

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

"Omigod, what the fuck is your problem," Melissa said, blushing, as she turns her head in embarrassment, not daring to look into the arrogant eyes of the man who stands at ease beside the partly demolished fuselage of the wrecked plane.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Paxton, haven't you ever been propositioned before?" he asks, his eyes, crinkling at the corners into deep crow's feet, his disarming smile revealing straight, white and even teeth contrasting with the deep tan of his lean, good-looking face.

"Given our situation, Mr. Lloyd," she said with raised eyebrows. "It's hardly appropriate."

"Call me 'TJ'."

"No, thank you, Mr. Lloyd," she said crossing her arms over her chest. "Just keep your distance."

"Think it over, Melissaó"

"Mrs. Paxton to you," she said harshly.

"Mrs. Paxton," he said insolently. "You're not in a good position here."

"Why?"

"Simple, I've got something you want, andó" he leers, looking over her trim, sensuous figure, "you've got something I want."

"The answer, Mr. Lloyd, is NO."

His slow, confident smile is maddening to her; she turns away from him, her eyes misting with disappointment she'll never allow him to see, and moves ten yards across the small natural clearing to the rude shelter where her husband lies on his sleeping bag. She stops in front of the lean-to and for the thousandth time scans the bright, blue sky, shading her eyes against the glare, hoping and praying this time a search plane will fly into view; likewise her ears strain for the sound of an airplane engine. There's nothing in the sky except dipping, caroling birds and flitting insects. The wind, sighing through the upper branches of the forest seems extraordinarily loud in her ears as her now more than sensitive ears catches sounds of the wilderness. The creaking of branches, the chatter of squirrels, the buzz of insect wings and the gurgling sounds of water over the rocks in the stream bed flowing through the small glade.

In different circumstances, this place might have been an idyllic paradise, far from the cares and pressures of everyday life, and she'd have been tempted to stay, make it a retreat or Shangri-La where a person can live a simple life of peace and contemplation. The circumstances, however, makes it less than a paradise, and more like a hell on earth. Ever since their plane had hurtled through the tree tops to crash in grinding, metal-tortured horror in this northern wilderness. With a conscious act of will, she blots the details of the plane's terrifying descent and subsequent violent crunch to earth in this isolated spot. The memory of those moments is still too vivid, too laden with fear and terror for her.

Melissa peers at her husband, his bandage-swathed head laying on the rough material of the

sleeping bag a further reminder to her of those awful moments. Julian had been sitting in the copilot's seat when the plane crashed, flinging him forward, his head striking hard against the instrument panel, knocking him unconscious and opening a mean looking gash in his forehead. He was unconscious for a day and a half; since then he has periods of consciousness, during which he seems to be lucid, lapsing after an hour or so into incoherent mumbling followed by passing out again. His moans had prompted her to ask TJ Lloyd, the pilot, whether there is some kind of pain-relieving tablets in the medicine supplies. The innocent question distorted and turned back on her in a most unexpected way.

"Sure, there's Tylenol in there. Why?" TJ asks with a sly grin.

He made no move to get them from the kit. Instead, he lounges back, easily, his hands in his pockets and a lewd smile playing over his face.

She draws a sharp breath and releases it loudly. "Julian is in pain and I'd like to give him something for it," she said.

"I'm sure you do, Mrs. Paxton, but what are they worth to you?" TJ asks.

"I didn't think I'd have to pay for them," she said shaking her head. "Where's your humanity?"

"I'm not talking about money, Melissa."

"Oh?"

She is surprised at his use of her first name; it becomes a little too personal. He is a charter pilot, and, to her, it seems he's assuming too much. True, he is a handsome man of trim, athletic build and proportions, standing almost six feet tall, with blond, sun-streaked hair and ice-blue eyes.

"Out here," he said, looking, pointedly, around at the crash site with an air of complete confidence, "out here, no amount of money can buy those pain pills. I'm in charge here, and they might be needed for something later."

"What can be more serious than my injured husband," she asks glaring at him. "The man you injured by crashing this fucking plane, asshole."

He smiles at her anger. "Melissa, you're a married woman and you surely know all about the birds and bees," he said leaning back.

She gasps, and her cheeks glow red as she realizes what currency the pilot seeks for the pills. "You mean?"

"I mean, if you want those tablets bad enough you'll be willing to pay for them with the only negotiable currency you've got. I do accept the V-Card."

"You creep. You monster. You'd deny an injured man just to satisfy your lust?" she asks hitting her fist against her thigh.

"The V-Card is a currency used by many women to get what they want," he said coldly. "I want to fuck, and you want my pillsóquid pro quo."

The words hang vibrant in the air between them, yet Melissa ends the conversation with the pilot to return to the shelter where her husband lies injured.

TJ Lloyd stares as she walks away from him, her haughty shoulders squared, indignant head held high. He notes how her rounded buttocks fill the bright-pink shorts she wears, her thighs taper to dainty knees linking to finely curved calves and trim ankles. Her blouse leaves nothing to the imagination either, its sheer cloth revealing ample, thrusting breasts held by a skimpy bra threatening to release the burden of her white fleshy mounds at the slightest provocation. She'll be back, he thought feeling his cock stiffen. I'd bet the farm on it, fuck, she's hot.

Melissa sits tiredly beside her husband. She refuses to allow herself the luxury of tears; their present predicament is too desperate. They have crashed in rugged mountain country, somewhere in the Canadian Rockies. TJ guessed after studying his maps carefully thought the closest settlement is Fort Ware.

"The bad news is we're closer to Muskwa Peak, than Fort Ware, though," TJ said, impressing them with the seriousness of their position.

Another survivor, Julian's boss named Ben Smith said, "We're fortunate it's summer instead of winter, we'd all die of hypothermia in a day out here."

"The likelihood anyone will find us is slim," TJ said shaking his head. "But the best thing we can do for now is stay put and see if the authorities can find us."

"What if they don't?" Ben's wife Claire asks. "What do we do then?"

"They won't start looking for us until someone declares us overdue," Ben said, "and even then there's probably been no flight plan lodged, right?"

"TJ nods.

"What does that mean?" Melissa asks glancing between the three.

"It meansó" Ben begins.

"IT MEANSó" TJ shouted over him, "the authorities don't know exactly where to look for us."

The older man glances away and mumbles vaguely to his stunned wife.

"But Julian isn't able to leave," Melissa said going pale. "We can't leave him here." Julian suddenly moans and opens his eyes. He focuses on Melissa sitting beside him, his hand going out toward her. She turns toward him, happily, as his hand touches her back. "Oh, Julian, you're awake. How do you feel, Darling?"

"Fucked," he said weakly.

"Is your head still hurting?"

"It keeps pounding as if it's gonna explode," he said with a downturned mouth.

Melissa stares sullenly at his drawn face, his eyes haggard and burning in his ashen face. She knows he's suffering, and a measure of relief, in the form of pain-relieving pills is available a few paces away.

Omigod, I don't know which way to turn, she thought, feeling her stomach churn. It's tearing me up to see Julian in such pain. I have to do something to help him, give him some relief but TJ controls everything. What am I to do?

With a long, drawn-out groan, her husband's body shudders and he lapses, again, into unconsciousness. She leans over him and kisses his forehead.

"Julian, oh, Julian, my poor darling," she whispers and sobs.

She loves her husband with her heart and soul; her life revolves around him and it's never occurred to her before she might lose him. Now, the morbid thought of his impending death hangs over her, paralyzing her with fear. He needs her, now, in his time of suffering. All she has been able to do for him to this point is make him comfortable, dress his wounds, and keep him hydrated. The knowledge a drug is available to ease his pain makes the acquisition of the Tylenol urgent.

Julian, I love you and I'd do anything for you, she said in her mind. The horrible bargain I'll have to make just to get those pills. Ugh. She shivers. Let another man violate my body that's pledged to you. To violate our wedding vows, oh God, I need help.

Suddenly, Julian mumbles, "Fuck, look out. We're going in. Hang on. Melissa. We're gonna crash."

A horrible groan escapes his lips; the sound of it stabs her brain painfully.

If I do nothing, what does that make me, she wonders? TJ said I have a negotiable currency, my body. Why does he have to be such a vile man and insist on such a thing. He's giving me no choice. Do nothing and let Julian suffer, or give in to TJ and get the pills. I hate him so much.

Thinking she must do something, anything, she rises, goes to the cooking area, selects a small aluminum pan and moves to the gurgling little stream of ice-cold water to bathe Julian's face with the cold water, hoping it'll give him some comfort, and perhaps lower his temperature. TJ watches her; he knows she's troubled, the burden of his unorthodox bargain weighing heavily upon her. He wants a drink from the stream, anyway, so he moves to where she kneels filling the pan with the clear water.

He stands behind her, his eyes raking her luscious body, hungrily noting the milky-white skin revealed between the waistband of her shorts and the square cut tail of her blouse. Her spine marches up her back and the ridges of her ribs curving softly away. Below, the nipping curve of her waist flares into the provocative curve of her hips. Her globoid buttocks wags in the air back at him, as she dips the water then sits back on her heels. He has a sudden vision of those same buttocks, bare, shoving back at him as his hard cock plunges into the moistness of her widespread pussy lips. His cock jerks erect, reminding him how long it's been since he's had a woman of her quality. Shit, she's so fucking hot, he thought, I don't know when I've wanted a woman more than I want her.

Melissa is aware, he's standing behind her. She has to remain calm, so this man can't get inside her defenses. Getting to her feet, she turns and faces him. His arrogant blue eyes smile lewdly into her green-hued orbs. The revulsion in her as she sees his lust, causes her to step around him without a word. He catches her elbow and swings her back to face him.

"Not so fast, Melissa, we have some unfinished business," he said.

"No. No, we don't, Mr. Lloyd," she said coldly. "There's nothing for us to discuss."

TJ lounges back, relaxes, his tone conversational as he gives her directions.

"See the top of that little ridge to the north, there's a big oak tree and a beautiful view. About one-thirty, I'm gonna be there with the pills," he said. "All you have to do is follow the stream about two hundred yards west where there's a little waterfall, then up the north slope. It's not hard to find if

you want those pills.”

“If you’ll be so kind as to release me, I’ll go back and attend to the needs of my husband.”

“You’re a stuck- little bitch aren’t you?” TJ said with a sneer.

“You’re the creep who’d use my husband’s injury to rape me,” Melissa said with a flinty stare. “What kind of man are you?”

“I’m the kind who wants to fuck you,” he said, “and you’re the kind of woman who wants to be fucked.”

“You asshole,” she said harshly.

The tall, tan pilot grins at her and releases his grasp on her elbow. “I’ll be waiting,” he said looking her directly in the eyes.

Melissa steps around him and makes her way back to the shelter. Julian is still unconscious; however, as she bathes his face in the icy water, he opens his eyes and peers at her, pain contorts his face. He groans.

“Oh, my poor Darling,” she whispers, leaning to kiss him on the cheek. “I’m doing all I can to make it better.”

Even as she said it, she knows it’s not true. There’s a thing she has not done and in an instant she finally makes her decision.

According to the plan of action outlined to them by TJ, soon after the crash, it is her turn to prepare the noon meal beginning at 11:30. She goes about her duties, using the food TJ rationed; additionally, there’s a fat squirrel TJ killed and gutted. He gives it to her with instructions to make a stew of it. She obeys him; his will has been imposed upon them all in matters of their survival.

She reflects on the fast pace of events. Before the crash, Ben Smith, Julian’s boss in the law firm of Smith, Sachs and Newman, had been in command of everything, having organized their entire trip to consult with a client over oil exploration rights. After the plane had crunched into the glade where they’re now trapped, Julian’s boss Ben seems to have come apart at the seams. His orders are uncertain, his decisions unsound, and on the second day after the crash, TJ had asserted his authority over them, deposing the older man from his position of leadership. Ben, when he realized what had happened, his role usurped, verbally castigated TJ, making ludicrous threats concerning the legal mess facing the pilot for getting them into this mess. TJ listened, however, brought the rant to an end when the older man starts repeating himself.

“Mr. Smith, I realize you’re the big wheel in your law firm,” TJ said. “But out here, you’re law degree and fancy title doesn’t mean shit. If we’re to survive this, I’m in charge. So you keep your fucking opinions to yourself from now on, and do as I say.”

Ben reacts; his fist comes sizzling from nowhere. A roundhouse blow telegraphing itself to TJ who stands ready. The pilot side steps the attack and counters with a quick jab. Ben slumps to the ground, his eyes glazing over.

“Leave him alone,” Claire shouts going to her husband’s side.

Ben's not unconscious and he shakes his head to clear his vision. "You asshole," he groans, a small rivulet of blood coming from the corner of his mouth.

The lawyer rubs his jaw. The pilot stands over the fallen man.

"Mr. Smith, I'm sorry I had to do that, however, you gave me no choice," he said coldly. "Now, get this straight, I'm the boss here, not you. SAY IT."

There's an awkward silence.

Eventually, Ben said, "You're the boss."

"You asshole," Claire hisses at TJ.

"If you do what I say, lady, we might get outta here alive, remember that."

Claire helps her husband to his feet and leads him away, unresisting, to the stream, where she attends to the superficial wound. They're gone a long time; Claire talks, and Ben listens morosely. When they return, Ben apologizes to TJ for trying to hit him.

TJ organized the camp, taking charge of food, medicine and arms, directing the erection of shelters, the laying of signal fires, setting sky-watch schedules, and detailing the work to accomplish these things. Order emerges from the general chaos, and the morale of the group noticeably improves.

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## **Chapter Two**

The noon meal is soon prepared. TJ eats, sparingly, silently, remarking politely on the tastiness of the food. He takes a pistol and moves off the stream to relieve Ben and Claire who are on sky-watch at the top of the ridge. Melissa watches him stride away, his lithe, animalistic grace carrying him rapidly out of sight. Grudgingly, she has to admit to herself he's an attractive, virile man, visceral in the extreme, confident of his ability and seemingly unafraid of anything. In a few moments, Ben and Claire Smith come from the ridge to eat. Melissa greets them and serves them the simple fare. Claire is bubbly and talkative; Ben is still glum and withdrawn.

"You won't believe what happened this morning," Claire said, hardly able to contain herself. "We heard a large animal snorting and moving around in the woods, then, when we were coming back we see this big paw print. I think it's a Grizzly Bear."

"You're assuming it's a Grizzly," Ben said grumpily. "It might've been a black bear."

"Well, it was an awfully big paw print."

Melissa shudders. "Shit, the last thing we need is fucking bears bothering us," she said.

"Only Claire would get excited by the prospect of being attacked by bears," Ben said rolling his eyes.

Claire glances at her husband with a pinched expression. Then to Melissa, she asks, "How long do you think it'll take for them to find us out here?"

"I don't know," Melissa said with a shrug. "Let's pray TJ knows what he's doing."

"That asshole isn't going to get us out of here," Ben said in a low voice. "We're better off trying to

walk out.”

“OK, Mr. Know-it-all,” Claire said with jerky head movements. “What direction do we go and how far?”

“Ahó”

“What about poor Julian, how’s he gonna walk?” Claire asks pointedly. “We’re better off staying here with the plane, not walking in circles lost in the wilderness.”

The older woman suddenly leaves the cooking fire and goes to their lean-to shelter. Ben soon wanders off to gather more firewood, a small ax in his hand. Melissa cleans the dishes and cooking utensils at the stream and returns to Julian carrying a bowl of broth. She finds him awake and lucid. Helping him to a sitting position, she oversees his meal and makes him comfortable. Julian is still experiencing a great deal of pain, complaining of terrific pounding pains in his head. He questions her concerning the seriousness of their situation.

“What does TJ think?” he asks.

“We should stay here and wait for the search planes,” she said.

“Ben?”

“He thinks we should try to walk out.”

“Claire?”

“She agrees with TJ.”

“And, what do you think, Mel?”

“You’re too sick to walk, so we stay,” she said softly.

“Yeah, I’d slow the rest of you if we tried getting out on foot,” he said, his eyes welling with tears.

Suddenly, Julian clutches at his head and groans loudly. He lay back on the sleeping bag, his eyes closing, as continuous moans come from his lips.

“Oh, Julian, Julian, Darling,” she shouts and sobs though feeling suddenly difficult to breathe.

He’s soon asleep, or unconscious. She watches him, closely, for several minutes. Knowing she can do nothing more for him, she creeps from the shelter, making sure her husband is comfortable and moves to the stream to follow it toward the ridge where TJ waits for her.

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Melissa finds the pilot on a blanket, lazily watching her approach. She hadn’t been on the ridge before; there’s a truly breathtaking view of the surrounding mountains. She gazes around, enthralled by the majestic beauty of the Canadian Rockies in every direction.

“WOW,” she said, still gasping for breath from the steep climb.

“Yes,” he said, “it’s wilderness in all its rugged glory.”



