

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter One

*My name is Patricia Deacon and I want to tell you about my grandfather, John Deacon. I'm sorry to say that I didn't really know him when I was growing up, he lived a long way away on a mountain and recently when he became ill it fell to me to go stay and care for him up in his cabin. We talked, he and I and as the days passed and he grew weaker he told me a tale from years ago and gave me the files to prove it was true. He passed peacefully a few weeks later. This is his tale.*

\*\*\*\*

I used to be a professional hunter, worked for the Government and the State culling deer and wolves, a bear or two a year when they got troublesome. Never liked it much but the army taught me to shoot and it was a living, kept me out of the city too.

Culling is easy if you just want a head count but that don't make it right. So I took the time to take the old, the injured, a cripple if one still lived, mountain living is hard living, man or beast.

They opened the research station in the spring of '70. A bunch of city folk playing at being outdoorsmen, I got hired to guide them, Babysitting more like. Stopping them from doing dumb stuff that'd get 'em killed.

They told me they were from the University and going to study the wolves, tag them and track them. Right. That first year none of 'em could track a plough in a hay field.

Anyways I played guide, showing them the main tracks on the mountain, making sure their maps were the right way up. The rest of the time I went off on my own to check on the wolves. I knew where most of the packs had territory, just had to find which dens were in use. Finding them wasn't hard, tagging them was gonna be a whole lot harder.

The only one of them I cared to take with me was a girl that came with them, boss said she was a student but treated her like a slave. Anyone with eyes could see she was playing along, fetching and carrying, sorting washing, but her eyes gave her away, that girl wasn't on the mountain to do laundry.

First time she just snuck out, following me, wasn't light yet, she wanted away from the fools so bad she could taste it. I sent her back to wash, gave her lye soap. Told her I would give her twenty minutes and if I could smell her before I saw her she was getting left behind.

Never had to tell that girl anything twice. Doubt she used her fancy soap or toothpaste again whilst on the mountain, no point being stealthy if every living creature can smell your perfume from across the valley.

First time out on the mountain she impressed me, never needed to stop and rest, watched where she placed her feet and kept her mouth shut and eyes open. I took her up around a bluff that overlooked a den I thought was active, sure enough the wolves were there. Girl didn't move for hours except to refocus her binoculars and write in her notebook.

After that I let her scout with me whenever she could slip away. That lasted until the end of the summer when most of them packed up and headed back to the city. The girl went too, no choice, told me she'd be back though, thanked me for teaching her, promised she wouldn't forget her lessons.

Spring of '71 they were back. Girl was with them. Wanted to go out that first day, kept her word too, not a whiff of perfume, just healthy young woman. I took her out on the long hike, up around widows

peak and across to the high valley, wolves there had bred early that year and I guessed we might see cubs.

We don't have big packs on the mountain, most are just the alpha pair and their young from a couple of years past. When the alpha bitch is ready to whelp she will chose a small den and woe betide any male wolf that gets close, even their mate, some will let an older female close once the pups are mobile and need teaching, others do it all themselves.

The alpha bitch was missing, I guessed she was about ready. I knew a few places she could be, ought to, I was born on the mountain. Anyways I told the girl we could check out a few, turned out the one she chose was across the river and hard to see from our side. I got us into the best place to watch and let the girl do her thing. Maybe two hours later she decides she needs to get closer, I allowed that if she was careful she might work her way from our spot down to the river bank. Next thing she is walking away, headed for the game trail I pointed out. Took her about an hour to reach the riverbank, never made a sound either. I used my binoculars to keep an eye on her just in case. Then damn me if she didn't strip off, buck naked, packed her clothes in her rucksack and tied her boots to it by their laces, next thing she is swimming the damn river, it's not that much of a river but it's ice melt, cold as a witch's tit.

Once across the river she hikes up closer to the den, but not too close, good girl. Moving slowly too. Her back pack goes behind a rock and she sits jaybird naked on the rock with her notebook and gets back to work. Never seen the like. I stayed where I was, had the rifle handy because I'd never get to her in time if trouble visited.

She moved a little further from the den as the sun got ready to drop behind the peak, put her clothes on, then got out her bedroll. Damn me if she weren't going to stay there. I stayed too, felt wrong to just leave her, the city folk would just have to do without a guide a bit longer.

At first light I checked on her and she was back closer to the den, wrapped in her bedroll and munching on something. Sun was up so I used my mirror to flash her, gave her the 'come to me' sign. Through the binoculars I could see her grin and shake her head, gave me a wave and turned back to watch the den.

Lord save me from crazy womenfolk. I packed up and headed back to the cabin, city folk can't be left too long. It was three days before I hiked back to the den, girl was still there, still waved me off, I signalled her to watch as I hung a bag of iron rations up in a tree safe from critters, signalled four days and left her watching the Den, mother and cubs were just visible, too young yet to be allowed out in the open. It was three months before she met me on the track, I was only about a mile from where we split up.

