



# Goldie's Trios

By  
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## Chapter One

Once upon a time in a far off land...oh who are we kidding? Let's try that again.

Once upon a time, right here in good ol' Virginia, a beautiful blonde girl named Goldie was lost on the back roads of Spotsylvania County. She was meeting some friends at Lake Anna and being the city girl she is, was thrown off by the trees hugging the road and creeks flanking the black asphalt. To make matters worse, she was almost out of gas. Too far to go back and no clue what was ahead, she had no choice but to go up one of the many dirt roads and ask for assistance from a hopeful kind soul that resided in one of these old country homes.

Up the dirt road of choice, stood a small white rambler that housed a family of three. A very peculiar family consisting of a woman known as Mama to the few that know her and her gentle ways, a man called Papa for his head of house demeanor and their one and only son, a smaller, softer versions of Papa that was known to many as Baby Boy though just Baby to the ladies. They are the Bear family.

They had a daily routine where the men hunted for food, or shopped in Baby's case, and Mama took care of the house until they returned when she would then care for her men in many different ways. Food for both, comfort for her son and sating another appetite for her mate. Mama and Papa didn't go into town much due to the unwelcome stares and glares they got from the "norms" but Baby frequented the store and civilization as much as possible.

You see, the reason this family was peculiar was because they were only half human, you'll see what is meant by that as we get further into the story.

It was mid-afternoon, which meant the men had returned from their hunting and shopping and Mama was preparing for the nightly meal, chores and attentions. Baby, as I said, the more civilized of the bunch, much to his parent's disapproval, especially his father's, came home to shower and dress for a night out with his human friends. He would not return home until the following day.

Papa, the least civilized of the three, enjoyed his two natured self and probably spent equal time in both. Running through the wild in his bare human form and shifting as the trees smacked and scraped his rough over worked skin. Growing in mass and softening as downy fur sprouted to cover him from head to toe. He enjoyed the wild and the unknown. The danger of possibly

being seen and caught by those that were not ready to know that more than the human race dominated this land. He also enjoyed the solitude of the run. No one he had to pace himself for or worry about leaving behind or them possibly getting caught for his carelessness. His space. His land. His prerogative.

Now back to the little lost human girl with bouncy curls and an innocent face that was anything but.

Goldie pulled further into the driveway of choice and wound down the twisting road, kicking up dust behind her ninety-eight Jeep Cherokee. The engine started to stall and the car sputtered a few more yards before dying on her completely, too thirsty for gas to even carry her to the house.

Goldie growled at old Betty for not at least getting her to the house. Now, she would have to walk, not knowing how close or far she was. Looking around, she noticed there wasn't much to see. Outside the path the dirt road made, all she could make out was oak, pine and maple trees standing what seemed like miles high – and she wasn't even out of the car yet.

Taking her keys out of the ignition, Goldie got out of the car and locked it up, figuring she wouldn't need anything to ask for help. Inhaling deeply and sighing just as hard, she stuck her hands in her short cargo shorts and kicked at the tire of her Jeep in frustration. Thanking the powers that be that she put on a tank top today to remain as cool as possible in this scorching heat. She lifted the bottom of the shirt and wiped the sweat from her brow and started down the road, now kicking up dirt with her hiking boots.

Half a mile down the road, though it seemed like more, Goldie heard a rustling in the woods. She stopped, standing stalk still and looked around, turning her head this way and that, seeing nothing but trees, trees and more trees in the thicket. She wrote it off to just being in the woods and surrounded by nature, how wonderful she thought facetiously.

She took a step to continue and heard the rustle again. Giving into her paranoia, she took several more steps towards her intended goal, deciding to be more alert as she moved forward instead of being an immobile target. She caught movement out the corner of her eye on the right and started to run, not thinking that this may excite the little beastie – or big beastie for that matter. She watched enough of the Discovery Channel to know that running wasn't exactly the smartest thing, but human instinct carried her feet forward anyway.

She heard a growl and that stopped her dead in her tracks. She did a one eighty and came face to face with a huge brown bear. A bear? In Virginia? She didn't think it was possible here but being the city girl she was she apparently didn't know much.

## Chapter Two

She took a step back in hopes that if she moved slowly it would leave her alone and she could get back to the safety of her car. Unable to stop her heart from racing, something the bear was sure to sense, she took a second step back and the bear reared up on its hind legs, standing at least eight feet tall and easily two or three feet wide. At her five feet three inches, her eyes fell to the bear's chest. Doing everything in her power to avoid its vicious eyes and very sharp teeth that could effortlessly tear her apart she took in the beast from the neck down.

