sitting at my side. He indicated to him and I nodded.

He looked into my eyes, forcing me to see into his, as well. They were grey, but his pupils seemed big and black, overwhelming the impression of his eyes. If his eyes didn't see into your soul, they made you feel like you were falling into them. His voice came soft and reassuring, but with conviction, "I know who you are." I again became nervous, but there was nothing in his manner that would justify it. I looked to the women clustered around his back, but they appeared to be as unsure of what was happening as I was. "More than 'who', I know 'what' you are."

He ignored the comments around us and held my gaze. "When you attacked in the dark last night, you saw in the dark like your wolf." It was a statement, not a question, but I nodded. "When you sought for clues, you heard feet scraping on the dirt." I thought of the woman taken by the rebel into the other hut. I nodded. People all around us were watching and listening to the interaction. He took hold of my hands in his. My tanned, smooth skin of my fingers in stark contrast in his weathered, craggy fingers. "Show me." That was all. Did he really know about them? By touching me, by holding my hands he could tell? How did he know the other things? Our eyes never left each other, enticing me to comply, to show him what he knew already. My eyes fell to my fingers in his open hands. I

released the claws from the ends of my fingers and a gasp went out over those who were close enough to witness it and word spread out deeper into the crowd as they were told what happened. He simply smiled and spoke to me, though others likely heard, "I knew it was you! I felt you yesterday and I hurried, hoping I wouldn't be too late. This is so exciting! I think never before have you both resided in the same woman." I was so confused. What both? Who was in me? They believed Celina was in me, but who did he think was in me?

He turned and talked excitedly to the lead women and a young man who I had just noticed for the first time. After listening, his eyes growing larger, taking in the excitement of the old man, he turned and ran off into the jungle. The women looked stunned. They looked at me with a look that exceeded the one I saw in them when they first thought I might be Celina. The old man turned to crowd with his arms raised far over his head and called out for all to hear, "Ressurreição". The crowd, everywhere, stood as stunned as the women had.

I reached out to one of the women standing closest, "What ... what is happening? What does this mean?"

"We have heard of Ressurreição, but none of us have been witness to it. It is a ritual going back to our ancestors that calls up a latent spirit to come forth. It is only performed when our most revered and honored spirits are discovered."

I looked around, seeing the excitement rising in the people and the old man inspecting three large woven sacks with weight in each. "What ... are you ... talking about? You know me. What is going to happen?"

She held my face in her hands. "Such a wonder, yes, we know you. But, you are ... oh, this explains everything!" I noticed she had stopped using my name. Or, she had stopped calling me Celina. "Trust what happens. I will stay with you and explain what happens. Just trust."

"I will try, is this more challenges?"

"No, no challenge. This will determine if he is right about you. Then, it will bring you out so your true self is revealed even to yourself. Trust us."

"What does Ressurreição mean? Why did he use that word with such wonder and excitement and why did the people react so?"

"Ressurreição ... Resurrection. If he is correct, it will be a resurrection of a spirit that hasn't walked the jungles for generations ..." she looked at me with the excitement of a child, "and never combined with See-leen-a!"

What did any of this mean? This sounded like primitive mumbo-jumbo ... talking of spirits inhabiting people ... spirits combined in one ...

I asked what I suddenly thought about, "Will this hurt? What happens?"

"Hurt? No, no ... it might feel ... mmmm, it might feel strange, but very, very good." She looked at me and saw my concern. "Don't worry, you will be okay. This is a test, but it will take a couple days if it all goes well." A couple days? Really?! What about the rebels in the village to the north? Well, I wasn't in shape to do anything about that and would need a couple days more days for rest and healing. According to the information from the one rebel we kept and questioned, there was that much time and likely more.

I, of course, relented. What more could possibly befall me now? Going to the jungle and becoming a mythological animal-mating-woman, being blown out of the sky, barely surviving the jungle, then finding out that my DNA has melded with animals because of that inter-species mating, changes in my body and psychology, first fighting with Navy Seals, and now taking on a rebel force in the jungle. What else could be thrown at me to possibly affect me more physically or psychologically? Then, again ... how far should I be pushing my luck? But, I relented.

Once, again, this seemed to have taken on something more than just Annie Linder of small town, New Mexico. Whatever this was, wherever this was taking me, I have moved from Annie to Celina to Cat to Celina. For better or worse, those movements were beginning to feel effortless. He saw something else in me. What could be more? How could I not want to find out?

When I saw the children, including my boys taken away from the old compound area, I knew something was going to happen that involved me and sex ... and, it was going to be very public.

I was assisted to the center of the largest hut where a mat was placed on the ground. The old man and the lead women with the healer formed a loose circle around the mat. Other people formed around that circle, first few rows sitting, then on knees and finally standing at the back. The people present seemed to my eye to be based on age and senior status in the tribe. It seemed like half the adults of the village were included. I had to admit to myself some nervousness, this coming from the woman who performed animal sex acts including belly-riding for the entertainment of resort guests.

I was told that for the test to function easily, my vagina needed to be open and wet inside. That comment alone seemed ominous of what was to follow. The old man looked at my companions and talked to the women who seemed to provide him with the information he needed. He suggested I mate with both Wolf and Preta. How wasn't important, it was the end result he was interested in. I and the women knew from experience that taking a knot and following that with another fuck would certainly leave my pussy open and very wet.

I gingery knelt on the mat, shaking my head as I did, still not quite believing I was moving ahead with something I had little knowledge about. But, if his focus was on the end result, my focus shifted the same way and I concentrated on the end result and what it would tell us ... if anything. In the meantime, though, I will get to fuck Wolf and Preta, and it had been days since that had been able to happen.

It is an unusual occurrence for us to begin the process of mating when the events leading up to it hasn't provided signals, motivation, and touches for both them and me to become aroused and ready. I saw no reason, even under these unusual circumstances, to change the manner in which the three of us go about mating. It also occurred to me, most of the people had not seen Preta and me mate, though I was sure most all had heard the story of our bonding.

So, for a rare time when foreplay was actually necessary rather than fun, I indicated for Wolf to lie and I moved alongside him, rotating my hips flat on the mat. I patted the inside of my thighs for Preta, as I turned my shoulders to Wolf and began playing with his sheath and stomach. Preta knew instantly what I wanted from him, his raspy tongue beginning with short touches to my pussy but becoming longer swipes quickly. The same was true for me with Wolf. My initial contact with him was touches of my fingers to the outside of his sheath and touches of my tongue to his cock as it began to show, but very soon I was sucking on the tip and the more I sucked, the more cock came out of hiding. My reaction to Preta's attention to me was no different. His touches and licks with his rasping tongue found my pussy lips and inside, his tongue hitting my clit would send me into a flinch as a jolt of electric stimulation shot through my body.

Not surprisingly, despite the cold start, there was no confusion or uncertainty among us when sexual play begins. We know it is leading to a good fuck and the foreplay is directly linked to that eventuality.

I moved to my hands and knees, pushing Preta's snout away from my pussy as he seemed reluctant to want to leave it now that it was freely flowing with my juices. Wolf came around to my rear and Preta easily yielded way in keeping with our established and understood routine. Wolf gave my pussy several licks but mounted me quickly, his body landing on me fully and familiarly. I loved the feel of both of their bodies on mine, covering my back with theirs as their cock made initial penetration, then driving deeper with each thrust of their hips at mine.