She grinned and thanked me for bringing her food so regular, said she needed more notepads and a camera, the alpha bitch had moved the cubs back with the pack but was still not happy if the males got too close, even her mate the alpha.

Back at the cabin the boss idiot cussed up a storm but the girl just stood there, when he stopped cussing she pulled out her notebooks and started reading out loud, wasn't long before he started getting excited. Girl snapped her notebook shut, did some cussing of her own and left him poleaxed. She stayed three days, only two nights in her own bed, left on the third day, biggest pack on her back we had spare, told me it was a change of necessities and food, camera and notebooks. Never told the boss goodbye, just walked away down the track.

Things settled down into a routine, the city folk stumbled around, set traps that no wolf would go

anywhere near, took plaster casts of paw prints, maybe one in twenty was a wolf, most were hound dog tracks. Told 'em, but they thought they knew better. Right. Once a week or so I made the trek out to the girl with more food, extra notebooks, more film, left them hanging in the usual tree, took a note if she left one. Gave the filled books and film to the boss. Rest of the time I kept to myself, guided them when they asked. That was a hot summer, the few times I saw the girl she was tanned all over, suppose that happens when you only have one set of clothes to last a summer.

One time a couple of the city folk tried to follow me to the girl, stank of aftershave and cussed every time they tripped over. I only looped around so they wouldn't get lost. Left them arguing about how they lost me and had walked in a circle.

Guy from State turned up in Mid July to check on the cabins and city folk and to drop off a couple of boxes of collars and two radio direction finders rigged with a backpack harness. Got the papers for a grant too for every collar the city folk fitted, which meant every one I fitted.

Took one out to the girl with the next food run, left it with a note, found it the next time around, she refused, rightly I thought, because the collar would lead the city folk to her, if they could use it right. I told the boss she couldn't safely fit it on her own. He wasn't happy. Tough.

I could smell snow in the air when the girl limped back into camp. Missed the city folk leaving by almost a month. Girl looked thin and limped but otherwise healthy. We talked over a stew supper, the limp was nothing, the bruises and bite marks sure shocked me though. Seems she had been getting closer and closer to the pack, at first they avoided her but she was persistent, no shit. Bit by bit she worked her way closer, took the growls and played submissive, took the occasional nips and bites in her stride. Planned to be back early spring and aimed to stay next winter.

Never met a girl like her, never knew if I wanted to kiss her or kick her sweet little butt. It was a long winter alone. I never minded being on my own but I missed the girl, funny since I seldom saw her and then only through binoculars often as not. Even hiked up to check on 'her' pack a few times when there was a break in the weather.

It was February when the girl showed up, had walked up from the highway. Told me how the boss screwed her over, claimed all her notes and film as his own, was coming back this spring but got her kicked off the team to hide his theft. Girl was as angry. Cussed him out fit to shame a sailor. She planned to get out again despite him, not like he'd ever find her. Begged me to say nothing and maybe slip her some food when I could. I nixed that idea.

Getting kicked off the team cost her the student grant she had depended on. Her going back out was one thing, going out without backup, medical insurance, all that good stuff, that was plain stupid.

We argued, well, I stuck to my guns and she switched from shouting to begging so fast and often it gave me a headache and made me dizzy. Like I said, couldn't decide if I wanted to kiss her or kick her sweet little butt.

The solution came to me in the night.

Next morning she found me sipping coffee and smiling, she knew straight off I had a plan, now to see if my plan got me cussed out or not. I told her the deal with the collars, the grant was just about enough to cover her student medical insurance, losing her student grant didn't matter to her student status if she could prove she was interning or whatever. I offered to write a letter to cover her. But. My price was she wore the collar. If nothing else it would mean I could find her and resupply her easier, or locate her if she didn't collect the rations. I also explained how I had messed with the collar and changed the frequency so the city folk wouldn't be able to find her, at least not from the

collar. And I had a second collar, also doctored, she had to agree try to get it on one of 'her' pack. My backup plan in case hers failed. I wanted a fighting chance to find her if she got hurt or ill.

I never expected the girl to model it for me, buck naked. Hussy. We plotted and planned the rest of the day, she gave me all her papers, purse and other stuff for safe keeping, packed as much food as she could, notebooks and camera then her patience ran out, guess it was time, so I filled up the second pack of food, set out my belt kit and rifle. We walked out early the next morning.

We heard the fight long before we got to the overlook for the den her pack were now using, The pack had the bear treed, but the cost was heavy, the alpha bitch was badly hurt. Nothing I could do but use the rifle. The girl watched me, tears streaming down her cheeks, nodded a weak thank you and just walked away. The shot distracted the pack and the bear made it's escape. It was three weeks before I saw her again.

Meantime the city folk had returned, the boss had a new student slave, another girl, as requested I took her out scouting dens. Utter waste of time. Gave her the lye soap and the lecture, she slapped my face and cussed me. Boss wasn't happy, with me. Seems he brought her to warm his bed as well, so I just ignored her and let him deal with it.