"Dangerous, too," she said. "Claire said she saw a bear's paw print near camp."

"I saw them, too," he said. "There are all kinds of predators in this wilderness, bears are just one."

"Oh, I-I never really thought about that," she said, her face going pallid.

"Don't worry, most wild animals avoid humans," he said. "They won't bother you if you leave them alone."

She sits on a nearby fallen log and doesn't look at him; her gaze is focused on the jumble of ridges, marching off into the north in varying shades of blue, forested and rock-strewn a virgin wilderness. The sound of a chopping ax comes to them in the distance, below, beyond the small natural meadow where the ruined airplane rests. She decides it has to be Ben making the sound. The ax-blows stop and the great silence beat upon her.

"Mr. Lloyd, I-I didn't come here t-to make a deal," she said wrapping her arms around herself. "I came to ask you to feel compassion for another human and allow Julian to have those tablets." She turns and stares at the man with tear filled eyes. "Julian needs them, and please, don't ask me to do something immoral for them. I just can't do it."

"Why?" TJ asks quietly.

"I'm a married woman and I take my vows seriously."

"If we'd not crashed, and we were safe in camp, would you have gone to bed with your husband's boss?"

"Nooooo," she said shaking her head. "Not every man is so sleazy, Mr. Lloyd."

"Weird, I-ah-overheard big shoots lawyer Ben had ideas along that line," he said with a shrug.

"You must've heard wrongómisconstrued something?"

The pilot smirks at her. "My hearing's pretty good and I ain't stupid either."

"Who was he talking to then?"

"Your husband," he said.

"Julian?"

TJ nods.

She gasps loudly. "Why would Julian be a party to something soó"

Melissa is overcome; she can't go on. Her tears scald her eyes and she turns her head away from the insolent man. Remembering her wedding vows, she decides to not allow this man to manipulate her. TJ raises himself to an elbow and goes on talking to the haughty, unbowed back she presents him.

"Promotion, maybe? A pay rise? A chance to fuck Smith's wife in return?" he shouts at her. "You know she's quite a hot woman too."

"No, it can't be," she said softly. "He's already been offered a promotion and a raise, and, Julian isn't like that. Why would he want another woman?"

"I don't know, I'm sure you can answer that for yourself," he said. "Are you good to him in bed? If not, he might be looking for something better. Think it over."

"Regardless of what you say," she said coldly, "forcing me to have sex with you in exchange for the pain pills is morally bankrupt."

"I told you before, Melissa, it's simple," he said lightly. "I love sex. It's a basic and elemental drive, and I want to fuck you because you make my cock ache."

"Even though I'm married?"

"It really makes no difference to me."

"And Claire Smith? Is she next on your list of conquests?"

"No you are," he said evenly. "I've already fucked her."

She gasps. "Omigod, what conceit," she said eyes bulging. "You're so arrogant, bragging about as if it's nothing."

He shrugs. "I'm merely stating a fact," the pilot said.

"You really think I'm gonna be next, don't you?"

"The fact you're here says so," TJ said with a smirk.

Suddenly, Melissa feels trapped. She knows she made a mistake in coming to the ridge to reason with TJ; he has no plan to show her husband mercy. He still has only a goal to force her to fuck him. Then, it comes to her; the realization she's alone with him makes her panic. He's a strong man, and it's possible he could rape her here and now. Blindly, she jumps to her feet and plunges into the heavily wooded hillside, downward toward the meadow, the stream, other people, and safety.

He catches her within ten yards. His arms are around her, holding her tight to him until she ceases struggling, and he kisses her hard with brutal lips, his tongue bursting into her mouth to taste and savor.

When he finally takes his mouth away, she said, "P-Please d-don't make me do it."

However, in spite of her revulsion and fear, her nipples tingle where they had pressed against his muscular chest. Melissa feels the hard bulge in his loins still pushing into her as he holds her close. His kiss had been long and sensuous; its warmth spreading in her nerve ends. She relaxes and leans her head against his chest.

"It's only on the basis I suggested, none other," he said softly.

"And you'll give me the pills for Julian?"

"Of course, I always keep my word."

"No one will ever know about it, you won't tell?"

"Nobody will know," TJ said, "no one except you and me."

"Why d-did you tell me about Claire?" she asks.

"I was just teasing you."

"What about what you said you heard Ben and Julian say was that true?"

"Every word of it," he said evenly.

She turns in his arms to face the hill back to the ridge, closer to the sky and where she'll exchange her cunt for pain pills for Julian, who for whatever reason has bargained away her body even before they began this trip.

"L-Let's go back to the ridge," she whispers.

The pilot puts his arm around her waist and helps her up the steep slope. They regain the ridge, quickly, and Melissa goes directly to the spread blanket and sits, gasping for breath.

"Oh, it's soft," she said.

"I put pine needles under it," TJ said. "I'm always prepared."

"You're so arrogant."

"I get results."

Kneeling on the blanket beside her, he reaches for the top button of her blouse and dexterously unbuttons it. Involuntarily, she shrinks away from him with a catch in her throat.

"N-No, please, not yet," she said and sighs. "Let me have some time to get used to the idea."

TJ pushes her firmly, gently back until she lies prone on the blanket. He follows, lying on his side, However, his upper body is twisted over her, as he lowers his head to capture her lips, again. He probes her mouth with his tongue, then directs the tip to the sensitive inner side of her lips. Not realizing what she's doing, Melissa kisses him back, her tongue, tentatively flicking to touch his lips, finally snaking out to insinuate itself between his teeth and into his mouth. Those warm, tingling sensations are racing in her again, and instinctively her body reacts to his teasing touches.

His hands explore her body, moving along her ribs to her waist, to the outside of her white tapering thigh, to the inside of her thigh, and the V of her legs where he rubs and massages her warm pulsating slit through the material of her shorts. Then his hand moves beneath her blouse, across her flat stomach to her breasts and he kneads them through the material of her bra.

With urgent determination, now, he removes his hand from beneath her blouse and unbuttons the remaining buttons. She shrugs and moves, sitting up to allow him access to the hooks of her bra, again taking and folding meticulously, as the coolness of the air flowed over the satin-smooth hemispheres of her milky-white breasts. The coral tipped nipples standing out firm from her areolas of darker, deep-hued coralline. Instantly, TJ captures a nipple in his mouth, sucking the entire aureole to tease and lave with his tongue, while his hands smooth over the surface. Massaging and digging with his fingers, the smooth textures of them like fine silk beneath his sensuous fingers. Likewise, after a few moments, its twin received similar attention, however, now he nips lightly with a chewing motion with his teeth. Eventually, he stretches and pulls the nipple out, and side to side.

The sensations generated in her breasts spread warmly through her, the electric, tingling sensations growing by the moment chasing each other in waves of delicious, melding sensuality. Giving herself to this man is too much for her, the reasons clear in her mind moments ago. Now, the feelings are

getting out of hand. She had been thinking of a quick, short sexual encounter of pure physicality, unemotional and mechanical. Yet she can't help herself, sex isn't mechanical for a woman, it's always emotional.

Ooh, I can't let this happen, she thought, but his mouth on my breasts feels so good. I'm doing this for Julian, remember that, I can't enjoy it. Please, I can't enjoy it.

Melissa emits a moan of anguish as his lips on her nipples form a tight circle, and he blows hot breath rhythmically, the erect tissue of the nipple moving in and out of his mouth, almost like a tiny phallus. The feeling is excruciatingly sensitive and unbearably pleasurable. Suddenly, her passion sparks within her igniting a flame of desire she has only felt for her husband. The searing tendrils of lust consuming her loins and she becomes aware of warm moistness between the inner, tightly closes petals of her cunt. She clamps her legs together to deny the sensations to herself, yet against her will, her hips undulate. The muscles of her pelvis pulsate, moving to the ancient remembered beat of primitiveness and her heart drums with savage accompaniment.

Throwing his top leg over her, he now lies partially on top of her as his mouth pays homage to the magnificence of her ivory, blue-veined breasts. The translucent skin aglow with tiny droplets of perspiration and the first beginnings of a gentle reddening flush spreading with a soft, effulgent luster over the satin film of her skin. He feels the gentle movement in her loins, and he knows it's time to remove her shorts and panties. He has waited long enough for this. His cock throbs with desire, pushing against the confining garments, the tight crotch of his jeans painful, allowing no room for the expanding hardness of his erection.

His hand reaches for the zipper of her shorts, his fingers unhook the waistband and grasping the zipper, he pulls it over the swell of her hip. The metallic whisper of her fly opening is loud in primeval wilderness. Subconsciously, she helps him, raising her hips, wriggling and turning as he tugs them over her thighs to her knees; then, she struggles to sit. He allows her to do it, removing his mouth from her breasts reluctantly and rolling to his back. He watches as she plucks the shorts from around her ankles and folds them, adding them to the neat pile of her other clothing.

Standing to his feet, TJ rapidly strips his clothes, shirt and undershirt dropping to the ground, kicking off his shoes, unbuckling, unzipping, his jeans joined the growing pile and he stands in only his boxers. TJ's pulsating erection is jutting hard and long beneath the blue, silky boxers. With a final smooth action, he strips his boxers too, liberating his hardened, thick length to her awe-stricken gaze. Her involuntary gasp of surprise, the mixed look of fear and wonder on her face draws a grin and a chuckle from him. She stares, startled, at his face, then, tearing her eyes away from the manly spectacle below. Melissa had no idea a man's cock could possibly attain these proportions, and she's confused by his sadistic laugh. He kneels before her, places his hands on her shoulders and pushes her gently back prone upon the blanket.

"Haven't you ever seen a man's cock before?" TJ asks and laughs coldly.

"I've seen a few," she said, "but that's the biggest one, by far."

Omigod, what am I doing, she wonders in a panic. Am I about to let TJ ruin my pussy with that thing? Did Julian really have some kind of arrangement allowing Ben to have sex with me on this trip? I can't believe it. I only have TJ's word for it, don't I? TJ knew I'd get angry with Julian and do something hasty like agreeing to this, but Julian needs those pills.

She feels his hands sliding along the outside of her thighs, over the full swell of her hips to the elastic waistband of her panties. With a smooth tug, he has pulled them to her knees exposing the

soft pubic hair of her genitals. She feels the cool air rush over her making her even more aware of her public nudity, and the nakedness of her loins before the eyes of this man who isn't her husband brings a flush of shame to her cheeks. Instinctively, she reaches her hand to retrieve the wisp of nylon that had protected her chastity. Too late she feels them over her calves, her ankles, and clearing her feet. TJ tosses them aside carelessly and she finds herself pinned to the blanket, unable to move beneath the great weight of his body.

"No, no, I've changed my mind," she shouts. "I won't do it. I can'tó"

Her desperate disavowal cut off in her throat as his mouth comes down hard on her lips, his kiss brutally sweet and sensual. He probes with his tongue, until she involuntarily moves forward to collide with him, eventually bursting through to taste him. Her tongue moves tentatively, investigating his oral cavity. He sucks and nibbles on her agile tongue, the passion within her grows again to ignite a roaring furnace in her pussy. She mewls and gurgles in her throat as he sucks her lower lip, nibbling on it gently with his teeth. The stimulated nerves are sending their sensitive and sensuous messages throughout her aroused body to concentrate on her throbbing clit.

Then, TJ is moving, slithering over her body until his head is just above her pubic mound, his hands stretches above him, almost at arm's length, and his fingers clutch and squeeze at her erect breasts, massaging them, kneading them with ferocity making her whine. His lips trail over her body, wetly, kissing her flat, white belly, his tongue dipping into her navel, teasingly until his face brushes against the softly curled hair of the triangle at the juncture of her thighs. Belatedly, she realizes his intentions, the thought of it repugnant to her.

I won't let him do this to me, she thought, I can't do this.

Suddenly, there's a flash of movement above her squirming body and the familiar sounding roar of a big cat.

"NOOOO," TJ shouts raising his arm to shield himself and making Melissa's eyes bulge.

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Chapter Three

The weight of the man, so recently pressing against her lithe, sweaty, aroused body is gone in an instant leaving a cool wind to wash over her and making her goose bumps rise. Coming over the edge of the ridge is another lithe figure, sleek, almost shining, and licking its lips. She tries to scream, yet nothing comes from her throat, and she's paralyzed with fear.

The lithe shape is a mountain lion.

The tawny animal stands between her spread legs, his great head lowers to lap with his long fleshy tongue at her steaming cunt. She's frozen to the spot, the fear in her too great.

This is my punishment for cheating on Julian, she thought, fearing her death is imminent. Now, she hears the purr, as a great motor inside the huge cat. She recognizes it as feline contentment, and a glimmer of hope washes through her. Purring, she thought, he's not going to attack me. Maybe if I lie quietly and don't do anything to upset him, he'll go away?

Melissa tries to close her thighs, however, the huge tawny cat stares at her with baleful pink eyes and growls a warning. She freezes.

As the great head drops to her loins and begins greedily to lap at the narrow, pink furrow between her thighs, she sees a leather collar encircles the beast's neck. This gives her yet another ray of hope. Is this huge wild animal a pet? Does he belong to someone an animal farm circus zoo? Her mind speeds over the possibilities, while her body lies petrified with fear and a growing sexual excitation she can't control. Then, she sees a silver plaque attached to the broad leather band, a name engraved there. She focuses on it, willing her eyes to read it and makes out under the grime the name 'Dexter'.

"Dexter," she said, her voice trembles timidly, "Dexter? Is your name Dexter?"

The cougar lifts his head and peers at her differently now, there's intelligence in his eyes. His name spoken and he leaves her loins, his head soon over her face. The great tongue comes from between those teeth capable of crushing a thighbone and licks her face.

"That's your name isn't it, Dexter?"

Her answer is a louder purr followed by a huffing, subdued roar deep in the animal's throat. Melissa's eyes glance downward and she sees the big cat is a male. With frightened eyes, she peers along the length of his belly. The feline is big; his body is longer and probably heavier than men. Suddenly, a bizarre thought flashes through her mind. She wants to reject it as it's an impossible idea, yet, it's searing her brain. Is it possible Dexter wants to fuck me, she wonders? I must be losing my mind to even think such a thing. Where's TJ now? Is he hurt? Did the cougar kill him?

The mountain lion backs away until his head is over the softly curling golden mound at the juncture of her thighs. She clamps her legs tightly together, the real fear of a different sort pounding through her. The big cat lowers his head to her genitals, again; his tongue snakes out, however, he can't wedge it between her tightly pressed thighs. He growls, again, louder this time, and his nose goes beneath her legs at the knee and lifts them to expose the glistening, pink flesh of her cunt. The animal crouches there, his head beneath her legs, and his tongue runs wetly along the length of her pussy slit, from the tightly puckered anus over the fluted pink edges of the inner lips onto the tiny clit in its hidden crevice between the fleshy, hair-lined larger lips of her femaleness. The thick, rough tongue lashes the softness of her pussy as if a knife through butter.

Against her will, her thighs spread and she raises her legs some more, bringing them back toward her belly in the classic position of sexual intercourse. Again, the feeling of helplessness comes over her. There's nothing she can do to stop the animal's ravishment of her loins. The vision of what those horrible jaws are capable of doing holds her in a morass of fear. She can't bring herself to move to run away as she knows the giant sheathed claws in his forepaws can stop her before she runs a few steps.

The cat's long tongue is working in her with agility, slaving, relentlessly between her now wide spread legs, pausing occasionally to slide deep into the warm, moist walls of her vaginal passage. The sexual arousal is building in her again, far beyond her ability to control it. She spasms, jerking convulsively as she squirms beneath the tongue of the giant cat lapping and snuffing at the raw center of nerves between her open thighs.

Shit, if he keeps licking me like this I'm gonna cum, she thought. What if he wants to fuck me, it's insane.

Ecstasy builds in her loins, and she can't help it. The sheer torture of the erotic sensations racing within her she knows are lewd and wrong, produced by the licking tongue of a wild animal. The sensations are crowding all moral and common sense from her mind, and somehow, in spite of her

revulsion, she perversely wants it to continue.

For she's no longer frightened of the cougar, and she doesn't care anymore. She doesn't care for her safety, and her morals mean nothing now. Melissa is sinking to the lowest depths of degradation. Soft, gurgling mewls of delight come from her as she can't contain it anymore. She has to have it. Suddenly, she's aware her hands are grasping the ears of the cougar, and with a deep groan emanating from deep in her chest, almost animal-like in its intensity, she flattens her thighs against her breasts, spreading them wider and tilting her pelvis to the searing cat tongue lavishing the furrow of her soft, palpitating cunt.

She pulls the great head in tight to her pussy, and the long, hot tongue ravishes her moist, pink channel, licking her up thrust crotch without mercy. Her hips squirm to the big cat's mouth, demandingly. Now, as from a great distance, through the ringing in her ears, she hears her voice, babbling crazily to the mountain lion, pleading with it, encouraging it, and wanting it.