The closest she ever came to this kind of nature was Animal Planet and she didn't recall a bear's physique being quite so defined. She thought they were more plush and huggable looking, you know, fluffy. This bear had well defined humanoid pecs, about three times the size of a human's, very hairy ones at that. Her eyes continued down his physique, she noticed his abdominal muscles, also humanoid and well defined. This was no mere six pack though. More like a six pack of kegs. Something low in her stomach stirred and fear wouldn't allow her to decipher what it was.

Continuing her exploration, her eyes widened to saucers at the vision of a very humanoid male member dangling between two very well sculpted thighs. Her breathing increased and she started to recognize what that stir in her stomach was. She also realized it was a little lower than her stomach. Horrifying herself that she would be looking at this half breed with arousing excitement. Her eyes shot to the bears. Big mistake. The stir was immediately replaced by fear, a more comforting emotion and yet not.

The bear had large round ears, all the better to hear her racing heart with she thought. A long snout tipped with a shiny black nose, wet with anticipation of smelling all that stirred inside the pretty little thing before him. His nose wiggled, obviously sniffing her closer. A low rumble was squeezed out of his chest. Little did she know it was from anticipation of filling her hot twat with the throbbing mass between his legs, more than she could accommodate no doubt.

She took in his mouth full of sharp, scathing teeth dripping with saliva. Not wanting to think of what he could do with those teeth she met his small brown eyes and found them crystal clear with more knowledge than any animal should have.

Mesmerized by the chocolaty orbs, Goldie was frozen; even her breathing seemed to stop. While she internally yelled at herself to run, the big grizzly dropped to all fours and shook like a massive wet dog. Her sweet wetness, tinged with fear was throwing him off kilter big time, taking what little civil thought he had and throwing it out the window.

Trying to pull himself together and think more with his brain than his throbbing cock that now nearly touched the ground, he took a step towards her. Still she didn't move and he needed her to. The animal in him took her stance as a challenge of dominance which stirred his loins even more.

In two more steps, he reached her, his wet black nose falling between her heaving petite breasts and the sliver of soft exposed stomach. Rubbing against her flesh her breathing became more of a hiccup. A low rumble escaped his throat again, causing her to jump and snap out of her confound. She took a step backwards and then another, finally coming to her senses.

He reared up on his hind legs again. He was not going to let this sweet thing go anywhere before tasting her porridge. He knew he could not get near her in the form he was in now, not without scaring her half to death and not without forcing himself into her which he would not do no matter how uncivilized he was.

Missing a step or tripping over foliage, Goldie lost her balance and fell back on her butt. Eyes' bulging, now caught on this bears, man, half breeds stanch penis, steadily rising to lie against his belly, Goldie was once again frozen, only this time she was confused as to whether or not the butterflies in her stomach were fear or anticipation. She could feel her panties getting wet and yet her heart was nearly beating a hole in her chest.

She watched as the bear made his way to her, then stood over her legs, slowly taking each step with precision, careful not to touch her with anything but his fur. He sniffed the inside of her thigh then licked it from behind the knee to the ends of her shorts. She watched, unsure what to do. His head was as big, if not slightly bigger, than her hips.

Goldie's fear never dissipated but didn't rise any further either. That is until the growling bear slightly opened his mouth and nibble at her belly then at the top of her shorts. She heard the fabric rip a little, then a little more.

Finally getting a good grip on the top of her shorts, he jerked his head, dragging her a few feet from the spot she was planted to, scraping her exposed back and bumping the back of her head on the graveled floor. Somehow this got the zipper down on her shorts or ripped at the seam

more likely. He gave another jerk of his head and succeeded in pulling them down on her hips, but not to his satisfaction. Jerking again, they came down a little more; her hot center now slightly exposed. This drove him crazy. No barrier between her tasty morsels and the taste buds of his tongue.

He placed his nose at the junction between her legs, sniffing and nudging with his cold nose. She gasped but he ignored her and licked along her skimpy panties, trying to taste the hidden sweetness. At first she jumped at the oddity and revulsion of it but the more he licked the more her body woke to his touch. A moan escaped her throat and she involuntarily arched her back at his hot wet tongue invading her space.

Then his tongue slipped between the fabric and the tender flesh between her thighs, finding her pulsating twat. Her breath catching, she forgot to be appalled that this nonhuman creature was about to make her come.

Feeling her on the verge of climax, Papa couldn't take it any more. She was so wet and the salty sweetness that warmed his tongue filled his groin to almost bursting. He had to be inside her. To feel her tightness hug him and throb around his member as he slid in and out of her slipperiness. He just couldn't wait, but he knew she would never accept him in his current form. He was just too big and she too fragile. He had to shift. He refused to let her go without a release. He would deal with the consequences of revealing himself later.