More pointless traps, more plaster casts of paw prints, hound dogs again and the occasional wolf print. Lots of time messing around with one of the team carrying a collar whilst two others used the direction finders, they called it 'mapping black spots', I called it farting about, but kept that to myself.

Another food drop, sun was out and I picked a spot to lay out my bedroll then settled with the binoculars to check on the girl. I never expected to see what happened that day.

The girl must have spent every minute with the pack because she was no longer watching, she was in amongst them. Up here in the mountains the bitches go into season around March time unless we have a very mild or very bad winter, being March now I expected the new alpha bitch to be in season soon, I did wonder which it would be, now the old alpha bitch was no more. I've seen a lot over the years living on the mountain, learned a lot from others, I've never seen or heard tell of how an alpha bitch gets selected.

That morning the pack was outside the den and something was going on, the alpha male had his dander up. The bitches were acting strange and right in the middle was the girl. Buck naked on her hands and knees, only moving to keep herself faced towards the alpha male. As I watched he rushed her, teeth bared, she dipped her shoulders down low and twisted, head back exposing her throat, the male nipped her shoulder, then began sniffing her, like he was deciding if she was, was, damned if I know what. He must accept her as pack or she wouldn't be amongst them.

As I watched the male sniffing and then licking her I marvelled at just how much her body had changed. She had been fit when she first arrived last year, now her muscle tone was obvious, sleek, but the strength showed through, would need it too if she was running with the pack. Couldn't have been an ounce of fat on her body, dirt and sweat yes, but that somehow added to her, well, animal beauty.

Damned if the alpha male wasn't sticking his nose right between her legs, looked like he was sniffing her ass, then, hot damn she copied him, stuck her nose to his ass, I swear I saw the pink of her tongue. Next thing I know he is licking her, his pink tongue must have been getting her from clit to asshole, could even see flecks of his spittle on her ass cheeks.

Placed as I was my presence was undetectable from even a few yards away, my binoculars shaded

from the morning sun so they wouldn't catch it and 'flash', yet I swear as the alpha male mounted her, she turned her head to the side and looked right at me. I saw her wink... !!

The big male took her hard, like he was grudge fucking her, lasted longer than I thought was normal, twice her cumming echoed off the mountain before the alpha closed his fangs to the back of her neck, that collar was too narrow to protect her, spittle dripped on her sweat glistening skin, he wasn't biting, just holding her as he pumped and filled her. They were tied for the best part of half an hour.

When he pulled out the girl kind of melted to the ground, curled up like she was holding his seed inside her protective like. Three times the male snapped at another bitch who tried to get to her. I stayed all day, watched him take her again, twice, each time a little less brutal, but still ended with her neck in his jaws, held captive as he pumped her full. Both times they tied for the half hour, or close to it. Both times her cries echoed off the mountains multiple times. As night fell the pack stirred, going hunting no doubt, I saw them set off, the girl running even with the big alpha, just before they disappeared into the trees I watched him nip at her left buttock, turning her to head more left.

I was awake before the dawn, the den was quiet, but then I saw the alpha male, the second collar around his neck...

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two**

The Girl kept her promise, she had managed to get a collar on the alpha male. For a brief moment I wondered if she'd let him breed her just to get close enough, but that was bullshit. I didn't understand everything but I knew without a doubt she was too committed to her research to do anything like that. Obviously she had consented, I watched, she willingly submitted, enjoyed it, that had to be her intent and it had to be so she could observe the pack from the inside, if the big alpha accepted her she was safe.

Then I had another thought, I realised she wouldn't be coming out like before, she couldn't, if she left the pack she couldn't just breeze back in and besides that her scent would be destroyed, let alone mixed with the team, to a wolf she would smell human, no longer pack. They might even turn on her. I wrote a note, added it to the rations pack to hang up in the tree, then packed my bedroll ready to go back. First I wanted to check on her once more.

The alpha was going to breed her again I could see the beginnings of a repeat from yesterday, except the girl wasn't on her hands and knees, she was laid over a fallen tree trunk, legs spread. I could see her lips moving, her body, arms, all communicating to him, then I understood, she was coaxing him to take her right there, face to face. I watched as the alpha closed on her, obviously wary but seemingly willing to be coaxed. He dipped his head and I could see flashes of pink, his tongue between her thighs, her hands easing around his head, easing him closer, probably deeper, the Girl showed no sign of fear or hesitation as the big alpha mounted her, his jaws once more open and pressed to her neck, the slim leather collar wouldn't do anything if he chose to bite. He didn't, he just held her, except I could see her hands moving, fingers working, what? Oh yes, she was lifting his head up, drawing his jaws away from her throat, coaxing him closer, why? He was already as deep inside her as he could get, maybe deeper in this position. Now she raised her head, bringing them close, face to face.

She kissed him! Mouth open tongue out she pressed her lips to his muzzle and I could see her

tongue running across his teeth, almost seeming to curl around his tongue. The Girl was French kissing an alpha male wolf. Who would believe it?