"Oh, fuck, Dexter," she moans loudly. "Lick meóTaste meóEat me."

Melissa can't believe she even said it, however, the huge cat keeps working her pussy like the vicious wild animal he is. His primeval lust motivating him, Dexter is entranced by her voice and redoubles his efforts. She screams with the wild rapture of her wildly orgasming cunt.

"FUUUUUUUUUUCKóYEEEEEEEEEAHS," she screams as her body flushes red then convulses in rapturous, orgasmic bliss.

As her orgasm abates, the cougar raises his head and goes to her side. With his nose beneath the small of her back, he rolls her onto her stomach. Melissa is powerless to resist, as she feels the powerful muscles of his neck push her easily. She's at the big cat's mercy. The panting beast standing above her enslaves Melissa. The cat's great head lowers to her smooth, white buttocks and the great tongue slithers into the exposed crevice between them, as she lies beneath him. Her hands spread the cheeks of her softly quivering buttocks to the lashing, curling tongue, and she pushes back toward the beast.

The mountain lion's head nuzzles beneath Melissa's lust paralyzed crotch, between her pelvis and the spread towel, lifting her buttocks into the air, and she kneels obediently bending animal-like to take the huge cat into her, for she knows now the intelligent cougar has placed her in this position for only one purpose. The blazing realization hits her with meteoric force.

Shit, he wants to fuck me, she thought. It's monstrous, I can't, Omigod, I can't. It's wrong, it's bestiality. All I wanted was medicine for Julian. How did this happen?

Melissa rises onto all fours, then to her knees as she's going to get to her feet and run.

There's a short, coughing, warning growl, again. She poises herself to spring to her feet, then she's feeling a stinging blow on her shoulders knocking her sprawling to the ground. Dimly, she's aware the big cat struck her with an unsheathed paw, nothing more than a cuff, yet it knocks the wind from her. The big cat stands over her and growls twice more, and she realizes there's no escape.

Again, the great, tawny head goes beneath her pelvis and raises her to all fours, the tongue licking at her, hungrily, as soon as she is in position. The need for sexual release drives her hips in uncontrollable gyrations back against the animal tongue licking her into submission. Suddenly, the mountain lion stops licking at her pussy, rears on his hind feet, his paws wrapping around her waist just as though she's a female cougar, the hard, long and glistening cock is released from its hairy sheath, the tip of it searching to find the soft, pink portal of her pulsating cunt.

Oh, no, no, it's really gonna happen, she thought wildly.

The animal's sleek, hard cock misses and comes against the tiny defenseless hole of her anus. Melissa cries out with pain and fright. She knows then, what she must do. Reaching between her legs, she grasps the slippery, glistening, wet animal cock and guides it to her cuntal lips, the big cat waiting patiently until it's properly aligned.

Then, he rams it into her soft, pink passage with great force.

The great shaft goes all the way to the hilt, his furry animal balls slapping tight against her pubic mound. The cougar thrusts into her with a force she had never known from a man, fucking her with the feral energy of a wild animal. It doesn't take long before she's a with him and she wants the fucking to never end. Melissa reaches back with her hand, a finger searching for the rubbery ring of puckered flesh and slowly inserts her finger into her ass, worming it in until it's buried to the palm of her hand. Then with insane delight, she moves her ass engorged finger in rhythm to the pounding animal cock smashing into her cunt with unrelenting force.

"Oh, God, fuck me, Dexter, fuck me," she moans. "Make me cum."

The aroused woman babbles as if the brutish cat might understand her wild pleas for fulfillment. She pants, weeps, and moans, as she pummels her finger into her asshole and spreads her legs wider to absorb the monstrous cat's cock fucking into her. She clenches her teeth, tears stream from her eyes and she moans repeatedly, her buttocks moving against the fucking animal in counterpoint to his rutting attack on her.

Then, she feels it coming to her. Frantically, she fucks back, wanting it, needing it, her hips undulating wildly, and she's on the brink. Her eyes glaze, her mouth hangs open, her body craving that final release. Convulsively, her orgasm begins, her body jerking and bucking beneath the plunging mountain lion. She screamed, suddenly, insanely, and she cums.

"AaaaaaghóOooooooóFaaaaaaaark," she screams.

Melissa wants to collapse, yet the big cat thrusts into her for several more strokes, before she finally feels the spewing semen pump wildly from him. The pungent cat odor fills the air. Eventually, Melissa slumps, sprawling to her stomach, spent and satiated. She's been dominated and fucked into submission by the giant cat that still crouches over her. The scene is wonderful and horrible simultaneously and her body tingles with the exhilaration of it. Her brain wrestles with rights and wrongs. The cat is still there, and she doesn't know what to do. Should she try to move to go see if TJ is OK? She lies still, trying to get her breathing controlled.

The cougar lies beside her and starts licking his shrinking cock, and feeling braver, she tentatively runs her hand over his silk fur on his back. The cougar purrs with approval and she strokes the animal some more feeling herself relax. So many questions run through her mind. How a collared animal, a pet cougar, is way out here in the Canadian Rockies she can't explain. Did it escape, or did its owner release the Cougar into the wild for some reason? Maybe the owner of the animal is close by. Slowly she sits, and seeing the big cat isn't showing much interest in her anymore she gets to her feet and starts to put her clothes on.

After she's dressed, Melissa goes to the edge of the ridge and stares down the steep slope to see TJ lying near the bottom naked and unconscious.

"Oh shit, I hope he isn't dead," she said to herself as she grabs the man's clothes and slowly moves down the slope toward him lying on his back. When she reaches him, she crouches and feels for a

pulse in his neck, then pulls away when she hears him sigh. "TJ? TJ!" she shouts, shaking him gently. The muscular man opens his eyes, staring at her blankly. "Oh, thank God," she said.

Looking at his body, she can see scratches leaving no doubt an animal attacked him. He touches the area gingerly and grimaces.

"Jesus, that fucking cat came out of nowhere," he said.

"Can you get up?"

He nods. "I think so, nothing feels broken." With her help and few groans, he sits up and she helps him to his feet. "What happened to the cougar?" he asks her.

"I don't know," she lied. "I ran away when he attacked you and circled back."

"Too bad, I was looking forward to us fucking," he said with a smirk as he did his jeans up. "I guess hubby doesn't get the medicine after all."

"You asshole," she said. "It wasn't my fault a wild animal intervened."

Suddenly, TJ shouts, "LOOK OUT!"

Melissa turns to see the big cat moving silently down the slope toward them, then feels TJ's movements and realizes he has taken the pistol from the holster on his belt.

As he points the weapon at Dexter, Melissa shouts, "NOOOOOOOOOO!"

TJ fires the gun as Melissa lunges at him.

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## **Chapter Four**

The bullet hits the ground beside Dexter the cougar making the big cat stop and stare at the wrestling pair curiously. The big cat senses his new lover is in some kind of danger and suddenly lunges at TJ, taking the pistol in its mouth and ripping it free as he glides past.

"Aaaaahg," TJ moans pulling his back from the cougar's mouth and rubbing it.

In the scuffle, Melissa had slipped and is now on her butt staring as Dexter comes and stands by her purring, and licking its lips.

"What the fuck?" TJ says, backing away wide-eyed.

Melissa glances at Dexter, then back at the pilot staring palely at the mighty mountain lion. She realizes the power has now shifted in their relationship.

"I want those pills," she said sternly, "or maybe Dexter here can get them off you."

"Why is that fucking mountain lion acting like that?" TJ asks, still rubbing his hand.

Melissa shrugs. "He's got a collar on," she said, "he was somebody's pet, so he's used to being around people."

"A collar you say?" TJ asks trying to peer at it from a distance. "Maybe the owner is nearby?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I suspect he's been released or run away."

"You're full of surprises, Mrs. Paxton," TJ said sarcastically.

"Give me those pills, asshole NOW."

"I don't seeó"

"DEXTER KILL," she shouts pointing at TJ.

She doesn't know if the mountain lion will obey her, and she knows she's just bluffing the macho pilot. However, at the sound of his name, the big cat gets to his feet and growls loudly taking a step toward TJ. The pilot's eyes nearly leave his head as he thinks the mountain lion is about to obey her command. He raises his arms and lowers his head.

"All right, all right, you win," he said. He reaches for his back pocket, extracts a pack of tablets from a pocket and throws them at her. "Every four hours should be enough," he said.

She takes the box and holds it tight in her hand. Damn, all this time they were in his jeans, she thought. I coulda taken them on the ridge after Dexter finished with me.

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From the adjacent ridge, another pair of eyes has watched with lascivious interest through binoculars with the intense concentration only an extremely sexually aroused person can. Having gathered wood for the camp, Claire Smith decided to climb to the ridge paralleling the one chosen by TJ as a lookout point and signal area. TJ placed three stacks of wood and tinder at the crest of the ridge to act as signal fires if any airplane or helicopter flies over them. The ridge to the north, where Claire sits on the branch of a tree, the binoculars held avidly to her eyes, was the ridge her husband wanted to establish as the lookout point before TJ deposed him as the leader of the small band of crash victims. However, TJ said search planes were more likely to come from the south, therefore, the ridge facing south is the logical one upon which to establish their observation and fire-signal base. The resultant conflict of opinions, coupled with several other blunders on Ben's part pushed TJ to take control of the situation.

Afterward, Claire convinced her husband he should cooperate. However, the acid hate in Ben for TJ is making him somewhat tedious to be with presently, which is why she's out getting firewood alone. As she stared through the binoculars, watching the lewd sex coupling on the next ridge first between TJ and Mel, then the pretty blonde with a cougar, she couldn't help but get aroused. Especially seeing the mountain lion dominate and subjugate of the haughty young Melissa Paxton. Even at this distance, she could see the massiveness of the hard cock the cougar buried to the hilt between her lovely slim legs.

Claire watched the entire performance, and as she did, her clit throbbed and she found herself fingering her hot cunt, reminding herself she was supposed to get a crack at the little bitch too while their men were negotiating oil mining rights. Fuck, look at her fuck, she thought as she watched the cougar slam the petite blonde woman. I've never seen anything like it. She can't get enough of that cougar's big cock. I wanna try it. I wanna get fucked like that by a wild animal. Fuck me; look at her cum, it's so fucking wild.

Claire watched the cougar fuck Melissa on the opposite ridge until they climaxed and lay still for

several moments. She guesses there won't be another fucking for a while; certainly, not after a wild ride like that. When he sees Melissa reach for her clothing, she knows her private peep show is over. She climbs reluctantly from the tree. I need a fuck now, she thought. Ben is too depressed to do me, fuck being stuck in this place. Maybe TJ will fuck me since he never got to do Mel after that fucking cougar took over.

Planning how she will approach TJ, Claire heads back to the slope toward the little glade, a lewd smile plays across her lips; the anticipation of getting her juicy cunt pounded by TJ's big cock holds her attention to the exclusion of everything else. Halfway down the slope, her reveries interrupted by something moving on the opposite slope, slightly below her. Remembering how they saw grizzly bear tracks earlier that day, she freezes staring into the trees to see what it might be. Her body trembles as she scans her surrounds, straining to see or hear anything dangerous near her. However, there's nothing, and she keeps walking trying to keep quiet.

She comes out into a clearing around a big rock, and to her surprise, she sees the animal that had been stalking her. A Lynx. Another feline species of predator in the Canadian Rockies with a dense silvery-brown coat, ruffed face and tufted ears, it gazes at her atop the rock licking its lips. The Lynx has a short tail, characteristic tufts of black hair on the tips of its ears, large, padded paws for walking on snow and long whiskers on its face. Beneath its neck, it has a ruff with black bars resembling a bow tie. Not as big as the mountain lion, yet more than twice the size of the largest domestic cats, it appears huge to Claire who realizes the feline predator has her just where it wants her.

The Lynx suddenly lunges at her, front paws outstretched; its eyes boring into her with an intensity making her piss her pants. She instinctively raises her hands to shield herself, just as she watched TJ do when the cougar lunged at him. The Lynx hits her with surprising strength and she goes down to the ground with the cat on top of her.

"Aaaaaaaah," she yells as terror grips her.

With Claire lying on her back on the ground, the Lynx is standing on her, it's paws pressing into her tits, as it licks its lips sniffing her. Then she sees it, at first, she can't believe it, yet the Lynx has a collar on. Her eyes are full of wetness from her sobs, her body is shaking uncontrollably, and she makes out on the leather collar a word. In her mind, she spells it out: T-I-G-G-E-R. This cat is called Tigger, she thought. What the fuck?

Tigger licks her neck, still sniffing her, and the coarseness of its tongue on her soft skin sends unexpected tingles through her.

"Nice p-pussy," she says softly. "Good kitty c-cat."

The lynx purrs and rubs its head against her affectionately. Then she sees it, the pinkish-red cock pointing out of the furry sheath of the Lynx. The cat is sexually aroused, he wasn't stalking her to eat her, he wants to fuck her. Images of Melissa and the cougar fill her mind, and the lewd smile she had before this returns as she stares at the strange phallus. The cock is pointy, shiny, and a bright pink. Sliding her hand along its furry side she takes it in her hand, feeling the bumpiness of it, as sharp little bumps protrude from the surface. She strokes the Lynx's cock and it purrs louder.

"So this is what you want, is it Tigger?"

The Lynx moves off her yet keeps sniffing until its licking at her pissy crotch in her pants. Claire can't believe it, the feline seems to know exactly what to do. She glances around, feeling her heart race and her breathing quicken, then she decides to go for it. Quickly, she undoes her pants and

pulls them down, panties and all. The Lynx is soon pressing its cool nose against her pussy slit taking in her womanly fragrance.

“C’mon Tigger, show me what you can do,” she said hotly.

The Lynx doesn’t need the encouragement and is quickly licking hard against her cunt. The Lynx starts licking her inviting pussy with his hot, wide, rough tongue.

“Oh, yes,” she whispers, glancing around to see if any of the other survivors might stumble across her predicament.

With nothing she can do, she clenches her eyes tight, and grabs the dirt beneath her hands, to enjoy the Lynx’s attention in the hope the feline will make her cum hard. Now, this animal is molesting her pretty pussy, she can’t afford to be discovered lying semi-naked in the clearing with a Lynx licking her juicy cunt. Try explaining this to Ben, she thought bitterly. The sensations of the hot, rough tongue as it licked her groin soon start activating her sexual buttons, especially the small one located at the top of her puffy slit. Subconsciously, her body starts thrusting and squirming against the Lynx as his tongue slithers all over her spasming cunt. Claire feels amazed a Lynx can turn her on in this manner, yet she feels something gentle and sensuous with the Lynx’s tonguing. She bucks with a shudder of pleasure as the cat licks her puffy pussy faster and faster, swishing over her stiff clit, and sending jolts of pleasure through her. The tongue tastes everything she has to offer, her clit, her pubic mound, her labia, the entrance to her tight cunt, and also her musky asshole.

She can feel her cunt start spasming wildly, and knows she’s cumming not believing she actually reached a climax with a Lynx. Another long thrust of the Lynx’s tongue is the final push she needs, and an orgasm explodes deep inside her cunt with a force surprising her to the core. Claire slaps her hand over her mouth to stifle her moans.

“MmmmmóOooooóYeahhhhhh,” she moans, tossing her head from side to side as a series of violent contractions tear through her tender pussy.

She hunches her hips hard against the Lynx’s mouth, and she cums repeatedly, as she grinds her cunt against the feline’s nose. Her legs are trembling, and a light sheen of sweat on her skin makes the beauty glow. Her head sinks into the dirt as her body is racked with an orgasmic fury that’s surprising for such a bizarre coupling. The woman is breathing hard, and her minds blunted to all around her.

Suddenly, the big cat scrambles onto her as she lies on her back, gripping his strong forelegs around her waist. Claire is too dazed to know what the Lynx is doing and seems oblivious to the humping cock now trying to find her wet cunt and breed her. Then the searching pink cock finds its mark, and slips into her tight cunt, slamming inside her pussy as it plunges toward her cervix. Her eyes bulge widely, and she bites her hand over mouth as searing pain rips through her from her inside her cunt. The Lynx purrs deeply as it plunders her tight cunt, rubbing its spiky cock against her causing her pain. Streams of precum dribble from the tip of the spiky cock slimy and warm, easing the pain inside her and making the friction start to feel good. His cock starts feeling like a nobly dildo, only warmer and somehow, harder.

“OooooóMmmmm,” she moans.

She lifts her head and glances between her jiggling tits, and she can see his long pink cock each time it pulls free of her pussy. The organ gleams with her cunt juice, as his heavy balls swing with each thrust. Claire so wants to cry out in lustful bliss, yet the thought her companions may find

doing this, especially her husband, gives her pause. The sensation of the thick feline cock stretching her tight cunt is blowing her mind. Yet it's also the Lynx's hot, furry body against her soft skin, and his paws gripping her so tightly around her sides adding so much more to the experience. The friction-based sensations created by his nobly, pointed cock violating her tight pussy is making her belly tingle and tighten, and her legs feel wibbly-wobbly.

