

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

The gravel crunched under the wheels as Merissa swung her Mercedes- Benz sports car off the main road and onto the winding lane that lead to Tarnsfoot Farm. It had been a long drive from Oxford to her cousin's farm near Kendal and she was tired. The lane lead up from the road and through a dense woodland. Despite her weariness Merissa felt her spirits rise as she slowed the car to negotiate the narrow wooded lane. The late afternoon sun twinkled through the leaves and the birdsong hung rich in the still, warm air. Duke, Merissa's big alsatian, jumped into the passenger seat through the gap between it and the driver's seat, eagerly sniffing the air, his red tongue hanging from his mouth as he panted in the summer's heat; he could tell that he was coming home.

Soon the trees thinned and Tarnsfoot came in sight. It lay nestled in a shallow valley to one side of a small stream. Around the cluster of buildings were fields and pastures within which horse's grazed. The road lead to a delightful cottage covered in shining green ivy and on to the covered riding school and stable yard behind Tarnsfoot Cottage. The road lead down the side of the valley and across an old stone bridge. Merissa pulled up outside the cottage and stepped out of the car, Duke leaped from the car to stand beside his mistress. The door of the cottage suddenly opened and a woman walked out, closely followed by a dog who was almost Duke's double.

"Merissa! How great to see you. I wasn't expecting you for another two hours at least."

The two women embraced each other warmly, both laughing with the pleasure of seeing each other again. The two dogs saw each other and a quick sniff confirmed to their satisfaction that they were brothers and they began to dash across the lawn together, playfully snapping at each other in a game of canine rough and tumble as if they had never been apart.

"Hello Elanor," Merissa said, "I'm sorry if I'm early but I just couldn't wait to get out of Oxford; those American tourists are driving me mad and I'm going to get enough of America very soon."

"Oh don't worry," Elanor replied, "come on in and rest, you must be tired."

"Just a little," she said.

Merissa followed her cousin into the cottage and through into the kitchen, sitting at the old oaken table while her cousin fussed around making the tea. It had been over a year since the two had seen each other both women busy with their own careers. In that year Elanor had moved to her southern Lake District farm, running her successful computer consultancy business from these idyllic surroundings, Merissa thought that her friend had become more beautiful than ever, her proud, strong features framed by her shoulder length brown hair, her kind brown eyes softening her clear features. Not that Merissa felt herself lacking in the looks department, she prided herself on her appearance, her carefully managed auburn hair and fair complexion along with her business acumen had managed to win her many a difficult contract

Soon the tea was ready and Elanor and Merissa sat side by side at the kitchen table.

"So, how are things in the world of high finance?" Elanor asked.

"Oh, as chaotic as ever," Merissa replied, "Thanks for offering me a holiday here though. I need a break before I start working again."

Elanor laughed, "You're more than welcome. I was surprised though when you said you wanted to

come up to the countryside, I'd always thought that you were a city girl."

"I just fancied a change and I wanted to see you again." Merissa replied.

"That's fine then. Do you still ride?" she asked.

"I haven't for a while but I think I still can."

"Oh good, I'll show you round after tea then."

Merissa showered while Elanor prepared a meal for them. Stepping into the cool waters of the shower she felt bustle of the city drop away from her along with the dust of the journey. As the droplets refreshed her tawny skin she closed her eyes and caressed her body, revelling in the sensations as the water spray cascaded over her. She traced the line of her hips, slowly down to her thighs, lingering over the smooth skin and firm muscles of her legs, bringing her hand up across her trim stomach to cup her breasts, touching and moulding them under the shower's jet, stroking the budding tips of her nipples as they became hard and pointed. For many minutes she stood there in the cooling waters, her eyes closed, her breathing becoming deep under the combined caresses of her deft fingertips and the shower's spray upon the sensitive peaks of her smooth breasts.

Merissa felt supremely relaxed as she stepped from the shower and draped a bathrobe across her shoulders. The fabric felt good against her skin, brushing the sensitive rosebud tips of her nipples, fanning the fire she had kindled in the shower. It was as she reached the lovely room that Elanor had prepared for her she felt a hot breath upon her calves. She span round; preoccupied by her lustful thoughts she had not heard Sultan, Elanor's dog and Duke's twin brother, pad up behind her, eager maybe for a pat and a titbit from the friend of his mistress. Suddenly the seed of an idea germinated in Merissa's mind. Elanor had mentioned a particular pleasure to her in a letter soon after she had acquired Duke from her. Elanor had told her of the wonderful sensations had given her with his rough and willing tongue and how allowing the dog to relieve his natural animal urges in this way had made the large dog far more friendly, gentle and easy to control. Merissa had attempted in a half-hearted way to replicate Elanor's experiment but only briefly as she she was a little afraid of what the big dog might do when excited and they had very little time when they were alone together; there hadn't seemed much point either as Duke seemed very well behaved without any unusual canine obedience training and she had a succession of lovers of the human kind to fulfil her urges. But now, with the smouldering fire within her and the friendly dog sat looking expectantly up at her with his very wet, long red tongue lolling out of his mouth, the notion once more presented itself to the fore of her mind.

Merissa reached down and patted the head of the big animal. In return he licked at her hands. As he sniffed at her fingers he must have scented the traces of her womanly fluids as his tail began to wag furiously and, with a little yelp of delight, he tried to jump up to lick her face. Merissa pushed him down and walked into the bedroom. Sultan padded along behind her and once he was inside she closed the door. She quickly walked to the bed and discarding her bathrobe she sat upon the edge of the mattress. Sultan needed no urging or guidance and Merissa sensed that her friend had trained him well for the excited dog seemed to know quite well the treat his mistress had in store for him. He quickly trotted to where Merissa sat and pushed himself between her thighs, his wet black nose sniffing for the scented crevice that lay there. Merissa shivered in delight as the dog's cold nose touched against her sensitive lips and she opened her legs a little wider; Sultan gave a little growl and he pushed his nose into the soft auburn triangle of hair that so seductively cloaked her yearning chink. Merissa moaned as the panting canine pushed further and his tongue began to lap at the

outer lips of her cunt.

"Oh.. Oh yes Sultan..." she gasped as his warm tongue began to caress her sex, "Oh... good boy Sultan... Oh yes... oh good dog.. oooh..". Her hand reached down for the dog's heavy head, grasping it and gently pulling him closer to her. Sultan was more than willing. He had begun to get into his stride and he liked ever more furiously; his long, experienced tongue playing over the swollen lips of her cleft, darting inside the tight hole, lapping up her sweet juices.

Merissa was beside herself with pleasure. It felt like nothing she had ever experienced before, no human tongue could compare with the beautiful sensations that her friend's dog was giving her and to feel the hot fur under her hands added a potent spice to her lust. He had gone further now, the wet tongue pushed higher into the aching recesses of her cunt, expertly licking her out, up and down in a glorious friction. Merissa began to push herself up to meet his darting tongue, pressing her cleft against his red wetness. Her hands move to her cunt, holding the lips of her cavern wide for him. The alsatian was well into his stride now and with each lashing stroke of his tongue he drove deep into her, the rough edge brushing against the little nub of her clitoris with each lap, pleasuring the walls of her tunnel of lust, driving her wild. She rocked from side to side, pushing herself faster and faster against the lustful ministrations of the big dog's darting tongue, pulling his head to her cunt until, with a cry, a burning climax ripped through her body. She grasped Sultan's Head pulling him right onto her so that his head slipped up onto her belly and her cunt rested against the rough hair of his chest, pushing her burning cleft against its coarseness, wetting it with her juices as she writhed in orgasm's grasp.

The crashing waves of climax rolled away to leave Merissa lying panting on the bed holding the whimpering Sultan to her. She raised her head and looked down at the big dog, closing her spread legs against his flanks so that her thighs and cunt pressed against the warm hair of the massive alsatian. She reached down to stroke his furry ears, his pointed face, his wet nose.

"Good dog Sultan," she whispered hoarsely, "lovely dog."

Sultan whimpered and tried to jump up on the bed.

"He is, isn't he?" Elanor's voice came from behind Merissa. Startled she sat bolt upright in an instant and turned around, freeing Sultan from her grasp. Elanor stood in the doorway that connected one bedroom to another, a door that in her desire Merissa had not seen.

"Please forgive me for bargeing in but you two weren't exactly quiet."

Merissa started to stammer an apology but Elanor interrupted her. "Don't be sorry, you two looked great."

It was then that Merissa saw that Elanor's hand was beneath her dress and that her face had a slightly flushed look; she had obviously doing more than merely watching the lustful tableau. She came to sit beside Merissa.

"I've never really done that sort of thing before, with animals I mean. I did try what you suggested with Duke but he was too frisky and I got scared. I really don't know what came over me."

Elanor touched Merissa's leg, slowly stroking the skin her thigh. "I think it's the country air here, it makes you closer to nature and less ashamed of our passions. Did you like what he did?"

"Oh yes," Merissa replied.

"We'll have to see about training Duke then, and to use more than just his tongue too." She nodded towards Sultan. He lay before them licking his red prick which protruded from its woolly sheath. Its length and animalness made Merissa shiver delightedly as her imagination went to work and lustful images came into her mind. She really hadn't give any real thought to such imagining before but maybe Elanor was right and the country air was working strange charms upon her for the prospects for pleasure offered by the lovely black and brown dog before her certainly seemed most appealing now.

"Dinnertime," Elanor whispered.

After a wonderful mean Elanor took Merissa around the stableyard and introduced her to the horse's. It was a beautiful evening, the sun setting at the far end of the valley cast long shadows and bathed the farmhouse and the riding school in a deep golden light.

"How do you find the time to run this place," Merissa asked as she surveyed the neat rows of stables and the freshly swept yard.

"Oh I really don't do that much. I just ride here and teach the occasional lesson when I'm here. Most of the horse's are liveried, they're not mine. Anton does all the real work; he's my stable manager.

"Talking about me?"

The voice was light and friendly but with a tinge of power. Merissa and Elanor turned round to confront the interrupter. He stood with a haynet slung over his shoulders and a smile on his weather-tanned face.

Elanor laughed; "Meet Anton," she said.

Merissa was more than delighted to meet Anton. He was a young man in his late twenties, tall and well built: the muscles stood out on his powerful arms, his short curly shone golden in the setting sun. He smiled as he approached, a wide beaming smile that Merissa warmed to immediately. His face was bronzed and weathered, the visage of a man who had spent his life in the open air. She had a sixth sense when it came to judging people and she felt that here was a man who she could trust, a kindly no-nonsense countryman whose knowledge was not from books but from the wilds like the nature-priests of old.

He put the haynet down and proffered his hand. "Good evening. It's miss Hope isn't it? Elanor said that you were coming to stay."

Merissa shook his hand, feeling the strength in his grasp. "Oh let's not be formal, just call me Merissa," she said. She took a quick glance downwards. His jeans hugged his legs tightly and Merissa's hopes for what she might see were amply fulfilled as she took in the bulge in his crotch, a promise of what lay inside that the denim strove to conceal.

"Are the horse's ready for the night?" Elanor interrupted.

"All except Nightwind like you asked," he replied, "Ok if I go now?"

"Sure, everything set for tomorrow."

"Yep, no problems there, she'll be ready." He turned to Merissa who has loosed her grip on his hand,

"See you in the morning." He smiled a knowing smile which Merissa returned. They both seemed to know that they were going to meet in far less formal circumstances before her holiday was over.

"I saw you looking," Elanor whispered as Anton disappeared from view and they walked towards the stalls.

Merissa giggled, "Well, can you blame me? He looks huge."

"Oh he is," Elanor said conspiratorially.

"I might have guessed!"

"He's a great lover and if I know you you'll find that out for yourself. He's ever so good with the horse's too, and the dogs, they seem to understand each other and they trust him. Mind you, there's someone here a little better endowed than even Anton."

They had reached a stable in a shady corner of the yard. The top of the door was opened and a horse looked out. Merissa gasped. He was gorgeous; his black head pointed toward the two women as they approached and he regarded them with intelligent black eyes. As they drew level to his stall Elanor reached down and unlatched the bolt that held the lower half of the door shut. With a soft snort the great horse pushed the door open with his chest and walked out into the evening sunshine.

He was magnificent; tall and sleek. His black glossy coat shimmered in the soft golden light as he moved; powerful muscles playing under his midnight-dark hide. He arched his neck proudly as he stopped before Elanor, snuffing at her face in a horsey greeting. Elanor reached up and began to caress the sleek head of the beautiful creature, softly talking to him. She seemed lost from the world for a moment, touching the warm hide of the massive horse, softly stroking and speaking to him as though they were lovers and that nobody else in the world existed. The horse reciprocated in the caress, pushing his nose against Elanor's hand, snorting gently.

"Nightwind," Elanor said, her simple introduction speaking volumes.

"Oh Elanor, he's absolutely gorgeous." Merissa looked down the length of the beautiful creature, following the smooth lines of his flowing contours. Her gaze was drawn to his belly; she couldn't help herself. For years she had been fascinated by the male anatomy, always eager for a glimpse of the forbidden in the same way that some men eagerly followed the curve of a woman's rump as she walked down the street. Here it seemed that all males, human and animal alike, were fair game for a glimpse. The huge horse stood still as Elanor caressed him and Merissa could just see the tip of his black cock protruding from the sheath; she followed it back to the sac of his balls where they nestled between his hind legs, one behind the other.

"You're looking again," Elanor said.

"Touch," Merissa giggled.

"You can see it all soon, and what he does with it too. We've got a mare who's just come into season and her owner wants Nightwind to sire a foal on her."

"I'd love to see that," Merissa said. "I've never seen horse's doing it before."

"It's a lovely sight, hot and sexy, especially when I have to guide his throbbing cock into the mare's cunt. I have to have a fuck myself afterwards or I'd go mad with frustration."

"Not with him surely," Merissa gasped.

Elanor laughed at her friend's horror. "Oh hell no! He's far too big for me! Anton or Sultan or Anton's brother John are quite big enough for me. But he can give you a thrill in a different way, care to try?"

Merissa nodded, game for anything by now. She was a little mistified as to what her friend meant. Elanor took a hold of the black stallion's reins and lead him to a paddock behind the stables. Once there she threw the reins over his head and with a practiced leap she vaulted onto his broad back and flung her legs astride him. Elanor's dress had ridden up her legs and Merissa could see what her friend had meant. Elanor wore nothing under the light cotton dress and her cunt was positioned directly over the horse's backbone.

"See," she said and Merissa nodded. "Now I'll help you up and I'll ride behind you. He's young but strong and we're both light enough for him to easily carry us both. Now take your knickers off and get up here!"

Soon they were both astride his broad back, Merissa before and Elanor behind. Merissa's legs spread wide over the horse's flanks, her legs pressed close against his warm, smooth hide. Her mind went back to when she held the panting Sultan between her thighs, but Nightwind's hair was different, altogether smoother and more refined. The lips of her sex were spread by the horse's girth and with no saddle or clothing to bar the way they made contact with the hard ridge of the stallion's backbone. Elanor gently eased Nightwind forward and as he began to move around the paddock at a slow walk his backbone pressed against her cunt. Merissa came almost at once; the whole of her lips were brushed by the sleek hide of black horse, the bud of her clitoris pressed and rubbed simultaneously in a smooth undulating movement as Nightwind proudly promenaded around the field. Merissa gasped in delight as they walked, her hands reached for his neck, stroking and petting him, pulling herself closer to this wonderful creature who just by walking gave her so much delight. Merissa felt the whole of her thighs being stoked as though by a hundred loving hands. The warmth of the horse under her felt wonderful. She sighed and pressed her hips forward to match his gait, each step he made sending spasms of delight shooting through her cleft, making her wet, her rocking back and forth making his back slippery with her juices.

She felt Elanor's hands at her waist, holding her as she rocked in time to the stallion's steps; one hand reached to caress her breasts, stroking the firm nipples into taughtness; another hand softly fell to the auburn bush of hair, slick with the flushings of her lust. A deft finger slipped inside, searching for the bud of pleasure that lay in the folds. Merissa groaned as Elanor's touch upon her clit added to that of the stallion's back, touching and stroking it so that it stood proud and all the time the constant rubbing of Nightwind's soft hair and hard bone upon her cunt. Elanor eased Merissa forwards, pushing her up onto his withers, the little ridge at the base of the neck where the mane ends and the back begins. Her clitoris, made sensitive by Elanor's touch made contact with the ridge of his withers, roughly crushing it in a beautiful pressure. It was all too, too much. With a shuddering gasp Merissa climaxed. She fell forwards onto Nightwind's black-maned neck, grasping him tightly. As she fell her cunt pressed again into his back in a thrilling friction and another shattering climax crashed around her body.

She lay there for a while, gasping for breath, the warmth of the stallion's hide against her skin. He held her up with his strong neck, preventing her from falling. He had gently come to a stop and now he lifted his proud head higher so that she could recover from the dangerous, beautiful pleasure that he had given to her. At length she sat up and fell into Elanor's arms who, slipping from Nightwind's back, helped her to the ground.

"Oh Elanor," she said at last, "that was amazing. I'd never have thought it possible."

"He is good isn't he," Elanor replied, "and he likes you too." The great horse had turned his head and he nuzzled Merissa hand, gently, tenderly. She turned and caressed his head.