I was in the midst of a jam-packed hut of people thinking I was a bestial mythological character who they have emulated for generations. Now, these same people because of a spirit man from the jungle also believe me to be something else in combination. The old man certainly had me wondering about myself and about the idea of spirits inhabiting a soul that enhances a person's very being. But, for the time being, I was mating with my animals because that was what they seemed to need to have happen for the spirit tests to be performed ... whatever those tests were. They seemed reluctant to give me too much information too soon; perhaps because I might be reluctant if I knew?

The knot pressing at my opening brought me back to the matter at hand and with a sense of relief to stop thinking, I committed to applying my every effort and attention to my loving and caring boys until we were all well satisfied ... even if it meant showing all these people what a crazy animal bitch I was. I guessed it was the easiest way to think about the show I was to put on in order to reach the next step of whatever was to follow. I pressed my body back onto Wolf's cock as he pressed his body into my pussy, the both of us intent to press his growing knot into my stretching pussy.

I dropped my chest onto the mat and allowed my mouth to fall open, the gasps and moans freely released as they formed in my throat and seemed to be pumped out through my mouth by the pumping cock in my pussy. It felt wicked, but gloriously wicked. I was supposed to be the inspiration for these women sharing a life of bestiality in the name of cooperation, respect, and honor for the jungle life they depended on for survival and life. What better way to reflect that back to them than the unbridled, wanton enjoyment of mating my canine, but then mating with my big feline, something none of them had considered much less accomplished.

I cried out vocally and loudly as the knot passed through my pussy lips and into me. I reveled in being tied to my Wolf, again. As he tried to continue humping me, but was restricted by the reduced range of motion with the knot firmly inside me, I continued to work with him. I pressed back onto his cock and knot, then pulled away from him as he continued to move inside me. His cock was penetrated deep and I felt him swell and become more rigid as we fucked each other. But his knot bumped my g-spot as I pulled away from him and he from me, twisting and turning my pelvis, seeking that jolting contact of his knot against my sensitive inner spot.

As the blood of our passion flowed into our organs, his cock and knot, my pussy and clit, we were both driven higher and higher in need and desire for satisfaction and release. With my chest pressed against the mat and my ass in the air connected by his cock and knot, I moaned and gasped my desire for release and his climax into my pussy, ready to receive and take all the seed he had to offer.

When I felt his cock become harder, to jerk, and press ever deeper into me, I raised my body to my elbows and braced myself for his final assault. I felt his cock twitch inside me and I concentrated, fully and intently, for that feeling of his seed spurting into my pussy. And when I did, I came, I orgasmed, I exploded. Partially from the wonderful fuck, partially from the exposure and

exhibitionism before all these people and the old man, but also from the unknown expectation of what was to follow. I fell back to the mat on the floor, my ass still tied to Wolf by his knot as he turned to make us ass-to-ass. My head happened to turn in the direction of the lead women and the old man. A contented smile spread over my face.

The old man leaned to the village woman next to him. They were all sitting cross-legged on the dirt floor of the hut, quietly watching the mating before them.

"I must say, it is almost like lovemaking for her." The woman nodded. "Tell me ... will she really do the same with the puma?"

She smiled, "Only a few of us have actually seen her do it, but, yes, she will. Just watch ..."

After only brief moments of recovery, I push myself to my elbows, again. I patted the mat in front of me, "Preta."

He has been watching intently as Wolf and I mated. Hearing his name and the familiar indication for his turn, he came to me and lay his body on his side. You might think after all this time that he would get his positioning perfect, but there is always some adjustment necessary. Sometimes I am able to just pull his hind end closer and other times there is more movement required and I do so with a combination of pulling him and pulling Wolf by the strength of our tie. This time it was a minor adjustment for my mouth to be in position to tease his cock out of his sheath.

This is such a normal part of our activity that he moves directly into a relaxed position on his side, his hind end rotated to present his sheath to me. And, as such a normal part of our activity, my mouth and tongue began immediately playing over the tip of cock that quickly presented itself. As I slid my mouth over the increasing amount of cock, my mind went to the mouth fucking he gave me on the back lawn of Sylvia's estate. The barbed cock growing in my mouth began touching the front of my throat. Preta was jerking his hips at me in response to the stimulation; I was ready to change by the time Wolf pulled his knot of me.

The old man was watching intently. "I am right that the puma penis is barbed?"

The woman nodded, as she too watched with equal attention. "You will see. Notice how she eagerly takes his penis into her mouth to prepare him? She had a style that was unique, but many of the women here have adapted portions of it in their techniques."

"Interesting. Such as ..."

"The hand to assist penetration ... you noticed that. Also, her sucking the animal to prepare it. She doesn't like the animal pulling its penis out because it hasn't reached full erection. She helps it achieve full erection BEFORE penetration. We agree, it is more pleasant."

They watched as she released the cat's penis and it walked around her to her ass at which point it leapt onto her back. He was paying attention this time and did see her hand slip between her legs as the woman had said. Upon the initial penetration, he saw and heard her reaction as the barbed head slid into her pussy and began thrusting in and out of her. Her face took on an appearance of mixed

joy, ecstasy, and sensitivity to the pulling of the barbs on the inside of her pussy.

It wasn't that he didn't trust the belief of the women that she was their cherished See-leen-a, but he was positive without any question after watching the two mating. Her mating with the puma was more impressive in his mind, and significant of the spirit of See-leen-a, than taking the knot of the canine.

After they both came in their mating, she for her second time, he stood and indicated behind him to the young man waiting quietly in the back with two of the sacks he previously brought into the village with the old man. As he moved to the woman on the ground, several of the lead women stood and moved with him until they were surrounding her, her animals moving just to the side.

I opened my eyes after collapsing on the mat after cumming with Preta, his barbed cock scraping my insides as my lower body fell to the ground, pulling off his cock. There in front of my eyes were bare feet that were dark and wrinkled with age, the toe nails long and cracked at the ends. I raised my head slightly to look up at his face.

"Turn over to your back."

There was no gentle introduction to what was about to happen with explanations or seeking consent. He was moving deliberately and quickly into what he indicated would be tests to verify his supposition about me. He instructed me to then open my legs wide and two of the women knelt at my knees and leaned their hands onto me and held my legs in place. I looked up at the senior woman with a look of desperation to understand.

"This is going to be strange, but for it to be effective, you must remain as still as possible for the first couple stages of this."

I looked up at her, then my eye caught the old man moving, looking into the two sacks, giving one back to the young man and keeping the other in his hand. The old man approached me and moved down between my ankles. I raised my head to look at him and he seemed intent on what he was about to do, but the senior woman put a hand out to him.

"Explain it to her. This would be frightening to her. We have never seen it done, only heard about it, and I for one am nervous myself."

He looked at me and seemed to change his countenance to softer. "This is so exciting. I have performed this only three times before over the many years I have been searching. The other times were not successful, I am afraid. But, you ... you are very different. You provide a very strong signal. And, for this spirit to also reside with the spirit of See-leen-a ... beyond exciting. I have never heard of this happening before from all the stories passed down from generation to generation. I cannot wait."

The woman expressed her exasperation. "You haven't told her!"

He looked embarrassed, "Sorry ... yes ... sorry ... it is just so ..."

I smiled, "Yes, I know ... exciting."

The people around the center laughed. It lightened the situation but also lightened my nervousness ... slightly.