"OooooóAhhhhhhhhhhrrróGOD," Claire moans, as orgasmic spasms break loose in her body again.

Grunting, screaming, sobbing, she thrashes from side to side as she feels the big cat's big cock swell inside her already over-stretched cunt. The Lynx's nobly spines are slamming into her pussy now with the force of a punch, making a loud slapping noise as flesh hits flesh. Thlipó Thlipó Thlip! The sound is so loud Claire fears someone might hear it. However, the Lynx seems determined to reach its own zenith of pleasure and keeps slamming his cock into her. Eventually, the sensation is all too much for the big cat, and he starts firing semen into her pussy.

"WWWWHHHAAATTTóARRRGHóUNGHóNOOOO," Claire mindlessly moans as she feels the big cock twitch, throb, and shoot inside her belly.

She didn't orgasm from it, yet the fact a Lynx just took her causes her to squirm beneath the big cat. The Lynx pulls free, still spraying his semen and stands over her long enough to cover her with his slimy seed. Then, he runs into the bushes leaving Claire staring at her used cunt, gaping and dripping cum. What the fuck did I just do, she wonders.

Slowly she gets to her feet and pulls her pants and panties up, still feeling the slimy semen moving around inside her. She quickly heads to the stream to wash, wondering why the Lynx was collared, and why it attacked her with only the intention to have sex.

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Chapter Five

Returning to the camp in the glade, Melissa finds her husband sitting up; she gives him a cup of water and a codeine tablet without a word of explanation.

"Thanks, darling," he said and sighs. "Where'd you find these?"

"The first aid kit in the plane," she said. "You can take them every four hours if you need to."

TJ enters the camp with a sneer planted on his face as he looks at Melissa, and he calls Ben over who was napping in his lean-to, and they stand near Melissa and Julian.

TJ explains to the group what happened below the ridge concerning the cougar, leaving out how Melissa used the feline to make him hand over the pills, and his own attempt to fuck the pretty blonde woman.

"Fuck," Ben said, "Claire and I saw bear tracks earlier today near here too."

"This area is full of wild animals, so we need to be careful," TJ said harshly. "Don't go anywhere alone."

Ben sees the holster on TJ's belt and points to it. "Do we have any more guns?" he asks.

TJ shakes his head. "This is it, and we need it to get food," he said.

“So what do we do if we see a mountain lion or a bear?” Julian asks.

“Climb a tree and make as much noise as possible to scare it away.”

“Don’t bear’s and mountain lions climb trees too?” Melissa asks.

TJ sighs. “Yes, but if the animal’s not all that hungry, it’ll probably give up.”

“And if it is hungry enough?” Ben asks going pale.

“Then hope we hear you before it’s too late,” TJ said coldly.

“We need to get outta here,” Ben said. “We’ve been here for days and not one plane or helicopter has gone over us. They’re not coming, let’s face it.”

“The animal problem won’t change no matter where we are,” TJ tells him. “We need to wait longer here in case they do fly over.”

“We have some flares right?” Ben asks harshly. “We can signal planes no matter where we are.”

“BEN,” Melissa shouts. “Let’s give Julian a chance to get better before we go trekking across hundreds of miles of wilderness.”

Ben snorts and promptly turns to return to his lean-to, and lies with his back to the trio.

“I’m gonna go and find Claire,” TJ said. “She’s been gone too long.”

The muscular pilot leaves them and disappears into the forest.

Suddenly, Julian asks, “How come you were on the ridge with TJ this afternoon?”

“I went to see the view,” she said. “It’s breathtaking.”

“Is that all?”

She hesitates. “Yes. There’s a beautiful view from there.”

“And you just stared at the view for almost two hours?”

“Yes, Julian, with open eyes,” she murmurs.

“What does that mean?”

“I’m not blind anymore.”

“What? You’re talking in riddles, Melissa,” he said shaking his head.

“Why did you make me come on this trip?” she asks. “You know I didn’t want to come, but you insisted. Why?”

“I don’tó”

“You do,” she snaps, standing and going help find Claire.

Julian says loudly, “Melissa, come back. Let’s talk about this.”

She pauses, turns back and said, "It's too late for talking, Julian. You wanted to pimp out to your boss, and that's unforgivable."

"No. No, I was doing it for us," Julian said reaching his arm toward her, "for a big promotion and pay rise."

Ben laughs as he stares at Melissa with beady eyes. "The trip isn't over yet, Mel," he said harshly. "I plan to fuck your brains out anytime now."

"Shut the fuck up," Julian shouts at his boss, then grimaces as pain shoots through his head. "I'll kill you if touch her."

Ben just laughs, and Melissa continues into the forest feeling disgusted by both men. I hope Claire is alright, she thought. Something tells me we might need to work together to keep these men in their place.

The wilderness they're trapped in is very rough, and it takes Melissa a good fifteen minutes to reach the stream as she got lost for part of it. She squats and has a drink, cupping the cold water in her hand to do so. Suddenly, she hears a muffled scream from somewhere behind her and stands, straining to listen again. She hears it again, and without thinking runs into the forest toward the sound. The branches whip at her as she rushes through the scrub, and eventually, she comes emerges into a clearing surrounding a big rock. Standing with her back against the rock is Claire, her arms also pressing the granite outcrop. Her face is pale, her eyes bulging, and her chin is shaking.

Standing in front of her is a Grizzly Bear on all fours, its head pointing at her and nose actively sniffing the terrified redhead. The bear doesn't seem enraged, more curious, and as Claire sees Melissa she gasps loudly.

"Run, get TJ," Claire shouts. "He has a gun."

Melissa is about to leave, yet something seems odd to her about the situation, and out of the corner of her eye, she sees something shiny on the bear's neck. A collar, she thought as her stomach roiled with fear.

"Claire. Claire," she said in a low voice. "Can you see that collar on its neck?"

"W-What?"

"The collar, can you see it."

Claire stares at the still snuffling bear and sees the shiny metallic collar for the first time. "Yes, I see it, I see it," she shouts.

"Does it have a name on it?" Melissa shouts now, feeling herself relax a little.

Claire frowns as she stares at the metallic collar, then raises her eyebrows and smiles. "BearnarbyóHis name is Bearnarby," she shouts.

Fuck, another collared animal, what are the odds, Melissa thought. Melissa steps closer as a wild idea takes root in her mind. "Hey, Bearnarby, over here," she shouts at the beast.

The bear turns and stares at her, his nose sniffing the air. Suddenly, Melissa undoes her yellow shorts and pulls them down, panties and all. "I think I know what you're looking for," she said rubbing her hand over her moist slit.

Getting her fingers nice and wet inside her cunt she holds them out to the Grizzly bear. The bear sniffs then turns and approaches the outstretched hand.

"What are you doing?" Claire said with bulging eyes.

The bear stops short of her fingers, sniffs, then a big pink tongue slithers from its mouth and licks her digits clean. The Grizzly bear moans with satisfaction at the taste of Melissa's cunt and promptly shoves its snout into her crotch. The animal's hot breath tickles her and she giggles, then moans as the big tongue lashes out and rakes her groin from her ass to her clit. Melissa manages to get a leg free from her shorts/panties and spreads her legs wider so the bear can access her better. The coarse tongue is finding her taste enchanting, even with the added cougar sauce he's licking from tingling pussy.

Claire steps forward, straining to see around the large Grizzly bear now with its back to her. "Omigod, what are you doing?" she asks, her hand on her chin.

The sight of the bear licking Melissa's tantalizing cunt reminds the woman of spying on her and the cougar on the ridge, and it doesn't take long for her own pussy to start throbbing.

"Ooh, yeah," Melissa moans with her eyes closed as the tongue licks her hard against her clit, "It's the collar, and it means something."

"Yes," Clair said moving closer, "I had a run in with some cat thing that had a collar too."

Melissa opens her eyes to find Claire taking her clothes off. "What are you doing?" she asks the attractive redhead MILF.

"We're fucking this bear, right?" Claire said as she slipped her panties over her feet.

"Well, I guess."

Claire shivers and giggles simultaneously. "I think we just found paradise, Mel."

Standing beside Melissa and spreads her legs, the bear immediately disengages his tongue from Melissa's pussy and starts licking Claire's cunt. The redhead moans loudly as the tongue rakes her cunt giving her intense pleasure. Melissa leans over and the women kiss, tongues exploring each other's mouth hungrily. She grabs the nearest nipple and pinches it making Claire moan. The sound of the snuffling grunting bear is as loud as the noise of his wet tongue whipping Claire's pussy into an orgasmic fury. The woman's legs shake and she thrusts her pussy into the toothy mouth of the beast while Melissa rubs her pussy as she watches with rapt attention.

The bear's tongue seemed so wide and thick, which gave it much more force than a man's tongue. The bear doesn't lick as fast and relentless, it seems to want to savor Claire more and its tongue probes her cunt and ass extracting all it can from her. Her legs spread wider, knees bend, upper body arches forward as she moans through pouty red lips. Her skin now has a pinkish glow to it, and a light bead of sweat covers her. Claire began thrusting her hips into the bear's mouth as her climax built. Melissa is rubbing Claire's clit in a circular motion as the MILF's legs wobble and shake, her moans getting louder and louder.

“Oh, oh yeahóFuck yeahóEat my pussyóYou like my pussy, eh?” Claire moans.

“He does like your pussy,” Melissa said as she rubs hers and Claire’s clit simultaneously with each hand.

“Oh GodóOh, fuckóOh GodóI’m gonna cum,” Claire suddenly shouts.

Therefore, as she announced with her lewd moan, Claire’s body begins shaking and her skin glows a reddish pink as her orgasm releases. She grabs the bear’s head as she squeals and shakes on his big tongue. The fire in her cunt causing ecstasy, consuming her, then releasing her. She slumps, the orgasm had been far more intense than she expected. The bear suddenly pulls away and rolls onto its back opening its legs out. There in its groin, is a reddish-pink penis sticking out of its hairy sheath. The head tapers to a point in a conical shape, but the rest appears thick and enticing. Melissa falls to her knees, crawling to the bear seductively with her back arched so her ass stuck in the air.

“I’m gonna suck that big cock of yours, Bearnarby.” She said, flicking her blonde hair and making it bounce.

The bear is huffing, a common vocalization made in a courting bear. Melissa takes his hairy sheath in a hand and runs her tongue along the shaft, tasting the musky odor of the bear. His long cock is wet, and some precum dribbles from the tip. It feels so hard thanks to the bone inside and Melissa is surprised at how thick it is too. She swallows the head into her mouth, tasting his salty, slimy precum with a gamy aftertaste. As she bobs and her lips massage the springy skin, the bear groans, lying back and closing its eyes.

“I’m not the first woman to suck your dick, am I?” Melissa said, glancing at the recumbent bear.

“I think you’re right, Mel,” Claire said watching the younger woman suck the bear’s dick wide-eyed.

Melissa tries to deep throat the Grizzly bear’s cock and gags as it has a bend in it due to the baculum, so to achieve it, she has to become a sword swallower and bend her body to accommodate the cock. Melissa eventually gets to her feet and lowers her pussy over the long cock of the bear, cowgirl style making Claire gasp with awe. She watches the cock slice Melissa’s cunt open and slides inside deeply, feeling her own pussy tingle and throb at the lewd sight. Fuck, that’s so hot, she thought. The bear lies back with narrowed eyes, blinking rapidly as he enjoys the feeling of her tight pussy rub his sensitive cock as she bounces on him.

Claire is getting highly aroused watching the blonde fuck this big furry beast, and goes to the Grizzly bear’s head and lowers her cunt over its head. The Grizzly bear gets a whiff of her juicy pussy and immediately starts to lick her again making the redhead moan loudly. Claire even rubs her pussy lips against his sharp teeth as the bear’s tongue slides inside her to taste her womanly nectar.

The bear suddenly moves making both women fall to the ground with grunts, as Melissa gets to her feet she feels the bear grab her waist and pulls her beneath his furry body. The bear starts humping his hips into her, and his thick hard cock slams into her cunt making her jump and squeal. The animal crazed with excitement from the strong smell of musk coming from Melissa. His cock thrusts inside her at an amazing speed as he feels her wet cunt wrap around his cock with its silky warmth. He grunts his ecstasy as his body towers over her.

Her body soon responds to this bear hugging copulation, and she starts playing with her clit as she gets fucked. One had rubbed her clit while another squeezes her nipples and breasts. She throws her head back into the body of the beast moaning loudly as the bear smashes his cock into her

greedy cunt. It doesn't take long for her first orgasm to arrive. Her body begins a slow sway that turns into a shaking, as her cunt squirts creamy white juice all over the bear's cock and balls. She moans loudly, grabbing the ground to steady herself.

“Oh fuck! Oh yeah! Oh fuck! Oh yeah,” she moans as if chanting a sexual mantra.

Claire watches the wild fucking for a moment, the petite body of Melissa engulfed by the furry Grizzly bear whose haunches hump fast. She needs to cum too, and knows Melissa has the bear's cock all to her now; instead, she lies on the ground with legs spread in front of the rutting pair rubbing her throbbing clit.

“Eat me! Eat me,” she shouts at Claire.

Melissa stares with glazed eyes into the redhead's pussy, she can see her juices already squirting from the inflamed pussy slit. Her arousal is too high to refuse, and soon buries her face into the musky cunt and starts sucking on it.

“Oooooo-Yesss,” Claire moans.

The Grizzly bear's orgasm still seems elusive so he punches Melissa's cunt as hard as he can with his long cock. Sometimes nearly lifting her off the ground each time his boner crashes into her cervix. Melissa grunts loudly with each bone-jarring hunch and soon finds her cunt exploding again into a thrashing cacophony of orgasmic contractions. The Grizzly bear finally finds his rhythm and grunts as a deep growl as he feels her body spasm on his cock. The sensations become too much for the animal and his hot cum shoots deep inside her. He slows and stops, holding his cock inside her cunt as far as he can go and letting his balls unload in her.

This sensation pushes Melissa into another strong orgasm, and the contractions of her cunt make bear cum squirt out of her and coat her thighs. With Melissa sucking Claire's clit the redhead's body suddenly jerks wildly and she squirts stinky woman cum onto Melissa as she has another wild orgasm. The bear eventually pulls free and Melissa falls to the ground, feeling cum dribble out of her. Who knew a bear could cum this much, she thought. She remembers his cock and the warmth of his big furry body and shivers with excitement. The bear ambles out of the clearing into the forest and soon disappears as the women watch.

“What the fuck is this place?” Claire whispers.

“I don't know,” Melissa said climbing to her feet, “but let's not tell the guys about this for now.”

“I wonder what else is out here looking to get laid?”

“Time will tell, and maybe whoever owns these animals can help us get outta here.”

The women dress and leave the glade, heading for the stream as they need to wash badly.

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## **Chapter Six**

After the women wash in the cold water, Melissa decides to go back to camp, see how Julian is, and start the evening meal. Claire goes looking for TJ and moves quietly to where the plane is located. Claire suspects TJ is working on the plane. She had thought he'd go back to the ridge, however, the look of agitation on his face as he has busied himself around the crushed hulk indicates his present

task is more important than keeping the sky-watch. There are three signal fires of which the ridge is just one, and these fires are to be lit, at the first sight or sound of any aircraft in the skies above them.

Rising, she searches through her baggage until she finds a simple cotton dress. Swiftly, she strips nude, spends a few moments in freshening, applying a dab of makeup and running a brush, hastily through her lush red hair. Satisfied with her hasty preparations, she put on the dress, buttons the front, prudently, leaving the two top buttons unfastened. She peers at her body to see the effect and smiles to herself as she saw the deep cleft of her full breasts, her hands going to them to smooth and massage, the nipples coming erect against the light material of her dress. Then her hands move over the svelte curves of her hips, molding the dress to her figure.

Without hesitation, Claire moves across the clearing to the hulk of the airplane. She finds TJ in the passenger seat behind the pilot's chair; he has the plane's transmitter partially disassembled, parts and tools are lying on the opposite seat. He glances at her as she approaches the shattered door barely hanging from the opening. His face is grim.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Smith," he said with a frown and no emotion in his voice.

"Hi, TJ, you look like someone just stole your candy," she said with a raised eyebrow. "Are you worried?"

"Yes, quite frankly, I am," he said with a sneer nearly meeting his frown. "I thought I'd try getting this radio going. Something's not right about this place, and the sooner we get rescued the better."

She nods. "There's certainly a lot of animals around here," she said glancing around, "that seem to have, err, unnatural urges."

"You've seen them?"