Standing again on his hind legs, satisfied that she was oblivious to what was about to happen due to the slight convulsions he left her in without release, he turned his head up to the heavens and let out a roar. Arching his back in tolerable pain he willed his bones to knit back into his human form. His fur slowly receded, being absorbed by his sweating skin, starting at his head and working its way down. His muzzle shortened and his cheek bones rose and widened to a more humanly square face, very masculine and very handsome. His neck narrowed and lengthened. The long black claws decorating the tips of his fingers and toes retraced to normal pink platforms at the edge of now slim fingers attached to hard worked hands. Next were his arms, length wise they did not change much, but they became more defined and not quite so thick. His wide chest lost all of its fur to appear as smooth as a baby's bottom and narrowed to a strong waist ready for thrusting. His thighs shrunk and so did his calves, leaving well muscled legs that collapsed under him from the strain of the shift. If he could stand now, he would only be six feet even.



Now on all fours of his human appendages and his head hung low, he panted, trying to regain his breath. The shift took all of two minutes but felt like an eternity. Goldie looked up at him in shock, catching the tail end of the beasts shift to what stood before her. Where there once was a huge bear like creature, now kneeled a gorgeous man.

She went to reach for him and his head snapped up to meet her eyes full on. There, peeking out, was the beast that stood before her a few moments ago in a masculine but gentle face.

A rumble escaped his throat and she jerked back as he reached for her. The minute he made a move towards her, she attempted to crab walked backwards only giving him access to grab her ankle. Damn near crushing the bones in it he jerked her to him, bringing her bottom to his knees.

Fear returned to her with a vengeance, a sob escaped her. He leaned over her and sniffed her neck, moaning in ecstasy at the sweetness of her arousal and fear cocktail.

"Even in this form you fear me," he asked.

She just stared at him, unsure whether he would enjoy her saying yes or if it would piss him off. She also didn't answer because she was unsure if she wanted him to leave or finish what he started.

Twirling a golden strand of her hair around his dirty index finger he smiled at her showing perfectly straight white teeth. "Conflicted are you?"

She mused that he could read her mind. Her breathing slowed and deepened to normal pants, causing her chest to rise higher as an offering and lower in a tease, he took the bait.

Supporting himself on one arm, he took his other hand and pushed her tank top up to expose the mounds of her breast. As in his other form, he buried his nose in her cleft and inhaled deeply. He then ran his tongue from between her breast and trailed a hot wet line to her collar, then nipped at it. Involuntarily, she whimpered and tilted her head just a little.

"Am I helping make this decision easier for you?" Chuckling he ran a hand down her bared waist to her stomach and back up to cup a petite breast. His hands were just as rough as they looked, obviously no stranger to hard work. Squeezing, he watched her face, riveted on her eyes for her reaction but disappointingly finding them closed, though it still told him a lot about what she was feeling and revulsion was not on the list. Eyes always seemed to tell a persons story, but body language could achieve the same thing.

"Please," she whispered.

"What exactly are you begging for," he asked. Moving his hand again and sliding it over the other breast to tweak her taut nipple with his rough fingers. The shift caused his dick to go limp, but watching her bite her bottom lip at his touch caused it to pulse back to life.

She was now completely exposed to him, almost as bare as the day she was born and in full daylight is quite a sight to see. He growled once again, which seemed to be his preference of expression, in anticipation and excitement at seeing the human girl's innocent flesh writhe beneath him. It had been so long since he had something quite so tender.

Leaning forward on one hand with perfect balance and strength, he pressed his bare chest to hers and ran his tongue in the crease of her lips. Her eyes shot open and he smiled down at her from inches away.

"I like to look in the eyes of those bold enough to cross my lands." He slid his free hand back down to her waist, over her hips and to the front of her open shorts. Smiling at her when her eyes widened at what he was going to do, she tried to clench her thighs together but the obstruction of his body between them prevented it. She shut her eyes again and whimpered.

"Tsk, ts, tsk." He slid his middle finger between the folds of her womanly lips and felt the hot wetness there. Shuddering and closing his own eyes he said, "Your actions resist but your body does not." He opened his eyes and met hers. "Nice and hot, just like I like my porridge." And he kissed her. Hard and bruising as he played in the depth of her throbbing center.