"Thank you," she whispered to the horse. "Thank you."

Together they lead him back to the stable.

"Do you want to give him a quick brush down?" Elanor asked. "Just where we were sitting. Anton did the rest earlier. I'm just off to check the rest of the horse's and then I'll get you a drink. See you in a minute in the sitting room."

Suddenly Merissa was alone in the stable with Nightwind, a body brush in her hand. She patted his neck and began to brush his gleaming coat along his back where they had sat, brushing the stickyness from his sleek hair, whispering soft words to him all the time. The task was swiftly completed and Merissa was about to leave him when his gentle whicker made her turn. He looked directly at her, his soft soulful eyes meeting hers. She ran her hand along his face, feeling the lines and angles of his head, strong and beautiful, the skin of his black nose soft under her fingers, his warm breath upon her arm. She walked closer and he lifted his head to let her approach. Merissa sighed a deep sigh and embraced his neck, wordlessly thanking the great creature for the pleasure he had given her, grateful for his silent strength.

Slowly her hands began to stroke his flanks, feeling the strong muscles of his chest, her face pressed against his mane, the strong scent of his animal wildness in her nostrils, ancient and powerful. Somehow the barriers between them slipped away, the world becoming just she and the stallion, embracing together as lovers in a straw-strewn stable whose light was the pale ambered silver of the harvest moon. She slipped down to his side, caressed his back, his belly, his legs; running her hands against his sleek and perfect. Around the curve of his hocks, the muscles of his back she caressed him; slowly stroking his gleaming hide. Her hand lingered at the base of his tail; the smooth coat hair turning to long feathery strands. He raised his tail a little in an obliging gesture and again he voiced his whispered snicker as though to say; "Carry on, my lovely rider. Carry on."

Merissa's hand slipped under the dock, his skin hot where his tail pressed against his body. Her fingers brushed the tight knot of his anus slipped downward, down the smooth hairless skin that divided the space between his powerful hind legs, downward to touch the heavy sac which which nestled between those mighty pillars of muscle and sinew. Just for a moment her little hand rested there, feeling their smooth weight before she sank to her knees beside him. Her hands reached up as though in supplication to some primeval deity, reached up to touch the silky blackness of his sheath from where the blunt tip of his cock protruded, midnight dark and shiny as a jewel of polished jet, tipped with a shining diamond of fluid. Gingerly she caressed the velvety sheath and at the gentle bidding of her hands the beautiful blackness of his cock slid into view. On and on it seemed to come, filling and hardening, his stallion scent growing ever stronger. Merissa almost wept as she saw it. Her mind conjuring up ever more dangerous and glorious visions; Oh to be fucked by it, Oh to have this beautiful creature mount her as his mare. To feel his ravishing weapon at the lips of her cunt. To feel his weight upon her back as he impaled her, roughly animal and gloriously sweet. To feel his lustful black cock inside her tight, wet cunt; stretching her walls as he fucked her. Her hands touched his black rod, wrapping themselves around its girth, the soft skin slick and shiny with his stallion's juices. It twitched in her hands as she held it and seemed to swell even more.

Slowly she began to stroke the enormous horse's cock with both hands, steadily caressing up and down the fabulous length, her eyes fixed on the lustful black wand, feeling the veins that ran its length under her fingertips, beautiful ridges she imagined caressing her innermost being into dizzying heights of pleasure as he fucked her. His cock jerked again in her hands and he snickered once more; a different sound this time, one of relaxed pleasure. Merissa's gentle hands continued down to the quivering tip of the stallion's beautiful instrument of passion, then, ever so slowly the retreated back up the smooth, slippery skin, across the ridges and furrows of vein and artery to the tight sac of his balls. Over and over again she stroked until she lost all count and sense of time and all she knew was the huge black cock of the stallion and all her mind was it entering her, possessing her, fucking her.

Suddenly Nightwind's prick jerked violently, shocking Merissa from her lust-filled reverie. He whinnied mightily and she felt a pulse shoot along the glistening length of his cock. Spunk flew from the tip, scattering in pearls among the stable's straw floor, over her dress and her hands. Wave after wave came, hard jerks of muscle in Merissa's hand, each spilling his lustful tribute in a beautiful climax until, at last, he was spent. The tightness in his cock subsided and Merissa loosed her gasp as it receded into his belly from whence it had come. She rose to his feet and walked the two short steps to his head. He had turned to look at her and as she stood by him he nuzzled her fondly, thanking her for what she had done. Merissa patted him lovingly. She had been more than willing to do what she did and more than happy to give him the pleasure that his ride had given her. With a last caress of his beautiful face she left the stable and hurried across the yard to the house

"Where have you been all this time?" Elanor's querious voice came from the sitting room as she heard Merissa close the kitchen door. "You only needed to brush his back you know not get him ready for the Horse of the Year....." Elanor's voice dropped to nothing as Merissa entered the room and they came face to face and Merissa's crumpled and stained dress began to tell its story.

"Merissa, what's wrong?"

"It was Nightwind... I... I..."

Elanor stepped towards her and took her hands, raising them to her face. She could smell the strong heady scent of the stallion upon them.

"I just couldn't help myself. He was there and I... Well.. I just touched him and..."

"Oh Merissa, that's alright. Did he hurt you?"

"Oh no, not at all. He was ever so gentle. He just stood still and let me play with him."

"Even when he came?"

"Yes, he seemed to know I was by his feet and he didn't want to hurt me. Oh Elanor... he was beautiful... so gentle and strong. I... I wanted him Elanor."

Elanor took Merissa in her arms and the two women embraced, holding each other tightly. Elanor stroked her back.

"I know," Elanor said. "I've wanted him as well. I've tried to stroke him off too but he was just too frisky. He's really taken to you."

Slowly the pair separated, each still touching the other and they sat together on the sofa. Elanor pressed a drink into Merissa's hand which she gulped in a fiery swallow as her friend placed her arm around her shoulder and snuggled close. "Now tell me what happened," she said.

Merissa began to relate the events on the stable and as her story unfolded she once more pictured herself with him, her eyes closed, dreaming of his animal maleness impaling her. She gradually became aware of Elanor's hand upon her mount, her fingers brushing the lips of her cunt.

"Is that nice?" Elanor asked.

"Oh yes Elanor," she whispered, "oh yes please."

Elanor's fingers slipped inside the cleft of her sex, caressing the chasm of her lust. She sighed as first one, then another and then another finger entered her, Elanor's thumb seeking out the rosebud of her clitoris, rubbing it as her fingers drove deep into her wet cunt. She writhed under the assault of pleasure, moaning her desire as the fingers pushed in harder and harder.

"Oh yes... Ohh..." Merissa moaned in her lust, "Oh yes.. Yes.. Fuck me.. Fuck me ... Ohhh.. Ohhhh..." With a gasping cry she came, her cunt contracting in a beautiful spasm around her friends fingers.

The two women held each other in the aftermath, hugging and cuddling until the door creaked open and two dark shapes padded into the dimly lit room. Elanor's eyes twinkled with a wicked glint as the two dogs approached.

"Well you've had your stallion so I think it's my turn now. Duke's due for his first lesson too."

She reached out for Merissa's dog and stroked his head. He sniffed at her fingers and his ears perked up at what he found. With a little yelp he began to lick Elanor's damp fingers with his long red tongue. Elanor whispered words of encouragement to him all the while as she brought her hand closer to her cunt, Merissa's dog following eagerly. He needed no encouragement as Elanor parted her cuntlips; he darted to her sensitive sex and began to lap with great gusto. Elanor moaned and her legs parted, Duke's tongue frantically lapping at the wet walls of her cunt, worrying the soft lips like a bone.

"Rub his chest," she gasped to Merissa. Merissa got down on her knees and did as she was asked. Her eyes were glued to Elanor's split cleft, pink and shiny with her juices which Duke eagerly lapped up. His whispering grew louder and he jumped up onto Elanor's belly, trying to mount her. She slid down the sofa from her sitting position so that he might get up onto her. Merissa looked down at his belly, his red doggy cock protruded from its sheath. It looked a little thinner than a man's cock but just as long and it glistened wetly in the dim light of the room. Elanor reached out for his flanks and pulled him up onto her. He scrambled up, his twitching cock searching for her soft crevice.

"Put it in for him," Elanor gasped, "I want him to fuck me."

Merissa reached out and took a hold of her dog's slippery red cock. She ran her fingers along it feeling the wet, hot skin and the bulge at the base of his prick, listening to his howl and Elanor's moans. Slowly she guided his blunt tip to the wet lips of Elanor's cunt. As they met he jumped forward, plunging his cock into the fleshy depths of her cunt. Elanor screamed and he thrust again, fucking her hard and deep, his hot cock vanishing into her, pushing the bulge past her lips. Elanor held him tightly, dog fur against skin.

"Fuck me," she moaned, "good dog... harder... good boy Duke... fuck me hard harder Duke.... oohhh... ooh yes Duke, Good dog...."

Merissa stepped back to survey the scene: her friend spreadeagled on her back, the panting alsatian atop her, his tongue hanging out over her breasts as they lay belly to belly, Elanor pulling the dog inside her, a look of rapture on her face as Duke fucked her, thrusting hard and fast, driving his cock inside her. Merissa's hand went unbidden to her cunt, her fingers sneaking their way inside as she devoured the tableau before her. Sultan came beside her and with her free hand she held him, pressing his warm body against hers and her fingers caressed her clit.

Elanor threw her legs over Duke's haunches and pulled him deeper into her, her moans and cried becoming ever louder as she screamed, all ladylike pretence stripped away. "Fuck me harder... harder..." she cried as on and on he thrust, faster and faster they fucked in an animal fury until with a wolf's howl he came inside her, pumping her spunk deep into her belly, his legs grasping her as she convulsed in the throes of her own climax, her cunt wrapping itself around his hard alsatian cock.

Eventually Duke jumped down from her, lay on the floor and began to lick his cock with his tongue. Elanor lay collapsed on the sofa, a thin stream of clear dog come tricked from her cuntlips. She looked at Merissa with a look of tired contentment.

"Time for bed," she gasped breathlessly, "Tomorrow's going to be a long day."

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## Chapter Two

The sunlight seeped through a chink in the curtains, falling across the pillow where Merissa's head lay, slowly pulling her into wakefulness.

"Are you awake yet?"

Elanor's voice was soft and quiet in the warm air and Merissa, rousing quickly now from her slumbers, mumbled and yawned in response.

"I've brought you some tea."

Merissa sat up as her friend placed the tray on the bedside table and she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "We get up early here in the countryside." Elanor continued. "All the horse's have been awake since the sun came up; And a couple of our horse's are more awake than the others." she added cryptically.

"What do you mean?" Merissa asked, struggling from her sleep.

"If you hurry up you'll be able to see for yourself." Elanor replied and with a pat of Merissa's thigh she turned and walked out of the room.

She sat back in the warm bed as she ate and thought back to the night before. Did she really do all those things? Was her lustful adventure with Nightwind in the stable real or did she just dream about the wonderful stallion. The country air had certainly had an effect on her, Merissa thought as she wolfed down the breakfast that Elanor had prepared. Not only was she finding she had a taste for unusual forms of loving but also it was making her eat more than she ever did before.

A whinnying cry from outside dispelled the illusion that the night before had been only a dream. It

was a beautiful sound: proud and lusty, which could only have come from the midnight-black horse. Suddenly Merissa remembered that Elanor had told her that he was to cover a mare that day. That's what her cryptic comment about two of the horse's meant.

Swiftly she dressed and hurried downstairs to the kitchen. Elanor was waiting for her.

"Aha! You've remembered!" she exclaimed as Merissa entered the room. "Come on then; I think Anton will be waiting for us."

As they left the house they both heard the high-pitched whinny from the stableyard. The mare's cry was answered by Nightwind's deeper call. Elanor lead Merissa to the covered riding school. Inside in the centre of the covered arena Anton and the mare stood head to head. She wore a light bridle to which he held the reins. He stroked her cheek and seemed to be whispering to her, calming her as she fidgeted anxiously.

"She's lovely," Merissa said as they approached and indeed she was. Her coat was a pale dappled grey and her silvery tail twitched from side to side in expectation of what was to come. Her head was quite small and fine and she had a kindly look in her eye, tinged with an edge of wildness and fire. Her legs were fine and strongly muscled and as Merissa looked between her and the man who held her she could see something akin to the curious desires that had flowed between her and Nightwind were mirrored in these two. Anton beckoned for her to approach and she went to his side.

"She's a beauty Anton, she really is." Merissa whispered for fear of startling the mare. "Is she yours?"

"Yes she is," he answered, "Have you ever seen a covering before?"

"No, never."

He looked at her. His eyes shone with expectation. His mare was not the only one awaiting the stallion's approach. "I think that you'll like it. I usually can tell what sort of people do. She likes it," he added, patting the mare's neck. "She's called Starfire; Star for short."

Merissa reached up to stroke the fine line's of the mare's face. "Starfire, what a lovely name."

Suddenly the mare tossed her head high and whinnied. The black stallion had entered the covered arena. Star and the two human's who attended her watched his approach. He could sense the mare's sexy perfume and his neck bent coyly as he drew close to her. His huge black cock hung beneath his belly; half gorged with blood it swung as he moved, swaying gently to and fro and glistening, full of promise, in the morning sunlight streaming in through the open doorway. Elanor lead him by a rope attached to his headcollar.

"They should be alright," Anton said, "They've met before. This'll be her second foal from him."

The two horse's snorted at each other as they drew head to head. Their eyes rolling as they whinnied and tossed their heads in lustful greeting, glad to be face to face at last. Once the equine introductions were over Anton nodded to Elanor who lead Nightwind behind Starfire.

Merissa stepped back to view the scene better. Star had raised her tail high into the air and Nightwind sniffed beneath it, his nostrils flaring as he scented her lust. The mare looked back over her shoulder at him and whickered softly, almost as though she were urging him on. Merissa looked at the dapple-grey mare's cunt; the outer lips were flushed pink as they merged into the supple hide covering the muscles, the colour changing to black as the lips drew close to the cleft which nestled

below the dark, tight anus. The lips of her sex quivered in anticipation of the arrival of her huge lover, wet with her juices, glistening and inviting; winking open and closed in a primal, irregular rhythm to expose the wet pink folds deep inside.

Merissa felt herself becoming damp as she viewed the scene. She licked her lips, wondering, imagining what it would be like to taste those female juices, to slip her tongue between the juicy folds of the mare's wet cunt. The mare's perfume seemed to be affecting her as well as Nightwind. Why was she thinking such things? But it didn't seem to matter, not here. The atmosphere was charged with the static electricity of sex, the world spinning to the hot beat of the lust of these two beautiful creatures. Distantly Merissa heard Anton whispering to his mare. "Do you want him my precious? Do you want to feel his big cock in your cunt my little darling? Are you ready for him my pet?" She shot him a quick glance. His head was close to Star's and he whispered in her ear, stroking her lovely face all the while.

Nightwind sniffed at Starfire's wet, pouting sex once more and then, with a mighty lunge, he was up on her back, his forelegs astride her, Star's hind legs bracing themselves to take his weight as he mounted her. Nightwind's huge cock was fully erect now and its blunt tip searched for her wet lips. The veins seemed to pulse along its lustful black length and Merissa stood entranced by the power of it. She became dimly aware of Elanor whispering in her ear.

"Help him Merissa. Put it in for him."

Merissa needed no more encouraging. She stepped forward and took Nightwind's pulsing cock in her hands, stroking its fiery length as she wrapped both hands around his mighty shaft, sighing with pleasure as she caressed the satin smooth skin of the stallion's huge prick. She looked towards Starfire. Nightwind's belly was upon her back and he inched himself along. Slowly she guided his huge knob to the entrance of the mare's willing cunt. Oh it felt wonderful; to be helping the beautiful stallion gain possession of his mare, to help the prick that she had caressed so fondly and watched spurt its hot seed the night before penetrate the mare was marvellous; she almost felt as though she were the stallion himself, fucking the mare. She held his prick lightly against the mare's lips and with a mighty thrust he was inside her. She held his prick as he entered, backing out and then thrusting his huge weapon deep into her belly, feeling the mare's juices oozing out of her cunt as the stallion fucked her, her passage well lubricated by her sticky fluids. Merissa's hands came away and involuntarily she raised them to her lips. The smell of the mare's heat was raw and powerful and the wetness in her loins became ever more greater and a gnawing need tugged at her. She put her fingers to her lips and tasted the mare, sweet and sticky with the taste of horse's sweat.

The three human's watched the two horse's fuck, growing ever more lustful themselves as the two beautiful creatures lusted together. His black hide atop her silvery grey, his huge black cock buried deep inside her belly as he covered her, slipping in and out with each mighty thrust. His eyes rolled and his neck arched to tenderly nibble at his mare's neck in horsey loveplay. Merissa head swum at the lustful sight before her. In her mind she lay upon Starfire's back, crushed between the warm horse's' bodies, her cunt over Starfire's hindquarters and Nightwind's huge cock inside her, fucking her deep, stretching the walls of her cunt like no man ever could because this was no man, this was a wild, untamed stallion, fucking her deep and hard, his huge weight upon her as his enormous cock plunged into her, giving her his all, his huge weapon pulsing inside her quim. Her hand moved to her thighs, stroking them beneath the thin material of her summer dress, pulling her closer... closer... closer...