He started, again. He stuck his hand into the sack he held and pulled out a snake. I shrieked. I admit that snakes are not my favorite species on this earth. I didn't know what to expect, but I wasn't expecting that. The snake was only about a foot long and as a result not very large in diameter.

"Yes, a snake." He gave a name but it didn't sound at all recognizable to me. The woman said the name didn't translate well. It was a snake that sought out wet, warm, close locations to mate and breed, usually underground in muddy or mossy locations near water."

He held the snake by the tail and lowered it between my legs. With my legs spread on the mat, the women on each side and the man at my feet, the snake was enclosed. With raised head, I watched as it slithered one way, then the other seeking a route that was desirable. Its forked tongue flicked out touching the skin surface of my legs, moving back and forth as it moved further up my thighs. The hut was completely silent except for the agitated sounds coming from both Wolf and Preta as they stood near my head at the sides of the woman talking to me. They seemed to have the same generally feeling about snakes that I did.

I watched as the snake with dull, orange markings continued closer to my crotch, flicking its tongue, apparently taking in the scent of my mating with the animals. My breath caught in my throat as I watched its head come within inches of my open and leaking pussy, my legs now pulled even further apart until the tension on my ligaments guaranteed in my mind that the women had my pussy spread before the reptile. At the first touch of his flickering tongue, however, flicking over the outer lips of my pussy, then between them on the wet, tender flesh, my head had to drop to the mat as my mouth opened in response to gasping in shocked tension and moaning at the obscenely taboo thrill coursing through me from the slight touches.

My head seemed to throw itself back, arching my neck and shoulders, my eyes shut tight and my mouth open, sucking in air and not considering releasing it as the snake's head touched my pussy, flicking its tongue along the lips and between them, rising up and down along my pussy. It seemed to find my opening with its tongue flickering around the tender tissue of my hole. Then the sensation stopped as its head pulled back and rose along my pussy, its tongue again flicking out between my lips as it rose. Somehow, my gasps sucked in more air without release as the tongue moved minutely up my pussy and seemed to hover over my clit. My heart was pulsing like a war drum in anticipation of the next sensation and my entire body tensed. It was as if my heart might explode in anticipation but the contact of that tongue on my clit sent my body more rigid than before and that reaction seemed to intrigue the reptile, if possible, as it held its sensory investigation of that spot, which created such responses from me. The flicking touches to my clit caused my pussy to gap and close, twitching itself as if seeking to entice it inside. And, perhaps it was and it was working.

I managed to raise my head to see what the snake was doing when I stopped feeling its flicking tongue on my clit and pussy. What I saw made me gulp all over again. Its nose was at my opening and just then its tongue flicked out to the inside of my pussy. The next moment it moved its head into my hole. For a moment, it stayed quiet with only its head inside. I felt it again flick its tongue, touching the sides around the opening, pulled itself further inside. The snake was only a foot long, but the idea was still such a taboo thought and the feeling was so unnatural. The more it slithered inside, its scales holding as it pushed further in until I felt it thinner tail and my pussy closing slightly around it. Now that the entire snake was inside me, it turned and coiled and rolled, which had the absolutely delicious feeling of touching my cervix and g-spot at random times as it moved. It seemed to be exploring its new surroundings and feeling its way with its tongue, flicking out and touching surfaces. I felt it touch and deliberately spend time at my cervix and I shuddered at the thought of it trying to press into my womb. But, it didn't. It moved around and spent some attention on my g-spot when my body seemed to react to that attention. And my body did react. I stiffened at the stimulation coming from inside me, I bit down on my lower lip and my fingers absently went to

my erect nipples, pinching, pulling and twisting them. One of the women touched my clit, just a touch, but it was all I needed. I crashed into an orgasm that caused me to raise my hips off the mat, my hands grabbing at the mat for something to hold onto. I cried out, the cries surrounded by moans and groans, gasps and sighs. I was sure I drenched the snake inside me with more fluids. If she like the wet environment, she should be very happy.

After my hips dropped back to the mat and my breath and heart beat slowed just enough to think of speaking or considering my surrounding, I heard the old man, "The next sack, quickly!"

My eyes focused on the woman at my head and she was offering explanation, "Now the males."

My eyes blinked at the words as if my blinking would assist my brain in processing the words. "Males ... plural ... how ... many?" The words came out around my panting breath. Males? Did I know this? Was I told this, what was happening now with males?

She seemed to sense my confusion and need to understand more. "How many ... we will see in a moment. The males will enter you and surround the female. They will breed her in a mating ball. The males compete for the chance to breed the female, then the males unwind and leave her."

I looked up in shock. "They are going to breed her inside me?!" Just then, I felt movement between my legs. I raised my head and upper body to my elbows for a better look and wished I hadn't. I dropped back to the mat after seeing the old man empty the sack between my legs and dropped out between 10 and 12 more snakes. I didn't believe that many were also going to fit inside me but the thought of breeding inside was still bouncing around in my brain.

I felt the first male slither inside me, joining the female and feeling an unbelievable sensation as they apparently curled around each other immediately. The second followed and then more as they seemed to be racing to join the first. I couldn't ignore it any longer and raised myself to see what was happening. I noticed, too, that most of the people in the hut had also stood and crowded around us to get a glimpse of this supposedly ancient ritual that none of them had witnessed.

However it appeared to those watching, it couldn't possibly compare to how it felt to me. The male snakes seeking their female were combined in a sensation of a super-long cock that was never-ending and as it moved inside, it curled and twisted and rolled and wrapped itself around, forming a bigger and bigger object inside. Two snakes would be entering next to each other and a third would push its head over or under them, then a fourth would try and try until it too was moving in with the others. As one entered completely with only the tail sticking out, another would take position, following the tail into me and the female inside. The female had to be entwined with males and it was impossible for me to believe that the latter ones had a chance of being the one to impregnate her, but the logic, if they were capable of it, didn't hinder their desire and impulse to be part of the breeding ball.

The constant rolling and twisting of bodies inside me was a stimulation that was intense and non-stop. My walls and entire pussy was being touched and rubbed and probed by heads, bodies, tails, and tongues. My cervix was touched or bumped non-stop, as was my g-spot. I came as the males were still entering my jam-packed pussy. The idea of all this happening before all these people could no longer be a consideration for me. My body was on fire, overstimulated, but continuing to respond to the stimulation. When my body seemed to ease off one orgasm, something would happen inside that sent me off into another crest. I seriously wondered how I might survive so much stimulation and so many orgasms on top of each other.

During a lull, of sorts, my eyes focused on the woman above me. She gave me an encouraging smile

and I returned a weak one to her. She looked down my body and shook her head. I felt the insides of my thighs being touched and I haltingly asked what that was.

"The last two males that didn't make it inside. See-leen-a ... you took 9 males inside you." She took my hand and placed it over my stomach. I lifted my hand and raised my head to look. I could feel with my hand the rolling of snake bodies in their breeding ball inside my pussy. My eyes could see my stomach moving, bumps rising and falling, larger section rising and moving, all depending on what was pressing strongly upward against my abdominals.

"The female is being bred by 9 males inside me ..." I stated it in wonder, not to anyone but myself. "What ... happens next?"

She smiled, "It won't be long now for this part. Once the female is impregnated, the males will exit, leaving the female to gestate and birth."

My mind was working at half speed. I was still working on how would they know if the female was impregnated. I asked and she said they just know. One of the strange things in nature, I suppose. But, then my mind caught up with other part.