When I got back to the cabin the city folk were still farting about, all except the new girl and the boss, seemed like they had important work to do in his cabin, least ways it kept them both out of the way. That's how it went for weeks, city folk getting no where fast, no way I was going to guide them anywhere near a pack, not that I could keep them from seeing wolves, I just made sure there was some natural barrier that stopped them even trying to get close. Seemed to work too, least ways until summer properly arrived.

Of course I was still scouting on my own regular, taking the food packs to the Girl, new notebooks, some film. Sometimes I got to see her, those times I stayed the day, night too most often, she wasn't taking all the rations by then, heck I even cut down on how much I took out to her, couldn't figure it but she looked healthy enough.

Was still getting bred by the big alpha too. No idea how that worked 'cos females rarely came into season so late in the year, least ways up on the mountain. I guess pussy is pussy, even to a wolf. Amazing thing was watching her interact with the other wolves, an alpha bitch enforces pack law, her mate's decision is final, a challenge to him directly might well be fatal so it's the alpha bitch who is the enforcer. In bigger packs the betas often do it too, this pack was smaller, besides that Girl wasn't playing. Watched her stare down one of the bitches one time, could hear the growling clear across the valley, the wolf bitch was all teeth and noise, Girl didn't back off an inch, walked right up and punched the wolf in the throat, kicked her in the belly as she turned too. I know wild wolves are natural scared of humans, will avoid them, maybe the Girl intimidated them? Maybe her being human yet pack both confused them? Truth was that Girl was the alpha bitch of her pack and they knew it, she only bared her throat to her mate, well that and sucked his cock. Something else I saw and couldn't believe, the two of them side by side, her on all fours, him sniffing her butt, licking too I think, her shoulders low, head turned and his cock buried in her mouth. Couldn't believe what I was seeing the first time, Girl's hands never left the ground, took him in her mouth and sucked, swallowed too I reckon.

Now I wasn't handing over her notes to the boss I took to reading them myself before hiding them back away. As the weeks passed I realised her notes were gradually changing, took me a while to figure, had to dig out her personal stuff first, compare the writing. Damnedest thing I ever saw, it was like her writing was going backwards, last years stuff, the notes from her that I kept, all that was neat cursive, compact and precise, even used words I had to look up to understand. Now her notes were more childlike, less scientific, more like describing a family than wild creatures, the Girl wasn't acting at all, she really was becoming pack.

Shit started fly a month later. Seems someone finally spotted that all the farting about wasn't getting results. Without the Girl's notes and film the boss had nothing worth a damn, so we got a visit from the boss's boss. Caught him in bed fucking the new girl, big boss was so mad he had a deputy come up and take the idiot away, wasn't as if the girl wasn't legal, but the big boss was talking fraud and theft. Most of the others went too, slunk away back to the city no doubt. Wasn't two weeks before we got a new boss, younger, but he had the look. An hour and he weeded the rest out, sent all but two packing, kept the only two I had any time for.

Next thing I'm in his cabin, he got that look in his eyes, pulled himself out a bottle and two glasses, sipping whisky. Man understood what had been going on, said it'd happened before other places, then he refills our glasses, looks me right in the eye and asks me for the truth. I told him, the Girl, the notes, film, her coming back after being fired. He had no idea, never questioned me though, just listened. Then he wanted to go see her, I nixed that, I'd left out the sex stuff I'd seen, that was one

reason, bigger one was keeping her safe. He understood, said he'd let it go for now but he wanted a letter taking to her, was going to get her recognised for last years work and would take her notes from this year too.

Man walked the walk, but I still called him out. Told him flat I wanted to see her stuff from last year in print, her name on it big and bold 'afore I'd give him any of this years stuff. Man nodded, looked me in the eye, told me flat he knew there was more I wasn't saying. I just nodded, agreed as there was, added that the Girl had bigger balls than Davy and he'd have to back up his talk 'afore he'd get to know more.

There's still Crockett family on the mountains and they'd agree with me.

Man left the next morning, left instructions for the two who stayed, said nothing to me except it'd take a few weeks to get new people. Took me a day to straighten the place up and make up a new pack, then I head out, took one of the radio packs too, just as well 'cos the pack had moved again, further than I expected. Had grown some too, a new young male and two females. The big alpha looked a little wary of them but not more than I'd seen before when two packs merged, guessed that is what happened anyways, the Girl looked beat up, had cloth wrapped over one shoulder and around below the opposite breast. I picked a spot and bided my time until I could use my mirror to 'flash' her. Never needed to, when the pack settled she moved away some, taking a drink from a spring, I was watching her as usual with my binoculars, saw her look right at me, same grin, same wink, she made sign, now I knew where to leave the supplies.