Claire thinks about her day so far. Have I ever, she thought feeling her pussy tingle. Peering inside the plane, she notes he has removed the two rear passenger seats and has spread a worn sleeping bag on the floor. This, she decides is where he's been sleeping, and she finds herself wishing she knew about it sooner. However, her husband's funky mood and hatred for TJ served to keep her from becoming better acquainted with the young pilot. Although TJ told Melissa he had fucked Claire, the truth is he was lying merely to shock the younger blonde.

"Can I watch?" she asks. "I know I'd be no help to you but I'll promise to stay out of your way."

"Sure, be my guest."

TJ puts the radio transmitter chassis aside, rises from his seat and comes to the door. Grasping her hands, he hoists her easily up to him, her dress hiking up to reveal bare legs almost to her hips. The view is not wasted on him, the startlingly white columns of her tapering thighs excited him with their perfect loveliness. When she stands before him, he peers at the valley of her magnificent breasts and knows instantly they too are equally unfettered. He stoops to move the parts and tools from the seat opposite him to the co-pilot's seat. Wordlessly, he indicates she can sit.

"Thank you," she murmurs as she sits.

Crossing her legs carefully, an expanse of white thigh shows provocatively below the hem of her dress. TJ picks up the transmitter again and studies it.

"I've worked this thing over pretty carefully but I can't locate the trouble yet. It'd help if I had some test equipment butó"

He shrugs glumly. Seemingly impulsive, yet intentionally provocative, Claire leans toward him with warm interest, her voice low.

"TJ, we will get rescued, won't we?"

"Truthfully?" Claire nods, so he says, "I don't know."

"But they just have to search along our flight path, right?" she asks. "I know you didn't submit a flight plan because you came the way all planes go to the settlement."

"Yes, but we weren't on the regular flight path," he said looking away.

She gasps. "What do you mean?"

"I thought we were," he said softly, "but looking at the map we were off course when the engine failed."

"But how?"

He shrugs. "Something interfered with the GPS the autopilot uses to navigate," he whispers leaning toward her. "Like I said, something screwy is going on here. I can't even explain why our engine failed. We shouldn't be here, Mrs. Smith. We should never have crashed."

Claire feels the hairs on the back of her neck rise. "What will we do?" she asks.

"Keep our heads," he said, "and see what happens next. Just don't tell the others yet, I need more information."

Her hand reaches out to touch his knee. The electric, highly erotic shock, strikes at his groin. "I couldn't talk to you before my husband is somewhat upset with you."

"Upset? He hates my guts," TJ said sneering again.

"Well, yes, but I've wanted to tell you I think you should be in charge too."

Her hand moves on his knee, lightly, searing him with its warmth. Leaning, TJ deposits the radio chassis on the pilot's seat. As TJ half-rises to do so, her hand does not move, and his twisting, rising motion moves her hand along his thigh. She sees the bulge in his pants and her hand sweeps upward, feather touching him. His cock throbs as she touches him, then he sits again. She withdraws her hand, quickly noting how his cheeks briefly burned red.

"Mrs. Smithó"

"I saw you with Melissa," Claire said and he turns and glares at her. "On the ridge, before that mountain lion interrupted things."

"I need to work on this," he said turning away. "Sorry, I thought I could play around while we waited but maybe not."

"Butó" Claire's interrupted by a loud, bellowing sound making them both jump in their chairs. "What was that?"

“Meat,” TJ said with a smirk.

“What?”

“A moose I think,” he said. “Stay here, they can be nasty beasts.”

He goes to leave the plane and she grabs his arm. “Where are you going?”

He pulls the pistol out of the holster and waves it in the air. “Like I said, meat,” he said flashing a smile. “But I’ll have to get close if this pistol is going to kill it.”

TJ jumps from the wreckage and hears another bellowing moose call, and runs into the trees in the direction the noise is coming from.

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Sweat pours down his neck and onto his back as TJ hides lying in the tall grass fringing a clearing in the forest. The air is hot and still as TJ waits with anticipation for what is about to come. He can smell the scent of the moose in the air as he lies waiting with his pistol in his hand. The clearing spread before him is getting ever so darker as the sun moves behind the mountain looming over the area. Soon, TJ thought as he takes a deep breath and hopes the moose doesn’t detect him. Sweat is pouring down his face and chest, causing his shirt to feel damp against his body. TJ lies still straining to listen for any sound coming from the moose. TJ knows he’ll have to get close for the pistol to bring it down, so it’s important he isn’t detected too soon.

This clearing fringes a swamp, a place moose like to go, and as he crawls forward, he feels the ground getting increasingly wet. Fuck, he thought, I can’t get these clothes wet as they’ll never dry before the cold night ahead. I’ll get pneumonia. With a sigh, he puts the pistol down, rolls onto his back, and takes off his shoes, then his pants and shirt. Wearing only his boxers, he grabs his pistol and starts crawling through the grass again. Not long after he slips into a pool of cold water and shivers. He half swims/half crawls through the water holding the pistol out of the water until he spots his intended prey, a big bull moose with huge antlers and a powerful body.

Moose are magnificent creatures of power and drive and their musk scent is overwhelming. He keeps moving quietly through the water of the swamp until he can hear the moose nibbling on the grass. TJ knows he has to make his move or forever lose the chance. He slowly crawls ever closer, praying he won’t frighten the beast before he can get his shot. As he comes to a shore, he goes to push himself out of the water and something simultaneously catches the waistband of his boxers. He can feel his boxers come off as he leaves the water and grimaces. On his hands and knees, he stares back at the dark water and can’t see his boxer anywhere.

Fuck, he thought, shaking his head. Now I’m naked. The moose snorts and groans making TJ freeze, then with an inward sigh, he decides naked or not he’s going to kill this moose for meat. TJ moves from the edge of the swamp into deep grass close to the Bull Moose’s domain. There TJ remains for a moment as he surveys his options. The moose comes closer, and TJ can hear its snuffling breaths and grinding teeth as it chews the grass. He can also smell the musky odor of the animal. He peeks through the grass and the moose is close, so he raises his pistol and points.

The moose has its head down grazing, and TJ aims right at its forehead for a brain shot only feet away. He holds his breath, and sweat drips from his forehead into his eyes. He squeezes the trigger, and all that happens is a loud click. The gun is jammed. The moose hears the click and now sees the naked man hiding in the grass for the first time. It lunges forward, his antlers hit the hand TJ is holding the gun in and it goes flying into the swamp with a loud plop. TJ hears the moose bellow as if

a loud foghorn, claiming its territory and the force of the impact on his hand is enough to send him flying. He lands on his side, grunting as the winds knocked from him for a moment. Glancing back, he can see the big moose is charging toward him so he wills himself to his feet and starts running.

The ground is heavy, sucking at his feet as the mud grips at him. He sees a rock ahead and goes toward it hoping to use it as cover from the chasing Bull Moose. He goes to jump the four-foot outcrop when his foot suddenly is stuck in some mud stopping his run. The sound of the huffing, snorting, and galloping Moose looms behind him and as he goes to glance behind the beast hits the man square in the back with his forehead.

“Ahhhhhhh,” TJ shouts as his body flings forward by the powerful beasts head butt landing on the nearby rock outcrop on his stomach.

Looking back toward the Bull Moose, TJ can see his massive balls hanging down between his legs. On his underbelly, TJ can see a hairy sheath swinging freely as he comes toward him. The man is dazed, his body lying on the rock in pain. Soon the moose is upon him, sniffing and snorting. TJ’s body trembles with fear then he feels the moose’s tongue swipe across his bare ass. His lips make a curly motion, and TJ realizes he’s seen these beasts make this face before when they smell a cow’s cunt. The stunned man sees his cock drop out of the sheath and he gasps. The large moose starts licking his ass and back sending chills up his spine with each lick. Suddenly he stops licking and TJ feels the moose place his head upon his back. TJ knows what is about to happen and he’s thoroughly petrified.

TJ gasps and feels the moose push down with his neck and head. Hearing a grunt, TJ knows the animal is going to mount and fuck him. Why is this moose doing this to me, he wonders in panic. The big moose jumps forward onto his back as if TJ is a young cow ready for breeding. TJ holds onto the rock as the moose’s legs come down on the rock between his ribs and shoulders. The stunned man feels the moose’s furry sheath rubbing on his back, then something hard and slimy massages his back—the beast’s cock. A hard red slimy stick pushes out of the sheath onto his back. The moose grunts again and TJ feels the animal lurch forward and as it does the man feels the cock squirt hot liquid that runs down his back and cheeks of his ass.

A pungent odor now fills the air and the moose adjusts its position above the pilot. TJ freezes as he now feels the cock poking at his asshole. The moose slides forward and his cock tip enters his ass. TJ cries out with pain and unexpected pleasure as the moose finds his cow’s cunt. The animal seems to sense his pain and slows his probing as not to hurt TJ further. TJ relaxes and the moose’s cock slowly slides deep in his ass. The bull knows he’s in as he grunts with animalistic satisfaction. The moose lurches bouncing his balls against TJ’s ass cheeks as the animal starts earnestly fucking the stunned man. The moose’s hips hump, getting faster by the second as TJ’s ass opens to the animal. The cock is about as thick as a man’s, however, it’s long and TJ can feel the warmth of it in his belly.

Growing warmth around his anus brings unexpected pleasure to the macho pilot, and the stimulation of the moose’s cock rubbing his prostate makes his genitals ache with sudden sexual need. The moose is breathing heavily, the smell of the beast is overpowering, musky, and somehow enticing. The animal fucks the pilot’s ass so hard now it’s lifting him off the rock with each thrust. The moose stiffens and TJ feels its cock twitch inside him squirting him full of semen. The moose relaxes and as TJ thinks the animal is going to dismount, its cock stiffens a second time and with a loud deep bellow, it releases another large squirt of cum deep in TJ’s belly. The squirting cock feels as if a water hose is up his ass. Eventually, the moose dismounts and it feels to TJ as if a cork pulled from his ass. Hot semen runs down his balls and legs onto the ground.

The moose moves away and starts grazing again, and TJ slides off the rock onto the ground squatting

to let his ass drain. Moose cum squirts from him as TJ contracts his ass to push it out. As TJ stares at the moose he sees its collar for the first time, at first he thought it was some rope tied around its neck, then he noticed a medallion hanging from it with engraving on it. He can't read it as it's too small from this distance, and TJ remembers the cougar's collar had a name on it.

"What the fuck is going on here?" he says softly glancing around.

His ass hurts, naturally as a moose just raped him. To make matters worse he's lost the gun. He stands and jumps back into the water and swims to where he left his clothes, feeling insulted by a raping moose. He's angry at himself and the animal and wishes he had a rifle to kill the moose with.

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TJ returns to the wrecked plane to find Claire lying on the sleeping bag he had set up in the back. She smiles as he pokes his head into the cabin.

"Did you get the meat?" she asks.

His eyes bulge. Does she know, he wonders? No, she couldn't have seen that. He can see up her cotton dress and realizes she's not wearing any panties. Her puffy pussy staring back at him, and his primal need to reclaim his manhood surges through his psyche.

"You're hot, Baby," TJ croaks. "I have plenty of meat for you."

Claire suddenly can't talk or move her body trembles with sexual heat. He pulls his pants down and takes them off. As he climbs into the plane wreck, her eyes lock upon his long, thick, lust-inflamed cock jutting from his loins as a giant cudgel, capable it seems to her, on the instant, of inflicting grievous wounds on her tender genital parts.

Fuck, it's so huge, she thought. He climbs over her panting body and she spreads her legs instinctively. All he can think of is reclaiming his manhood after being so humiliated by a moose.

"Oh, shit, I'm gonna fuck you, Mrs. Smith," he hisses at her lewdly. "When you get this cock of mine inside your tight little cunt you'll forget your wimpy husband ever existed."

TJ lowers his hips toward her while Claire spreads her thighs even further as he guides his heavy, pulsing cock toward the quivering, moist portal of her cunt. Using the thick, bulbous head of his cock, he parts the sparse red pubic hair and divides the full, fleshy lips of her cunt. The fleshy contact galvanizing sensitive nerves, her body-mind is in a whirl of wild anticipation.

She gasps loudly, her head flailing in uncontrolled agitation as a great shudder passes through her body. The shiny, surprisingly soft and resilient purplish head of his rock-hard cock presses against the wet, sensitive flesh of her quivering cuntal slit, and she holds her breath. As she lies beneath him, he moves on her, jerking his hips forward, slightly, causing a sharp, splitting, tearing pain from the stretching pressure of his engorged cock in her the tight cunt.

"Oooh," she moans and he pushes again.

The smooth, rubbery head moves forward, the tip of it barely finding room in the tight, resisting passage.

"Aaaaagggh fuck," she groans as the huge organ forces its way into the elastic opening, stretching it painfully.

She shrills as he presses into her, shoving his massive cock into her inch by excruciating inch until she sees his expression change from macho lust to agonizing need as if he can no longer stand the waiting and watching game he's playing with the debauched MILF. He glances between them to see little more than half his length embedded in the quivering depths of her pussy, his stud-horse shaft straining at the tight, elastic nether mouth at the cusp of her marble-like thighs. With all the strength of his strong, young body, he thrust forcefully sending his long, thick cock racing and plunging into her cunt with the feral animal ferocity of a rutting stallion.

Claire moans loudly then fixes her mouth on his and thrusts her tongue deeply into his mouth as if mirroring his cock thrusting into her cunt. TJ is rocking above her, using short, smooth strokes in and out of her moist expanding cunt. The obscene pleasure of wanton, unbridled sex looms before her forcing all reason from her mind. Now, there's only surrender to the flesh. Giving herself to the surging power of the sensations in her loins, chills of mounting excitement build in her, as the easy tempo of TJ' cock thrusts longer and deeper into her throbbing pussy. The spiraling ecstasy of total commitment eases her conscience, as she responds with countering thrusts of her own.

As he slowly increases his speed and the depth of his penetration, Claire feels her body responding to him, and she squirms beneath him with ever-increasing vigor. The piston of his cock in her is working ever more smoothly in her juicy cunt. His mouth has never left hers, and her tongue slithers between his teeth and he sucks it. Her moans of pleasure emit unceasingly from her throat in sex-crazed acceptance of whatever lewd, obscene desire TJ wants of her. She still moves her tongue in and out of his mouth in imitation of the genitals below, and he ovals his lips to accept her thrusting, demanding lingual member even more sensuously. Already, he senses the wanton abandon rising higher and higher in her.

Claire grinds her crotch up at him, in tempo with his smooth, stroking beat, her lovely face contorts with passion and her mouth works on his lips around her plunging tongue while she pants. Her nostrils flare in abject surrender to the rapture generated in her slaving loins. Fuck, she can fuck, TJ thought as he pounds her cunt. I'll bet any odds Mr. Head Lawyer has never had it like this with her. Sliding his hands down her sides, he works them beneath the soft, satiny protuberances of her flexing and hollowing buttocks working beneath him, clutching at them, kneading and massaging, his hands clenching and unclenching as he alternately caressed and punished the soft, warmly resilient flesh.

She groans loudly, her breath catches in her throat as his big hands haul her pelvis tighter against his grinding loins, her vibrant cunt driving onto his thrusting cock with equal force. Then she draws her thighs back toward her chest, flattening her breasts as she presents him her moist, flowering cunt for his deepest penetrating thrusts. Her cunt absorbs all of the great length and breadths of his rock hard cock until his balls are slapping her ass with each thrust.

Claire's head rolls with ecstasy, the last twinges of her former pain are gone replaced by erotic sensations. Her passion filled body joyous, her legs on either side of his thick, impaling cock quivering and twitching, spasmodically, in wild profligacy as her tongue continues to slither wetly in and out of his mouth in a semblance of oral fucking while deep moans of rapture gurgled forth from her throat. She finds when she tenses her thighs, straining to tighten the muscles of her loins, her neck and back muscles straining with the effort and squeezing her crotch tighter against him, the intensity of her bliss increases to almost unbearable.

Don't let it end, she thought blissfully.

TJ is pounding into her with unmerciful force, driving the memory of the raping moose from his mind with each thrust. His strokes become longer and faster, withdrawing his engorged cock almost clear



of the tight, moist sheath of her cunt, then plunging it into her upraised crotch until his bloated balls slap hard against the tiny, hairless mouth of her desperately clenching anus. His testicles ache, as does his cock with the mounting pressure of his need building to almost intolerable levels of sweet sensation.

Claire moans in agonized ecstasy. She's hopelessly impaled on the rock-hard cock of his giant cock in her cunt and her throat is full of his lashing tongue. The lust filled woman is squirming beneath him, the ravishment of her loins driving her, demandingly, to gain the fullest measure of pleasure from it. TJ needs to cum soon! He has to cum, it's the only way he can drive the agony of his rape from his mind. He peers between their bodies to where his thick cock is fucking her luscious, hair-rimmed cunt, allowing him to concentrate on the feel of her satin-lined vaginal walls on the sensitive head of his lust-inflated cock. The soft hair-lined folds of the fleshy cunt-lips are clinging, tenaciously, to his fierce rampaging cock that runs amok thrusting into her so hard the force of his pelvis smacks into her, causing her body to jerk and quiver lewdly beneath him with the impact.