"What ... mmmmm ... wait ... gestation and birth? Inside me? What ... how ..."

She smiled as she continued to watch my stomach move before her eyes. "Yes, birth, but do not worry. Gestation for these snakes is less than a day. She will live birth the young, they will eat for strength, then they will leave, the mother first to open the way."

The movements had slowed to a stop inside. Then I felt the ball rolling and my insides being touched and rubbed everywhere. Then, I felt the first snake poking out from my pussy. Then it was as if a long balled up length of rope was being pulled out of my pussy as snake after snake squirmed out of me. I must have had so much stimulation and climaxes that this new feeling, although still stimulating, lacked the level to bring me to another orgasm.

I looked up at her as her eyes were fixed on the procession of snakes coming out of me. Her head was shaking as she watched. I asked, "Eat? What are they going to eat?" I was really not interested in them nibbling away at me.

She laughed. "Sorry ... I forgot! The male that inseminated her remains behind. How they know is a mystery, but he does." She looked down at me. "He sacrifices himself for the female and young." That sounded gross. Having now done my share of killing, the dead didn't hold a terrifying image for me ... but inside me?

"How ... I mean the dead snake ..."

"Yes, then, if that all goes well, another snake will be put in front of you. This snake finds the places where the snake gives birth. It ... I guess it cleans up after the event. It feeds off the dead male and any young that died in the process. Normally, it eats slugs, worms, and such."

I was too far into this to object now and it was probably the reasoning for not giving too much information too soon.

The old man patted my leg and I turned my attention to him. He looked at me with a new look of reverence. "The female accepting you for her mating chamber was the first confirming sign. The males accepting the situation and following her was the second. If I may, I need to verify there is still a male inside." He seemed embarrassed that he would touch me to open my pussy and look inside. I

nodded to him. Someone brought a torch. The women encouraged me to brace my feet and raise my hips off the mat. He used two fingers of each hand, checking my face and seeming to blush, inserting the fingers and pulling my hole open. He smiled broadly. He spoke not just to me, but to everyone in the hut, "A male has stayed with her!" I heard it repeated outside the hut, which brought muffled cheers and excitement. I still didn't know what they thought this was verifying.

The old man smiled at me, "The third sign ... she is inseminated." I didn't know how he was sure, but he was.

He reached his hand to me and I took it. If he was planning on assisting me up, I feared I would pull him over with little effort. Apparently, the women had the same thought and each helped me to sit and then stand. I stood tentatively on shaky legs. Amazing what continuous orgasms will do to you.

I stood among the people not sure what I should be doing now, but I couldn't stop thinking that as I stood there, I had two snakes still inside me. I decided I probably needed to keep my thighs close together. But, despite my concerns, the women helped me outside. I was still feeling tenderness in my leg as I put weight on it, but it was much better than it had been. As I was brought out of the hut, I was met by the rest of the villagers. I was again led through the crowd, this time receiving touches not just to my breast tattoos, but on my stomach. Everyone there knew exactly what I was carrying. As I went through the crowd, I wondered about myself. This was certainly an unusual test to determine what that other spirit was inside me ... if the old man was to be believed. But, I opened myself up to accepting the role of Celina for these people before. Why not whatever this other role was. How bad could it be?

It was a slow day for me. I had to giggle frequently. Not only was I recovering from my wounds and needing to not aggravate them, but ... I could frequently feel the snake inside me moving around. I tried not to think about it gaining strength by eating its mate. I tried ... but when it moved, it was difficult not to wonder.

The next morning, I was led back to the same hut. The old man greeted me with a warm embrace that surprised me and seemed to interest the woman, too. I managed to speak to the same woman, again, as the man arranged the sacks. It seemed that the old man was known to be very, to an extreme, reclusive and coming out only when a spirit moved him to investigate. This spirit was special and there was an air of anticipation. But, she still wouldn't identify the spirit. She insisted that its identification could only be made known at the end.

Then, I remembered something I had thought about during the night. "The man I captured. Do you still have him secured?" She nodded. "This will be completed today, right?"

She nodded. "You intend to leave to pursue the others that man talked about?" I nodded. "Yes, today, it will be done one way or another."

"Good. This is what I want to have done with him ..." I described how he should be released. He wasn't to know that it was intentional. When he was untied for eating, he should be retied by someone new and that person should deliberately not tie the knots securely. He must think he was escaping.

"But, if he escapes, he will warn the others."

I smiled. "If he makes it that far. He is injured, too. He hasn't healed as quickly as I have." She smiled at that. "My animals and I will find his trail and follow him. Besides, what is he going to tell them? A crazy, naked woman defeated them and released all the prisoners?" She laughed.

"If he only knew who it was that fought them ..." I watched her as she moved to the old man. What did that mean. They knew me as a spirit woman who celebrates the jungle by bestial mating. That might be interesting, but not threatening. They didn't know about my cross-species thing, even though I had used my claws in battle. So, what did she mean by that?

Everyone was milling around the hut like the beginning of a party and waiting for the guest of honor to arrive. The old man came to me, held me by the shoulders, "Are you ready? The final steps are about to start." I nodded.

He put his hand on my stomach and concentrated. Slowly, a smile grew on his face and several people who could see released sighs of anticipation. "Yes, yes ... it is time."

I was led to the same location and positioned on my back, again. The women took their positions and the sacks were placed between my legs. My legs were opened wide. The woman behind me positioned herself so I could rest my shoulder on her thighs as she knelt behind my head. She apparently wanted me to watch this part and I was indeed curious. I had the sense this was close to the end, but I reminded myself they had been less than forthcoming in providing the entire sequence of this testing. It caused me to be prepared for still more to follow. Or, perhaps it was only their way of not going into details that would prove unimportant if some step showed to be not positive.

These people have been a constant source of amazement for me. I knew I was prone to animalistic pleasures and they released my inner identity to that very thing. It was because of my time with them that I was led to encounter Preta and the reason why I didn't leave the villages with Sylvia. That, of course, made possible my ill-fated plane trip that led me to everything that happened since. The combination of attachment to these people and the animalistic changes within me made it a driving need that I couldn't resist to come back here to help them. In a way, was this the answer to that question that I and others have posed of me to discover? Was whatever this was about the answer to what I am meant to be and do with my new being?

My face contorted and my brows furrowed, my eyes moving to my stomach. I heard the old man, "Do you feel them? Did it work, did she birth?"

I looked up at him in wonder. He asked me that so calmly, so naturally, as if it was a perfectly normal thing to ask a woman if a snake had given birth inside her pussy. I wasn't the only one to hear the question, though, and all the people who had managed to be inside the hut turned their attention to me and how I would answer.

I nodded and watched my stomach intently, as if there would be some sign of it there, too. "Yes ... she did ... it feels like a hundred little touches and tickles inside me." Then, it hit me what I was feeling. I didn't know if there really was a hundred, but all the little bodies inside, moving, turning, twisting, curling around each other, and all the little tongues flicking at everything they came near, discovering, identifying, and finding. After all, the sacrificed male was there to be fed upon; the mother was there to lead them away when it was time.

The old man calmly knelt between my spread legs, watching intently at my slightly open pussy, nodding his head, as if he were a school teacher coolly considering the progress of a class experiment. After all that I had been subjected to with dozens of people intently watching, this fixed attention to my pussy still seemed embarrassing ...