Watched her some more, tried to see how she was injured, watched her drink again, down on all fours, lapping from the spring, when she raised up I could see sunlight reflecting from the beads of water on her chest, watched some trickle down her tit and gather on the nipple, watched it grow, fall, splash on her thigh. Never seen a woman look so sleek, even bound up Girl looked good, a might dirty, hair wild now it had grown more, with the sun behind her it looked almost like a mane. When she turned I could see her hair spread out across her shoulders and falling a ways down her spine. I guess it'd be a bad idea to kick an ass like that, mite too much power under those curves.

The next morning the supplies had gone, just the last sack hanging in it's place, filled notebooks, some film, a note. She left a list, first aid supplies, penicillin. A small skinning knife. Lastly she instructed I was to keep the last notebook, it was her thank you to me. I packed up and set off back, taking the sack with me as usual, A time back when she needed fewer supplies I stopped using a backpack, went with jute sacks instead, cord wrapped to close it off and long tails to hang it from a tree. Worked fine. Girl approved, least ways I never got cussed out in her notes.

Waited until I was back in my cabin afore I searched out the last notebook, it was a heck of a thank you, every page was covered in sketches, some filled a page others not much bigger than a postage stamp, they detailed her life in the pack, each member drawn over and over, each different, a few other things too, places I recognised, secret places I didn't know of but wanted to find. No words though, not a single one.

Checked on her twice more before the Man returned bringing new people and news. I had to delay one trip whilst I traded for the knife, had it made custom down the mountain, took time but was worth it I reckon. Medical supplies were easy, we had a good kit at the cabin and a standing account for replacements, never asked, just filled out the list I gave them.

Second trip I went up to the State fire tower first, the twin sisters who man it welcomed me as usual, cussed me out for taking so long to visit, then took turns clearing out my pipes, cook a damn fine meal as well. I managed two nights with those hellions, learned my lesson years back, three nights



nearly killed me, took a week to walk comfortable. If'n I want to go meet my maker I guess a week with them'll do it.

Took my time getting to where the Girl was. I wasn't far into pack territory when I heard them, few people have seen a wild wolf pack kill, the elk was down by the time I could get my binoculars on them, the pack had closed in and the big alpha was ripping into the carcass. Then I spotted the girl, blood spattered, a chunk of juicy red between her teeth. Answered why she stopped needing so many supplies, the Girl was eating her share of their kills. Maybe hunting herself, that I would believe having seen her in action facing down the other pack members. I settled in to watch as the pack feasted, the elk was big and it would take the pack a while to eat their fill and to digest. Before dark I made out the girl settled with the big alpha, they were licking each other, his tongue swabbing her face and chest while she licked his muzzle and head, hugging him close. The bandage was gone, the wound visible, it had left a crooked scar but it looked to be healing well.

I heard her in the night, her cries echoed, the alpha was taking her and she was loving it. I lay there in the dark, listening, fitting what I had seen before to the sounds in the night, picturing the Girl being bred. For everything she had put herself through it seemed only right she take whatever pleasure she could, that night she took a lot, guess during the night the big alpha had himself a time or three. By dawn the pack had left, so I hefted my kit and headed on to their den, hanging up the jute sack of supplies same place as last time and taking down the one the Girl had left.

Couple of days after I got back to the cabin the Man returned. Had new people as well, looked like they would work out fine, had the look about them, less talk, more doing. That evening I was back in the Man's cabin, that sipping whisky tasted just fine. Took us three glasses each for him to tell it all. Man had sure kept his word too.

My letter and the money for the student insurance didn't matter a damn 'cepting the insurance was good. The University took her absence as dropping out, tossed her file in some back room, nobody missed her enough to care. Man checked her file, nothing helped, a transcript from her high school, A+ student, loner. Student ID but nothing backing it, next of kin names were fake or gone, address was the last care home she was in before getting kicked out when she graduated high school. Far as he could recon it she had no drivers licence, bank account, nothing. Even took time to talk to students and staff, some remembered her, good student, quiet. Used the Uni gym but didn't compete, couple said she'd had a few jobs, waitress one said, pet store another claimed. Man had the ball rolling on her research too. Gave me copies of the papers from the University, letter from a lawyer they paid to represent her, even a bank statement. Girl wasn't rich but she wouldn't go hungry for a bunch of winters. Man said there would be more, and her new stuff would bring in even more.

First refill of whisky. Man explained the problem they had with the girl and what he had done, wanted my blessing before he wrote another letter for me to take to her. Took the last one, never got a word back. Seems officially the girl didn't exist, he could go to the government people, but they were going to want her out to talk too, could take months, I knew the Girl would refuse, better not to go kicking over that wasps nest, like as not the girl would get stung worst anyways. Man had done same as I did, but more official. Had papers to back up her collar, got her registered in their system as the Alpha Bitch of the Deacon Pack. The research money would cover vets bills and the like, same as for any wolf they collared and studied. Man said he'd play fast and loose if needed. It wouldn't be a vet they had treat her if'n she needed help.

Third glass of that fine sipping whisky. Man got to the new people, wanted me responsible for which areas they studied, said that way I'd be sure the girl's pack was left alone. More work for me, but it was a fair deal.