Suddenly Nightwind gave a mighty whinny which shook her from her dream. His tail had begun to flag furiously and his thrusting stopped. The culmination of Merissa's fantasy unfolded before her as the stallion began to spurt his come deep into his mare's womb. In her dream it was all for her, wave

after wave of hot spunk filling her to overflowing as he came and came and came. Eventually he finished ejaculating and slipped out of her and off her back. Merissa watched entranced as his cock, shiny with their mingled juices, slipped out of her cunt. A trickle of their mingled fluids seeped from the mare's cunt. Star whinnied contentedly and her cunt winked as though wanting more.

"You'll have him again soon," she heard Anton whisper as he patted the mare's sweaty neck.

As though in a dream Merissa lead Starfire from the covered arena to her stable, Anton having pressed the mare's leading rein into her hand. As they entered the roomy stable Anton closed the door behind them, leaving the top half open.

"Did you like that?" he asked. Merissa looked up at him; his gaze seemed to flit from first her and then Starfire.

"Yes I did," Merissa managed to say. She stood beside the mare's shoulder now, stroking her warm back where Nightwind had been so recently. Her hand brushed across Star's soft hide, following the hard curve of her spine. The mare's tail still twitched from side to side as though she were waiting for her stallion to mount her once more. Merissa's hand moved towards the swishing tail, softly caressing the warmth of her skin. Her mind was filled with the memory of what she had just witnessed back there in the riding school but more, more than that, the image of the huge black cock penetrating those wet, luscious lips burned before her eyes. She felt Anton by her side, his hands upon her hips.

"I saw you in there, the way you tasted her. She's nice and sweet isn't she; would you like to taste some more?"

"Oh yes Anton. I want to taste her properly. I... Oh! What am I saying..." her voice rose with astonishment. "I... I really don't know what's going on. It's so strange, so... unreal what I'm feeling."

"Oh no my dear, it's not strange at all. What you've just seen affects people in curious ways, people you'd never imagine could hold such thoughts in their heads. You should have seen Elanor the first time she saw Nightwind fucking a mare in the Big Barn. Then there's that big dog of hers. I know just what you're feeling."

"The it's alright if I.. I..." She knew what she wanted to say but the words just wouldn't come. It was a dark and forbidding thing that she thought but he was encouraging her. As though he sensed her timidity to fulfil her lustful desires her spoke again.

"You won't hurt her. I think you'll find she likes it. Go on, enjoy yourself."

She turned and smiled at him. His young face bore lines of wisdom and pleasure that belied his years and as she looked up into his eyes they entwined in a deep and passionate kiss, their lips meeting in a flurry of darting tongues.

"Stay with me Anton," she whispered as they broke apart. "I want you here." So saying Merissa turned to face the mare's hindquarters. Anton's hand reached out over Merissa's shoulder and scratched the dock of Starfire's tail. The grey mare whickered softly and raised it high into the air. Breathing heavily, Merissa's hand slipped under the silvery grey strands of hair that guarded the beautiful creature's precious treasure. Softly, hardly daring to look, Merissa's fingers slipped over the juicy crack of the of the pretty mare, feeling the wetness oozing from her pouting lips; her fingers sank into the sweet cavern of her cunt with a satisfying damp sound, becoming sticky with the mingled secretions of the stallion's spunk and the mare's come. She sighed as she worked her fingers up and down the lovely cunt, caressing the mare's clit and sinking deep into the lovely

creature's vulva. She had done this act with many women but never, never before had it felt so good and sexy. She drew closer to the soft silver flank of the mare, easing the light summer dress from her shoulders that her breasts swung free. She bent slightly and pressed her naked breasts against Star's hindquarters, the smooth hairyness of her hide rubbed against the pink nipples, teasing them erect. She looked down to where her fingers lay in the mare's sweet cunt, three of them pressed deep into her warm cavern. Slowly she withdrew them and held them to her lips, savouring the strange odour, so like that of a woman and yet strong and heady with the dry smokey-wood smell of horse's. She licked them one by one, hearing Anton gasp at the wantonness of her act.

Wanton or not nothing could stop Merissa now. She moved around to stand behind the beautiful mare and lowered her head to her cunt. Slowly she began to lick at the black lips of the mare's cleft. Her tongue lapped at the sweet crack, parting the quivering lips as it darted inside; Merissa's hands came up and spread those soft lips, exposing the juicy pink recesses of the mare's cunt to her probing tongue as Merissa, murmuring with lust, drank her fill of the mare's nectar.

Merissa became dimly aware of hands playing upon her body, a finger rubbing at her own quim which was wet with her own juices. Anton had a finger in her soaking crack and was playing with her, his other hand roaming across her breasts, pinching at the hard nipples and sending quivers of delight rippling through her body. Suddenly she was possessed by a desire to be fucked like never before; to be fucked hard and deep with animal desire, no pretences or niceties, just raw, pure fucking. She straightened up for a moment before taking her left breast in both hands and rubbing it against the pouting wetness of the mare's cunt and then turning to face Anton.

Together they subsided into the warm straw by the mare's feet and his head bent to her breast, licking the juices from his mare's cunt from her. She looked down along as he crouched above her; he was naked now and his cock swung free. The promise Merissa had seen the day before in the bulge of his tight jeans was amply fulfilled. His cock was a wonderous size, not Nightwind by any stretch of the imagination but big nevertheless. She grabbed for it and held it firmly.

"Fuck me Anton," she growled lustfully. "Fuck me hard." She guided his cock to the lips of her cunt just as she had guided Nightwind to his mare. Anton needed no urging and with an animal grunt of pleasure he impaled her to the hilt. Merissa screamed as his cock thrust into her cunt; she was well lubricated but the spasm of pleasure was intense. Merissa grasped his buttocks and pulled him onto her as he began to fuck her with long, deep strokes.

"Fuck me harder Anton," she moaned. "Fuck me... fuck me... I want to feel your big cock my stallion. I bet you've fucked your mare haven't you... Ohh.. Ohhh... I bet you... Aaah.... I bet you've had your cock in her juicy cunt... Oooohhhh.... Fuck me like... like... you... fuck... her..." Her words were punctuated by hard jabs of thick cock as it forced its way into her. All niceties and politeness were gone now and inflamed by her words he fucked her hard and deep. His hands grasped at her as he thrust himself into her, her hands pulling him deeper, his cock stretching the sopping wet walls of her cunt. Merissa moaned and writhed under him as he rammed his hard maleness into her.

"Is that good?" he whispered into her ear as he rode her; "Can you feel that?" He thrust deep into her once more, slowly withdrawing his cock with a steady movement before easing it back into her with a soft, squelchy noise. Merissa groaned again as she heard and felt his raw maleness enter her. She loved the sounds of fucking, the breathless moans and the damp, squishy sounds of passionate lovemaking. "Do you want some more cock my little mare?" he whispered, punctuating his words with little jabs of his cock. "I saw you watching in there; you want to be fucked by Nightwind don't you?" he started to slide in and out of her as she moaned at his words, "You want to feel that big black cock up you, don't you?" he continued, his strokes coming faster, "You want to be fucked by a stallion, a big stallion inside you and all that come spurting up into your... tight... cunt..."

"Ohhhh... Ohh yes.... yes..." Merissa moaned as his words took her higher and his thrusting cock higher still. "Fuck me you big stallion... Fuck me... Fuck me.... Ooooooohhhh...." With a final thrust they came, Merissa's nails dug into his back and her tight cunt walls spasmed around his cock which spurted his come deep into her, jerking and bucking in her quim as they cried in the rapture of orgasm together.

They collapsed breathless in the straw at Starfire's feet, both gasping for air, holding each other tightly as the waves of lust died away. In the aftermath of their passion they touched each other tenderly. The hard animal fucking was over now to be replaced with something calm and loving but no less animal for all of that. Slowly, tenderly, Merissa stroked Anton's broad shoulders: feeling the rippling muscles of his arms as she returned his caresses, stroking the hills and valleys of her breasts, his large fingers sweeping over the slopes and playing with her nipples, sending delicious little waves of pleasure throughout her whole body.

"How did you know about her and me?" he asked at last.

"I heard the way you talked to her, how you caressed her when Nightwind fucked her; only a lover does it like that." Merissa smiled at him, "Tell me," she asked, "what's it like?"

"Oh it's lovely, really nice," he replied. His voice was calm and wistful, the faint trace of a Cumbrian accent colouring his words as he spoke, no shame or embarrassment tingeing his speech.

Merissa cuddled up to him in the warm, fragrant straw of the stable as he spoke. She had been right about her first impressions of him: he was an honest, loving man. "She's an absolute darling and she really loves it too," he continued. "It's better than a woman sometimes, feeling her big body as I slide in and out of her hot cunt, my hand on her flanks."

"She's not too big for you then?"

"Oh no, not at all. She gets a lovely suction on my cock, nearly pulls me right into her sometimes. She keeps looking over her shoulder when I ride her; she knows what's going on and loves it as much as I do.

Merissa was becoming steadily more excited as this revelation of country life unfolded. She'd heard of goings-on like this but had always put it down to jokes about stupid country folk by fast living city people and the occasional ugly and frustrated farmhand but now, experiencing these pleasures first hand, she knew that this was a perfectly natural way to behave if you had an inclination for it. So long as no one was being hurt what could be more natural than loving the creatures we shared our lives with in this way. Life was too short and fleeting to waste on the stupid morals and dictates of narrow-minded bigots who seemed to think that they knew what was best for everyone. Why shouldn't she take her pleasures from Elanor's big alsatian dog and give him some pleasure in return if she wanted too. Why shouldn't Anton and his mare lie together too. Why not indeed! In fact the thought was quite arousing to her.

"I'd like to watch you with her Anton," she whispered, her hand stroked down Anton's side, "Would that be alright?"

"I can't see why not, providing Star doesn't mind."

Merissa's hand ventured away from his firm stomach and down to the short, curly hairs where his flaccid cock nestled. She ran her fingers along its length, feeling it quiver and begin to stir under her fingers as she touched the purple-crowned head. Holding it in her hand she felt it throb and harden, rising swiftly to fill her hand.



“Does it happen a lot in the countryside, loving animals I mean?”

“I can’t think of a farmlad who hasn’t tried his luck behind a favourite cow or a nice fleecy sheep that caught his eye... Oh Merissa, that feels good.”

Merissa’s hands enfolded themselves over Anton’s burgeoning manhood and stroked it up and down, up and down. “Tell me more,” she whispered, becoming more and more excited by these tales of farmyard passion.

“Well, we all did it as kids. Most of us... Ohh that’s good.., still do if you want the truth. I remember that my sister had a sheltland pony. He was a gelding but the vet hadn’t done the operation properly and he was a right randy little sod, always had his cock hanging out. My brother and I used to hide in the hayloft and watch her sucking his cock and trying to get it into her cunt, eventually she found out we were watching her and so we joined in and we helped her fuck with him if she would suck us off afterwards. Oh don’t stop Merissa, that’s lovely... lovely....

Merissa’s head bent over his crotch, his male smells were in her nostrils, hot and sexy. She licked her lips and then flicked her tongue over the swollen head of his rampant prick. “Did she used to suck it like this?” she whispered tanatlisngly and her lips circled the proud staff of is cock, taking it into her mouth, tasting first sticky drops of his fluids as it entered between her warm lips. Anton groaned and his hips bucked upwards but Merissa pushed him back and sucked hard, establishing her control over him, driving him into ecstasy as she alternately nibbled and sucked at his cock, tasting him as he writhed under her. Merissa’s cunt became wet and itchy, desiring to be filled again like that of the mare that watched them. She sucked hard at his cock as he bucked up again. She let him and took him deeper as he pushed hard, her hands rubbing the tight sac of his balls, his huge cock filling her mouth until, with a groan, he came again, spurting his hot seed into her mouth as she milked his cock.

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They rested for a while in the cool interior of the stable before they rose and after having adjusted their clothing they left, going their separate ways after a quick kiss and a promise to meet later. Merissa breezed into the farmhouse through the open kitchen door. Elanor was nowhere to be seen and so Merissa started up the stairs to have a quick shower. She was just about to call out to her friend when she heard a whimpering sound coming from the master bedroom. Curious as to what was happening, although she had a fair idea, she drew close to the door which was half open.

What she saw exceeded even her wildest imaginings. Crouching on the floor was Elanor wearing nothing but a black suspender belt and sheer black stockings. Merissa’s own dog Duke had mounted her and fucked her energetically with short stabs of his red cock, his tawny fur rubbing against Elanor’s white skin. From where she stood she could see the wet lips of her friend’s cunt clinging to the dog’s thrusting prick. Elanor was busy with her mouth too. It was filled with the huge cock of a man who lay before her, by his appearance Merissa guessed that this was John, Anton’s brother. The veins on his swollen, livid cock almost visibly throbbed as Elanor’s head rose and fell around the wet shaft as she sucked him off. But it was what the man was doing that astounded her the most. Sabre, Elanor’s big alsatian, stood with his hind legs astride the man’s sholders and his red dog cock erect as the man took it into his mouth, sucking on it, his tongue lapping at the dog’s swollen prick, his hands holding the big dog steady whilst he sucked him. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves as they lay there in a curious human and canine daisy chain. Merissa would have liked to join in but she didn’t want to be rude and things looked as though they had reached an advanced stage.

Duke had begun to hump more energetically now and Merissa watched fascinated as the base of his

red cock swelled and, with a mighty thrust, he pushed it into Elanor's dripping cunt. She gave a muffled scream and took John's cock deep into her throat. He groaned too and his hips bucked as he came into Elanor's mouth, to be followed moments later by Sabre who yelped and began to shoot his come into John's mouth and over his face.

Fascinated by what she had seen but wanting to give them some privacy Merissa tactfully withdrew and took the shower she had promised herself and then retired for a quick nap in her room, her sleep troubled by lustful thoughts of black stallions and white mare's, of herself and Anton, the four becoming mixed in the turbulent swirls of sleep into mixtures of creatures both human and horse, mating and loving with tenderness and wild ferocity at one and the same time.

When she awoke and went downstairs it was lunchtime and Elanor was preparing a snack in the kitchen.

"Well hello there!" she exclaimed as Merissa entered, "And how are you." There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes and Merissa guessed that Anton had told her what had happened between the two of them and the lovely mare in the stables.

"I'm fine. Never felt better."

"And don't think that I didn't see you upstairs either!" Elanor teased, "From what I've heard it seems that you're more than ready to join our little social society. It's just a little group devoted to.. well.." she thought for a little while, "devoted to animal lovers, in the broadest meaning of the word."

"Pardon."

Elanor smiled and sat at the kitchen table, beckoning for Merissa to sit down also. "I'm sorry Merissa, I haven't been completely honest with you but I had to find out how you would react before I could let you in on my little secret. You see there are a few of us who have similar, shall we say, passions who have gradually come together over the years. Anton and John are two of our members and it was they who found me this place when I decided to devote more time to my horse's. We all get together every once in a while for a," she paused " ... party."

"Really!" Merissa was incredulous at this revelation and not a little excited by it.

"Oh yes. And I think that I could persuade our... membership secretary to let you come on one of our... nature rambles." She spoke the polite euphemisms with a hint of understatement to leave Merissa in do doubt of the double meanings. "Of course there will be a short... initiation into the group that you'll be required to take. Our next meeting is in a couple of days time; would you care to come along and meet the other members?"

"Well, Yes... I mean I'd love to but... what sort of people are they, the members of this society."

"Well, we've got allsorts, but we've got a couple of members who make sure that our secret is well hidden from the prying eyes of others and so if anyone happens to hear a wild party at a remote farmhouse and reports it to the authorities well... they don't investigate too closely if you know what I mean. So you see, it's quite safe."

"They're not just ordinary people then?"

"Oh goodness me no, none of us are exactly ordinary are we," Elanor laughed. Take Anton and John, they're the sons of the big local landowner, Duke Osborne of Windermere."

"Oh... I thought that they were just farmhands. That would account for something though." Merissa had a photographic memory for words, she remembered that in the stable he had said "My brother and I" and not "Me and my brother" as an ordinary man would.

"They're a very interesting group of people with extraordinary tastes Merissa. Tastes that you've got. I'm sure you'll love every second of it. Our next meeting is in two days time."

Merissa looked at Elanor. Two days seemed an awfully long time to wait.

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Chapter Three

Merissa gobbled her breakfast quickly. The sun had only recently peeped above the hills of the Lakeland valley within which Tarnsfoot Farm nestled. She had risen especially early that morning as Anton had promised the night before to take her riding. She had only just found out that he was far more than the stable hand she had first taken him to be; in fact he was the son of the local Lord. Merissa was very grateful that he hadn't told her when they had first met as it had allowed her to get to know him as just a man rather than the wealthy titled aristocrat that he really was.

And what a man he was. She had quite fallen for him during her two days at Tarnsfoot. What a change had come over her in those two days too. It was not only Anton she had developed her affections for but also Nightwind, the magnificent black stallion that her cousin Elanor owned. It had been quite an awakening to discover that her passions were not only aroused by members of her own species but by others creatures too. In fact, from what she had heard, this seemed to be far more common, especially here at Tarnsfoot, than she could ever have expected. She had been invited to a party that was to take place the following day; the party was, so Elanor had told her, one of many that took place of a small society dedicated to these unusual forms of loving. Merissa could hardly wait.