I felt movement at the front of my pussy and I announced it. The old man leaned in to watch, taking the proffered sack from the young man standing at his shoulder. Then, his face beamed and I saw other people break out in smiles, looking to me with pleasure and delight. I felt something just at the

lips of my pussy, but it was moments before the mother moved further out so I could also see her. It seemed particularly peculiar to see the snake partly outside, knowing that much of her was still inside, that this was the snake that had just live-birthed inside me, and her young would be following her shortly.

As most of her was visible, and I could feel my lips gradually close around her diminishing diameter of her tail, I felt a sudden movement inside me and at the front of my vagina, and I knew the young were following her out, to join the world, and in the process, be greeted very strangely.

It took a few moments for the last of the very small snakes to find their way out of me. They were merely inches long and exited my pussy with a tickle along the edges of my opening. The entire sequence was erotic but not wildly stimulating from a potential orgasmic consideration.

Once the snakes were out and no more followed, there was a moment of pause as they were all retrieved and placed into a sack. There was still another sack and it was moving; something was inside it. And that reminded me that I still had something inside me. The dead, partially eaten male snake. I was about to enquire about that when the old man reached into the other sack. What came out with his hand was a much larger snake.

This snake resembled a milk snake, was about 3 feet long with smooth, shiny scales having a typical color pattern alternating in bands of red, black, and white. Living in the American Southwest, you learn about snakes, even if you don't like them. I remembered a saying about colored snakes: red touches black, you are okay. Milk snakes grow to 5 feet, so this was not yet a full-grown snake.

The woman behind me patted my shoulders after seeing me tense at the sight of another snake being placed between my legs. "This one will clean you out." She chuckled and lowered her mouth to my ear, "You don't want a messy pussy for your animals ..." I looked up at her and smiled. It was a weak, tentative smile, but I recognized her effort to put me at ease. "He will enter you like the others and eat the dead male and any dead young who didn't survive birth or too weak to survive among the mass of little ones." She patted my shoulder reassuringly like that explanation made perfect sense.

I watched as the snake slithered toward my pussy, its tongue flicking out, picking up the scent he was after. They told me this snake sought out the lairs of snake mating for this purpose, cleaning up the leftovers. If the previous experience was a sensory overload, I only wondered what this might be like being so much larger. I couldn't help myself and watched with fixed amazement as the snake wandered between my legs, touching one thigh, then the other, the tongue constantly flicking out. It meandered ever closer to my pussy and there was no question in my mind that he was going to go inside. Before this experience, I might not have questioned if a snake would deliberately try to enter a woman ... but, not any more. I knew, believed, was certain, he was purposely moving to enter me, knowing that what he pursued was waiting for him there. With legs held apart and my pussy wet and tingling, I waited.

As the snake moved ever closer, its head wasn't on the ground, but held up. It flicked its tongue at my open pussy, hitting my lips and between. I sighed and moaned at the touch, a tickle touch that signified its interest in me, a taboo desire again surging through me to feel the sensation of a cock, a live cock, moving into me and moving around inside me. I watched, fascinated, as fascinated as the others watching this scene, as the reptile raised its head higher and flicked the tongue at my pussy, higher until it was flicking on my clit like a soft, tickling kiss ... the snake and my clit. For a moment, that was all there was for me to feel and recognize, the tongue darting out and contacting my clit. My gasps became more vocal, my moans filling the air inside the hut.

The scene changed instantly when the snake pulled its head back, raising it higher, now above my clit, and seemed to peer directly at me. It remained that way for moments, long enough for me to glance at the old man. He looked from the snake to me and he shrugged, but smiled broader, broad enough that it made me think something occurred to him about this exchange. The snake moved, slithering back and forth, but its head remained steady as it approached further, its head contacting my mound, then onto my abdomen. I watched, partly in admiration for the grace and ease of its movement, partly in stunned curiosity of its intent, and partly in some deep embedded dread of it being in such intimate contact on my body. My eyes didn't stray from its, though. I wasn't even watching its body, only its head, its eyes, which were small beads of black. It continued up my body, over my stomach, to my breasts and between them. I had to bend my neck more now to look at it as it continued up my chest. It stopped with its head raised high and only mere inches from my face, its face at my eyes, and it again peered at me ... I peered at it. It slipped back a bit, then its tongue darted out, flicking against my lips, repeatedly. It was so consistent, I made an impulsive decision that I would wonder about later in reflection.

As it flicked its tongue against my lips, I parted them and put my own tongue out to my lips and the snake shifted its probing tongue to contact my tongue. The sensation was immediate for me, a surge shot through my body that I felt through my nipples, clit and into my pussy. Psychological? Who knew ... I didn't care. Encouraged beyond reason now, I slowly brought my tongue back into my mouth, while holding my mouth open wide. My eyes caught the look of some people in front of me and their faces mimicked mine, their mouths held open wide in anticipation of something they never expected ... something I never expected to experience.

I moved my tongue back slowly, allowing, encouraging, our continued contact of tongues as I did so. It was receptive to the tease. It moved its head closer and closer to match the retreat of my tongue until I felt its head on my lower lip. I held my tongue as far back in my mouth as I could and the snake continued, pursuing the touch. With the head completely in my mouth, I gently, slowly brought my lips together, barely touching it completely around, its head inside my mouth. Its head turned, flicking at my cheeks, the roof of my mouth. My nostrils were flaring wildly to breathe without open my mouth, but my heart raced at the sensation, the feeling, the emotion of the experience.

I opened my mouth, but it stayed in place for a moment or two, then retreated from my mouth, again rising up to look into my eyes. This was totally weird, but I would swear the snake was trying to make some connection with me.

It retreated down my chest but stopped at my breasts, flicking that tongue at my nipple, then the other one. The touch was incredible, my eyes closed and moans filled my throat.

It was as if it didn't want to wait any longer. It turned on my stomach and slithered down my body and, as the head dropped down between my thighs, the body, all 3 feet, slid directly over my clit. My body shivered as my clit was rubbed the entire time it moved back between my legs, turning and pointing its head to my pussy. I was breathing hard and shaking with excitement. I knew it wasn't going to take much more for me to explode in front of all these people ... yet, again.

It approached my pussy, its tongue darting out between my lips, but this time it didn't spend any more time searching, discovering; this time its head followed close behind the tongue, pressing between my lips, entering my hole, and continuing inside. That was when it happened. Seeing the head disappear inside, feeling the head spread my lips and the body enter long and steady ... I exploded in orgasm. Whether he wanted it or not, whatever food he sought inside me was drenched in my juices.

That was only the beginning, though. Once inside, its tongue and mouth sought out the remains that

were left inside me. I could feel its mouth picking at pieces and occasionally tugging at the tender skin of my pussy walls. It forced more and more of its body into me, turning, coiling as it did, scraping the walls and bottom of my pussy, flicking its tongue in pursuit of every piece remaining. It coiled its body inside me, pulling it inside until I saw my stomach bulging, roiling as it moved and rolled inside me. Its body bumped my g-spot repeatedly, but it was when it started flicking the tongue directly on my g-spot, repeatedly, that my pussy spasmed around him like it was giant, coiled cock inside me, like it was the most flexible dolphin cock.