At first she resisted but as his finger slid in and out of her body, occasionally sweeping over that tender spot within her, she began to yield. He touched her as though he was a long time lover and knew just what her body craved; though a little rougher than she was used to. He slid another finger in her opening, stretching her just a little, making her moan in his mouth and raise up to meet his bruising kiss. He invaded her with yet another finger and her back arched, offering up her petite breast.

Fear and anticipation started to stir in the pit of her stomach when she realized he was stretching her. Making room to accommodate an oversized penis, hopefully much smaller than that she saw on his other form.

Confused by the concoction of pleasure and fear, she didn't know what to do. His fingers were creating magic within her, bringing her to the very edge of a climax. His mouth worked wonders, dancing skillfully with her tongue. Her mind was yelling at her that this was not right. That she didn't know this man or beast and should not be allowing him to touch her. Her body

was protesting the exact opposite. That he was not touching enough of her. That it wanted him and needed him to be inside her, opening her and bringing her the ultimate pleasure that she knew the skill of his body could provide.

Without warning he tore his mouth from hers and withdrew his fingers from her body, leaving her to gasp at his void. He resigned that he had given her enough foreplay to convince her that his body was what she needed

He wrapped his arms around her thighs and sat back on his haunches, raising her bottom off the ground slightly. She didn't mind rough sex, but the grip he had on her thighs was on the verge of painful and the gravel burns were equally so. She fought with herself to fight him but again, it was a losing battle with the aching want between her legs.

She met his eyes again and they were feral. Unknown if it was from the man in front of her with male desires or the beast within him, the one she first met, with a different kind of carnal need. At this point, she was unsure if she really even cared.

He smiled at her with gleaming white teeth. Curling his fingers under the thin fabric of her panties, Papa slid the fabric over her hips and down her thighs, catching the shorts along the way and baring her completely to Mother Nature and more importantly to him. Never taking his eyes off hers, he rose up on his knees slightly, bringing her hips up with him, to the perfect angle for penetration. Using the skilled gyration of his hips he positioned his fully erect and throbbing penis at her opening and teased her with the very tip, slapping her clitoris and lubricating in her moisture. Her eyes widened at the view, which was perfect from the angle he had her. His size frightened her. Now she understood why he took his time stretching her with his fingers. It wasn't just to get her good and wet, but to open her up to welcome him with a little less pain to either of them. It showed a more human side, one she was unsure existed.

She inhaled deeply when she saw his hips pull back just before plunging into her to the hilt of his shaft. The wind was knocked out of her at the intrusion. Her body protested and she could literally feel him pressing against her uterus in a way that should and probably would cause problems or be very painful later. He stayed there, motionless, unmoving with his eyes boring into her, watching her reaction and shock. Allowing her body the time it needed to accommodate his invasion.

Slowly her body began to give way and relax around him with a slight throb that promised to milk him more thoroughly when the time was right. Her opening now accommodated his

width and she wanted more. It was no longer painful and with her pulsing around him it was becoming more then pleasurable, almost orgasmic and he had yet to move still.

“Interesting,” he commented in their silence.

Before she could ask what he meant, he withdrew slowly, very briefly paused and impaled her again with his full length, not holding back an inch.

Her body still protested, but not nearly as much as his initial invasion.

He made a small circle with his hips, remaining pressed against her pelvis, causing his thickness to massage her walls within. He moaned at the tight, throbbing wetness, showing a hint of emotion, one he no doubt couldn't hold in and hide. Needless to say, that was a bit of an ego boost to Goldie, even in her predicament. To have this manly beast, whom was bringing her unimaginable pleasure one tortuously slow stroke at a time, show that there was a bit of the human man in there. She wanted to see more.

Relaxing even more and now welcoming his slow withdrawals and plunges, she no longer tensed when he slowly pulled out of her but stilled and opened herself up. Waiting for it! Wanting it.

Watching him now as he leaned his head back just before sinking into her again and then again and again. So caught in the moment and the feel of her body opening to his though still hugging him, he missed when she sat up on her elbows to slightly lessen his reach and to watch as he delved in and out slowly, bringing her more to an explosive climax then anything she had ever felt.

Panting and fully sheathed within her, he finally met her eyes again. A low growl escaped his throat, one that human vocal cords should not be able to accomplish. “You shouldn't be able to take me like this. What are you?” He withdrew all but his head and didn't even give her a chance to answer before he repetitively thrust within her, no longer able to stand the slow steady thrust he was previously delivering. Over and over he vigorously pounded bringing her over the edge multiple times before he himself finally collapse on top of her.

Panting heavily, his semi hard penis was still within the folds of her body. She felt the vibration in his chest against hers before she actually heard the growl escape his throat again. The weight of his body on her grew heavy and it was becoming difficult to breath.