"OhóOooooóFuck meóOh, GodóMake me cumóFuckóI'm so close," she moans beneath him.

Her lovely face contorts as the obscene sex words spill from her lips, her passion, supremely urgent in her release.

"Oh, GodóI'm cummingóAhhhhhhrg," Claire suddenly shouts.

As he continues to hammer into her with renewed fire, he thrust himself ever deep and deeper into the receptive, wildly, spasmodic sheath of her clasping cunt, the mouth and lips of her cunt sucking at him, feverishly, and he uses all the strength and might of his strong; lean body to assure her an all-consuming orgasm. Her breathing becomes laborious, short gasps from deep in her chest, and he feels her jerky, convulsive movements signaling the height of her ecstasy. Now, he senses his own hot, viscid semen race the length of his cock in stimulating ecstasy, hosing through him in jetting spurts from the orifice in the tip of the bloated, lust-hardened head, spewing far into her soft, resilient cunt. It jerks and pumps in never-ending delight inside her and she grinds her crotch tight to him to absorb all of it splashing lewdly around inside her belly.

Claire moans loudly, her thighs quiver, and her belly quakes with unleashed rapture. With a final shuddering sigh, she let her legs fall limp, shamelessly, while her heart pounds in her chest. She filled and fulfilled by the big cock still buried deep inside the fiery depths of her cunt. All day she's been teased by these animals, missing out on the fucking she's watched Melissa get. Now she's had her moment, and her body sags satisfied at last.

TJ holds himself rigid, as the final ejaculate shoots from him, draining him, his rapture complete with the soaring ecstasy of his spewing release, and he collapses on top of her, his cock spasming in subsidence. He emits a deep groan of satisfaction through his labored, panting breathing. The memory of the big moose fucking his ass replaced with a new memory of Claire's exquisite cunt, and nagging thoughts about collared animals he tries to push from his mind.

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Chapter Seven

"Mel," Julian murmurs. "I'm glad you got those pain pills for me."

"You needed them," she said.

"They've helped, a little."

"Rest now," she said,

Suddenly, a bellowing sound makes them jump and glance around. Melissa finds herself trembling as the wildness of their surrounds closes in on them.

"What the fuck was that?" Ben said from his lean-to.

Melissa shrugs. "I once heard a donkey making a similar sound," she said. "So it's probably an elk or a moose or something."

She looks at Julian who has passed out again, his face is pale, almost ashen and her eyes well with tears. Ben notices her concern and glances at Julian too.

"He needs a doctor badly," he said.

Melissa nods and strokes Julian's cheek, feeling her husband's injury is worse than a bad concussion, and the thought he may not survive if help doesn't come soon is hard for her to suppress. "You better pray he lives," she said turning to Ben.

"Why?"

"Us being here is your fault," she said coldly, "and I'll sue you for every cent you're worth if Julian dies."

Ben looks away and lies with his back to Melissa. She sneers at his back, glances back at Julian, and sighs. Then she gets to her feet and starts stoking the fire to get it ready to cook the squirrels TJ had caught earlier wanting to take her mind off Julian and this crazy place.

Just before sunset, YJ and Claire arrive at the camp as the Melissa is cutting up the cooked meat into portions for each survivor.

"Better enjoy this," TJ said, "it's the last fresh meat we might have for a while."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Ben asks with raised eyebrows.

"I lost the gun," TJ said looking down.

"YOU WHAT?" Ben shouts getting to his feet and grabbing TJ by the shirt. "YOU FUCKING IDIOT."

Ben tries to push TJ, but the muscular pilot shoves him away making the old man stumble, trip, and fall on his ass.

"Ben," Claire groans and goes to him, squatting over him and making sure he can't get up and engage the pilot any further. "He didn't do it on purpose, it was an accident."

Suddenly, the sound of an engine makes Melissa shout, "SHUT UPóListen."

All the survivors stop go silent and sure enough, they can hear the low buzz of an engine coming from the sky.

"Is it a plane?" Claire asks softly looking at TJ.

"If it is," he said with a shrug, "it's far away."

Ben rolls away from his sexy younger wife, and scrambles to a box near the shelters, he pulls a flare gun out and before anyone realizes what he's doing, he fires it.

TJ goes to him and rips the flare gun from his hands, saying, "We don't fire these things unless we know for sure the fucking plane is close enough to see it, moron."

However, they all watch the red flare go into the air and explode in a bright yellow light in the darkening sky. They hold their collective breath, hoping and praying the noise is a plane and by some miracle, it saw the flare. Come on, Melissa thought, feeling her heart pound in her ears as she stares at the sky. The engine noise seems to be growing louder, yet somehow lacks the tone of what they know an airplane engine has.

"What the fuck is this?" TJ asks rhetorically.

Then it appears over the top of the trees, a drone. The type of drone that operates similar to a helicopter, and it stops and hovers above them. The survivors realize there's a camera pointing at them and they start waving and jumping.

"Down here," Melissa shouts waving her arms.

"HELPóHELPóHELP," Claire shouts.

TJ and Ben also shout and wave at the drone hovering fifty feet above them. To their surprise, a loud piercing whistle suddenly erupts from the drone, so loud the survivors stop screaming and cover their ears. Their faces scrunch in discomfort as the high-pitched whistle blasts them from above the trees. When it eventually stops, they gaze up at the drone to see it flying away.

"NOóNOóCome back," Claire shouts. "Don't leave us here."

"What the hell was that?" Melissa asks TJ.

"A drone, someone knows where here," he said glancing around the trees surrounding the glade.

"Why did it make that horrible sound?" Claire asks.

Ben gasps and smiles. "Maybe to guide a rescue party here," he said.

"Omgod, where gonna get rescued," Claire said and they start celebrating loudly.

"Shut the fuck up," TJ shouts making everyone silent. "Something's not right here."

Melissa stands and moves next to TJ. "What?" she asks.

"Using that horn is a poor way to let others know where we are," he said. "They'd use GPS if the drone was for that purpose."

"So why did it make that noise?" Melissa asks softly.

"LOOK," Ben yells pointing into the trees.

From the glow of the fire in the darkening glade, they can see eyes staring at them and a shiver runs through them all as they realize it's wolves. Ben and Claire move closer to TJ and Melissa as they

stare wide-eyed at ten wolves in the trees.

"Fuck, this is like that Liam Neeson movie where his plane crashes and they all get killed by wolves," Ben said in a low voice. "We could use that gun right now."

TJ grunts and sneers at the old lawyer.

Claire grasps her husband's arm whispering, "I don't wanna die like this."

TJ steps forward to the fire, pulls a stick from it, and holds the burning end aloft. The wolves have been creeping closer and for the first time, they see the familiar face and gray fur of a big wolf. They also see the glint of a metallic collar. Melissa and Claire lock eyes for a moment; they know these wolves aren't here to feed off them after all. They have a purpose far more carnal in mind. Before long, ten wolves stand opposite the fire, head low, and some softly growling. All the wolves have collars. Claire sighs pulls her dress off to Ben's surprise and stands naked. Melissa nods and follows her lead.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Ben asks, yet stares at Melissa's hot young body as she gets naked.

"They're not here to kill us, honey," Claire said with a quivery voice. They're here to fuck us."

TJ starts undressing too. "You better cooperate," he said to Ben. "These animals don't discriminate between men and women when it comes to sex."

"I'm not letting any wolf fuck me," Ben said grabbing a burning stick for himself and holding it out.

A wolf confidently comes forward and pokes his cool nose into Melissa's puffy slit crowned with a triangle of trimmed blonde hair. All eyes are on her now, as Melissa, of course, has no idea what's happening to her. Her eyes are clench shut, and her body trembles as the wolf sniffs her pussy. In her mind, all she can think is 'Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God'. However, when the wolf rakes his tongue directly over pussy, going from her anus and past her clit to her Mons her eyes and mouth burst open with a loud gasp. Peering between her legs, she can see the furry gray wolf has his head right into her most secret place. She thought about pushing it away, but the cold stares of the other wolves watching her make her hesitate.

"Just go with it," TJ said softly as a wolf starts sniffing his cock.

The wolf keeps lapping at this newfound tasty morsel of Melissa's flesh. It has a familiar taste to the animal, like a bitch, but not as strong. This unleashes a new energy in the wolf, now he's thinking of her as a bitch to fuck. So the wolf licks harder at her cunt, trying to get her nice and wet for him. After all, the mating dance is common to all animals. Melissa thought if she just let the wolves do their thing they'll leave. Therefore, she doesn't try to fight the sudden ravishing of her cunt. An aching, sensual feeling develops in her legs and stomach. Her clit grows hard and slowly throbs, sending jolts of delight through her body. Her breathing gets heavy and ragged. Again, she closes her eyes, but not out of terror this time. Melissa is enjoying the wolf's attentions.

"Get back, leave me alone," Ben shouts as he uses his fire stick to try to drive off several wolves. "NoóNOóI'm not doing that."

As Melissa turns she sees a wolf jump at the old lawyer from behind and knocks him over, the stick goes flying. Ben screams as the animals start biting at his pants, ripping them from his body.

The wolf can taste Melissa's cunt grow more intense in flavor. He knows she's becoming horny and

that's what he wants. He withdraws and glances at another dog with a certain gleam in his eyes. His lieutenant understands and launches himself into Melissa so she falls onto the ground as Ben had done. Melissa groans and her instinct is to try to get to her feet. As she does, the wolf just licking her jumps on her back, pushing her onto her hands and knees. His strong legs wrap around her waist and hold her tightly.

Already Melissa can feel his cock poking her from behind. She isn't stupid, she knows how dogs breed, and this wolf certainly wants to breed her. Strangely, as she feels the cock poke into her all she can think about is how good it's going to feel. With her cunt free, the wolf concentrates on finding it, and after several near misses, he rams his big cock deep inside feeling her velvety warmth wrap around him. Melissa grunts, the wolf's cock feels so big, and it's now stretching her cunt as it fucks into it.

The wolf finds good footing as he is uphill from her, and having such good purchase means, he can pound her as hard as he can. He so wants to knot her before the others take their turns. The squishy slapping sounds of copulation and the aroma of sex now fill the clearing as Melissa can feel the wolf's cock continue to expand inside her. The friction from his energetic probing of her innermost depths sparks in her intense sexual excitement.

"Oh GodóYESóFUCK ME," Melissa hears Claire shout from behind her and glanced back to see a large wolf pounding the redhead just as she is being fucked.

"AHHHHHHHRG," TJ shouts as big white wolf rams his cock up his ass.

The macho pilot has his eyes clenched shut as the pain of the forced entry makes his body shake and skin glow a bright red. The wolf is not being gentle on TJ's anal sphincter at all.

Deep inside Melissa's stomach, she feels that all too familiar tightening and her legs go all wibbly-wobbly. Her clit burns and the heat it radiates makes her quiver and move her head around as if she were in pain, yet she is far from that. The wolf can feel his knot getting bigger and with the most powerful thrust he can muster, he pushes it into his new bitch's cunt. The animal's tongue is hanging out of his mouth as he pants deeply, releasing the heat from inside his body. Melissa squeals in protest as the giant ball of meat rapes her insides as the end of the giant cock slams her cervix. She begins panting too, as her orgasm continues to build her body in coils of tension. Sweat drips from her face as the wolf's precum dribbles from her pussy onto the ground. Suddenly, as if time itself has slowed, the coiling tension in her body can wind no more and it releases in a tidal wave of organic pleasure. Her head moves around as she moans loudly.

ìFuuuuuuuckóFuck me,î she screams.

Her body shakes violently all over, her skin flushes as a disco light, and her cunt and anus begin a spasm of uncontrollable contractions. The wolf, feeling his bitch cum and having his knot firmly inside her, begins to ejaculate with a loud grunt and a long whine. His orgasm causes him to close his eyes as his balls empty inside Melissa's cunt. Both slow as their pleasure abates, Melissa and wolf panting together as animals do.

JULIAN, her mind shouts at her to wake her from the spell she's under. She turns to look at where he lies in the shelter, and thankfully, no wolf is bothering him. The same can't be said for Ben, though. He seems to have prevented a wolf anally raping him, however, the animal is clearly mouth raping the old lawyer. She can see the thick, scarlet cock sliding inside the old man's mouth with drool and wolf precum dribbling from the man's mouth. She wonders how the wolves had persuaded him to do this, when she notices another smaller wolf had Ben's genitals in its mouth, holding them

tightly in sharp teeth.

I hope he bites them off, Melissa thought.

The wolf on top of the blonde wants to stay and enjoy the knotting, but in the wild, some luxuries are sometimes unattainable, for the danger of other predators attacking is ever present. Therefore, he dismounts until he stands ass-to-ass with Melissa and pulls, dragging her over the ground, until his cock slips out of her wet, sloppy cunt. A gush of cum follows, and the other wolves dive in and start licking the gooey mess. Melissa stays still, the tongues reviving her animal lusts again. Eventually, one of the grays mounts her and slams his thick cock inside her already abused cunt for sloppy seconds. She moans as he thrusts deep into her.

“AHHHHHHHRG,” TJ shouts as a big knot rams itself into his ass.

“OOOOOOOóFUCKóYES,” Claire moans as a huge orgasm makes her body shake and quiver.

Melissa is now submissive to these beasts, something she never thought possible in her life. She has always been the one in control, the one who hold the cards. Now she'll gladly let the wolves fuck her, and whatever else in this forest wants her. Her body quickly responds to the new wolf. This wolf likes holding her neck in its jaws while he fucks her repeatedly with his thick cock. She reaches under to rub her clit and when she touches the engorged bud it detonates inside her body with the power of a daisy-cutter. Again, her body shakes and convulses beneath the dominant probing her pussy is experiencing.

Gray foamy substance forms around her red, swollen pussy lips. The wolf has slipped his knot in a few times already, enough to stretch and exert pressure on her g-spot, so her orgasm reaches an exciting new peak.

ìOhóOhóFUCKóOH, GODóOH GODóOH GODóOH GOD,î She moans in a shrill quivery voice.

The second wolf suddenly shoots his load into her, though not successfully knotting her, and after a few minutes, he jumps off pulling his cock free from her red cavern of flesh. Gray watery semen runs from her cunt as if a waterfall. The other wolves lick her, making her moan again as tongues enter her gaping cunt to lap her insides clean of a competitors seed. Melissa doesn't need to wait long before the third wolf mounts her easily slid his cock inside her to his balls.

She hears gagging and coughing, and turns to see Ben vomiting semen from his mouth as a satisfied wolf stands nearby. Before the ol man can even recover, another wolf jumps on him and rams its scarlet cock down the lawyer's mouth. Ben has given up and starts sucking the thick, meaty cock as if he's a ten-dollar hooker. The wolf that had been keeping Ben's genitals under threat is gone, so she knows he's no longer resisting. Meanwhile, Ben's younger wife, the voluptuous redhead Claire, never had any such reservations about letting the wolves use her.

Not only did she have a big wolf fucking her from behind, she is also sucking a wolf cock being spit roast by two wolves and loving it. What a slut, Melissa thought. TJ still has the first wolf knotted in his ass, and unknown to Melissa, he's squeezing his anus as hard as he can to prevent the wolf from pulling out. Not because he's enjoying the experience, he isn't, yet he knows if the wolf gets his cock out too soon another of his canine companions will take over. TJ doesn't want this, so he keeps a death grip on the wolf's cock with his anal sphincter. He also has his head in the grass, so no wolf can use his mouth.

Meanwhile, the gray wolf's agile fucking of Melissa soon activates her senses and again the feeling of heat begins to radiate from her clit. She rubs her throbbing clit, enticing another orgasm to come

from deep inside her womanly places. These potent emotions and sensations she'd never have known if it weren't for the animals she has encountered in this forest. The slippery squishing of flesh-on-flesh doesn't seem out of place in this wild landscape. The wolf fucks her fast and again she cums as the knot slips in and out of her wobbly pussy lips. The rutting animal whines and she felt his hot cum spraying into her, Melissa cums again.

Another wolf mounts Claire and after a few aborted attempts, one nearly stabbing her anus, he finally slips inside and again she goes to work trying to build an orgasm in herself. Claire wants so badly to cum again, to feel her body overwhelmed by the climax. It's all she craves now, so her fingers worked her clit nimbly as the wolf slices her cunt with his meaty cock. After ten minutes of intense fucking, Claire feels her orgasm within reach, the wolf slips his knot inside her and starts to fuck her with it.