When I came this time, I felt and could see my abdomen spasming around the reptile inside, clenching and re-clenching. I couldn't see it, but I was sure my pussy hole was doing the same, opening and closing, as my orgasm washed over me. I was unprepared for the assistance of the women, though. As if I needed any further stimulation, the woman behind me grabbed both of my breasts in her hands and squeezed, one woman put her thumb over my clit and pressed down and rotated it quickly, while other women stroked my thighs and body. The orgasm I had been experiencing exploded further like a firework shooting off inside me. I went from shaking orgasm to another level, my body shaking, shivering, and twitching before ... before ... that blackness at the edges of my vision reappeared. At least this time, I wasn't wounded ... at least this time ...

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: AMAZONA LIVES**

When my vision and senses cleared, I was still in the hut. More interesting, my head and shoulders were still resting on the thighs of the woman behind me. This woman ... if this contact persisted, I was going to have to learn to pronounce their names. I have been reluctant to try their names for fear of butchering the pronunciation and offending them. I think, whatever was being determined here, I was gaining more points than my clumsiness could damage.

I looked up at her with a weak smile and it was then that I realized the sensation of hands on my body. The other women were still stroking my thighs, pussy, stomach, and breasts. It was very comforting and soothing, not at all strongly for the purpose of arousal. I felt slight shudders and quakes through my body still remaining from my orgasmic explosion, and their hands were serving to affect an excellent soothing response.

I asked how long I had been out and she smiled sweetly, one hand moving from my breast and nipple to my cheek. "Not long ... only moments, really."

"The old man ... what did he say?"

"He is still here, getting ready for the final part." I gave her a look that expressed about as much as my shoulders and body sagging limply did. She chuckled, "You have been through a lot for us. We thank you for all you have done to save us and then to go through this, but ... this is big, this is important." I nodded my acceptance. I may not have felt so willing, but these people had a hold of my heart that I couldn't begin to explain in any way that might sound reasonable. "The last part is almost ready. It is a sweat lodge. There, you will find yourself; your new spirit will become known to you. There is no other way; you and it must find each other completely, united, become one."

That made no sense to me. Perhaps if I was Native American, it might. I had read about the use of sweat lodges to find your animal spirit. Maybe this was similar to that. Whatever the spirit was that I was supposed to possess, we would be finding each other soon.

I asked her about the ritual just completed. "Maybe I am dense or too overwhelmed by all this, but can you explain the part of the ritual I just completed?"

She smiled at me, knelt beside me, then put her hand on the side of my face. "You are an example of how powerful our spirits are, Annie." I was shocked and my face apparently showed it. She smiled comfortingly down at me. She looked around her, assuring of our privacy and continued. "Yes, we remember the woman you were when you came to us." She patted my cheek and kissed my forehead. "It must seem strange how we put so much faith and belief in our traditions, the animals, the jungle, and all the spirits that inhabit everything and are intertwined in our existence. To most people here, they have forgotten who you once were and only remember the spirit you have taken on. That is the way for us. It keeps our life simple and manageable in the face of the forces outside our part of the jungle. You coming back to save us has restored or strengthened our belief in our way of life. Simply, our spirits will take care of us. It is why, what is happening now, this ritual, is so important to all of us." She paused in reflection. "You must discover the rest of what this new spirit is to you. For it to take hold, you and the spirit must come together and accept each other. But, about yesterday ... the ritual with the snakes represents what is occurring within you. The female snake had to accept you as a vessel, first. When she gave birth within you, it was the spirit being born, resurrected as the old man would say. The other snake represents taking away portion of your being that no longer have purpose for your new being. That isn't physically parts of you, but ..." she was struggling with a description, "... but things that might limit you, like past guilts or failures or painful memories and experiences that would limit your new self." She smiled down at me. "It is difficult to explain."

I smiled back up to her, trying to absorb all that she was presenting to me. The Annie part of me should have been discounting all this as primitive, jungle mumble-jumble. But, it wasn't. All the Annie part of me was doing with it was speculating what it all might mean for me. That my civilized, educated mind was not rejecting it, but instead processing it, was as bewildering as what all this might lead me to. I had accepted the Celina part of me and it had been the driver for me to risk everything to help the people. I had accepted the beast inside me and it had provided me with gifts and talents. So, why wouldn't I also accept this new thing. I just needed to find out what it was.

The old man re-entered the hut. Upon seeing me awake and communicating, he clapped his hands in pleasure and announced, "It is time." His excitement was overflowing and contagious. Even I felt a stir of wonder for the final determination. The women helped me stand and after only a couple of steps, I stopped to jump up and down on my injured leg and verified what I felt ... no pain. I moved my injured shoulder in circles, and apart from some stiffness, found no pain there, either. I happily led the way outside. There I was again met by a crowd, this time including many young and older children.

I spotted the two boys who assisted me and I moved to them, taking them in my arms, thanking them. The people immediately around them giving them claps on the shoulders and back. Their faces beamed at the individual attention from me. As I looked into the faces of the people and gave recognition to their attention and greetings, I found myself feeling a surge of pride and desire to be more of a part of these caring, authentic, and selfless people. To them, everything that happened and was achieved was for the tribe, for each other. The self was rewarded in little ways like my recognition of the boys, the people letting them know they recognized and agreed with my acknowledgement. Civilization, for all its gifts and comforts, creates a drive to have more, a drive to be better than someone else, a drive to be recognized so you are more important, a drive to ultimately care more for things and luxury. These people are so completely different: their life is hard and dangerous; they often work long and struggle to have enough; they live simply and uncomplicated, but they experience so much in real life. Can a life be more gratifying than what these people live?

I felt a touch to my elbow and was directed to a converted hut with window openings covered. I entered the hut, again with people crowding around the doorway, providing me with an opening to

the hut. Inside was the old man, a fire burning hot, apparently having been stoked for much of the day with rocks at the bottom, nearly white with heat. The other woman came in after me and closed the door. There were three mats spread on the dirt floor, equally spaced around the fire pit. He indicated the mat for me as being the one furthest from the doorway. Once settled, the room was dark except for the coals of the fire spreading a red glow over the room and ourselves. He lit a tightly wound bundle of dried foliage some different kinds. He brought it up to his face and used his hand to move the smoke toward his face. He handed it to me. I nodded, did what he did and tried to hand it to the other woman, but she refused.

He said, "This is for you. We will stay with you, but the dreams are for you. The dreams will show you many things, things that might have already happened, things that might still need to happen, and things that will only have meaning in that they represent parts of you. The steam and the smoke will take you to the dreams. You experience and live the dreams. They will tell you what you need to know."

I leaned toward him, "You mean about the spirit?"

"About everything. Everything you need to know will be shown to you."

Everything I need to know? It will be shown to me? Was this what the sweat lodges were like? Was the animal spirit made known to them through visions?

The steam started rising from the rocks as the man poured water over it. It hit me fast, my pores opening quickly and soon I was covered in sweat, the drops running off my back, dripping down my front. I watched as if in slow motion as drips formed on my nipples, hung for a tantalizing moment, then dropped to my legs below. The smoke was having its effect, apparently. It was mellow and peaceful, like the marijuana I tried smoking years back. I was swaying, but I don't know that I was aware of it. It was like an out of body sense that I was swaying to some unheard rhythm that existed only in my ears.