“Get off,” she told him, finally finding a voice for more then a moan or whimper.

He lifted his head and looked at her. His pupils bled to those chocolaty orbs again and she knew the beast was about to return and the man she just tamed, in a manner of speaking, would be gone for good. The beast whose lands she trespassed on would return and with one hunger fed there was only one left and she so didn't want to stick around for that feeding.

Frantic and now scared, again, she started beating at his sides and yelling for him to get off of her, to move. Tears came to her eyes with his growing weight and she fought even harder.

His whole body jerked, including the part still in her dripping center but the fear took the pleasure out of it. His body jerked again and he rolled off her and into a ball. She watched with wide eyes as dark brown fur began to sprout all over that beautifully tanned skin. Refusing to freeze up again, Goldie found her feet just as she heard the first sickening pop of Papa's bones breaking and re-knitting to that which would hold the great grizzly.

Not taking the time to even look back, Goldie ran in the opposite direction of her truck. A decision she would later argue with her self about on whether or not to regret it. Hearing the roar of the man, now a massive grizzly bear, behind her, she picked up her pace to a speed she didn't even know she was capable of and thanked the powers that be for the head start.

Relief spread through her when she saw a small Rambler in front of her just a few feet away, making her push on harder and faster. Finally reaching the front door, she banged and banged though no one answered, not that she gave them a chance before barging through the overly wide door and into a cozy kitchen. Panting, she leaned against the door and cried with hiccupping sobs and her legs finally gave out on her for the strenuous workout that again, was only superhumanly possible. Adrenaline was an amazing thing.

### Chapter Three

Knees giving way to her weight, Goldie slid down the length of the door and didn't even register the cold stone against her bottom before she finally started to calm down though continued to cry. She turned her head to the side, pressing her ear to the door to see if she could hear the approaching scuffle of the fervent bear that was hot on her heels. Reassured he wasn't or at least that he wasn't coming in the house, she finally took in the rest of her surroundings outside of the stone floor under her that wasn't quite so cold any longer.

It was an old country kitchen that looked even older than her grandmothers. Small, outdated cabinets and tiled counter tops with an antique wood burning stove and deep cast iron sink. The only modern amenity was the overly huge refrigerator. Little nick knacks adorned the counter tops like any normal kitchens would. The old country charm was really all it needed as decoration.

God she hoped this wasn't the man bear's house that she just invaded.

The middle of the floor was festooned with a rustic dining table and an odd assortment of three chairs. The table looked like a massive tree was sliced at its widest point and polished to a mirror shine. You could see the rings that told the age of the tree clearly. It was gorgeous. The legs holding it upright looked like mini-logs, also finely polished and shiny though outside of the occasional knot, not quite as decorative.

At one end of the oblong table was a massive chair that matched it. The back and legs were a mini match to the legs of the table, sanded smooth. The seat was also a sliver of a much younger or smaller tree but the rings were just as visible and just as beautiful as the table. She could probably see her reflection in the polish of the two. The back of the chair looked like it stood higher than her if she were to stand next to it. It was massive, almost throne like, and looked as though a giant would comfortably sit in it.

The chair position on a long edge of the table was perfectly, plush and upholstered in a perfectly human size. It was a lot more modern than the other and even the table. Comfy looking, even though it had no arms. Sleek high back, though not nearly as high as the other. She couldn't find a thing wrong with it and wanted nothing more than to get off the hard floor, sink in its pillory softness and pass out.

She crab walked up the door to stand on wobbly legs, deciding to try and do just that when she noticed the last chair at the tables other end. It too was overly polished, though in a manufactured cherry. Not quite as raw as the other, it was daintier and meticulously carved with swirls and curves in a Victorian fashion that any craftsman would admire. What stood out the most though was the woman that sat quietly in it watching her.

For the first time, Goldie realized she wasn't alone in this cozy little kitchen. Though the woman was sitting, Goldie could tell she was tall, lean and well built. She had short white hair that looked very odd for a human, like an albino's pure white, with an equally odd widow's peak. What made it odd was the stark blackness of it when the rest of her skin was a golden tan. Looking her over, Goldie noticed that all of the woman's hair was that albino white. Her brows, lashes and even the hair on her arms even. The sun shining through the window over the sink gave it an iridescent glow

Her eyes were another oddity. They looked solid black with no visible pupils and very little white around them. This told her she was not an albino, but one big idiosyncrasy. Her nose was perfectly round and she had a wide full mouth that held a hint of a strained smile. She looked young but her eyes were old with knowledge and wisdom.