Claire sighs loudly as new jolts and jerks of pleasure hit her, and she knows this is what she needs to push her to orgasm. She needs her g-spot stimulated by the knot pressing and rubbing it lasciviously. Finally, her body explodes again. The convulsive waves of climax shake her from her core outward. The wolf feeling her cum all over his cock, shoots his warm seed into her, pushing her into another orgasm as her uterus stretched. Her cunt now so full of wolf seed, it burst out between her pussy lips and the wolf's cock under pressure, making a naughty queef as it did.

As the wolf dismounts Melissa and pulls his cock free, another seems ready to take its place to keep the fucking going. Suddenly, the horrible whistle/horn sounds and she glances up to see the drone is hovering above them again. The wolves abruptly stop and run back into the forest.

"Ugh," TJ grunts as he finally lets his wolf pull free of his ass.

Melissa falls to the ground exhausted, watching the drone as it hovers above them, no doubt videoing everything. A tension grips her in her chest, a sneer forms on her face, and with all her strength, she raises her hand and flips the drone the bird. The drone flies away, leaving silence punctuated only by the sounds of groaning and grunting from the four of them.

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## **Chapter Eight**

The just four wolf raped survivors lie still, feeling as if they want to die. Old Ben especially had taken his assault hard, yet as the cool night wears on, they're forced to pull themselves up, dress in warm clothes and huddle by the fire. The wolves ate the food Melissa had prepared before the attack, so they used the last of their coffee as they huddled close to the fire. Eventually, the awkward silence gets too much to bear.

"We need to talk about this," Melissa said.

"I agree," Claire said. "That drone, and the collars on all these animals who just want to fuck us whenever they see us."

Ben gasps, his eyes staring at his younger wife. "Animals? I take it that means tonight wasn't your first taste at this?"

Claire shrugs with a grimace. "Mel and I have had encounters before this," she confesses.

"And when were you planning to tell us?" TJ said glaring at the women.

"I don't think one just runs into camp and announces a grizzly bear just fucked us," Melissa said sarcastically.

"Not to mention a cougar and a lynx," Claire said.

Ben gasps. "You bitches have been busy," he said shaking his head.

"They all wore collars with names on them," Melissa said.

Claire pokes TJ in the ribs making him jump. "You should tell them what you said in the plane."

He nods. "Something interfered with the GPS the autopilot uses to navigate," TJ said. "I can't even explain why our engine failed. We shouldn't be here. We should never have crashed."

"It's all connected," Melissa said quietly.

"No shit, Sherlock," Ben said shaking his head. "I just had three wolves fuck my mouth while one held my balls in its jaws to force me to cooperate. The question is who the fuck is doing this us and why?"

"I don't care to stick around and find out," TJ said.

"So now you want to leave?" Ben asks wide-eyed. "Just imagine if we did days ago as I said?"

"Julian wasn't up to walking," Melissa said glancing at her husband lying beneath a blanket nearby. "He still isn't."

"TJ's right, we can't stay here after what just happened," Claire said grasping her arms around her chest as she shivers. "God knows what'll come after us next."

"We can't leave tonight, but first thing in the morning we go," TJ said, "Whether Julian's ready or not."

"So where do we go?" Melissa asks feeling her body tremble.

TJ shrugs. "Anywhere but here," he said.

He stands and walks into the darkness quietly making Ben guffaw ironically.

"There goes Mr. Macho, our savior," he said rolling his eyes remembering his tussle with the pilot.

"So we still don't know what the hell is going on here," Claire said with tears in her eyes.

"Let's try to get some sleep," Melissa said. "We have a hard day ahead tomorrow."

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Melissa snuggles next to her husband who sighs and turns his head toward her at her touch. "Mel?" he asks softly.

"It's me, darling, are you OK?"



“Is it time to get up for work yet?”

“What?”

However, he remains silent, and she knows his injury is worse than she hoped; he might even die from it if they can't get help soon. Maybe whoever's behind these animals can help him, she wonders? Maybe I'll have to do whatever they want so Julian can live. The thought makes her shudder, yet Melissa decides the best thing isn't to run from the animals and whoever controls them but to negotiate help for her husband. Her dreams that night are vivid with wolves fucking her and as the sun rises the last image in her dream is the cougar roaring in her face making her sit up wide awake in fright.

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Melissa glances around, shivering as the morning chill seems to reach into her core. Ben is alone in his shelter, and Claire and TJ are gone. The fire is out, and the ground is wet with dew. Suddenly two horses walk into the camp and start grazing on the other side of the fire place. Melanie gasps as they have a harness on them, but not a saddle as such. She gets to her feet and approaches the two chestnut horses with long brown manes and white on their faces and ankles. They don't seem to be scared of her.

Then she sees next to the strange harness; each horse has a collar. One reads 'Mr. Bojangles', and the other 'Little John.' They allow her to get very close, and she pats Mr. Bojangles on the neck, and he seems to like it.

“What the fuck?” TJ said from behind her and Melissa turns.

She sees him standing with Claire by his side and a bag in his hand.

“They just arrived,” Melissa said. “They have collars.”

“Do you think they sent these horses to help us?” Claire asks.

“What's the catch, though,” TJ asks with a frown.

“Holy shit, horses,” Ben said and they turn to see him sitting up awake.

“But no saddles or reins, just this,” Melissa said touching the harness on Mr. Bojangles side.

TJ and Claire come beside Melissa and inspect the harness. “Why does it hang below him like that?” Claire asks.

“Fucked if I know,” TJ said.

Ben joins them and stares at the harness. “Oh, for fuck's sake, it can't be?” he groans.

They stare at him wide-eyed. “What?” Claire asks with a frown.

He shakes his head. “It makes sense I suppose, given this place,” Ben said.

“What is it?” Melissa asks harshly slapping his arm.

“It's a belly riding saddle,” Ben said with a sneer.

"A what?" TJ asks scratching his chin.

"Belly riding," Ben said again, "they do it in South America. A woman gets in the cinch and rides the horse with his cock stuffed up her cunt."

"Nooooo," Claire said turning red.

"They even steer the horse with their cunts," Ben said nodding, "it's quite a thing down there."

"So why would they send this to us?" Melissa asks.

"Maybe they know we have an injured man," TJ said.

"So these horses will take us to them?" Claire asks her face going red again. "As long as Mel and I belly ride these things."

Melissa glances back at Julian who's still unconscious and makes up her mind. "I'm doing it," she said clenching her fists. "Julian needs help, or he'll die. I'll do whatever I have to for him."

"You can't do it alone," TJ said smiling at her briefly.

"Why?"

"Someone will have to hold onto Julian on the horse, or he'll fall off."

She nods. "Yes, you're right."

Ben suddenly said, "I'll do it."

"Ben," Claire said in a shocked voice.

He shrugs. "The reason he's on this trip is because of me," Ben said. "It's the least I can do."

"What about you, Claire?" Melissa asks. "One of these horses is meant for you."

"I don't know how to steer a horse with my, err, pussy," Claire said.

"I don't think you'll have to steer it," TJ said. "I suspect these horses will take us to whoever brought us here."

"Still, a horse's dick is kinda big isn't it?" Claire asks blushing.

Ben laughs coldly. "With the dick, you've had since we've been here," he said insolently, "A horses should be no trouble for your cunt."

"Don't be so crude," Claire said, turning her head with her nose in the air.

"Is that what you said to TJ last night as he fucked you in the plane," Ben said harshly. "Were those six wolves tag teaming you not enough, slut?"

"How dareó" Claire begins.

"SHUT UP," Melissa shouts making them go quiet. "None of us are in a position to judge others here. Now let's get this over with, for Julian's sake."

Ben nods and Claire moves away to settle her anger alone.

“Let’s get Julian and Ben on the horse; then you can get in the harness,” TJ said.

Ben climbs onto the horse and waits sitting bareback. TJ and Melissa grab the groaning Julian and drag him across the ground to the horse. With some effort, mostly TJ’s, they lift the limp man onto the horse in front of Ben who holds him with his arms around Julian’s stomach. Julian’s head hangs forward as if asleep, and Ben nods indicating he has a firm grip on the injured man.

“So how do I get in this thing?” Melissa said staring ruefully at the harness.

“First, take your pants off,” TJ said. “I don’t think this horse will move unless it feels your cunt wrapping around cockhead.”

Melissa sighs and undresses, so she is naked from below the waist. TJ, Ben, and Claire stare at her pussy with interest, but Melissa ignores them. After all, they’ve been through modesty is pointless.

Ben said from atop the stallion’s back, “You lie on that sling called a cinch, on your back, and put your feet in the ropes and hang on with those ropes near its neck.”

They help into the cinch on Mr. Bojangles and when the blonde woman is secure, she feels something thick and warm push against her slit. Mr. Bojangles’ cock is thick, and she gasps as it slices her cunt in two, eventually jamming into her cervix. The stallion is feeling her soft, wet folds of flesh squirming all over its cock moves and buck its hips, making Melissa moan softly.

“You really do like cock, Mel,” Ben said and laughs.

Melissa ignores him.

Mr. Bojangles moves out of the clearing, and grass tickles Melissa’s back as he does. How did I ever get in this position, Melissa thought bitterly.

As the thought flashes through her mind, Mr. Bojangles begins cantering along the rough ground. Melissa’s body rocks in the cinch, and the sound of the animals, heavy hooves hitting the ground sound like thunder to her. The now hard pink cockhead of the big stallion is sliding around inside her, bumping her, prodding and poking. She closes her eyes, feeling her clit throb, she so much wanted to rub it yet her hands are busy hanging on for dear life to some ropes. Her orgasm is now at the mercy of the stallion.

Every bump and gallop from the stallion causes her body to slide along the cock impaling her wet cunt. She moans, sometimes screams as the meaty head of the cock slams against her cervix, pushing it deeper inside her body as more and more horse cock enters her. The cinch purposely tied so her body would move, and it did. She can hear Mr. Bojangles panting, and knows it isn’t the gallop causing it. Every bump and jolt causes mini-orgasms to billow through her body, causing her to shake and flush bright red.

Her mouth hangs open as if in some long silent scream, and blonde her hair jostles maniacally with the movement. Her first orgasm hit her with the force of a sledgehammer, surging from her cunt and clit through her body on a crest of outrageous orgasmic power. Her body shakes and her cunt contracts wildly all over the stallion’s big cock. The stallion, feeling some sexual heat himself, jumps and kicks his back legs out, the landing ramming his cock inside her even deeper, and triggering another powerful burst of pleasure. The continual motion of the stallion is keeping Melissa in orgasm. His thick cock is jamming itself into her, filling her, and stretching her, is sending her to

sensual heaven.

She repeatedly cums and nearly blacks out from the rapturous spasms her body experiences. Her eyes roll back into her head, while her mouth hangs open, framed by her wild blonde hair. Eventually, even Mr. Bojangles experiences the joy of this orgasmic cunt continuously cumming on his big cock, and can't take it any longer. With a grunt and a gravelly low moan/growl that echoes and vibrates Melissa's body as Mr. Bojangles cums. His semen explodes from her still spasming cunt, spraying all over her lower stomach, groin, and upper thighs, then slowly dripping in big white clumps to the ground.

The stallion cums so hard, Melissa squeals as its hot semen fills her womb and stretches it, making her stomach bloat as if she were pregnant. Mr. Bojangles suddenly slows and stops, panting from his run now and from this crazy pussy still squeezing his cock. Gradually Melissa calms until her body eventually sags into a sweaty, used blob of flesh.

“I wonder where Claire & TJ are?” Ben said trying to glance backward while still holding Julian.

“I don't know,” Melissa said, panting. “Is Julian OK?”

“Yeah,” Ben said. “I held onto him tight, don't worry. Are you OK, down there?”

“No, but what choice do I have?”

“Sure sounded like you enjoyed it,” Ben said insolently.

She ignores his comment. “Can you see where we are?” she asks him.

“Still in the fucking forest,” Ben said gazing around. “Why aren't we moving?”

A good question and Melissa knows the answer. When Mr. Bojangles ejaculated, the force made its cock slide out of her cunt. Melissa has a feeling she needs to reinsert the cock to make the horse move. Therefore, she reaches for the still erect horse cock and grabs it, sliding it against her gaping, cum-leaking pussy. The horse, feeling her cunt on the end of his dick thrust his hips forcefully.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Melissa cries as the thick cockhead didn't go in her cunt, it slid inside her asshole.

“What's wrong?” Ben shouts.

However, the stallion starts galloping along the trail before she can answer, and his thick cock slides inside her colon unhindered by an annoying cervix. Melissa truly feels the size of Mr. Bojangles as it pushes, jolts, and jams its way deep inside her. Her stomach boils as the horse cock shoves aside her innards with scant concern for the trauma it could cause her. The blonde's body stops swinging against him with his movement as she had too much thick cock impaled in her. Instead, she moves with the dick.

Her anus burns with intense pain as the friction of his slippery cock against it eventually builds to pleasure. Every time Mr. Bojangles cock thrust into her ass, her stomach gets bigger, and as it pulls away, it gets smaller. Her clit starts throbbing; however, she can't enjoy it until she discovers she can lift her bottom slightly, so her clit is rubbing against the horse's furry belly. The friction of horse fur against clit sets off the sparks she wants so badly, as her anus glows from a pleasure so unique to what's she's felt in the past. The combined forces meet in her stomach ñ clitoral and anal ñ joining to form a chorus of delight making her spasm with joy.

"Mel, are you OK?" Ben shouts as her moans and groans alarm him.

Melissa concentrates hard on trying to squeeze her anus on the big cock of the horse, and she hears its guttural, throaty growls in response. This is one horny horse, she thought. Melissa works harder to get herself off, the deliciousness of humping her clit against the furry belly of the horse and the glowing fire in her anus does the trick, and an outpouring of orgasmic bliss drenches her from head to toe. Again, she starts spasming all over Mr. Bojangles cock, and the horse whinnies in delight in return. He releases his seed deep inside her abdomen, its goeey warmth triggering anal orgasms in her until the horse stops by a river and his softening cock slips out of her ass followed by a torrent of semen.

Melissa is exhausted, so is the horse it seems. "Are we there?" she calls to Ben.

"I don't think so," he said in a low voice. "All there is is forest, mountains, and a big river."

Then coming from behind them, they hear, "OooooooooóAhhhhhhrgóFUUUUUUCK."

The other horse comes bursting from the forest with TJ on its back, and Claire impaled on the huge cock beneath the stallion ironically named Little John. There's nothing little about the cock shoved deeply into Claire's convulsing cunt. Little John stops near enough for the women to be able to see each other and Melissa sees white horse cum leaking from Claire's still impaled cunt.

Claire turns to Melissa. "Now that was one helluva ride."

"Will someone help me outta this thing," Melissa said, meaning TJ.

They set up camp by the river as once the women were free of the horses and their huge cocks, the equines wandered off into the forest. Nearby, TJ finds a bag with food in it, and they build a fire and settle in for the night.

"I wonder what they'll make us do next," Claire said as she ate warmed beans.

TJ shrugs. "God only knows, whoever is doing this to us is truly fucked up," he said coldly.

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Chapter Nine

Treading softly and keeping just inside the line of trees bordering the river, Ben makes for the spot where he knows Melissa is. Birds flit and warble in the trees overhead; he stops and watches as a bright blue feather comes skimming from the heights, its erratic flight through the shifting sunlight making it a thing of beauty. Impulsively, he runs to catch it before it can touch the ground. Ben holds the feather in his hand and surveys its deep iridescent sheen, appreciative of nature's use of color. Putting the feather in his shirt pocket, Ben grins salaciously to himself. It might come in handy, he thought, the last time I used a feather on Claire she climbed the walls.

In a few moments, he sees Melissa, a vision of golden loveliness, as she stands naked in the river soaping her body. He watches as she runs the soap over the full, pouting mounds of her white breasts, over her flat belly and sensuously curving hips. Fuck, she's beautiful, he thought, feeling his dick twitch. He sees her pubic mound is covered with trimmed golden hair to match the fiery gold of her head. I love natural blondes, he thought. Those tits are perfect too; I can hardly wait to get my hands on her.

He moves forward, silently, to crouch behind a bush to watch, lying nearby is her husband, Julian, also naked but unconscious still. He better live or I'll never hear the fucking end of it, Ben thought, shaking his head. Melissa had been washing him, and to Ben's surprise, the unconscious man has a raging erection. He chuckles at the sight. At least part of him still works, he thought.

Melissa squats in the cold water rinsing the soap from her, the suds rushing downriver away from her in glistening array as they catch the sunlight. She washes her face, thoroughly, scrubbing it to a rosy glow of cleanliness; then he sees she performs a primitive douche, using her hands between her thighs to wash and ream. His cock jerks and throbs to erection as he watches her hands at her loins, visible to him in the clear water.

He chuckles again as his dirty mind remembers the big horse cock that fucked her pussy and ass all the way to this place. Melissa's closes her eyes as the relief of the cold water on her raw pussy and ass does its healing duties. She rinses her body, again, and wades to the bank where she stands staring at her husband's hard dick. Now is the time, Ben thought. The lawyer rises to his feet and starts moving slowly toward her through the trees when suddenly he spots a big gray wolf standing behind Melissa and Julian about ten feet away. He gasps remembering the wolf pack of a few nights ago.