## Chapter Three

The new people knew their business just fine, didn't need lessons in tracking, just local knowledge, asked nice too. Took me a few days to get the team set and the other wolf pack territories marked up on the team's maps, told them part was guesswork, but the main boundaries were solid. They even had their own lye soap or something like it, not a whiff of anything, not even spearmint gum, that smell spreads on the wind, might as well carry a bell as chew that stuff.

Took the papers with me and headed out to take the supplies to the girl, planned on staying out a few days this time, hopefully I could get a reply to the letters, I figured if'n the girl was going to care, she'd have an answer soon as she read them. Long days and warm nights now, high summer don't last long up here on the mountain, but it sure is worth waiting for. Makes for a slower hike though, what with every critter out looking to feed their young, takes more care to leave them be, better that way, I'd hate to have to shoot a momma bear protecting her cub just 'cos I wasn't minding my surroundings.

Tried the radio pack once I was close, nothing, might be hunting so I hike up anyway, the den was abandoned but there was the jute bag hanging up just like always. Same system we always used, only the locations changed. Note said to head down to the low valley so that's where I headed, took the higher route, harder hike but it would give me more range with the radio. Wasn't until the next day I found the wolf pack. Girl knew the mountain better than me, must have scouted the overlooks, knew I'd choose this one because a part sack was hanging right where I'd choose to put mine. I took the sack down and hung up the one I brought before moving back to the overlook, never hung the sacks too close to where I camped. Not that I made much of a camp, never cooked, just cleared the ground where I laid my bedroll at night.

Not all of the pack were in sight, not unusual, watched and waited. When the growling started I couldn't see the cause, no point moving 'cos there wasn't a better overlook, the growling stopped and started, seemed to settle for a while then start right back up, maybe an hour later they drifted out of the trees above the den, the big alpha male first, then the Girl, close to her another female, Didn't make sense at first, but as I watched them the Girl was coaxing the female towards the alpha, he was doing the growling, low and deep in his throat, Girl persisted, the female obviously reluctant. Another pause then the Girl tried again. Alpha must have had enough of it, nipped the Girl's butt enough to make her yap, then mounted her, rougher than I'd seen for a while. That big alpha wasn't just breeding her, looked like he was dominating her, forcing his will, Girl was as submissive to him as I'd ever seen. Girl never cried out, rough as he was. Through the binoculars I could see his jaws around her neck, the radio collar worn and frayed now. When he stopped thrusting and held deep, pumping her full, those teeth closed, just a little, just enough, purposeful like, I could see the little pinpricks of blood where he pierced the skin. I got the message from best part of a thousand yards away, reckon the Girl did too, whatever it was, the alpha's decision was final.

That evening the pack hunted, I stayed put, better to keep away and wait. It was dark before I saw the shadows emerge from the trees in the starlight. The sack was still there in the morning, guessed as much from her cries in the night, those were pure pleasure. The following morning the sack was gone. Watched the den all morning, was midday before she made the sign, looked right at me again as she did.

Late afternoon I was up near the little waterfall that fed the stream running down the valley, Girl was there, had picked a spot higher up, close enough to talk low and be heard, but far enough to stay out of my scent range. Girl motioned to a crevice to my left, papers were rolled and stuffed in

there. The forms were signed, but parts were blank, the note explained, she watched as I read them. Girl's answers were her business, all I needed was to know her decisions could be understood and made real for her. We signalled back and forth, then it was done, I stuffed the papers into my thigh pocket. Girl signed, pointed, another note in a lower cleft, I turned to get it and when I turned back Girl had gone. It was only when I was hiking back to the cabin I realised we only signed, Girl never spoke, not a word.

Handed the papers to the Man, he offered a glass but I had things to do, left him reading the papers. Ate some and cleaned up afore settling to read the note, the Girl was trying to get the alpha to accept the female joining them, Girl knew what she had done could well damage the pack beyond recovery. Within the pack it is the alpha bitch that has pups, Girl could do a lot, but not that, her plan was to share the alpha with the other female so there would be cubs. Seems the alpha having accepted the Girl was having none of it. Wolves mate for life most often, he was committed just as much as Girl.

Her decision was to leave the pack, that part of the note was stained, tears I was guessing, but she was determined to stay the winter with the pack, so long as she left early in the following year it would be ok. Wolf bitches come into season March time around these parts. Girl wanted me to get her two wolf hides, as scent free as possible and best not from any where too close. Guess she planned to use them to keep warm enough, wear them, Girl might still freeze if she got caught out or got wet without a way to dry and get warm. Said it afore. Lord save me from crazy womenfolk.

Wolf pelts are not hard to get, trick for me was getting a couple of big ones without damage, wanted fresh so they'd be easier to mould if'n she wanted. Time to do some trading.