"Ready then?"

The deep, warm voice startled Merissa. Anton stood in the doorway, hacking jacket held casually over his arm, black riding boots up to his knees. Merissa looked up and smiled.

"Nearly finished," she said, hurriedly sipping her coffee. She pulled on her own riding boots and followed him into the stableyard, stealing a quick kiss from him as they walked. She couldn't resist a quick peek downwards to his jodhpurs. There, scarcely disguised by the tight fabric, the bulge of his cock made Merissa shiver deep inside, her mind remembering their afternoon in the stables the day before. She had plans for what that material concealed today too.

In the stableyard their horse's were waiting for them. Anton's dapple gray mare Starfire stood head to head with a slightly smaller horse, a chestnut whom Anton told her was called Tiptoes. Merissa giggled at the name. She approached her horse slowly, softly calling his name so as not to startle him. He was a young horse, a gelding that was used to teach riders in Elanor's school; a very gentle horse she had been told, used to unsure riders. He turned to Merissa as she drew near, nuzzling her outstretched hand in a tickly kiss, sniffing at her scent. With her other hand Merissa reached out and caressed his neck. Tiptoes quickly decided that she was one of the friendly human's and rubbed his head against her affectionately.

Whilst Merissa had been winning the confidence of her new horse Anton renewed his already well established acquaintance of his own beautiful mare. He had been given her when he was in his teens and had loved her ever since he first saw her struggle to her feet to suckle at her mother's breast.

He had never broken her to the saddle, indeed he had never broken her at all. With gentle touches and kind words he had bound her to his side and so she willingly carried him when the time came to climb to her back. She had allowed him far more liberty than that though. The bonding between them quickly became so close that when one night when she was two years old he, hurting with the pain of his girlfriend's refusal of his caresses, had gone to her stable to cry on her warm shoulder she had offered herself to him.

"My little beauty," he whispered into a pricked ear, remembering that beautiful first time: the heat of her as he slipped his aching cock into her tight cunt, her pushing back to meet him, her back arching as he melted within her. She snorted softly back at him, answering him in her own way. "Would you mind if Merissa watched us? She's very pretty and you mustn't get jealous of us My Love. I'll always be yours My Little Beauty. After all, I don't get jealous of you and your stallions do I now?" She snorted again as though telling him not to be so silly; of course she didn't mind. He swung up into her saddle and settled himself upon her back.

Merissa mounted her horse too. She soon found out from where he had acquired his name when he began to walk forward after Anton's mare as he moved with dainty steps, lifting his legs high, almost prancing down the road with long, comfortable strides.

They had a lovely ride through beautiful countryside, away from the usual tourist routes. Though shady wooded valley they rode, tart with the fresh smells of pines and damp earth. Up onto the slopes of the hills, down little used bridleways strewn with the remains of last years leaffall, the hooves of their horse's almost silent upon the soft earth. By the time they had reached the imposing but secluded Manor house she was quite enamoured of her gentle mount.

Anton lead her round to the back of the house to the large stable block and the buildings attached to the rear of the house.

"This is where all the farm buildings once were," he explained, "The Windermere family have always worked the land but we've moved most of the working farm buildings away from the manor as the farm grew. It's just stables now," he said, "and the barns that we keep to have parties in," he added with a surreptitious wink.

He and Merissa dismounted and lead their horse's to one of the stables. All was quiet around them. Anton explained that there was a housekeeper but she would be shopping at this time of day and had probably gone over to Kendal for the day as it was Wednesday, market day. The other horse's had most likely been turned out into the paddock by his brother who would be away tending to something on the estate.

Inside the stables it was light and airy, the warm smell of fresh straw permeated the air and Merissa breathed it in deeply. As they took off their horse's's saddles and bridles Merissa went to stand behind Anton, catching him about his waist.

"I've always loved the smell of hay lofts," she whispered to him. "It makes me feel like rolling in the hay."

"Well," he replied, his voice teasing, "Who's stopping you."

Merissa quickly kicked off her boots and swiftly removed the rest of her riding clothes and lay down in the sweet smelling straw at their horse's' feet. Tiptoes and Starfire regarded this latest trick by their human companions with a studied indifference although Tiptoes did bend his head down to sniff at her face and she caressed his cheek in return.

Merissa was soon joined upon the stable floor by Anton. They embraced warmly, their naked bodies pressing close together. Merissa's urgency was made all the more acute by the lovely ride. All the time the rubbing of the saddle had been exciting her.

"Are you alright here," Anton whispered to her, "in front of the horse's? We can go inside if you want?"

"Oh no," she replied, her hands stroked his sides, firmly and surely as though it was her lovely horse she caressed, "I want to do it here, in front of them; I want them to watch us." Her little hand slipped between his legs and roamed up the inside of his thighs to the tight sac of his balls. "I want them to watch us fucking Anton. I want you to fuck me like they do. I want... oooohhh..."

Merissa's cry of delighted surprise came as his fingers brushed the lips of her cunt, caressing the wet folds. She moaned again and pushed her hips forward, wanting to feel him inside her.

"We'll have to get you ready first then, my little mare," he murmured in her ear. His fingers brushed against her cunt lips again, making Merissa shiver. "You still want that big stallion inside you don't you. You want to be fucked by that big cock Nightwind keeps between his legs."

"Oh yes, yes Anton..."

"Well we'll have to see if you're ready for him won't we. Now why don't you turn over and we'll see how good a mare you make."

With firm hands Anton rolled Merissa over onto her stomach. She crouched on all fours before him, her bottom raised up in the air. In the straw of the stable, the warm farm smells of hay and horse's all around her she truly began to feel like the mare she wanted to be. She pictured herself flicking her tail aside to allow her stallion to take her, her cunt winking in lascivious invitation. She felt Anton's big hands upon her back, stroking her like he petted his mare, roaming down to the curve of her buttocks, stroking the smooth skin. Oh she wanted him, her cunt ached to feel him thrust into her, to remove the dreadful itch that was burning her up inside.

Merissa did not have to wait long. She felt his hands move to her flanks and his big cock nudge the lips of her cunt and then, with a thrust, he was inside her, his cock sliding up her juicy tunnel.

"There now my Little Mare, is that better?" she asked her softly as he thrust again, making Merissa groan with delight.

"Oh yes Stallion," she moaned backing onto his cock, "Oh that's so good. Fuck me like you fuck her, like you fuck your mare." Anton thrust into her again, his prick sliding beautifully into her with long, deep strokes. His breathing came heavily as he pulled her onto him, their twin moans of passion echoing throughout the stable as their passion built higher. Merissa could feel every inch of him as he plundered her depths; she surrendered herself to him, rocking back onto his cock, becoming impaled on his beautiful instrument as it fucked her hard and deep, milking her pleasure from the rod that stretched her so beautifully. And all the while she imagined himself to be a mare, his silver-grey Starfire, and it was her that he fucked as he climaxed within her. She followed him to the pinnacle of pleasure.

Their passion spent, they subsided into the straw in a tangle of arms and legs, each holding the other close as they cuddled together in the aftermath of lovemaking.

"You're determined to have him, aren't you," Anton said at last.

Merissa cuddled up closer to Anton in the warm straw, "Oh yes," she whispered, "I want to feel that stallion's cock like nothing else in the world. I've thought of nothing else since I first set eyes on him. I want him Anton."

"Well, we'll have to see what can be done. I've known women be fucked by horse's before but they were all less well equipped than Nightwind. But I've picked up a few tricks in my time and he trusts me so I don't see why we shouldn't try to arrange a little dalliance between the two of you."

"Can you!" Merissa could hardly believe her luck, "Can you really!" she hugged him tight, wordlessly thanking him for his promises of help.

As Merissa lay there she suddenly felt a warm breath upon her back, a gentle tickle of soft skin. She looked up into the deep eyes of Anton's dapple mare.

"She wants you to share her stallion," Anton whispered, his voice level and serious. Merissa didn't doubt that he really meant every word he said. There was a bond between the man and the mare that Merissa could only begin to fathom: a soul-bond, dark as a moonless night yet bright as a summers day all at once. Starfire moved her attentions to Anton, snuffling his face with her soft nose.

"I think she wants you," Merissa said.

"She does too. She thinks she's missing out on something with me and you having had our fun, she thinks it's her turn now."

Anton sat up and took the mare's head in his hands, stroking her face, whispering into one pricked ear. She moved over to one side and lay down, her back legs first and then her forelegs, tucking them under her body and shaking herself to get comfortable.

Merissa was amazed. "How did you get her to do that?" she asked incredulously.

"I didn't do anything," Anton replied, "She did what she wanted to do."

Anton's voice had assumed that distant, wistful quality she had heard before in the covered barn when she first saw Nightwind take the silvery mare. He didn't seem to be really there any more, it was just he and his mare in some faraway land, some dimension into which Merissa could see but could not enter. He lay across her shoulders, pressed against her, his head against her mane, his hands on either side of her neck, slowly caressing her. Merissa moved back a little to take in the scene: the golden sun lighting the stable and the sweet caresses, motes of dust dancing in the rays, the smell of the straw and the spectral silence lifting the magical scene beyond the realms of the physical. Anton's hands moving across the sleek hide of his mare, her colour turned silvery gold in the muted light of the stable.

Slowly his hands moved across her back, caressing the line of Starfire's spine: always tender, always caring. Merissa almost cried with the beauty of it all, she loved to be treated like that, the care, the endless patience of a true lover. It was so rare to witness such compassion and, as she watched, she began to understand a little more of the bond that united man and horse thus. Anton moved further, a hand caressing her flanks while another swept down to the dock of her tail. Starfire obligingly lifted it to one side and Anton slipped his hand below it. From her vantage point Merissa saw his hand caress the dark lips of Starfire's cunt, saw them wink open at the touch of his fingers. She felt herself becoming wet at the sight and her own hand crept down to her lips that were no less hungry than the mare's.

Anton moved head so that it rested upon her hindquarters and Merissa noticed the smile he gave his mare as she turned her head to look at him; the mare's answer to his smile was a snort and a toss of her head. Anton's hand pressed against the warm lips of her cunt in acceptance of her signal, a finger gently parted the wet crack and slipped into the heat within. His eyes closed as he began to touch her innermost secrets and he sighed; a long, deep sigh. As Starfire lifted her tail higher Merissa could see more. Anton's fingers slipped into her cunt and he began to move them slowly, in and out, in and out. The lips clung to them as he moved, his whole hand slipping into the heat to emerge once more, glistening with her fluids.

"Merissa," his voice was barely a whisper but she could hear him clearly. "Come here, she wants you too."

Swiftly Merissa came to Anton's side, the lovely smell of horse hanging in the air here like the fragrance of a garden.

"Touch her," he whispered again, "She wants to feel you."

Merissa needed no more urging, her hand began to caress the spot where Anton's had been moments before. The mare's cunt winked at her, exposing the wet, red walls within and pulling her fingers inside her. Merissa marvelled at the heat of her, suddenly understanding where the expression "on heat" came from. As she caressed the lips she felt a hard bud brush against her hand and heard the faraway whicker of the mare. She touched the bud again, running it between her fingers, and she realised that this must be her clit; somehow she'd never quite thought of mare's having one, but it felt nice to touch. She felt Anton's hands and, looking down, saw that her now lay with his head to her cunt, his lips to hers and his hands spreading the folds of skin. Merissa withdrew as he planted a tender kiss on the entrance to Starfire's burning cavern, a tender kiss of devotion, before his tongue began to roam the slick walls of her cunt, drinking her sweet nectar as he lapped at her crack.

In time he rose, his eyes half closed in rapture, his cock rampant.

"Put it in for me," she sighed, his voice barely human, "Like you did with Nightwind."

Merissa took hold of Anton's throbbing cock and rubbed it against the shiny black walls of the mare's cunt. With a sudden thrust and a gasp he entered her, her lips closing on him, sucking him in. Quickly he began to push into his mare, quick, jabbing strokes like those of a stallion. Her back arched to meet his thrusts, her head turned, a look of calm love in her deep brown eyes. At her look Anton began to slow his thrusts, his movements becoming gentler, his strokes deeper as his lover's cunt alternately grasped and relaxed its hold on his cock. Merissa looked down to see her juices oozing out of her sweet cunt, trickling over his cock as he impaled her; her cuntlips winking all the while, quivering in pleasure as he fucked her. Her tail raised high into the air as he served her, his hands upon her flanks slid lower as his thrusts grew slower and he subsided into a delicious climax, a climax that creeps up on you and seems to last forever, until, at last, he lay over her hindquarters, his cock deep in her cunt as their love mingled deep within her warm body.

They lay together, horse and human, in the warmth of the stable, wrapped in the scents of straw and satisfied lust. In time Anton turned over and whispered to Merissa.

"Don't say anything or act startled but we have an audience. Just react normally."

With that he rose to his feet and reached for his clothes. "Well my dear, we'd better be getting back

to the farmhouse or we'll be late." His voice was far from quiet and Merissa detected a noise at the far wall of the stable, out in the farmyard. Someone was retreating from a spy-hole in the wall. After the shuffle of feet had receded Merissa rose to embrace Anton. "Who was that?" she asked.

"That'll have been Terry, he's a farmhand here. He tapped his head with a forefinger; "None too bright up here I'm afraid but he's a nice sort and a bit of a fellow-traveller too. Our secret's safe with him, there's only one person who he talks to and she can't tell anyone else. In fact I think we could well be able to get out own back on our little spy. Pop your clothes on and come with me..."

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Terry's heart pounded as he hurried across the farmyard. He could scarcely believe what he'd just seen in the stable. The erotic scene that had unfolded before his eyes inflamed his senses. He knew that he'd have to share what he had witnessed with his special lady, she was the only one he could tell. He'd go mad with desire if....

Terry pulled himself up for a moment as he threaded his way between between the barns. He had to stop thinking about himself like that, Master Anton had said so. He wasn't mad, he wasn't crazy, he was just a little bit dim sometimes and he found it difficult to talk to people and remember what they'd told him. Some people called him the village idiot and this hurt Terry as he was a kind man, not afraid of hard work. Anton had taken him on as a farmhand after a farmer across the valley had thrown him out ad threatened to call the police after... well... after he'd found out about Fleecy. Anton didn't seem to mind about that, even after he'd stumbled on the truth. In fact he'd even let him keep her in one of the barns behind the little cottage where he lived as long as he kept quiet about it.

It was to this barn that he now made his way. Slipping through the small green hatch in the barn's door he made his way into the shadows. A soft bleat welcomed him, summoning him deeper into the twilight. Behind a low corral of straw bales, Fleecy heard him coming. Terry stepped over the wall and dropped to his knees as the black faced ewe came up to him and began to rub her head against his chest.

"Hello my little love" he whispered to her as he cradled her head in his big hand; the ewe licked his palm affectionately in return and bleated softly. Terry's heart beat faster now he knelt in the presence of his woolly mistress. To everyone else she was just a sheep, a fleece on four legs, but to Terry, rejected by his parents and denied the love of his own kind, she was beauty incarnate.

And she was his.

No woman would so much as give him a second glance but Fleecy loved him and he loved her more than anything else in the world. He'd brought her up from a lamb when her own mother had rejected her, that much they shared too. It had seemed only natural to him that his desires, unrequited by the love of women or men, should be directed to the one creature who cared about him. He worshipped her, worshipped the very ground she walked upon. Now, here in the quiet of the barn, enclosed in their private world, the soft golden light of a summer afternoon gathering about them, he worshipped her again.

Slowly he ran his fingers through the short curls of her summer coat, the wool warm under his touch, soothing his feverish hands. "You'll never do guess what I see did today Fleecy," he murmured to her as he sat at his ewe's side, caressing her warmth. "Master Anton up in the stable with 'ee new lady and that pretty mare 'ee do 'ave! Doin' it 'ee were, doin' it first with 'er and then with 'ee mare while I watch 'em" Sees its all I do Fleecy! Sees its all." Fleecy voiced her gentle bleat



again and rubbed her head against him once more. Terry's hands caressed her coat, down her back to her little tail. She raised it and bleated once more as his fingers slipped beneath to her dark slit, caressing the hot lips of her sex. Terry sighed as he touched her. "Do 'ee like it when I touch 'ee there," he whispered. Under his fingers her lips were becoming wet. He slipped a finger inside her, feeling the tight tunnel part and close again around his probing digit. Slowly he began to work his finger in and out of his love's burning cavern, holding him to her, his head against her warm, woolly back. Slowly he eased another finger into her tight cunt, slipping the in and out, pleasuring his most special of lovers. Her back began to arch and she bleated long and low.