Fear started to spread in Goldie. There was a feralness in the woman that reminded her of the beast she'd just run from though hers seemed a more controlled ferocity. Friend or foe she wondered as she kept one eye on the woman and one on the room looking for an escape in case it was needed.

This new stranger wore a black sports bra and had one arm resting on the table holding a floral tea cup. From the waist down she was hidden. Looking full on at Goldie though, she turned and placed both hands on the tea cup. A gesture on innocence or at least it gave the illusion of innocents. Goldie took it more as the woman silently saying she meant her no harm by showing both hands, or at least that was what she hoped.

A wealth of emotions was going through Goldie now. Fear, relief, exhaustion and a few others she was trying to ignore, like the wonderful tingling in her pelvis that lingered from her orgasm, by pushing them to the back of her mind.

"I will not hurt you child." The woman spoke in a soft but deep tone. Motherly even. Goldie locked her knees so she wouldn't fall and kind of slumped forward and began to sob uncontrollably.

The woman stood slowly and it was just as Goldie thought. She had to be at least six feet. She was bare foot and wore a broom stick skirt in black, white and grey. She practically glided to Goldie though her feet were firmly planted on the ground.

"There, there now," the woman said as she gently placed her hand on Goldie's arm to ensure she would not scare her. She didn't, or at least Goldie was too distraught and tired at the moment to even entertain fear. "Come, let's take care of those scraps and make you all better. Then we'll get you some of my famous porridge and let you rest in one of the beds in the back."

Goldie allowed the woman to lead her through an entry way and into a cozy living room with yet again no visible modern amenities. Right across from the entry was a large stone fireplace that was lit even though it was hot out. Directly in front of it was a very large brown leather chair and a half with a matching ottoman. Though it appeared plush it looked cold. The leather was cracked and worn or rather well used. The back came to Goldie's shoulders. There was a matching ottoman in front of it that looked just as worn and cold. There was a newspaper haphazardly folded in the seat.

To the left of the fireplace was another plush chair and a half though not quite so massive. This one was covered in that butter soft microfiber, also brown, and had no matching ottoman. The back and seat was pillow soft and Goldie even caught herself walking towards it to sink in. Her adrenaline was starting to wear off and she was starting to feel all her bodies' aches and pains and her already weak knees were starting to protest her weight.

"My son is away for the weekend. That's his chair you seem so fond of," she said nodding to Goldie folding up her legs in the seat and laying her head on the plush arm. "Go ahead and make yourself comfortable while I see to getting supplies to clean you up and attempt to make you more comfortable." With that the tall woman walked away with an unnoticed glint in her eye.

Staring directly in front of her, Goldie spotted a third chair, a matching mate to the one in the kitchen, Victoria. Staring at it, her eyes began to flutter closed as she noticed the basket of yarn sitting next to the chair. It fit yet was out of place. Then everything dimmed and she either passed out from exhaustion or fell asleep.



## Chapter Four

Goldie came awake with a start at someone running a warm rag over her brow. She also noticed she was now naked in the same chair she fell asleep in and she did not remember being the one to remove her cloths. The tall woman was kneeling in front of her on the floor with a slight smile on her face that was very motherly. The solid hunger in her eyes was anything but.

Goldie's heart began to race.

"Remain calm deary. The last thing I want to do is hurt you."

The strange statuesque woman ran the cooling rag down Goldie's jaw line to her collar then to the tops of her breast. She exuded a calmness that claimed Goldie and helped to relax her. She laid her head back against the arm rest and sighed.

The woman, who let Goldie know she could just call her Mama, dipped the rag back in the water and placed the new warmth of it against Goldie's sternum and gently ran it under her full petite breast to the cleft in her arm, then repeated it on the other side. Dipping the rag again in the warm water, this time she trailed the warmth from Goldie's shoulder down the center swell of her breast and over her nipple, causing them to tighten.

Oblivious, Goldie allowed the woman to soothe her.

She allowed her to trail that wet rag between her breast and down her stomach, not flinching in the least when Mama circled her nipples with the heat of her wet tongue. Didn't even shy away when she dragged the rag from the soles of her feet to the outside of her calves. She actually moaned when Mama circled around to Goldie's inner thighs, reaching the light curls between her legs.

Mama Bear abandoned the rag in the basin and replaced it with her cool wet fingers, cupping one breast with one hand and trailing her other hand down Goldie's flat stomach. Whether it was the heat of the roaring fireplace or the shock of earlier escapades, Goldie was so at ease with what Mama Bear was doing to her that it never really registered nor did it occur to her to tell her to stop. How could she when it felt so damn good.