Man seemed happy with the papers, not so happy with the blank parts, but they were mostly simple stuff, home address and the like. Man seemed happy she named me as her proxy. Told him a little of the Girl's plan to leave the pack, then when and the why. He understood, seemed happy she'd be back in the new year.

Then he made his plea, wanted me to take him along next time or soon, promised he just wanted to see her for himself before winter, and what with her leaving the pack soon as winter quit. I could see his point but somehow it didn't feel right. Man had kept his word though. Told him it didn't sit right but I'd take him if'n he followed my rules. Man agreed.

The new people were doing good, staying out like I often did, putting in the time to learn the wolf pack assigned them. Even had a bunch of collars fitted, used a fancy dart gun to do it. Only got the junior pack members though. Young'uns mostly, not old enough to be wary of easy pickings left out to bait them. I trekked out with each team, took me three weeks to rotate through all four, then a day or two for trading and making up the sacks, one for supplies, other had the two pelts the Girl wanted.

Summer was passing once again, shorter days now, yet the sun was still strong on the mountain so it was a warm hike when we headed out to take supplies to the Girl once again. Once we got close where I last saw the Girl I used the radio pack, got a weak signal, didn't make no never mind. Only place they could be was up near the head of the lower valley, so I reckoned we needed to cross the ridge soon, give us a better chance to find a good lookout point. Man was breathing hard as we gained the ridge, soon enough made the old game trail that wound through the high tree line. Let the Man stop a spell then, better shade this side, seemed grateful.

Sun was setting when I tried the radio again, good clear signal, the pack were using a den I knew from way back, hard to get too, but good for game this time of year. Was dark afore we reached the

lookout, moon was up though, would be full in a day or two so there was light enough to clear a spot for each bedroll. Man held his tongue and made his bed quiet like. I lay listening for a spell, expected I might hear her, expected wrong.

Tried the radio soon after first light, signal was strong but not steady, must be moving, maybe hunting. Around noon I nudged the Man and nodded towards the game trail, the Man's eyes widened at seein' the big alpha appear, the Girl close by, wary. They both eased back into the trees, didn't see them again until they were near at the den, got a head count then, the pack was complete. From the looks they had killed night before, heavy in the belly and lazing in the sun. Man spent the morning studying them with his binoculars, me too mostly. Around noon the girl moved away, I watched her move, fluid like, her body held different, not crouched, more like she was set to sprint at any moment, held her head like a cat, still, level, body following the ground, eyes following the prey. No, not cat like, wolf, a bitch wolf hunting.

The lookout I chose was on a rock outcrop, no trees to block our view, high enough our scent wouldn't carry to the pack, to the left and down close in a spring seeped out of the rock. The pool was small, deep, crystal clear. I guided the Man slowly once I saw her intent, settled on the edge of the outcrop in some bushes still high above but now we had a good clear view.

Girl crouched at the pool's edge, head dipping to lap up water, could see her body, watched as she drank her fill then slipped into the pool and squatted, cupping water in her hands to wash her body. Water must have been cold, we could see her skin tighten as goosebumps showed, nipples hard, pointy. Girl took her time, needed it to get rid of the dirt, some dried blood too. Legs spayed when her hands cupped water time and again to her sex, sluicing the dirt from the thick pelt of hair. Soaked now the hair couldn't hide her, could see her mound, lips puffy, opening like a flower as she douched. Girl checked around afore ducking her head, fingers running through her hair, combing it, long and wet, shone in the sun once she'd done. Sun was hot, no breeze this side, Girl settled, lay out on a rock, drying, enjoying the sun, the peace. Man was spellbound, me too.

Mountain living is hard living, cruel even, but there is beauty too, harsh beauty often enough, reckon that was what the Girl had, a harsh beauty, body was sleek, so's the muscles were plain to see when she tensed, moved, but fluid too, scarred some, bruised too in places. City folk would say feral but they'd be wrong, too much pride in those eyes. Girl wasn't just visiting, Girl was at home now, part of the Mountain.

The big alpha chuffed, once, Girl was gone, pack was gathering, late afternoon now, heading out to hunt. Man let out his breath long and slow, like he'd been holding it all afternoon.

That night I lay watching the stars, listening to her, must have hunted well, Girl and that big alpha tore up the night a time or two. Sun was up the last time, they were outside the den, Man watched, binoculars showed the detail, the lust and the power, took her hard and long, Tied for half an hour, didn't turn, Girls arms hooked around the alpha forelegs, Girl took his weight, rolling her hips, pulling it all from him, every drop, every sensation.

Binoculars showed every detail, watched a drop fall from the alpha tongue, saw it fall on her cheek, her head was turned, her eyes closed, tongue slipped out, licked that drop, savoured it. Eyes opened looking right at me. Girl winked.

As we hiked back to the cabin I could see her in my mind, that grin as she winked at me.