"Can I do it to 'ee," Terry whispered. She didn't answer him with words but as he turned to look over her shoulder at him her soft brown eyes spoke her answer. Terry fumbled at the button of his jeans and his cock sprang out, hard with his desire. For a few moments he rubbed it against the soft wool of Fleecy's coat, revelling in the soft touch on his aching cock. Slowly then he positioned himself behind his ewe, kneeling by her hind legs. He raised her tail and gazed down at the tight, black pouting lips of her sex and slowly, gently, began to rub his cock up and down the bright chink of her cunt. She returned his look, a glance over her shoulder, a gaze that spanned the gap between their two races, a gaze that sanctified their union for, in that moment, they became as one. He took a hold of her flanks as pushed into her, merging them together with a single stroke, the tightness of her embracing him in a silken embrace, sucking at him, drawing him deeper into her. Terry moaned as he thrust into her burning wet cavern, his hands on her flanks, his fingers entwined in her woolly coat. Fleecy's back arched as she took his cock in her cunt, her muscles contracting around the cock that stretched her so deliciously, pushing into her, back and forth, revelling in her tightness, her heat, her wetness. He began to thrust faster, harder, pulling her onto him, lost inside her as she became his entire world, his heart racing, his mind consumed with love for her. With a mighty last thrust he came, his spunk shooting into her cunt, mingling himself with her in the most intimate embrace.

Exhausted by passion, he lay in the straw. Fleecy came and lay beside him.

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Silently Anton and Merissa stole from their hiding place high in the rafters of the barn. Merissa guessed that this was the hiding place from where Anton and his brother had watched their sister and her shetland pony all those years ago. Without a word they mounted their horse's and rode from the old farmhouse back toward Tarnsfoot.

"He's a good man," Anton said at last. "As honest as they come. The last farmer he worked for kicked him out when he found out about his little passion. I was the only one that would give him work. I've got a reputation for helping lame ducks."

He grinned at Merissa who returned his smile. She loved him more and more each passing moment. She was still in a state of arousal after her afternoon in the stable and from witnessing the tender but peculiar passions of another of the countryside's denizens. Her mind was now fully given over to the strange passions that she had been introduced to since her arrival here and thoughts that would once have shocked her now seemed as natural as breathing. One of these thoughts now hatched within her mind, springing unbidden to her lips.

"I wonder what it'd be like to have it with a ram?"

Anton's eyebrows raised slightly in surprise. "You are becoming one of us if you're thinking things like that." He paused for a moment in thought. "I really don't know, I've never spoken to anyone who's done it. Maybe we could arrange something if you fancy trying. It might make a...." he

stopped suddenly as an idea flashed across his face. "That might be interesting," he continued.

"You're up to something!" Merissa giggled.

"I might just be. I might just be," he replied

Merissa tried to wheedle Anton's secret plan from him for the rest of the ride through the leafy countryside but he wouldn't be drawn on the details of his scheme.

Eventually they arrived back at the farm and together they untacked and brushed down their horse's before turning them out into the paddock to roll and graze together. Anton embraced her warmly as they walked from their playing horse's and, apologizing, told her that he had business to attend to. There was a look of regret in both their eyes as he left her. He'd promised to return the following day with a "bit of a surprise" for her. Merissa strove to hide her disappointment as he drove away from the farm. She'd been rather looking forward to another frolic with him on her return to the farm. The anticipation of lust and the stimulation of the saddle had conspired to raise her desires and now there was no man to fulfil them... but perhaps there was another way. Quickly she went to the farmhouse and went inside. Elanor was away on business that day and she had taken Sabre with her but his brother, Duke, remained behind.

He ran up to her, jumping up and barking in pleasure as he saw his Mistress. Quickly she lead him up to her bedroom and threw off her clothes before lying on the bed. Duke, as was his nature, jumped up to join her.

"Good boy Duke," she whispered to her panting dog as it lapped at her face. "We're going to have a bit of fun, you and me." Swiftly she reached down and started to massage his woolly sheath. This was no time for subtlety, the need in her body was urgent and demanding, hungry to be satisfied. The big alsatian gave a whimper and rolled over, his shiny red tool slipping out under his mistress' hands. Merissa sighed and bent to take it between her lips, sucking on the hot redness of his cock, her tongue tasting the salty slipperyness of his length, feeling the smooth texture of his skin as it grew in her mouth. Greedily she gobbled on it, her hands stroking his lean, muscled flanks, her head moved slowly up and down, caressing the dog's prick into rampant hardness. Eventually she raised her head and looked down at what her mouth had wrought. Duke's cock stood forth proud and hard, shining red against his dark coat.

"There, I bet your bitches don't do that for you," she whispered to him. "Now I want you to give me that hardest fucking I've ever had," she continued as she caressed his cock and balls with her hand. Merissa span round and crouched on all fours before the huge alsatian. He didn't need asking again. With a yelp he was up on her back, his red prick searching for her wet cunt, his hips thrusting forwards. Merissa was about to reach behind her to help him in when she felt the tip of his rod touch her lips. Then, with a huge thrust he pushed his burning cock up her. Merissa screamed as it entered her, savagely stretching her cunt wall as it blazed its trail into her. He thrust again and this time she backed to meet him. Again and again they bucked together, two wild animals lost in a rutting frenzy. The alsatian's big cock pushed deeper into her, filling her cunt. His forelegs gripped her sides, the tips of his claws scratching her breasts, adding to Merissa's delight. "Fuck me," she moaned in her lust, "Oh fuck me.... harder... harder.." As they writhed together Merissa felt the bulge at the base of the dog's cock touch her cunt and with a mighty thrust it entered her. She screamed in pleasure at this last thrust as orgasm wracked her body. The indefatigable canine paid no heed to this and continued to buck his hips, whimpering with delight until, with a howl, he came. Merissa joined his howl with a cry of delight, feeling his hot spunk shoot into her belly. Jet after jet

bathed her as the dog thrust again and again into her sopping cunt.

At last, their lust satisfied, they collapsed to the bed and slept the afternoon away.

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## Chapter Four

Merissa was woken by the crunch of car wheels on the gravel outside. Elanor had returned. Soon there was the unmistakable thump of the door closing and the rapid patter of feet on the stairs up to her room. Duke the alsatian sat up on the bed, his tail wagging. The owner of the noisy feet poked his wet, shining nose around the door and bounded into the room. The pair of dogs barked joyful greetings at each other before dashing off downstairs.

Merissa made to rise from the bed when Elanor entered.

"Well, Duke looks happy with himself," she said with a smile as she surveyed the state of the bedding and Merissa's somewhat dishevelled appearance, "And I think that I can see why!"

Merissa grinned, "You were certainly right about him. To think that I'd had that lovely cock living under my roof all that time without realising it. He was fantastic Elanor, what a powerhouse!"

"Well, I did tell you didn't I; you'll be liking it more than human cock soon, no need to worry about what you're going to say in the morning to him. I suppose that I'll have two hungry beasts after me whilst you're off enjoying yourself in the states.

"I'll be sorry to part with him, even though it's only going to be for a couple of months."

"Don't worry, I'm sure that you'll be able to find something just as good over there. In fact," Elanor continued, "I'll put you in touch with one of our society's American members tomorrow at the club meeting if you still want to be initiated into our little group?"

"Of course I do!" Merissa retorted.

"Thought you might," Elanor laughed. "Anyway, time for tea."

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After a lovely meal Elanor retired to her study explaining that there was a board meeting of her company in a few days and that she had a report on a takeover bid to prepare. Merissa decided to take a wander through the grounds of the farm as it was such a lovely evening. Her wanderings took her towards the stables and, before she knew it she stood before Nightwind's stall. It was as though her feet had guided her to this place without her knowing as she hadn't been thinking about the black stallion. Merissa was pleasantly surprised though, this sort of synchronicity was becoming more and more commonplace in her life these days. The big horse lay in his stall absently chewing some tender stalks of hay. He looked up at the woman who peered over his door and snorted softly. Merissa took his snort to be an invitation so she slipped the latch and entered.

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She sat by him as he finished his supper, stroking his silky neck, singing with a whispery voice to him, the words indistinct and meaningless, just a gentle sound of affection. He moved his head and

rubbed against her side, returning the love she gave him. Far in the back of Merissa's mind she knew that he was a strong and powerful creature, it would be so easy for him to hurt her but by his side she felt only his warmth and his trust and she knew that no harm could come to her when she was by the stallion's side. She murmured soft words of affection to him as she lovingly caressed his gleaming coat, polished into burnished jet by the golden sunlight. Merissa couldn't imagine a greater beauty than his, no man or beast she had seen could compare with him in that instant: he was a god upon the earth, a living incarnation of a deity. Merissa was suddenly humbled by his presence, her hand slowly coming away from his smoothness. As though sensing this shift in her feelings the great horse reached out with his head and breathed over her trembling hand in a snorted breath; the equine greeting as old as his race.

"I'm just as you," he seemed to say with that breath. "Flesh and blood as you are. We are the same and I want to know you better."

With a sigh Merissa fell on him, wrapping her arms around his neck, letting his warmth seep into her.

"Thank you Nightwind," she whispered to him. "Thank you, you beautiful thing."

For an age they lay like that; friends, companions; lovers maybe, for who could tell? After a time Nightwind moved, disturbing Merissa. She looked up into his wise, dark eyes for a moment before casting her gaze down the curve of his flank. The stallion's cock peeped from its sheath, black and inviting as the night. Merissa's breath caught in her throat and a pulse of lust shivered through her body. It scarcely seemed possible but he wanted her, this she knew. No communication in words passed between them but there, in the straw of the stall, their auras merged and became one. Somehow in the magic of this moment, they had become one creature; that she was human and he horse seemed to matter less with each passing moment: they were leaves in the wind of life, for a fleeting instant blown together by happy chance. Best for to seize the time they had for who was to know whether they would pass again.

Tenderly, slowly, scarcely daring to breathe, Merissa caressed the curve of his belly and touched the glistening cock, cupping the tip in her hand. She heard the great stallion snicker softly somewhere in a distant corner of her mind. A nagging discomfort irked her and she realised that she was still clothed, something that took only a moment to cure as she cast off her summer dress.

Now naked she pressed her lithe body against the smooth flanks of her stallion, revelling in the silkyness of his warm hide against her skin. His scent was in her nostrils, wild and delightful, a smell of forest glades in times past when the ancient peoples worshipped horse's as their Gods and Goddesses. It was to these far off people that Merissa felt close to now. A wall broke somewhere in the dark recesses of memory, a hidden secret of far off time, a tide of remembering sealed off for centuries flooded her senses. She saw the dark timbers of the forest oaks and ashes, a fire burning a clearing deep in the secret wood, a slow rhythm of drums, pulsing to the beat of sensuality that flooded the glade. There were horse's and people all around, stallions and mare's, men and women, both mounted and on foot. She stood naked before a great black stallion who pawed the ground and whinnied his shrill mating call, she was the priestess of the people who ringed the glade, silent and expectant. She was to couple with the creature before her, a mating of the Wild God of the Forests with his earthly priestess.

Merissa became dizzy with the images that flashed through her mind, finding herself suddenly back in the stable. She realised that her hands were around the shining black prick of the stallion and that she softly stoked up and down its huge length. Somehow the ancient memory had shown her what she could do, now there was a way for her to make the fantasy she'd had since she saw the beautiful

stallion come true. She continued to stroke his smooth cock, feeling the ridges and furrows of vein and muscle under the silken skin. down to its very tip they went, feeling it's bluntness. Anointing her fingers with his fluids she caressed up his staff to the soft sac of his balls, fondling them lovingly, pleasuring her Lord, her Deity as the priestess had done those centuries before. Nightwind rolled over onto his side, giving her easy access to him, his cock proudly displayed, hard and weighty. Merissa could help herself no longer. Holding his beautiful cock she lowered her head to it and began to lick along it's length. Slowly her tongue caressed it's saltiness, the stallion scent of him strong in her nostrils. With one hand she held the great black cock to her lips and with the other she pressed it to her breasts, rubbing them against it, the sensation of it, pulsing, beating to his heartbeat, driving her wild. Little moans of pure pleasure escaped her lips as she licked and sucked him, his beautiful cock felt so good against her, tasted so sweet, smelt so good. Her whole body became alive, each tiny part giving her pleasure; her skin tingled all over. She felt her cunt wet, the juices of love dripping from them, a lovely ache inside waiting to be filled by this magnificent, powerful lover.

But first she wanted to give him this special pleasure. Kneeling beside him, slowly she took the tip of his cock between her lips and bent her head, taking his knob into her mouth. Merissa was an expert at pleasing a man this way but never had she had a cock like this. Steadily she took more of Nightwind's pulsing cock into her hot mouth, inch by inch. She took as much as she could, sucking tenderly on it, her tongue playing across the tip, her hands caressing the fat cock. She heard him whinny his pleasure as she sucked him, his delightful call urging her on. Greedily she slurped at his huge cock, devouring it. As she felt the quivering in his prick increase she lessened her suction, not wanting to bring him to a climax yet. She let his huge cock slide from her lips and across her breasts. Moving around she made to lay beside him in the straw of the stable, one hand holding his cock and the other caressing his belly. The great black horse looked down on her.

"You'll do it with me," she whispered to him, "Please fuck me Nightwind. Please."

The stallion tossed his head in reply and whickered softly, his cock pulsed anew in Merissa's hand, urgent with it's need, saying far more than words ever could.

With a grateful sigh Merissa touched the tip of his cock to her burning cunt, slipping down onto it. Languidly she rubbed the staff across her lips, wetting it with her juices. She groaned with lust at the sensations of the hard cock against her cuntlips. With her free hand she reached down and spread her mons, pushing the bud of her clitoris against his beautiful tool. She moved her hips back and forth, frigging herself on the stallions lovely cock.

"Oh yes My Beauty," she moaned as she moved her hips faster, the seeds of orgasm flowering inside her. "Yes, My Love, harder... harder... I'm... I'm...." and with a cry she came and came again over his midnight dark tool. Her fingers pressing it to her streaming cunt.

As she gasped for breath in the aftermath of a delicious climax she knew that it was time, that it was now or never. Slowly she parted her cuntlips and placed the slippery cock to them

"Now, You Beauty," she whispered to the gentle stallion, "I want you know."

The beautiful black horse felt her thoughts and gave a push of his hips. Merissa braced herself and he entered her, his huge cock sliding into her burning cunt. She gave a cry of delight as the first inches of his massive rod slipped into her, stretching her cunt, pulsing like nothing else on earth, the primal rhythm driving her wild, the drumbeats of the forest returning as she saw the stallion enter the priestess, heard her scream of delight. Merissa pushed down on the cock, feeling more of it slide into her. Groaning in pleasure she pushed hard and more of his pulsing tool slid into her sopping wet

cunt, stretching her, filling her with an intense delight. She took almost a foot of his huge prick before she could take no more and so slowly, gently, began to slide up and down the magnificent instrument. She could feel him making small movements, pushing into her. It was as if he knew her fragility and tempered his power, keeping his movements to a human scale. Merissa heard the stallion's harsh breathing as she rushed towards her climax, the rhythm of his pulsing cock echoing his snorts, every ridge of his prick giving her delight as it rubbed against her stretched walls. In the distance she heard herself speaking in time to his snorts of pleasure.

"Yes My Love... More... Oh how you fill me... Oh Hengist... Athel Othe Hrossa... Athel.... More.... Afre... Afre..."

Then all thought of speech was swept away as a shuddering climax wracked her body. She felt the stallion tense and then, with a mighty shudder he added his climax to her own, his seed rushing into her in a torrent of lust, driving her higher, higher than ever...

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Gasping, Merissa felt the stallion withdraw from her, his cock receding into his belly, his lust spent. She struggled to lie upon his heaving flank, his breathing deep and his hide sweat flecked. In love and gratitude she wrapped her arms around him and he in turn bent his head to nuzzle her neck. The images of their lovemaking came back to her. What was it she had heard herself say? What had she called him in the height of her passion? The words were hazy, indistinct, as though remembered from a half forgotten dream. What did it matter what they were, she felt for him now like she had never felt for another. The sun was low in the sky, casting a deep red light over the land. Inside the stable the darkness gathered the lovers together in its cloak, hiding them from the world outside as they lay together, still and silent in the aftermath of passion.

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"Merissa?" She heard her name called as a question. It was dark in the stable but a glow of artificial light shone faintly through the open top door of the stall. Elanor stood framed by the glimmer, her face showing a mixture of concern, admiration and love for her friend. Seeing that Merissa woke from her slumber she spoke again:

"Are you alright? I wondered where you'd gone, it's late and..."

"I'm fine Elanor," Merissa answered quietly, "just fine."

"I was worried about you."

"I've been fine, he's been looking after me."

Elanor's face broke into a smile. "Are you sure that you haven't been looking after him?"

Merissa realised that she must look a fine sight, naked and embracing a dozing black stallion. She had to tell someone the truth and it might as well be Elanor.

"We made love Elanor, Nightwind and I. He let me make love to him."

Elanor's eyes widened in disbelief. "You're joke..." She pulled herself up short as Merissa shook her head and it became clearly apparent that Merissa was far from joking.

"No Elanor, we did." Lovingly she caressed the stallion's face. "He made love to me, lying here. Oh

Elanor, he was beautiful, everything I imagined it would be." She hugged his neck and he harrumphed his reply.

"I'm happy for you both," Elanor said quietly, her voice awed, "I'd always wondered what it would be like to feel him inside me but he's always scared me a little. He really trusts you Merissa, somehow you're special."

Merissa remembered the strange images she had seen in her mind and wondered at her friends words, "I think that I may be Elanor, I'm not sure."

"You should come inside," Elanor said, "It's turning cold. You can stay here if you like though."

"I belong here tonight," Merissa said, "If that's alright with you?"