Then, they started ... images in front of me, but I knew my eyes were closed. I tried opening them, but I couldn't. But, it didn't seem to matter and I gave up the effort, satisfied with the vision I had from behind my eyelids. I saw my husband, a happier time that quickly gave way to the bad times. I saw my hand reaching out to him as he left that room, leaving me alone with those men. I knew what was going to happen and I reached out, in the dream and in real. I didn't reach him, I couldn't reach him, despite leaning forward as far as I could.

I felt my self being laid onto my back. It was eerie. I was physically being laid down, but I also saw it in the dream. I saw dirt falling on me. The desert! I was being buried ... The dream continued like that, retelling my experiences in bits and pieces, snapshot moments telling the story. Jake and Bobbi, the resort, coming to the villages, meeting Thor, Wolf and Preta, the airplane and Sam. This time I felt and watched my body changing from the inside, seeing the tendons, muscles, fingers, feet, ears, and eyes changing. I relived in some detail the dolphins, the Seal attack on the drug lord. And, my attack on the rebels here in the villages.

Then it got weird. I recognized the test with the snakes, but it wasn't the same test. I was on the mat like before, but the snake was massive, long and large around. An Anaconda? It had to be to be so massive. The female and male snakes didn't go into me for conception and birthing ... the snake inseminated me! It wrapped itself around me, not too tightly, but controlling me. His body entwined between my legs, spreading them far apart, his body moving through my legs, rubbing me with its body. Then, what is that? My vision sees it ... outside myself ... as I feel it, I see it from a different perspective. I watch as I feel ... I see his penis and I am stunned. He had a double penis, though only

one entered me at a time.

I then saw myself giving birth, but it wasn't just snakes coming out of my open vagina. Snakes, pumas, leopards, animals of many kinds, including finally a human baby, then another. They were all the size they should be after birth. The dream gave no explanation ... I just saw them coming out of me, my body working to give birth each separate time. I was looking right at my vagina, stretched wide each time a birth occurred, my raised head visible in the background, my belly distended, my face a mask of contortion as I bear down to push each birth out. Then, after giving birth, the animals suddenly full-grown all turned around and lined up to fuck me, one after another.

I saw visions of places I didn't recognize: a village fighting men with weapons, chasing them through jungle to a field where there was an army; a large clear-cut section of the jungle; high mountains with another village of armed men; jungle chases and battles. But, all of them were with animals fighting with me. Some gave images of other woman alongside me, all with bows and panthers or jaguars at their sides. The visions of conflict gave way to peaceful, tranquil times around fires, laughing and sharing with other women and their large cats.

All these visions faded. They had come in bits and pieces of images, snapshots of events and locations. When they stopped, it was disquieting, even in the dream state I was in. Slowly, a light seemed to appear in the center of my mind's eye and it gradually spread out to the edges. It was unfocussed, as if looking at something through a fog or a frosted window. There was an impression forming, but it was not defined. It grew slowly, forming more and more of something that might just become something. At first, it looked similar to a large 'X', but that wasn't quite it, either. The top arms of the 'X' had lines perpendicular to them. It slowly grew into a shape that looked more and more recognizable, until I was beginning to realize I was watching a human figure taking form. The vision was reminiscent of something progressively getting closer and closer. It started out small and grew larger, and as it grew larger, it grew more distinct.

I watched the vision clear to a human figure, shaded dark as if the light was behind it. The person was standing open legged, the arms stretched upward and to the sides, which gave the original impression of the 'X'. As it came closer and the edges became more refined, the figure was holding a bow in the left hand, a recurve bow like mine. The top end of the bow had a feather tied to it. The right hand held a heavy staff that by scale would be about 5 feet long. One end was worked to a sharp point, the other end was blunt but ornamented with some feathers and strips of hide or fur.

I watched intently for the details. I had the sense that everything I had been shown to this point was the prelude, this was what I needed to know, this was going to tell me what I needed to know about myself, at least if the old man was right.

As the vision cleared and focused, it became evident to me that the image was of a woman, and soon it was obvious, and a naked woman. The woman was strong and confident, it showed the body, the strength in legs, arms, and body. I watched as the image moved up the body, to the left arm and the bow. It looked like my bow, the feather was large but not quite like an eagle's feather. Then the staff was shown. It was wood, a dark wood that was worked smooth, the tip sharp, and the end tied with the same feathers and strips of fur tied into grooves near the top. As the image pulled back to show the upper part of the person, it seemed that it was of the back of the head, but I knew it wasn't, it was just that the long, dark hair was covering the face and upper part of the body. The woman bent forward, then threw her head back, flipping her hair behind, revealing her face and upper body, still hidden by shadow gradually lightening so her features slowly became recognized. Tied in her hair was another large feather, but it was different in color and shape. The light seemed to move from behind her to the side and around to fully illuminate her features. The vision focused from her feet, to her strong legs, to her flat, hard stomach, and breasts. Tattoos ... on the left breast ... my tattoos.

The vision moved up and I was looking at me, my face breaking into a snarling declaration of something unheard. She ... I ... was screaming something while holding her staff and bow in the air. As I thought this was the end of the vision, I jumped as the vision pulled away quickly, pulled far away to reveal two black animals, my Wolf and Preta, running head-long toward her, the vision following behind them, closer and closer to her as they got closer and closer. She ... I ... stopped screaming and stood strong, the left foot moving ahead of the other as if getting ready to use the bow. Her head stayed up and forward, directly at the two animals charging her until ... the animals were nearly on her and they leapt into the air, charging at full speed, their bodies driving unstoppable in the air.

The vision shifted to her right side, as if there were a second camera prepared to take over the impending collision. Her left leg as forward, her right leg braced, her arms still up and holding the weapons, now shifted slightly forward. The animals, simultaneously, slammed into her ... but they didn't! They, Wolf and Preta, fused into her, me. I turned to me in the vision. She took a step toward me, then another, and I could see she was talking, saying something to me. She snarled at me and I saw long, developed canine teeth in her mouth. Her mouth was the only thing I could see and she was still saying something, but I realized she was repeating the same word. I tried to read her lips, I focused, I stared ... Am-a-zo-na ...? What is amazona? Is this what I was supposed to see? Is this what I was supposed to learn?

I shouted out; maybe I screamed, because I was suddenly scooped up and taken outside of the sweat lodge. The air suddenly felt cooler, despite it still being the same hot, humid air of the jungle. I was forced to drink water and more was poured over my prone body. When I opened my eyes, my vision was fussy, unfocused, but I found Wolf and Preta, anxiously shifting next to me. I hugged them to me, then greedily drank the water presented.

As my temperature returned to normal, my senses did, as well. I was assisted to a sitting position, then to standing as they assessed my condition. The crowd was still assembled and filled the open areas between the huts. The old man was nearby, anxiously waiting for the indication from the women that I was okay. I saw him approaching and I sighed heavily.

"I thought the sweat lodge was the last part ..."

The woman hugged me and several nearby joined her in chuckling as my arms, shoulders and back were stroked. "That was, he just wants to hear about your visions."

The women released me and I straightened my back as he stepped in front of me. Both animals were sitting at my sides so close they were touching my legs. He said that each vision was unique to the person and the spirit or spirits that were within the person. Most who thought or who were thought to have spirits proved not to be so during the testing. He asked if I had visions; I nodded. He then asked to hear about them in detail. We sat in a close circle and I was provided more water and food. I didn't know how long I had been in the lodge, but the light appeared to be getting weaker, the shadows longer.