Goldie faded in and out of a utopia that slowly consumed her.

The next administration that occurred to her, were her legs being gently separated though only by a hands width, a woman's hand. Her eyes fluttered open as she began to snap out of her

reverie. A protest was on the tip of her tongue when Mama slid a finger between the wet folds of her center.

"Relax little one," Mama spoke harmoniously. "I got you." And Goldie did. Though she was alert and awake, it was as though she were feeling everything from a distance, and enjoying it immensely.

The more Mama massages Goldie's tender nub the more she relaxed. The more she relaxed the more she seemed to feel. The more she started to feel the more she became conscious of what was going on and did not care.

A low moan escaped her and Mama Bear smiled and took it as permission to go further. The Bear's were so isolated that Mama rarely got to indulge in the soft tender flesh of another woman. Papa Bear pleased her no doubt but he was all hardness and brute force. Every now and then a woman needed a tender touch, or to give a tender touch.

Mama leaned forward; eyes glued to Goldie's face, and flicked a rosy ripe nipple with her tongue. Not getting a reaction from this, she proceeded to circle it and the areola, leaving a wet trail to blow on and joyfully watch as Goldie's nipple got even firmer.

Her eyes never left Goldie's face, and as her eyes fluttered open, Mama smiled at the heat in her eyes and knew she would not be told to stop now.

Leaning forward again, this time Mama took the whole nipple and most of the areola in her mouth and gave a solid suck that grew in tension. The hand between Goldie's legs had an agenda of its own and was intent on accomplishing it.

She slid her pointer from Goldie's swollen nub to the slippery wet folds and into the heated core, causing Goldie to hiccup her next breath. With her mouth full of Goldie's petite breast and her hand working her core, Mama's other hand touch another part of Goldie, her cheek.

Tenderly, like a lover, Mama Bear ran her flingers along the delicate jaw of such young beautiful flesh that she savored and envied. Twirling her hips involuntarily to intensify and help Mama's administrations to her center, Goldie turned her cheek to Mama's fingers and took them in her mouth. Swirling her tongue around them and separating them, imitating what Mama was doing with her nipples and her throbbing pussy.

Climax was close, but Goldie held on. Though she had never been with a woman, the intimacy and tenderness of it was astounding. Something she didn't want to let go of. Placing a hand over Mama's and helping her bring her ultimate pleasure so she could return the favor,

Goldie gave in to Mama, arching her back and offering more of her breast. Mama gladly took it, sucking and pulling on the taught nipples, hearing the little cries and moans they caused Goldie to express. Alternating between the left nipple and the right, trailing a hot path from one peak to the next and all that in between. Using teeth and tongue to bring herself and Goldie to a rising climax. Dipping in and out of her hot twat and massaging her pleasure nub at the same time.

Goldie had never been a passive lover and receiving while not giving was rather different for her. She had to do something to distract herself from the imminent release.

Breathing heavily Goldie twisted her bottom in the chair. Mama thought she was trying to get away, to escape her climax, little did she know Goldie had an agenda of her own. Goldie's bottom was now flush with the back of the chair and from about the waist up she was hanging over the edge of the chair. Running her hands shakily up Mama's thighs and revealing her bare bottom, Goldie placed her face between her thighs and blew on the glistening moisture seeping from between Mama's legs. She shudders at the new sensations. Mama liked being with a woman every now and then though she was always the giver, never the receiver.

Inhaling the warm womanly scent, Goldie ran her tongue along Mama's opening and back careful not to touch her sensitive nub. Though she had never been with a woman, she knew what she liked and ran with that.

"Oh, my," Mama gasped, slightly collapsing over Goldie's curved midsection, putting her face close to Goldie's heat.

Goldie felt her closeness and her heart picked up in speed with anticipation that Mama was going to mirror her and put her mouth on her tender lips, but she didn't. Instead, Mama decided to savor Goldie's ministrations, knowing that the moment she ran her tongue along Goldie's sensitive flower her moment of receive would be short lived.

Instead, she dipped her finger in the depths of Goldie's center and massaged her rippled core, involuntarily making Goldie rotate her hips to ensure Mama hit every erogenous point. Goldie spread her legs wide to fall on either side of the back of the chair giving herself completely to this pleasure she had never experienced.

Caught in the moment, neither woman heard the door open and close in the other room, nor did they hear the heavy foot falls of the hungry man that walked in the room with nothing on but the skin he was born in. His eyes bled to their full brownness at the hunger that had nothing to do

with food. He leaned a shoulder on the door jam and took hold of his stiffening phallus in his rough hands and began massaging it to an unyielding hardness.