"It'll be fine. I'll leave you two alone." She turned to go but before she left she added quietly, "You will have much to talk about later tonight."

Merissa felt herself becoming heavy, her eyes drooping and knew that she was once more drifting towards sleep. She curled up next to her huge lover and slowly, simply, she drifted away.

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She felt herself back in the clearing, the stars above twinkling above, the fire which had burned high before a low red glow. She lay across the flank of the black stallion to whom she had coupled, her fingers entwining in his mane. "Hengist," she heard herself whisper, "Athel othe Hrossa," she spoke the words softly, a lover's sweet nothings. The great horse bent his head to her breasts and she felt the caress of his breath. His deep voice was in her mind, whispering at the edge of consciousness.

"Little mare," he breathed, "My love, I shall be here forever in you. The covenant has not been forgotten my small one. Special among women are you, blessed of The Goddess. Remember that I shall be with you, in your pleasures always."

He looked up at her and she saw the infinite darkness within his eyes, the expanse of the universe. She fell into his gaze. Falling forever into his infinity, merging with it, becoming one with the whole of creation.....

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The sounds of birdsong woke Merissa. She was in the stable with Nightwind once more and the sun was peeping above the horizon, heralding a new day. The stallion had risen before her and now he bent his neck to nuzzle her. As Merissa looked up at him, just for a moment she caught the glimmer of infinite blackness in his eye. She rose and hugged him.

"Yes," she whispered, knowing that her dream had been far more than just that, that her coming to Tarnsfoot had been more than just chance, "I will never forget."

Once more she hugged him and then made her way back to the farmhouse. As she walked across the courtyard she knew that a part of her would be forever in the stable she left.

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Late in the afternoon Merissa sat with Elanor in her study drinking tea. She had told Elanor of the dream she had had in the stable and now her friend sat silently nodding.

"Have you ever heard of Theoderic of Aachen?" she asked at last.

"No, never," Merissa replied, "Who is he?"

"Who was he," Elanor corrected, "He was a monk, a sort of missionary of the sixth century or thereabouts. He travelled throughout northern Europe trying to convert the pagan tribes to Christianity. He kept a journal. He wasn't as famous as people like Bede or Francis of Assisi and he was never canonised. There was some rumour about him, apparently he "went native" and turned his back on the church just before his death." Merissa listened intently as her friend continued her lesson in medieval history. "His journal was found by a Victorian priest in a little church in the Cotswolds, how it had got there no-one really knows. Anyway, this vicar read it and passed it onto the Bodleian Library in Oxford with the proviso that it should never be published because of what it contained. As you know I was studying medieval history as a minor at Oxford in the early seventies and my Professor told me about the journal and arranged for me to see it. I copied much of the interesting stuff, the rest was mainly complaints about how the devil tormented him with bunions!"

Elanor rose and walked to a locked bookcase. Opening it she took out a slim folder and, returning, placed it on the table and opened it. It contained numerous photocopied sheets, the writing was small and in the language of the text was Latin.

"You'll have to translate that I'm afraid," Merissa said, "Classics were never my strong suit."

Elanor picked up the papers and leafed through them. "This is the bit I think you might find interesting. It was written by Theoderic when he was in what we'd now call Southern Germany, roughly where the Black Forest is although it would have all been forest then. Roughly translated it goes something like this:

"The people of the tribe did gather together within a clearing far from their villages. There they did a great bonfire lit with and the people would beat upon drums for to summon up their devils. Then the priestess of the people would lead forth a black horse and then, without shame, did commit the most venial sin with this creature, yet for all the strength and fury of the beast it doeth unto her no harm or injury. The people sayeth unto me that it is their god that do couple with their priestess so that the forest might be fruitful and yield abundance; proof, if aught more be needed, that Satan himself dwelleth among the people of this place."

Elanor closed the book and looked at Merissa.

"The name you called Nightwind, Athel othe hrossa, it's Old Saxon; it means "Prince of Horses" and "hengist" was the word for "stallion"."

Merissa looked quietly shocked before she whispered, "Elanor, my mother was born in a village called Oberkorn, north of Munich..."

"It's in the Black Forest." Elanor interrupted, "I know."

"But I don't even speak German very well, let alone Saxon!"

"You've read Jung?" Elanor asked.

"Yes, a long time ago."

"You've heard of race-memory, synchronicity, reincarnation. It could be any or all of these things. Something in you remembered the old rites of your ancestors, an ancient memory buried in your genes or maybe your soul was triggered off by the intense experience of making love to Nightwind." Elanor's voice was quiet but excited.



"I've never really thought about anything like this," Merissa said, "It's all a bit scary."

"Don't be frightened, maybe you should see someone who can help you go over these memories. Have you ever been hypnotised?"

"No."

"I'll have a word with Michael. He knows Alex, the American who I told you about. He's a behavioural psychologist in California. You could see him while you're over there. Anyway, enough for now. We've got a bit of a journey before us - that is if you're still interested in a bit of straightforward carnal lust after all you've been through!"

Merissa smiled, "When have you ever known me to turn down carnal lust!" she retorted. Their journey that evening took them northwards towards Scotland, into the bleak moors that span the border between the Cumbria and Yorkshire. After a time they turned off the main roads and made their way along a narrow lane, then leaving even this small road and proceeding down a farm track. Eventually they came upon a farm and Elanor stopped the car. Getting out Merissa looked all around her. They were totally isolated here, no lights from neighbouring farms or villages visible anywhere.

"Five miles at least to the nearest other farm," Elanor said, sensing her friend's question. "No chance of us being disturbed. I see that most of us are here already." She nodded towards the other cars parked in the farmyard, a curious collection from humble little family runabouts through the ubiquitous range rover to sleek and expensive sports cars, their own Mercedes SLI fitting neatly into the latter category. "As you can see from the hardware," Elanor continued, "we're a pretty mixed bunch all round, from all walks of life really. I think you'll enjoy being a part of our group."

Together they walked up to the farmhouse. The lights were on inside and the sounds of laughter and conversation came from within. A middle aged man answered the door when they knocked.

"Elanor!" he exclaimed, evidently delighted to see her, "We were beginning to wonder where you'd got to. This must be the lady you were telling me about. Merissa isn't it? Do come in my dears..."

He ushered them into the living room and introduced her to everyone there, twelve people in all. Merissa soon found out that they were a diverse group. The eldest was a young looking fifty eight and a circuit judge, the youngest a pretty twenty four year old woman who worked in computers with her boyfriend who was also present. Their hosts were Martin and Trish, both in their mid thirties and owners of the farm. They all talked and swapped stories and were all interested to hear of Merissa's recent conversion to their unusual form of loving. She didn't tell them about her most intimate moments with her beloved Nightwind, somehow that felt too special to be shared with anyone but her closest friends just yet. Soon Merissa felt completely at ease here as though she had been among them all her life, they all seemed so natural and relaxed, freely talking of their own "special little loves back home" as the pair of computer experts termed their pair of weimeraner dogs. She had been introduced to a man called Michael but hadn't had much chance to speak to him; she felt herself curiously drawn to him and by more than just his roguish good looks and the bright twinkle in his eyes. Somehow she knew that she would be getting to know him a bit better soon.

Suddenly Trish raised her voice, "Okay everyone," she said as the conversation died away, "It's time."

Everyone got up and made to leave. Merissa looked about for Elanor to ask what she was to do next but Trish caught her arm. "Come with me for a minute first Merissa." She led her up the stairs to a room, on the bed there lay a lovely flowing white gown. Elanor entered and spoke to Merissa;

"You don't mind do you? It's just a sort of tradition that we have in the group. You might find tonight a little, er... peculiar at first but I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself.

Merissa turned to look at her friend and saw a lascivious glint in her friend's eyes. She remembered the same glint from when she had first introduced her to Nightwind.

"I'm game for anything," she replied.

Soon she walked down the stairs in the white silk dress. It had a curious construction, open at both sides like an ancient Greek garment. She had her suspicions as to why this was and it was certainly not for modesty. Trish and Elanor were waiting for her, clad now in long deep blue robes which were likewise split. Silently they lead her across the darkened farmyard to a large barn and, opening a small door, they ushered her in.

The smell was the first thing she noticed, a lovely aroma of fresh straw tinged with the scent of animals, there was more though, a taste of excitement and lust rippling in an unseen but tangible curtain. But it was what she saw that took her breath away. The barn was arranged into a central space with two sets of parallel stalls running the length of the building. At the far end of this space a low table was lit by oil lamps and behind this the society had gathered. All were dressed in single coloured robes, dark reds, lush greens and deep blues. Upon their heads they wore masks, not the small masks so favoured of Victorian masked balls but the heads of creatures: tigers, wolves, horse's, deer, all manner of beasts like a parade of Egyptian deities.

Elanor and Trish lead her forwards to stand before the assembly. As she was lead into the barn she became aware of sounds in the stalls around her, breathing and snuffling. It was as though she had stepped into another world, another time. The surge of excitement grew in the place as infected her, she felt like she was to be initiated into a great secret, into the ranks of the elite.

Then one of the figures stepped forwards, tall in red robes and wearing the mask of a fox. "Merissa. You come here of your own free will to join this honoured assembly. We do bid you welcome and tell you that no harm will befall you here. But first there is the test of induction you must pass. Are you ready for this test?"

"Yes, I am." She replied. Another figure clad in blue and wearing a horse mask then stepped forward.

"Will you promise never to reveal the identities of any in this group? More, do you promise never to hurt or harm any of this assembly, be they human or no, in your loving?" the voice was female and Merissa recognised it as the computer programmer she had talked to earlier. Now she was so different, a priestess of an order that she was being invited to join.

"I promise on my life," She replied once more.

"Then welcome," she continued. Let Merissa's first lover be brought to her. His bride awaits.

The assembly spread out around the table.

"Take the dress off Merissa," Elanor whispered to her, "It's time."

Merissa swiftly discarded her robe as a figure clad in green disappeared into one of the stalls only to emerge moments later leading a billy goat by a thin golden chain. Her breath caught in her throat as she saw him. White as snow he was with curled horns and deep topaz eyes; he bleated softly as he was lead into the assembly. The green clad figure approached her, the goat trotting willingly behind,

and handed her the chain.

The group of spectators had formed a wide circle around them. No-one said anything to Merissa but the goat bleated once more. She looked down into his yellow eyes and saw a glint of old wisdom in them, this wasn't the first time he'd done this. Merissa remembered back to her seduction of Duke and Sabre, her heart pounding. Surely it couldn't be that different? Well, there was only one way to find out. Slowly she sank to her knees before him and took his bearded head in her hands and stroked it. He bleated gently to her again and pushed himself towards her. Merissa could scent his excitement, his eagerness; she could feel the expectant tension that surrounded her. Murmuring quietly to him she stroked his beard and twitching ears.

"You after a good fuck then, you randy little thing," she whispered, "All those nanny goats not enough for you? Well we'll just have to give you a good time won't we."

She quickly stoked down his warm coat, the raw, male scent of him making her more and more excited by the minute. This was all so unreal, so strange to her. She couldn't have even imagined this scene before and now here she was doing it. The wild, forbidden wantonness of it all excited her more than his scent and she felt herself becoming wet, the familiar itch in her cunt yearning to be filled. As she reached down under his belly and between her legs he bent his head and began to nuzzle at her breasts, the touch of his soft lips sending a thrill of pleasure through him that made her gasp. Reaching further she found the goat's cock already poked from its sheath. She wrapped her hand round it: as long as a man's it was but a little thinner; but what is lacked in girth it made up for in heat. Merissa slowly worked the hot cock in her hand, pulling it gently, feeling its pulsing wet warmth under her fingers. Back she reached, up to the soft sac of his big balls; with one hand she caressed them while she continued to work on his pulsing cock. She heard him bleat again softly and felt him rub his head on her back affectionately. She felt warm and secure, happy to be giving him pleasure like this.

But her own need was growing as she pleased him, burning inside, becoming more and more insistent. She yearned to feel him inside, yearned for the forbidden fruit he offered. Slowly she stood up, his head followed her, angling for her sodden cunt. Seductively she pushed her hips towards his nose, stroking his face. His tongue began to nuzzle her there, lapping at the sweet juices of her womanhood.

"Oh yes...." she moaned as she felt his rough tongue on her lips, "Oh that's good... more.... more..." Merissa stroked her things and pushed forward onto the goat's probing tongue. She wanted him, wanted him now. The people around her forgotten she sat on the edge of the low table and lay backwards, her hips spread wide. She ran a finger down her cunt lips, spreading them in lascivious invitation to her caprine lover.

"Take me...." she whispered to him.

The goat needed no further invitation. With a bound he was on top of her, his forelegs either side of her, gripping her to him. As he inched forwards she felt the tip of his cock against her cunt; she wriggled towards it and with a mighty lunge he was inside her, driving his burning cock right up her cunt. Merissa screamed with pleasure as he entered her and began to buck, driving his prick deep with fast, savage jabs. The sensation was like no other, his hairy flanks against her thighs, his panting body above her, the huge sac of his balls bouncing against her bum and his delightful hot cock swelling and pulsing in her wet cunt. She grabbed him and pulled him onto her.

"Fuck me..." she moaned, "Fuck me harder... harder.. oh don't stop... that's... that's.... Ohhhhh..."

Merissa felt herself growing close to coming, she pulled on him harder, closing her cunt around his driving cock, wrapping her legs about him. She felt his rough coat on her skin, raw and demanding but so, o deliciously beautiful.

"Oh yes... yes.... I'm....." with a scream she climaxed, the goat coming too, pumping his hot seed into her. On and on he went, Merissa almost fainting away with the pleasure of it all.

Eventually he slipped off her and Merissa heard the sounds of activity all around her. Her display had obviously had an effect on her audience as they were no longer just stood around. Merissa looked up in time to see that one of the women had caught a hold of her erstwhile lover and was now greedily sucking on his cock, taking it deep in her mouth, fondling his balls. Two people started to caress her, one opening his robes and, without further ado, slipping into her cunt from behind.. The woman groaned and sucked on the goat even harder.

Suddenly Merissa felt a hand stroke her face. It was a man, that she knew as a magnificent hairy cock jutted from beneath his blue robe, he wore a lioness mask but, when he spoke, she recognised his voice as the enigmatic Michael she had been introduced to earlier

"Will you let be show you around," he whispered, calm as a summer morning, his voice and manner seemingly oblivious to the unrestrained orgy about him.

"Of course," Merissa replied.

"I think we'll join them first," he said, gesturing to a stall.

Together they walked past the trio of human's and the billy goat to the stall he had indicated. Merissa was expecting something unusual in the least but what met her gaze made her eyes widen in wonder. A woman lay before a huge white Charolais bull on an improvised bed of straw bales, the huge creature had his head bent to her cunt where he lapped gently. The woman's head was back and she cried out softly and writhed as the bull worked on her. Behind him a man fondled the bull's huge balls, rubbing his erect cock against them. Suddenly Merissa recognised the woman, it was Trisha, their hostess, who now cried out as the bull's tongue brought her to a delicious climax. Merissa didn't waste a moment, she moved over to Trish and began to caress her thigh.

"Mmmm.. that's nice," Trish whispered, "Do it some more..."

Merissa moved her hand higher to where the bull still lapped, he put his head out of the way as she reached her cunt and began to caress it. Merissa loved the feel of a wet, ready cunt, loved it's taste too.

"Let me eat you," she said. All time for nicety was gone.

Trish nodded and wriggled up her improvised bed, "Hop on," she whispered, "He'll eat you too... You'll let him do that for you won't you Merissa... Don't be frightened of Solomon... He's quite tame, he won't hurt you."

Merissa glanced over her shoulder at the white bull. He looked back with soulful eyes, such wells of gentle pride. Merissa warmed to him instantly. he liked his pleasure did Solomon, whatever was done to him, whatever he did, he enjoyed it. Behind him Michael was slowly massaging the beast's red prick while the other man sucked on his cock. Quickly Merissa bent and gave him a kiss on his pink nose before climbing up before Trish and burying her head in her cunt. With her fingers she parted the juicy folds of her cunt and ran her tongue up the sweet insides. Trish moaned and shuddered under her. twining her fingers in Merissa's hair and pulling her closer, moaning for her to

go deeper. Merissa lapped up the juicy recesses to the little bud of her clit, running it under her tongue , feeling it grow hard. Then suddenly she felt a hot wetness on her cunt, a huge rough tongue on her nether lips, the bull had begun to lick her. Merissa groaned in pleasure and wriggled back onto him. His tongue was massive, sweeping over her cunt in a huge wave that broke upon pleasure's shores again and again in a tide of lust.. Merissa felt herself becoming carried away on the intense pleasure, she moaned in ecstasy as the lovely bull kept up his unfaltering rhythm, driving his big tongue deep into her cunt. Harder and harder she pushed against him and deeper and deeper her drove , lifting Merissa higher. In ecstasy she pushed her tongue deep into Trish's cunt, making her come with a cry. With a strangled moan Merissa came too, the lovely bull eagerly lapping up her tribute.

Exhausted Merissa collapsed beside Trish. The gentle bull, seeing that she was tired softly nuzzled her cunt. "Wow..." she managed to say at last.

"He is rather good at that isn't he," Trish said, "Mind you, he's been at it since he was a calf so he ought to be."

"You've been with him that long?"