I decided to be as truthful about the visions as I could. The early description about being buried and brought back to life drew immediate exclamations from the people; the description of being in an airplane and falling from the sky to die and come back to life, as the vision depicted it, generated confusion of what an airplane was, but even more exclamation later. The whole time, the old man was quiet, listening with full attention to my face and eyes.

The visions about the future produced noticeable interest from him as he leaned forward. Then, again, it might only have been his anticipation for the end visions, which could be the most telling as

my assessment now was telling me. I was becoming as anxious to have these visions interpreted as he appeared to hear them, his facial expressions shifting constantly as the final visions were shared.

I found it interesting how my witnesses split their apparent focus on my visions. My description of birthing animals who then turned to mate with me drew mild surprise from the old man, but the woman shared knowing glances and smiles. The old man, however, was far more attentive to the final descriptions. The old man's helper brought out three items and I pointed to them immediately.

"Those are exactly what I saw in the vision." The staff and bow, my bow, were handed to the old man. The ornaments were attached exactly as I had seen them.

"The other feather, the one in your hair, it was the same as these." He wasn't asking a question. My first thought was that I must have misinterpreted the vision, but it was clearly different in my mind. I shook my head.

"No, it wasn't. It was similar in size but it was straight, not curved, and it was a lighter color." He held up the other item given to him by the young man. It was the feather I saw in my hair. "Yes! That is it." A murmur went through the people as it became clear that the old man had tried to trick me.

He smiled and patted my knee. "You know what the feathers mean, the difference?"

I knew. Maybe not as completely as he might explain, but I knew. I held the staff and bow in my lap. He handed the other feather to one of the women who fastened it into my long hair on the left back side of my head. The feathers looked similar, but I knew they weren't. The one in my hair was eagle. The ones on the staff and my bow were owl. Eagle and owl ... I remembered from my years of growing up in the American Southwest that tourist traps often passed modified, large owl feathers as eagle feathers as tourist Indian gifts. The eagle feathers were flat and smooth stemmed. The owl feathers had a natural curve that would be taken out by ironing or heating, then colored to appear like eagle, but owl feathers had a notch in the spline that the eagle feathers didn't. I also remembered that to the Native Americans, the eagle feathers signified good and the owl bad, so using owl to look like eagle was a contradiction of significance in the culture. The significance of the placement of the feathers was not lost on me. I was now the personification of opposing forces in the jungle: as Celina, I was the bearer of life and harmony in the jungle; apparently, I was also the messenger of death and retribution for the jungle. What I still didn't know was the meaning behind what I had lip-read in the vision.

He patted my leg, again, pleased by my understanding. He looked at me solemnly, "Who are you?"

I watched his eyes watch mine, then I let them drop to my lap. How do I answer that? Different people have known me by three names lately: Annie, Celina, and Cat. "Celina." It was the name the people knew me by. He continued to look at me intently. I could tell that he was half pleased because he too recognized that the people saw me that way. He lifted the staff still in my hand.

"What did your vision tell you?"

Tell me? Amazona ... that's a name? That's me? That was the spirit he felt inside me! He smiled at the recognition coming across my face. I repeated the name, but there was an air of unfamiliarity in the way I spoke it. I could see that it confused him, while everyone else rejoiced at hearing the name identified to me. A woman leaned into him and whispered in his ear. She and others of the people remembered that I was not originally of the jungle. He looked at her, but agreed to do what she wanted.

He explained it to me, which is a weird sensation to have someone explain to you who you are, what

your existence means to the collective that is everything that makes up the large jungle. He reminded me of the vision of my animals leaping into me, fusing with me, and he stated that I would experience changes. I thought he sensed what had already happened to me, but that wasn't it. He meant MORE changes. He touched the soles of my feet, my nose, eyes, and ears. I nodded. He took my hands by the fingers and look intently at them.

"Show me, again." How did he know these things? I extended my claws and the people around us smiled. He beamed. He asked if my teeth hurt. I shook my head, but he smiled. He knew there were more changes coming. The vision of the canines in her mouth flashed in front of me, again. I recalled a joke of Jenna's and I frowned; I just hoped I wouldn't sprout a tail.

We stood and he put the staff in my right hand, the pointed end on the ground, the feathers at the other end fluttering next to my shoulder. The entire group went quiet with a new air of sudden deference. The staff was a symbol of Amazona. It was tooled from the hardest woods found in the jungle and represented the unbreakable will and determination of the people who struggled and made the jungle theirs.

He turned to stand in front of me, still smiling. I looked into his eyes. They were dark and deep, like pools that contained so much that was unknown to all but him. They seemed to direct me and I raised my arms high into the air above me and I felt the 'X' that I saw in the vision.

The people of the Guarani were hushed, even the children. Then, the old man raised his voice, "AMAZONA! Amazona, Queen of the Amazons!" The bones, muscle fibers, and tendons inside me vibrated and pulsed as the people chanted, "Amazona ... Amazona ... Amazona ..."

As I stood among the people, the staff of Amazona in my right hand, my bow in my left, I felt a sense of purpose and belonging flowing to me through these people. I held both high in the air, again, drawing cheers, chants, and exclamations from the people and it was reinforced to me that this was the very scene in my vision. With their exclamations and tribal chants ringing in my ears, two thoughts came to my mind: in the end, we only regret the chances we don't take, the experiences we don't pursue; and, the beginning of real life, real experience, can only be found and appreciated when pursued to the end of our comfort zone, to the end of what we know and understand.

My life, it seems, has been a series of pursuits to the end of my comfort zone, each time pushing that point of comfort further out to encompass more experience. Was this to be the greatest of the challenges to pursue, the greatest chances to take, that would take me to the heights of experience and realization of life? I had much earlier committed to myself and the people to pursue the rebels and attempt to drive them far away to secure their safety and the jungle's security. That should be challenge and risk enough, but I wondered. I handed my staff and bow to the two boys who had assisted me and they carried them proudly after me as I made my way through the crowd, hugging, touching, and thanking as many individually as I could. I had the sense that they were feeling the same; the need to touch me and thank me for coming to them and acting for them. Perhaps it was the combination of my spirits that I felt more alive than ever through these people; and, they felt they were still alive and would remain so because of me. Celebration of life and seeking vengeance, two sides of one person ... but a person made up of many things.

I would organize myself tonight in preparation for leaving in the morning, assembling my weapons and determining how many of which arrows to bring with me. I would need some food and water for both myself and my animals for the journey to the next village to the north where the rest of the rebels were gathered, which should take about two days. I was sure of finding the scent and trail of the rebel who the people had allowed to 'escape'. I would harass him in the following night, keeping him tired. He was injured and would make poor time traveling the jungle by himself. I considered all



that dispassionately, as if I was planning a journey of little consequence. I considered that, but the feeling and my anticipation wasn't a disregard for the dangers or the risks, but rather a feeling of my capabilities, proven both with the Seals and more recently in releasing these villages. Now being named and identified as Amazona, their revered warrior goddess of the jungle, I felt a power, drive, and determination to be more than I ever was.

I would be returning to these villages after driving the rebels from these jungles. I had every confidence that I would. Then what? Stay here, live this life I found so fulfilling, so rewarding and meaningful? I wanted to. I wanted to very much. This is where I could be me as I have become, part animal within being human. But, what about Sylvia and Adrian, Sam and Jenna, Bobbi and Jake? I can't just disappear ... that I will figure out after I return. I will have a lot to figure out ...

**THE END**