"Melissa! MEL" Ben shouts. "Look out behind you."

Alarm stabs into her like arrows; she gasps as she turns toward the wolf, her face reddening.

"OMIGOD," she shouts at the wolf, then looking at her prone husband she's frozen with indecision.

"RUN! GET OUTTA THERE," Ben again urges the naked woman, and as some fear impulse takes over Melissa she does just that, leaving Julian on the ground nursing his boner.

"Oh, it's you, Ben," she said, recognizing him as she enters the trees.

They turn and watch as the lone gray wolf moves confidently toward Julian. Melissa, thinking better of having left her unconscious husband to fend for himself goes to run back out there, so Ben grabs her and holds her shivering body.

"Let's not spook it," he said. "It'll probably leave him alone."

Melissa glances back at the old man. "Why do you think that?"

"Look at the wolf."

She does, and for the first time spots a collar on the beast. "Shit, if it just wants a fuck then I can do that for it if it'll save Julian," Melissa said again trying to leave, yet Ben holds her firmly.

"You can't fuck that wolf," he said coldly.

"Why? I've fuck just about everything else out here."

"It's a bitchóa she-wolfóif you like."

"How can you tell?"

Ben smirks. "I have a nose for it," he said eyeing her naked form.

The she-wolf stops at Julian's body and sniffs from his head down to the only part of the man that has any life, his raging erection. To Melissa's surprise, the she-wolf suddenly licks along the entire

length of the turgid member eliciting a moan from Julian.

Meanwhile, Ben slides his hands over her back feeling the svelte smoothness of her naked skin to the twin protuberances of her rounded ass cheeks. His fingers dig and knead the cool flesh of them, then with cruel strength, he pulls her loins in tight to him, the bulge of his erection cleaving into her with devastating force. Melissa moans into his shoulder as her loins smolder in response.

"I have to save Julian," she murmurs. "Ben, please, don'tó"

"Julian doesn't need our help, I think that she-wolf is going to give him a nice treat," he said a laughs coldly. "About time Julian got some action out here."

Ben is right. The she-wolf is busy licking Julian's cock with relish. The she-wolf greedily licks Julian's groin, even snaking its tongue into his ass. The rough wetness of its tongue rhythmically scrapes against the man's cock. Julian's primal instincts can't resist the sexual stimulation this animal is providing, and he pants and moans under the continued assault on his cock and invasion of his ass with the she-wolf's tongue. It doesn't take long before precum flows from the tip of the unconscious man's erect cock and the she-wolf eagerly licks it away. The beast relentlessly laps Julian's boner, making the unconscious man writhe in sexual heat.

"Oh, Mel, that feels so good," Julian suddenly moans.

Mel gasps. "He spoke. Julian spoke," she said wide-eyed.

"Maybe this is just what he needs," Ben said hotly in her ear. "It might wake him up."

Julian is even thrusting his hips as the she-wolf slathers his cock and balls with its furious tongue, and Melissa is worried the wolf will bite it off. "Oh, Mel, Fuck yeah, suck my cock," Julian moans, his head moving.

Melissa is jolted out of her indecisive reverie as the old lawyer shifts a hand to her jaw, and grasps it in strong fingers to swings her head around. Their eyes coming into contact at last. "Fuck, bitch, I'm tired of playing these gamesóLet's fuck."

Suddenly, Ben's mouth is on hers, his tongue bursting through the barriers of teeth and lips to probe and savor her. She tries to escape draws her head back and away to scream. However, he holds her immobile and helpless in his strong arms. His lips and tongue ignite a slow fuse in her, the erotic, sexy sensations in her mouth as his tongue moves there, the sweet, yet pungent taste and smell of tobacco on his breath, the sweaty, acrid odor of man-sweat and the strength of his hands and arms holding her against him. The rough fabric of his shirt, irritating and arousing the coralline nipples to erect hardness combined to throw a net over her, as a wolf molests her husband, the same molests her.

Julian, Julian, her mind screams as Ben's tongue forces itself on her. Omigod, this place is turning me into such a slut.

Then Melissa's kissing Ben back. Her tongue comes alive and jousts with his, eventually, lashing snake-like into his mouth where it searches and caresses. Ben still holds her naked body close, yet his hand relaxes on her ass cheeks and explores the curving outlines of her waist, hip, and thighs. The other hand drops from her jaw to her breasts, finding a hardening nipple he taunts to full erection between rolling thumb and forefinger. Now, she raises her arms and places them around Ben's neck to pull his head tighter to her lips, and her tongue flicks into his mouth to signal her readiness.

Ben's hand works its way in between her legs to the golden bush of her triangle, and he slips a finger into the top of her pussy slit, working it until he finds the hardening spike of her clit hidden within the fleshy folds of her cunt-lips. He brushes over it lightly, feeling it throb to hungry life beneath his fingertip. Melissa is suddenly weak in the knees; she slumps against him, her vision blurs, swimmingly, and she feels dizzy, tingling all over with sexual desire.

"Oh, Mel, I wanna fuck you so bad. I wanna make you cum all over my cock," a hot voice moans. However, it's not Ben speaking—the voice belongs to Julian.

She manages to turn her and Ben to see Julian is still getting a thorough licking, the man's loins glisten with wolf saliva as the beast slaps his rigid shaft with her rough, pink tongue. The sight of the she-wolf giving Julian the canine equivalent of a blowjob astounds her. The she-wolf is even taking the purplish cockhead of her husband into its mouth and lowering its head to deep throat him. The lurid scene on the riverbank only fuels the lust she's feeling in the forest with Ben.

Ben releases her and she slumps to her knees in the soft grass; blindly, dumbly, she lies upon it, on her back. Losing no time, Ben throws off his clothing, stopping, at the last moment, to retrieve the feather from his shirt pocket, mentally congratulating himself on his foresight. Shit, this is gonna be fun, he thought.

Surprise catches Melissa; her body jerks, involuntarily, at the light, tickling touch of something moving inch by tortuous inch, along the smooth, sensitive flesh of her inner thighs. Her eyes gape to where Ben is crouching beside her, a bright blue feather held lightly in his fingers. Ben grins at her lewdly, as he continues to tease her with the tip of it, dragging it along her quivering thighs. Then, holding her legs apart with a hand, he tantalizes her naked flesh with the feather as she moans loudly.

The tantalizing lightness of the feather traces tiny circles on the soft, sensate skin of her inner thighs, going into the hollows on either side of the fleshy cunt lips. She wants to scream with the torment. The feather moves, relentlessly, and now it's moving in the furrow between the golden, softly hair-fringed cuntal lips. Ben twists it around, dipping now and then between the labia that are filling with hot blood and turning red as the old lawyer watches. Never, has she experienced such a lewd, sexy, exciting sensation.

"AHHHHRG FUCK," she hears Julian suddenly shout, and she turns her head to see an eruption of semen explode from the end of his cock into the she-wolf's greedy mouth.

Ben laughs. "He needed that," he said with a leer at her.

She pants, in short, sharp gasps. The aroused woman can feel the feather now as he thrust it, twirlingly, into her cuntal passage, igniting searing fires of desire to leap and flare in her nerve endings as if a forest fire racing before a strong wind, destroying all in its path. Unconsciously, uncontrollably, her hips move beneath her, scribing small lewd circles of salacious desire. Suddenly, she becomes aware of the warmth and wetness of her cunt, the viscid fluids exuding from the inner walls of her pussy to ooze in droplets of moisture into the throbbing pink slit, the portal becoming wet and slippery, readying itself for the entrance of a hard, joy bringing cock.

"Please, I wanna fuck you, Mel," Julian shouts as the she-wolf licks his still hard cock, getting every drop of semen he just shot. "I wanna feel you cum on my cock."

Ben turns the feather further into the wet furrow of her cunt, the teasing tip of it sliding, finally, upward through the sparse golden fringe to the erect, throbbing clit there. He moves it, tormenting, and the short length of the small female phallus, coming to rest with a twisting motion on the

sensitive triangle of its head. Again, she stifles a scream in her throat. A shout of joy.

The lust-inciting feather is suddenly gone, and she feels it trailing through the silky, softly curling hair of her mons, across her abdomen and over her flat belly, twirling, playfully into her navel. Moving out to her groin to twist in the hollow there, then with a broad sweep, it's on her breasts. Orbiting them in a figure eight as it works the full mounds of her milk-white breasts toward the crowning reddish nipples on top. Ben suddenly stops with a gasp and tosses the feather aside.

"What the fuck?" he whispers staring at the riverbank.

Melissa turns her head and gasps too. For the she-wolf appears to be sitting on top of Julian. The she-wolf is between his legs, its glassy eyes staring out at the river as its hips gently rise and fall, Julian's hard cock deep inside her wolf's cunt. The she-wolf is giving Julian his wish, to feel a hot cunt cum all over his dick, only it's not Melissa's.

"YES, oh God, Mel, I love how your cunt feels," Julian moans.

"This place is so fucked up," Ben said with a frown turning to stare at Melissa. "But you know what they say, 'When in Rome'" Ben rolls her on her stomach and Melissa doesn't resist. "Get on your knees!" he said. "Get your ass in the air, quick."

Obediently, she draws her knees beneath her, presenting him with the smoothly rounded hemispheres of her ass cheeks, and she feels the hot, hairy warmth of his loins as he moves between them. A delicious shiver of anticipation surges through her, as she feels the breadth of his cock resting within the crevice of her ass, and from her upside-position, she can look between her legs to where his heavy, semen-loaded balls hang in their sac, below. Impulsively, she reaches through the arch of her white, tapering legs and cups them in her hand, caressing and teasing them.

Meanwhile, the she-wolf is humping on Julian faster at the animal feels the pleasure of the human cock inside her body, causing delirious friction along its cuntal walls. Julian continues to moan, calling out how much he loves his wife, and her cunt. Not knowing the velvety wetness, he feels pulsating and massaging his cock is a she-wolf. A beast.

"Put it in for me," Ben said in a small voice bringing her back to her situation, and without hesitation, she grasps his throbbing cock.

The enormous size of Ben's cock is apparent to her, for the first time, as she finds she cannot encircle it with her hand. Old Ben is even bigger than TJ and Julian, yet not as big as Mr. Bojangles horse cock, and she's thankful her ass won't be too put out by the massive man penis because of the belly riding yesterday.

She holds her breath as he clutches at her waist, beginning to pull her against him, and she places the knob of the lust-inflated cock against the tight, hairless portal of her backside. She feels him shove at her, the tip worming into the forbidden passage. Melissa is tighter than Ben thought she would be, and he meets a steely resistance from the powerful muscle. He strains with redoubled efforts to force an entrance; suddenly, he flexes his hips, driving the blood-engorged head into the smooth, softness of her anus. She moans loudly, the sound of it resounding and echoing through the primeval forest

"Oh, Fuck! Your cock is ENORMOUS," Melissa moans.

He laughs. He's heard this before many times, and it never gets old. Shoving mercilessly onward, he hugs her hips to him, forcing his cock ever deeper into the tightness of her back passage.

"Push back! Push back against me," he moans. "If that fucking horse could get his cock up there, then I certainly can! PUSH."

She can't think. The pain isn't unbearable, yet it does permeate her loins, spreading in her belly, and sears her body-mind. Ben's cock reminds her of how she felt when the stallion was pummeling her this way, is as if a huge log's getting rammed into her body.

"Back! Back! Shove your ass back," Ben snarls in frustration, beads of sweat forming on his brow.

She pushes, straining back at him, opening her asshole with deliberate, mind-shattering will, and his enormous cock surges into the spongy, resistant flesh of her backside without mercy, pushing waves of pink, tortured rectal lining ahead of it. She groans as she feels her innards move, her intestines, stomach, liver kidneys, and spleen squishing to make way for Ben's big cock as it surges up her colon. In her mind, she hears the sounds of the thumping hooves again, the snorts and neighs of Mr. Bojangles who raped her ass with his eighteen-inch cock yesterday. Ben's must be a good twelve inches, and it feels just as big as the horses in her belly.

"Ahhhhhhrg," she groans as his pelvis smacks with stinging force against the softness of her smoothly rounded ass cheeks.

She hears him whine in pain and passion as he fucks the soft tightness of her resistant anus. Slowly, by degrees, the pain lessens, and a certain masochistic yet erotic stimulations meld with it, just as it did with the stallion. She clenches her teeth, grindingly, her head wagging from side to side, her hair, shining gold, in the shifting sunlight hanging almost to the ground and covering her face in hopeless entanglement, as he rams into her repeatedly

Each time he thrust into her, brutally, driving her forward, she braces herself on hands and knees and squirms herself back onto his beautiful, ravishing cock until she's filled to overflowing with an all-encompassing feeling of masochistic joy. The pain in her backside has now become pleasurable. Uncontrollably, not knowing why, she rocks vigorously in time with his rampaging, primal movements. She finds her undulant body moving in perfect harmony with him, her ass cheeks scribing tiny circle as she moves against him, absorbing the great length and breadth of his cock into her belly. The excitement mounts within her, and she reaches beneath the cusp of her loins to the swinging balls, below, caressing them with her fingers as he pounds into her.

Blinding sweat pours from Ben face as he labors to satisfy his hard cock buried in the wet depths of her clenching ass. He watches with fascination as the pink flesh of the tight, round hole draws back with his cock, greedily clasping at it, imprisoning him there. Then he grins with sadistic delight as his balls smack heavily with a flat slapping noise against her inflamed cunt each time his cock sinks to the hilt in her widespread anus. He watches enthralled, as his shit-stained cock disappears into her ass with every plunge, leaving none of his length visible as Melissa absorbs the entire length into her tight resilient channel.

His balls begin palpitating with almost unbearable pain. Ben has waited too long, and his cock feels as if it'll explode inside her. He knows he's almost ready to cum, the searing pain behind the root of his cock makes him feel a great lake of semens dammed and ready to breach, and a huge tide of spewing white, hot liquid will flow into her bowels. She is moaning, crazily, her beautiful face flushed, her eyes rolling in her head and she pants in short gasping breaths of pure animal passion.

"YES! YES! Fuck it hard! Fuck me! Fuck my ass! HARD! HARD," she moans.

Her words excite him even more. He can cum, now, any time he wants to shoot it into her. He withdrew his cock to the tip, watches her tight, elastic anus pucker around him yet still gripping him

tightly. Ben rams in a long, smooth stroke all the way to his pelvis. Melissa whines in the ecstasy of building rapture. He rams, again, pulling her back, simultaneously, onto his cock. The sheath of her rectum is sliding along his rock-hard cock with the ease of a well-oiled machine, and she moans her lewd lust to the forested hillsides.

“YES!Oh God!Fuck me, Mel,” Julian shouts.

Then it begins. The boiling magma of the man’s semen comes roiling through the length of the throbbing cock, hosing in never-ending jets of white semen, viscous and hot, jetting far-far into the forever- stretches channel of her asshole. His body jerks, his mouth hangs open, and his eyes shoot open as he feels the blasting force of his ejaculate spew from him. The cumming man pulls her back tight, tighter into him, his cock skewering into her another millimeter of depth as let the pleasurable sensations of his orgasm swarm over him, his cock pumping wildly, below, draining his bloated balls into the warm channel surrounding his cock. Julian cums inside the she-wolf, and the beast howls to the sky as its orgasm sends pleasure through her canine body.

To join the release of sexual delight, Ben suddenly shouts, “FuckóI’m cummingóFuck backóPound your ass back at me.”

Melissa, beneath his battering assault, feels the first delicious spurts of the hot, white semen spew into the depths of her backside. It splashes through her body as a giant tidal wave. The pure force of his wildly ejaculating cock hosing into her belly touches off her racing climax. Melissa moans with the rapture of reckless abandonment, as a great surging gush of pleasure ripples through her, and she feels his hot, thick semen running down the crevice of her wide-split ass cheeks to the furrow of her naked cunt below.

Grunting, Ben collapses on top of her, bearing her to the ground with his weight. He moans in satiated agony. Two hot bodies entwine a panting mess as his cock softens and slowly slips from her gaping asshole.

“Mel? Mel? Is that you?” she hears Julian call.

Melissa pushes old Ben off her and gets shakily to her feet, cum dripping from her asshole now. Her eyes are wide with disbelief; her hand is over her mouth. Julian is sitting up too, and gazing around. Slowly, he too climbs to his feet and staggers a little as he does. Relief washes over her, and she runs through the undergrowth and trees out onto the riverbank.

“Julian, Julian, I’m here,” she shouts as she runs to her husband.

Julian grabs her arms and scans her naked body, smells the sex on her, and smiles. “So we’re here? We made it?”

Unfortunately unfinished due to the closure of the Beastforum...