Trish sat up beside Merissa. "Oh yes. My little love was born here, weren't you?" She patted the friendly bull's nose and he snuffled at her hand. It was clear to Merrissa that there was the same love here as between her and Nightwind or Starfire and Anton.

"You'll be wanting your little heifer now won't you," Trish whispered to him. "You'll have to give me a taste of that lovely cock first though won't you," she added, pretending to scold him. "Coming to join in?" she asked Merissa.

"If you don't mind, I don't want to get in the way of anything between you two..."

"Oh so you've got your own special friend too then!" Trish exclaimed. "I don't mind sharing him, it makes it more special when there's just the two of us."

"You're on then."

Together they crouched under the bull's belly. His red cock was out and he stood patiently for them. Merissa reached out first and ran her fingers up and down it; it was hot and smooth, a bit like her alsatian's only far bigger. Trish joined her in caressing his prick, taking it in her hands. She leant forwards and began to rub it between her breasts, enfolding it's hot length between them. Samson lowed again.

"Mmmm, you like this don't you," Trish whispered, "You like to feel your cock on my tits. Let's have a taste of you then." She took a hold of his long cock and, kneeling down beside him, popped it between her lips and began to suck him. Merissa saw his cock twitch as she swallowed his cock, a beautiful sight it was too. She reached up to his balls and stoked them, feeling their weight and softness. Trish moaned loudly although her mouth was filled by the bull's prick, she stroked his cock whilst she sucked him. Merissa fondled his balls harder, drinking in the sight before her. With a mighty shudder Samson started to come, Trish sucked thirstily at his cock and took him in her mouth, drinking him hungrily down. The big bull seemed to come forever but at last even he stopped and, with a final lacivious suck, Trish let him go and sat panting on the floor of the byre.

"Delicious," she panted. "He'll be ready to go again in a few minutes."

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Indeed he was ready in a few minutes; for when Trish brought a young heifer into his stall he was up on her back in no time. The group gathered to watch the spectacle and to participate too. Merissa found Michael and with a wink she said, "Fancy a little heifer of your own,"

Soon she was on all fours and Michael entered her from behind. Other couples, trios and foursomes had joined together and the barn was soon a scene of writhing bodies racing to their pinnacles of pleasure, the magnificent centrepiece of which was the bull and the heifer.

As the assembly lay together after their excitement Trish and Martin announced an end to the festivities. They all helped to bed the animals down for the night and Merissa was pleased to see quite a few soft pettings and tender words passing between human and animal throughout the operation. Soon they were all together in the farmhouse, sharing a meal and a drink before settling down for the night. Merissa stuck close to Michael.

"So how long have you been interested in these strange passions then?" she asked him.

"Well, ever since I started my master's degree I suppose. That's where I was introduced to it by my dear old professor."

"And what did he show you?"

"She, actually. She showed me a tiger." His face didn't flicker although Merissa's eyes widened with shock. "She was a lovely thing, Indira was; ever so sweet and willing," he continued.

"You're joking!"

"I don't joke about my work," he replied with a smile. "I'm a research fellow into animal behavior at UCLA. I've specialised in felines. How about you?"

"I'm a marketing director for a publishing house."

"Not much scope for combining work with your pleasure then? Not unless your company prints some of the books I've got."

"No, that's true," Merissa said, "I'm quite new to all this really."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of. I'd had animal fantasies for years before I even dreamt of living them out."

"I suppose not. Is there anyone special in your life at the moment?"

"Yes, I suppose so. She's called Simba."

"African?"

Michael laughed, "I suppose in a manner of speaking she is, she was born just outside San Francisco at the research institute. She's a lioness."

"Oh I'm sorry, I thought she was human."

"No, there's nobody special in that department. I like to keep my options open on that score. Eleanor tells me that you'll be in America soon and that you've suddenly acquired an interest in... what was it... Ancient history?"

"Something like that."

"Well you'll have to drop in on us at the institute when you get over there. Give me a call and I'll introduce you to all our girls and boys." He reached into his pocket and handed her a business card. "I'd certainly like to get to know you a lot better, you were great in there."

"You were pretty tasty yourself, I'd love to see you again."

They smiled at each other and Merissa knew that the adventures she'd had at Tarnsfoot were only just beginning.....

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Chapter Five

"The Awoken Ones"

The waterfall's roar suffused the glade like the leaf-dappled moonlight of the hot summer's night. That selfsame moonlight glinted off the diamond hard beak of the mighty creature that stood above her. His forepaws were to either side: dark furred, huge, powerful and permanent as the boles of two mighty trees. His head was cocked to one side in the manner of birds small and great. In the moonlight the feathers of his head and neck seemed to be etched in silvery outline, merging sleekly with the coarse, rugged fur of his body. To each side his half-furled wings brushed the ground, wafting a gentle breeze over her, rich with the scent of summer flowers.

"Mistress?"

His word was high and fluting, an up and down inflection in the pronouncing of it. A question nonetheless.

"Mistress?"

More urgent this time, a dull thud of stamped hind paw giving emphatic punctuation to his question.

"Dear Griffin," the woman answered him in whispers. "couldn't you sleep?"

"Hah!" his exclamation almost a crow's raucous caw. "Not sleepy!" His voice quietened, almost to an apologetic whimper, "Want to be with Lady."

"Oh beautiful Griffin, how kind of you," the woman answered. She stretched herself out on the rich grass of the glade. "Come, dear Griffin, lie down with me here."

With a gentle fluted cry, a griffin's word of pleasure, he stepped to one side and lay beside the naked woman. She snuggled up close to him and he spread a wing over her.

"Dear Griffin," she whispered, "You look so pretty in the moonlight and you're so nice and warm, let me come close to you." She pressed herself against the warm fur of his body, stroking his eagle-feathered head and neck down to the rich leonine coat.

He cawed softly in reply and tilted up his head as she caressed him ruffling the soft feathers. "Soooo nice...." he crooned in his sing-song voice, "Soooo nice..." he rolled over onto his side and she followed him, pressing herself upon his soft belly fur, wriggling herself closer to him. His forepaw touched her shoulder as though to return her caress. She shivered at it's weight, the rough velvet that clothed his fearsome claws gently lowered to her delicate white skin. Closer she pressed to him,

her breasts brushed against his feathers, a delicious tingle spreading through her body, the stirrings of a dark lust, deep and dangerous. Slowly she moved her body against his, skin touching skin, her hands ruffling through the feathers of his proud neck, rustling beneath her fingers. His lion's hips pushed against hers. "Pretty Mistress," his voice quiet, "Griffin knows what Mistress likes." She felt it then, the heat between them, hard, pressing into her thigh.

"Oh yes Dear Griffin... I do like that... I do..."

Slowly the heat pressed closer, further, slipping with gentle tenacity towards her cavern. The world became a roar of water, a brilliant white feather, a warm coat of rough tawny yellow as he entered her. A twinned cry, a spiral of sighs looped and twirled to the heavens, joined and fed by more and yet more as woman and griffin both danced the dance of ages in the veils of silver moonlight.

Roaring, the deep throated cry of the waterfall.

And a darkness.

And a softness.

"Again Mistress. See you again."

The roar became quieter, the distant rumble of aircraft engines. In the business class section of the British Airways 747 the corridor lights were coming on.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. This is your Captain speaking..."

The sun was rising as Merissa drove the sleek red Porche 944 turbo from the parking lot of the airport hire company. The car responded to a gentle touch on the accelerator by trying to leave California. Merissa edged the powerful car into the streams of traffic on the San Antonio freeway, enjoying the responsiveness and power of the sports car. Her mind wandered back to England, to Nightwind, the black stallion who had given her so much pleasure; he was like the car in his might but he was more, far more than a car or even another man could be. He had come to her that night and they had made love together, love like nothing else on earth. There had been something else too, a memory, a dream of a far off time. In her Filofax she carried the address of a man she had met at a rather unusual party, Michael Lombard, a professor attached to the University of California at Los Angeles. She had arranged to meet him on her first day off from her current assignment.

A horn blew, jerking Merissa back to the real world. She checked her speed, eighty miles per! Quickly she took her foot from the accelerator until the needle read the statutory fifty five. It wouldn't do to pick up a speeding ticket on her first day in America.

The next three days passed in a blur of activity: people to meet, lunches and dinners to attend, all the frenetic rushing of a major book launch. Merissa's company was breaking into the market in a big way and she had been sent out there to ensure that everything went smoothly which she was determined it would do. She'd all but forgotten the dream on the plane until that third night. In the depths of sleep he came again, this time more vivid, more real than even before. He flew this time, his huge white and gold wings stirring the air. The need was greater too, both woman and griffin leaping together, rolling on the springy turf, he pinning her down with his massive clawed forefeet and entering her with a glorious savagery, filling her with his heat, his beautiful maleness...

She awoke that morning in a tangle of bedsheets, the griffin's roaring, cawing cry echoing in her head. Merissa felt good but also slightly worried. Rarely did she dream of the same subject twice and almost never with such lucidity. Still, it had just been a dream hadn't it.

Later that morning she called to make the arrangements to meet Professor Lombard and by midday she was heading out of the city and up into the hills beyond. She met Michael at the small truck-stop as arranged.

"Hi!" he greeted her jovially as she pulled up to a stop. "How are you."

"Fine," she replied. She was genuinely pleased to see him. They had met only once before, at the farmhouse party where Merissa had been introduced to the group of "friends of a similar persuasion" as Elanor had called them. There was a genuine affection between them even after this first meeting. Both cared deeply for their loves and his promise to introduce Merissa to his friends had piqued her curiosity. Besides, she wanted to know his man better.

After the greetings were over she followed his car deeper into the foothills of the Seirra Nevadas. Eventually they turned off the main road onto a lesser track which wound past a couple of seemingly deserted farmsteads and seemed to become little more than a dirt track before suddenly turning into a valley and ending at a huge double fence. A small gatehouse stood guard over a triple gate, two cars pulled off the road before it. As they approached a guard walked from the gatehouse. Merissa was growing used to the sight of armed policemen but this man carried an M-16 assault rifle. Michael stopped his car and came to Merissa's window.

"We'll have to leave our cars here, there's no road beyond the gate. Just pull up behind me."

He jumped back into his car and drove to the side of the gatehouse. Merissa left her car and came to join him. As she looked past the impassive guard she saw the sign on the gatepost. "U.S. Government. La Mancha Research Facility. Strictly No Admittance to Unauthorised Personnel. Use of Deadly Force Authorised."

"Use of deadly force," she whispered to Michael.

"It's a government euphemism for "Trespassers will be shot"," Michael said with a grin as they walked towards the guards.

"Good afternoon Professor, Madam." the guard stood to attention and saluted.

"Hi," Michael replied. "The 'chopper on it's way?"

"Yes sir, should be here in two minutes. Can I see the Lady's I.D. papers sir?"

Michael pulled a sheet of paper from his jacket pocket and showed it to the guard who nodded. A distant clatter of helicopter blades echoed down the valley, becoming louder as a four seater Bell Jetranger swung in low over the hills to touch down on the other side of the fence. A second guard emerged from the gatehouse carrying something in his hands, Merissa saw it was a gun, an automatic pistol, in a holster. He handed it to Michael who took it and then beckoned for Merissa to follow him. Together they ran to the helicopter which, as soon as they were inside, took off and headed up the valley.

"What is this place Michael?" Merissa asked, raising her voice so as to be heard over the noise of the

aircraft.

"Well, most of it is military land, hence the troops at the gate and the helicopters. There's a research lab here, separate from our place, that the Government don't want people near. The whole land here, fifty miles radius from the government place, is all sealed off by fences and armed troops. They let us keep our bigger animals here as we provide them with a lot of our best people for their projects. In return it's a secure home for our cats, keeps the rednecks with the hunting rifles away."

Merissa felt better now. She'd seen enough of this land to know that many of it's people would be only too happy to let loose with a few bullets at any creature: human, cat or pretty much anything else. She almost felt sorry for the American people, trapped in their culture, slowly stagnating under a mass of gun-weilding machismo and the failure of the great dream. She was intrigued though, what sort of Government project required this sort of high- level security.

"What sort of projects?"

"Can't say really. Top Secret. Just say that it's genetic, that's about all I can tell you."

"Why the gun?"

"You are full of questions. This is just a safety precaution. All the research staff have to wear one. Ostensibly it's a last resort in case one of our big cats turns nasty. The real reason is that we take out anyone we don't know."

"Ever used it?"

"Not on a cat, I don't think I could ever do that. However I have used this thing in the early days, before they really tightened up security and we got the armed guards patrolling the perimeter. There's one punk who won't be hunting big game any more." Michael gave a sly grin.

"Why?" Merissa asked.

"I blew his hand off. Nobody tries to hurt my friends and gets away with it. This is an IMI Desert Eagle .357, it doesn't mess about."

Merissa started to feel a new kind of admiration for her friend, here was someone who felt so deeply for his loves that he wasn't going to let anyone endanger them.

Suddenly the helicopter banked. Merissa saw a huddle of low buildings surrounded by a high fence.

"We leap out here," Michael said. The chopper belongs at the government place, it won't be staying.

The aircraft descended to land in the compound. As Merissa and Michael ran from the plane two men ran towards it. A brief exchange passed before the two men jumped into the helicopter which lifted off in a swirl of dust. Soon the only sound was the chirping of insects in the afternoon sun.

"We're on our own now," Michael announced, "They were a couple of colleagues from the faculty. They'll be back tomorrow. Until then it's just you and me and the pussycats... oh, and Uncle Sam."

"Uncle Sam?"

"Yeah, I'll introduce you just as soon as I lose this thing." He lead her to the nearest of the buildings and opened it. The inside looked like a set from a science fiction film, computer screens and scientific instruments everywhere. A huge map occupied one whole wall, a mass of grid lines and

contours, small points of red light clustered in areas.

"It's a tracking map," Michael explained, noticing Merissa's curiosity. "All our cats wear a radio collar and we keep a track of their movements, when they're feeding, sleeping, that sort of thing."

Michael deposited the gun beside a computer keyboard. "There, I never liked the things really, always make me nervous. Anyway I'm a rotten shot."

"But what about that hunter?"

"I was trying to miss." Michael gave a shrug and his face broke into a broad grin.

They laughed together, the ice finally broken between them and he lead her out to the compound.

"Who's Sam then," Merissa asked once more.

Michael smiled and then whistled loudly. Suddenly there was a beating of wings behind them, a rush of air. Michael held his arm aloft, his forearm horizontal. He was there in all his glory as Merissa turned, a great eagle, bright yellow eyes defying the sun, ancient pride in every movement, his perfection and beauty everything that mankind could be, a symbol of everything he could aspire to.

Those white feathers of head and breast, those eyes, that deep cry he voiced. Maire knew them, had felt them before. Dear Griffin. It was he who perched upon Michael's arm. The great bird looked into her eyes. Somehow she knew him, impossible as it was, she knew him. Slowly she reached out her hand to his breast and began to stroke his soft feathers.

"Merissa! Don't! He'll..."

She didn't heed Michael's warning, indeed she never really heard it. He closed his eyes and cawed, a gentle sound for such a fearsome bird. Slowly he spread his wings in response to her caresses, slowly fanning the air, revelling in her touch as she stroked the downy feathers of his breast. He cawed once more, almost a word... no... more than a word: a feeling, an emotion, a longing, a fulfilment; drawn out and deep. Merissa knew him, knew him so well, that soft touch, the brilliance of his eye against the sun. A meeting of old friends, old lovers from a far ancient time.

"Well I never."

The voice was Michael's, nudging Merissa back into the world of the present.

"He won't hurt me Michael," Merissa whispered. "He'd never hurt me."

"But he's normally so wary of strangers, you're lucky he didn't take a peck at your fingers."

"We're not strangers."

Merissa suddenly realised the absurdity of what she said. "I mean that.. well.. I really don't know what I mean. It seems as though I've met him before, a long time ago."

"In another life, perhaps."

Merissa looked up at Michael as the great bird folded his wings. "Yes, maybe like that. I've never really given reincarnation much thought but some strange things have been happening to me recently."

The eagle gave a small cry, his head cocked to one side, his bright gaze upon Merissa, she reached out to him once more and caressed his neck. The huge bird closed his eyes and beat his wings with a bubbly cry of joy.

"Well he certainly likes you."

"I dreamt of him... well... half of him. I've been having this dream of a griffin the past few nights."

"Unusual," Michael's face assumed a faraway, thoughtful look for a moment and then he asked, "Have you had any intense emotional experiences recently?"

"Well, the party at the farm was pretty severe!"

"No, more than that, something numinous."

"Pardon?"

"Oh sorry, psychology jargon, something that was almost, well, like a religious experience."

"Well yes I suppose there was," Merissa's mind was suddenly filled with the image of her stallion: huge and black, his warm breath gentle upon her back. "Yes, there was something and it was there too, this feeling of having lived before, of being very close to the spirit of the earth and the wild creatures."

Michael nodded, "Fascinating... I've been very interested in this subject for years. Sometimes my cats do thing completely out of character, its as though they know the ways of humans. Last week I swear one of them was reading the readouts on my computer console! Maybe a long time in your past you were an eagle or something else too. Anyway, let me cook us something. Why don't you two renew your friendship."