Made three more trips alone, Man wanted to go out again the fourth time. I could smell the snow in the wind, I pushed the pace a little, Man kept up, kept his peace, we found the sack, notebooks full,

no film, a scrap of paper loose, had a sketch, must have been how we looked, Man and I as we watched her at the pool, detail was enough to tell who we were, two wide lines crossed over him, message was clear. Hung the sack of supplies and we checked the den from the overlook, wolf pack was there, never saw her.

Winter came to the Mountain hard that year.

Trekking out with supplies in winter was irregular, had to wait for the breaks in the weather, tried to get out every three weeks average, most times just swapped sacks and headed back, sometimes the radio got a signal, other times nothing. Don't reckon the pack travelled far, best guess is they were in the den and it blocked the signal.

First time I got to see the girl was after Thanksgiving, pack was out hunting, I missed her first pass, guess I was used to her being naked. Girl had cut them pelts and stitched them with thongs, reckon she had a double layer, fur against her body on the inner, fur out on the other, way she moved in those furs made her blend in with the pack, even though she was running with them, in the snow an' all too.

Girl had said she was going to leave the pack after the winter so the new alpha bitch would come into season, that is March up here on the mountain. Never fixed a date, reckoned the girl would break away early January depending on the weather. Middle of the month the weather turned, looked like we might get spring early, not holding my breath though. Made up a supply pack from habit and set out, took a while to find the pack, even with the radio, no sign of the girl, the big alpha looked, well, old. Signal must be from the his collar though. Checked the sack spots, nothing, no sign of the girl at all.

Only thing to do was head back, 'cept I took the trails we used when she was still coming to the cabin, used the radio all the way, still nothing.

When out twice more the next four weeks, still no sign of the girl, the big alpha had left or been forced out of the pack, a younger male was now alpha and had a new alpha bitch at his side. Radio let me track the old alpha, watched him a spell once or twice, a lone wolf has it hard, the living can be cruel on the mountain, he was looking thinner, age showing too, guessed maybe he missed the girl.

Man was getting worried too, asked me when the Girl would be back, why she was so late returning, how in tarnation would I know? Was still going out with the teams some, took to carrying the radio pack with me, hoping to get a signal. Had me a feeling the girl never intended to return to the cabin, thinking back she said, well her note said, she would leave the pack early January, never said nothing 'bout returning to the cabin, just leaving the pack. If'n the girl was doing that she'd need to go far away from the pack's territory, so I began to concentrate on the far side of the mountain. Finally got a signal.

Second week of March and still only that one signal. Can't explain why but I needed to check on the girl's pack, so I headed out that way. Found the pack two days later, The new alpha bitch was nursing pups. Girl would like that.

Had the radio pack, had been scanning off and on, didn't expect a signal but I got one. Had to climb down to the valley bottom, found the old alpha, What was left of him. Reckon it was a bear from the claw marks, collar was ripped and the box for the radio smashed. No way I'd get a signal from it. Used the radio pack and got a signal, cast around making a search and found the girl, busted up some, bleeding too, was in a bad way. Watched me as I got close, Signed, pointing to where her old

backpack hung from a tree branch. Dug in my pack for the first aid kit, girl waved me off, pulled her hand from her thigh, blood, artery it looked like. Girl looked right in my eyes, Lifted her hand, One finger to her forehead, tip left a bright red spot. Stuck her hand back down to her thigh, lifted it again, finger tracing a circle around the dot. Girl grinned, gave the signal, I did just as she asked, Girl still looking right at me, as I pulled the trigger, she winked...

Took the collar and spent the afternoon collecting rocks for a cairn. Dragged the big alpha over and covered them both up, packed them rocks high and tight.

Stayed close that night, remembering.

Hiked out the next morning, never did go back there, reckon they earned their peace.

Man took a look in my eyes and reached for his sipping whisky, two glasses. We went through the backpack together, a lot more notebooks, the camera, film, one notebook wrapped in wolf hide, marked 'Will'.

Girl left everything she had to my first born grand daughter, along with a note.

And that is the tale my grandfather told me as he lay dying. Afterwards he told me where to find the proof, the old backpack hung up in a cupboard, files and camera inside, with a note. He had a frame by his bedside, a pencil sketch of a girl, hanging from the frame was a collar, leather, old and well worn.

The note I framed and keep by my bedside, it's not long, it just says, "We are not related, you and I, but we are pack, and pack is everything."

\*\*\*\*

*For those who have read 'Better off Bred' and are interested, 'Deke' is short for Deacon. I'm able to write this because Patricia visited us and once she knew about my belly riding, she sat one evening and told us the tale her grandfather told her. Deke never knew until then. The next visit she brought a file of papers, a notebook of sketches and an old well worn leather collar.*

*So this isn't really my story, it's Deacon's Tale.*

*Better off Bred is the first in a collection of stories about various parts of my life, those important to me, and the things I enjoy. There is sex, because that is part of the story, there is bestiality, because again, that forms part of the story.*

*Deacon's Tale is one of a number of side stories, all of which link in some way to the main story.*

*I hope you enjoy my story and very much appreciate receiving comments.*

*Ridden*