He spoke in perfect seriousness, not teasing her for her seeming absurdity. Merissa looked deep into his eyes and saw the sincerity of the man. He believed her. She held up her arm and the great eagle hopped onto it. Only then did she realise that she did not have the benefit of the heavy jacket Michael wore, her arm was naked. The eagle's talons could easily tear her skin but the great bird settled gently onto her forearm and despite his weight she felt only the slightest pricking on her skin. Michael smiled, "Forgive me, a little bit of a test, but I had to be sure. You are meant to be together. I think that you are something more than even you could imagine, Merissa my dear."

With those enigmatic words he left her alone with the eagle. She walked to the shade of the verandah which overhung the main building and sat upon the stairs, looking out towards the setting sun.

"What does he mean Aquilla," she whispered; somehow the Roman name for his race suited him better than the one Michael gave him. "What does he mean that I'm more than I can imagine?"

Aquilla hopped from her arm to stand beside her on the porch. She looked down into the twin suns of his eyes, bright as fire, shining with ancient power. As she reached out to touch those soft feathers once more she felt a strange sensation wash over her, a knowledge of how it would be to fly as he did, the fierce joy of the kill, the ecstasy of his coupling, the beauteous pride of what it was to be an eagle. She became lost in his world of fire and brightness, her senses awash with it all. Then there was a voice, calling her back.

"Supper's ready. Aquilla's gone for his already."

Merissa opened her eyes. Indeed the bird had flown but deep in her heart a part of her soul flew with him. "You called him Aquilla?" she asked with a hint of surprise.

"His real name, he's Uncle Sam to all the others in the faculty but I think we know better." Michael smiled.

"You're hiding something from me Michael, what's going on!" Merissa felt the first pangs of fear. There was something about him that was strange, unworldly almost. She realised that she was nearly thirty miles from her car, cut off by jungle cats and armed guards with orders to shoot any trespassers.

"Don't be frightened Merissa, I know that this all seems weird but I won't harm you. I had to get you here to be sure. I think that you're experiencing a regression, a throwback to an older time. All the lives you've lived in the past are coming together. That's why the creatures trust you. I thought I saw it when we first met and now, with Aquilla, a name you couldn't have known, a creature you couldn't have met in this life, I'm sure."

He seemed sincere enough but she knew he held something back. However she decided to play along for now. "Okay, so things have been a little unusual. I need time to think. How about that meal?"

They ate together on the verandah as the sun set over the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, the hills around them turning red in the the dying light. Merissa knew that she trusted Michael now, certainly what he said made sense to her. Somehow she known that she had lived many times before and that her life had a purpose beyond the everyday business of work and play. She felt sure that the darkness that gathered around them would bring her answers to questions she had barely dreamt about. As she ate she remembered back to the farm in the English Lakes, to the great stallion who had been her lover there. It was he that had awoken whatever secret lived within her and it seemed more than coincidence that she should be in this place now because of what he had done. Somehow events had taken on their own momentum, rushing toward an appointment with destiny that no-one could break.

"They'll be coming in soon, the special ones, the ones I want you to meet," Michael said as he took away the empty plates and returned with a new bottle of wine to recharge Merissa's glass. "Come and I'll show you." He lead Merissa through the control room, flicking a couple of switches as he went and opened a door. Before them at the rear of the building was a large lawn shaded by trees. "Not bad for a research facility is it?" he laughed. "I made sure we swung the budget for it - quite easy really with the friends I've got in the government."

"Friends in high places then," Merissa said, impressed.

"You'd be surprised. Our time is coming Merissa. We're beginning to act more directly now, we have to do something to ensure our survival and that of all the creatures of this world. We've acted in small ways before, small incidents, little manipulations of the important people. Now we have to become the important people."

"What are you talking about."

"You're special Merissa. You, me, Aquilla and many others. But why not discover for yourself your true nature. He gestured behind her and Merissa became aware of a presence watching her. Slowly she turned to the open windows. There stood upon the lawn was a lion, a full maned male, regal and

proud, his tail sweeping from side to side scant inches from the ground. Behind him the full moon rose, framing his tawny frame in blue and silver.

"Behold one of The Awoken Merissa," Michael said.

She looked into the lion's deep, amber eyes, eyes that called to her. Slowly she walked from the room and across the grass to meet him, slipping the summer dress from her shoulders as she went. In the corner of her eye she saw another shape prowling through the moonlit night, a lioness she thought, but her attention was occupied by the magnificent presence before her. She knelt before him, feeling no fear; not a feeling this time, a certain knowledge that he meant her no harm. The lion took a step nearer and she felt his warm breath upon her face, saw the wisdom in his eyes. With a cry she fell before him, burying her face and hands in his mane, the lion scent of him, of the griffin of her dreams in her nostrils. Her hands roamed through the coarse hair as he leaned his weight over and together they toppled into the grass. He roared then, his voice making Merissa shiver with delight. She pressed closer to him, closer to his warm fur, wriggling against him as he rolled onto his side. Their eyes met again and she knew that it was he who had sent the dreams that had called her.

"Not just I," she heard a whisper in her mind, "He too."

"'Twas my voice you heard, Mistress Dear!" The cry of the dream griffin echoed in her head. She looked up and there, stood close by, his wings spread, was Aquilla. He seemed almost to shine silver in the moonlight and if eagles could be said to smile Merissa was certain that he was.

"Welcome to The Company of The Awoken Ones." It was Michael. She looked up from her embrace with the lion to see him standing, naked, a lioness by his side. "You've met Yoruba I see, this is Simba. Man and lioness looked at each other, the tenderness in their gaze said that they must surely be lovers.

They sat together in the moonlight of the night and Michael began to explain. An evolution had begun to take place some fifty years ago, a very rapid burst of evolution and one not limited to one particular species. It seemed to be a latent power that particular members of a wide range of species developed and one that could be brought out by similarly evolved individuals. The power of thought transference was just one of their new found powers which encompassed tremendous abilities to project and influence the will of both oneself and others. The individuals with this ability were now beginning to find more of individuals with their talents and were banding together. "The Awoken" was the name they gave themselves, the evolved creature and, together, they formed "The Company".

"Much has been destroyed and yet much remains," Aquilla thought to her, his words still shrill and clear, "You are one of us Merissa. The memories your Nightwind stirred in you show that you are from a long line of those in whom this talent grew. Now you are part of The Company. We have the power to direct the world for the betterment of all creatures, all races, all peoples. Now it is time, we have decided. You can be a part of this Merissa. The books you publish; they sow seeds in the minds of those who read them. You can make sure the right seeds are sown. You are not alone, never will you be alone with us." He took a short hop towards her and she reached down to caress his downy breast. "Let us make love," he whispered, "Let us welcome you this night to your full power within our Company."

Merissa felt the stirrings of an ancient lust within her. "Yes," she thought, "I want this Aquilla. I

know not how but I want you.”

“I hear your thoughts Merissa, as Nightwind heard your thoughts and did your bidding. I shall show you.”

Merissa lay back in the grass. Suddenly Aquilla flew up to perch on her stomach but before Merissa could cry out she felt a change. He settle down onto her and seemed to grow, flowing and changing his soft feathered wings spreading around her. Merissa felt his weight bearing down on her, the urgency of his breath, the hard muscle under the downy softness of his feathery embrace. he was something between eagle and man, both and yet neither, his head still that of the great bird, the creature of her dreams. She felt his hardness upon her thigh, the immediate lust of his need matching hers; her hands looped around his back and she pulled him to her. She knew not how he had changed, perhaps some power he possessed as he was the oldest of The Awoken, but she did not really care; all she knew was that she wanted him.

“Oh yes Aquilla,” Merissa gasped as the keelbone of his breast pressed into hers. “Like it was before My Lover... Take me, Mighty one... Take me...” She pushed he hips to meet his, the lips of her cunt wet with anticipation, the gentle caress of feathers met her urgency, tickling in a teasing, silken caress. She reached down between them and took hold of his cock, hot smooth and slick. Slowly she ran her hand along it’s firm length, back to the soft down of his body then languidly to the blunt, quivering tip. Looking up she saw his head, the great head of a proud eagle, tilted back, beak open in a silent, joyous cry, eyes closed. His wings were spread wide, caressing her sides, her shoulders, trembling with delight. Merissa sighed low and long. Oh what power he had, what terrible strength, what fierce beauty, and she held him, so close and tender, so poised and ready to give her pleasure. Slowly she brought his cock to her cunt, rubbing its tip against the lips and with a cry he entered her, thrusting hard and deep, his wings grasping at her sides pulling her. Deeply he drove in, the feathers of groin brushing against her wet lips. Again and again he screamed, splitting the air as he thrust savagely with long strokes, his magnificent cock lingered for moments at the entrance of her cunt before he plunged quickly in, only to slowly draw out again in a delightful friction. Merissa moaned in delight as his masterful technique drove her higher and higher towards the pinnacles of pleasure, his cry mingling with her own sighs of delight and the tinkling, rushing, roaring water of the river of being. With a scream to match his she came in a blinding collision of hot thrusting cock, smells of eagle and great cats, the softness of feathers, his pulsing manhood deep inside her, flooding her with his essence. She pulled him deep into her as she came again, the bright yellow of his eyes, the silver of the moon, the dark blackness of the desert sky, the heat of his cock, the slipperiness of it against her soaking cunt, colours and senses whirling together as he gurgled a soft cry, a cry of release.

Slowly the world righted itself, his pressure atop her lessened and was gone but not, she knew, forever. She turned her head to see him stood close by. She knew not how he had done the things he had but she cared not for she knew that she had found an answer to all that longing, all the feelings of loss that she’d ever had for now she was among her own people at last.

“Much pleasure Mistress,” he cawed gently. “Much pleasure for us all.” He turned his head and Merissa followed his gaze. There, in the grass, seemingly oblivious to the others, lay Michael and the lioness. “See,” the eagle whispered. “Much for us all there is here and in all places.”

Michael held the lioness’ head lightly to his chest and stroked her deep tawny fur at the same time. In return the lioness lapped at him with her tongue, caressing him with the kisses of her kind. As she watched she saw the great cat’s head move lower down him to where his cock jutted from his groin. Merissa shivered as she remembered their lovemaking at the party. Slowly the lioness lapped down his body until she reached his rampant prick. Michael lay back into the grass with a sigh, content to

let his tawny mistress take him as she wished. Ever so carefully she began to lap at his cock, her rough red tongue playing over it, running across the purple head down his thick cock, only to rise again. The something magical happened, the lioness opened her jaws wide, moonlight glittering from her razor-sharp teeth, and enveloped his cock within her mouth. Michael moaned in pleasure, his back arched to receive this benediction from his mistress of the night. Leisurely, gently, she released his cock and snuggled to lay beside him, still caressing his thigh with her tongue, rubbing her head against him like a friendly cat. It was as though they were the only two creatures in the world, man and cat, together in their love, caring only for the pleasure they could give to each other.

Slowly their dance continued, oblivious of those who watched them. Michael began to caress the golden coat of his magical lover, gently at first, light touches across her flanks, down along the sweep and dive of her firm muscles, then harder, pulling her to him, his hands roaming further afield. They rolled together and then she was atop him. Head to head they lay her tongue lapping at his neck. His fingers roamed across her back, down, down to her tail. Languidly they caressed her haunches, vibrant and ready, and then slowly, ever so slowly, his hand slipped under her tail. Simba the Lioness growled her readiness and pleasure, her back arching her tail lifted high she rolled onto her side. Merissa could see to where Michael caressed her now, his fingers touching the wet red lips of the lioness' cunt, swollen and pouting in her lust. She could smell the mating scent of the lioness, hot and musky in the night air and she envied, just a little, the man who caressed those sweet lips. Suddenly the lioness sprang up and crouched, her forelegs low and her rump raised high, roaring in her need and desire. With a roar no less fierce Michael sprang at her and grasping her flanks, plunged his cock into her. Together they screamed as he began to work his cock into her blazing cunt, hard and fast he thrust, burying his cock top the hilt of her sweet cavern, clutching her amber furred flanks and pulling her onto him. She was no less eager, her lips set in a fierce snarl, her back arched and pushing to meet his thrusts, her feet treading the ground. Their mating was a spectacular thing to behold, such fierceness and yet such beauty in one. Merissa felt her hand drawn to her cunt which was wet once more at the lustful scene before her, She began to caress her self in time to the mating couple's stokes, Faster and faster they thrust together, roaring and screaming into the clear desert air until, at last, Michael clutched his leonine lover to him and came with a great cry of pleasure, his whole body shuddering.

Slowly they subsided to the ground together, he atop her, gently falling from the magical heights they had ascended until they were side by side once. Merissa lay transfixed with Aquilla beside her, one of his soft wings spread over her back in the gentlest of embraces. Lioness and man caressed, paw touching skin, hand touching fur as the moon rose above them, pale amber and waxing. In time Michael looked at Merissa. "It's your turn now, Beloved of the Stallion."

Merissa smiled at her new epithet and said a swift and silent prayer for the great black horse on the other side of the world; for if it was not for him she would never have been here and may never even have joined this incredible Company. She did wonder for a moment what he meant though about her turn but then she felt a warm breath on her back and a low, deep throated growl. She'd quite forgotten about the lion in all the excitement but, as she rolled over onto her back, there was no way she could forget him again. He stood above her, huge paws on the ground as though he were rooted to it like a mighty tree. His face, framed by the rich locks of his mane, seemed to shine with power. Merissa's lust jumped within her and she reached up and took hold of his neck and the loin growled again. Merissa knew the growl meant that his lust too was as waxing as the moon. She glanced downwards. His cock, red and glistening, jutted from between his hind legs and Merissa wriggled in anticipation at the sight. But the lustful lion had plans of his own first. His great head lowered he began to lap at her cunt. Merissa screamed in pleasure, grasping at the ground as his rough tongue played over the folds. Deeper his tongue went lapping first once side then the other. She pushed her hips to meet him and groaned as his rough tongue drove into her again, her hands grasping for the

coarse hair of his mane, his scent hot and musky. Then suddenly he leapt forwards and his cock was inside her, his weight hot on her body, his thrusting prick burning and swelling within her. She roared his roar as he pushed his way into her, clutching the tawny creature to her as he bucked in his mating fury, his head thrown back and his scream of triumph no less than hers. She felt his fur against her stomach, her breasts, her arms; rubbing her, making her tingle all over but his cock was the best of all, the centre of her passion. It clung to her her lips pulling him out as he withdrew only to plunge his throbbing cock back into her wet and willing cunt as she backed to his thrusts. For a fleeting moment she paused in her lust to wonder. Never would she have believed that this were possible, that a woman and lion could love like this, that she would be fucked by the lord of the jungle. But then all thoughts were swept away as she caught his rutting scent once more. He buried his cock deep in her cunt, fucking her long and deep, faster and faster. She clung to him as he took her, his weight deliciously heavy atop her, his mane in her face hot with the scent of wildness, his thick red cock plunging into her, driving her wild with delight. With a mighty roar he came and with a scream she came with him, their burning essence spilled and mingling within her, his cock pulsing deep in her cunt. Slowly he withdrew, his red cock glistening with their juices but their lust was not yet spent. Together they rolled over until she was atop him and then, purring in lust, she took his balls in her hands, running her fingers over their softness and bent her head to his cock. Gently she took it into her mouth and began to suck upon the sweet lion's cock, all the while caressing his balls. As she began to suck upon the great creature's rigid prick she felt something upon her back, a light feathered touch that slowly caressed her down to her cunt. There it was replaced by a hardness that was familiar as Aquilla entered her from the rear, filling her yearning cunt. As he slipped into her Merissa gulped at the lion's cock, caressing its salty maleness with her tongue, licking their mixed juices from it, nibbling the end lightly with her teeth, making him roar. As he called out once more she looked up. Around her an incredible scene unfolded, there were cats everywhere all possessed by lust. A Tiger mounted a lioness, two cheetahs lapped hungrily at the red and swollen cunt of puma who in turn licked at a young lion's cock. Before her Michael held open the glistening cuntlips of a beautiful black panther, a creature as dark as midnight, whilst his tongue lapped at her, behind him a jaguar mounted him, thrusting wildly. Merissa felt her lion's cock quiver, calling her back to him. She sucked harder, building and releasing the pressure, her lips caressing the glistening red prick of this beautiful creature before her and all the while Aquilla, the great eagle who was far more than he appeared pleased her, filling her yearning cunt, hands that were both claw and feather gripping her. Merissa felt her lion shudder once more and then he came, his salty fluids filling her once more; with a groan of pleasure she and Aquilla joined him and all around them were the cries and screams and moans of lust, filling the night air and echoing the start of a new dawn.

Merissa learnt much that night and had her fill of loving. Aquilla, the oldest of The Company and the wisest of The Awoken, taught her much in the few hours of darkness. She found that she could call any of the cats to her, save for Simba and Yoruba for they too were of The Awoken, and ask of them what she would and they would no harm her, but she made sure, as her tutor told her she should, that none she called went away unsatisfied. In the small hours before dawn the cats began to leave the garden until only the lion and lioness remained and, together with Michael and the now wholly eagle-formed Aquilla they settled down to sleep. As she drifted away, exhausted from her pleasures, Merissa knew she would have to return to Europe for there were many those of The Awoken who knew nothing of The Company.

And she knew that, in the coming months and years, her adventures really were just starting....

The End