Coordinating the roll of her hips with the attention needed to please the woman above her, Goldie ran her tongue again along the opening of Mama's center, this time separating the two and tasting her salty wetness. The texture of a woman's body was a lot softer then Goldie would have thought against her tongue and the thick wetness made it even more enticing. Goldie moaned, not because Mama was making her feel so good, but because Mama felt good against her lips. She tasted good and smelled even better.

Mama was experiencing a please she had never felt and was on the verge of release but held on with all she could. Wanting to ensure that this sweet tender girl who was far from a child came with her, Mama leaded more forward, spreading her legs more before doing so, and with her two middle fingers firmly planted against the spot that seemed to make Goldie squirm more, she cupped her lips over her swollen clitoris. She sucked and gently pulled in a way telling Goldie this was what she wanted in return.

Goldie cried out against Mama's wetness, and though heard, it was muffled. Wanting more, to give and receive, Goldie delved her tongue in the depths of Mama's center and sucked. Scraping her walls with her tongue as a mixture of her saliva and Mama's juices ran down her cheeks and on. With the same determination to make her come with her, Goldie withdrew her tongue and flicked it along the throbbing nub at the top of Mama's flower.

Sure, Papa had done this before, but the feel of Goldie's soft lips on her and her soft breast pressed against her stomach, it was almost more then Mama could bear. For the first time she looked up and noticed Papa standing in the door way, with his solid chocolate orbs and his thick dick grasp between his two hands, the tip glistening just a little, Mama knew she had to make Goldie come and get her to another room. This pleasure was more then she could handle and watching Papa on the verge of another shift Mama knew she would not be able to stay in human form long after climax.

Papa walked to stand behind the chair the two women occupied and Mama shook her head no, telling him he would only scare her off. He responded with a low rumble and leaned over the back of the chair, telling his mate to hurry or he would not wait for her to finish. He watched.

Oblivious, Goldie kept on tasting Mama, making her wetter and wetter and with it softer and softer. Though Mama still had her finger in Goldie's depth, her mouth was no longer there and

she missed it. Moving her hips more, silently telling her to finish it Goldie ran a long wet line from anus to clit and back making her shudder. Her view hidden by Mama's thighs and her billowing skirt Goldie found she wanted to watch Mama as she came but could not pull herself away from the sweet nectar until it was spent.

Mama, keeping her eyes glued to the want in Papa's eyes, lowered her head and finished the job as he warned her to do. Sucking and flicking over Goldie's sensitive bud while massaging her insides, Goldie came, unable to hold on any longer with such attention and brought Mama with her.

Spent like never before, Goldie's whole body went limp and she panted herself to near unconsciousness. Too weak to move and not really wanting to. Mama also spent but not finished as she watched the heated need in her mate's eyes and his swollen dick waiting to impale her, she moved from over Goldie's body and easily lifted her in a cradled position in her arms. Papa looked at her from head to toe, remembering what it was like to be in something so fragile and the thought of it aroused him even more, making him that much harder. He wanted both women but knew his mate would not allow it with the human. Instead, he walked to the other side of the chair and faced his mate and the limp body in her arms. Placing one hand on the petite breast and the other between the dripping folds of the human girl, he leaned forward and greedily kissed his mate, running his tongue along the roof of her mouth, tasting the familiar nectar and wanting more.

Releasing Goldie's breast, he circled his mate's waist and crushed her to him, squeezing Goldie between the two hard enough that his mate felt his rock hard dick pressed against her abdomen even with Goldie between them. She whimpered, wanting nothing more than for him to be inside her as he devoured her mouth, trying to get her to consent to allowing him to have both women.

Goldie moaned and stirred in Mama's arms, which is when she remembered Papa was playing in the tasty twat she just claimed as her own. Reluctantly pulling away from Papa, Mama carried the still moaning girl to her son's room and laid her in the bed, rolling her on her side to get the covers from underneath her. Though Goldie was spent, her body wanted more of what she was just teased with.

"She is a hungry little one, isn't she?"

Looking over her shoulder, Mama briefly met the eyes of the man that took up most of the door way and replied with a smile, "A tasty porridge you can have no more of."

Growling at the once again refusal of something he wanted, he closed the short distance between he and his mate and within seconds and the elastic band of her skirt over her hips and sheathed himself in the hot wetness that already dripped down her thighs.

"Oh, Papa!" she panted.

Goldie stirred at the outburst, but did not wake. The scent of sex in the air and the pulsing throb between her legs cause her hand to get a mind of its own and ran down her stomach and between her own thighs.

Papa and Mama watched, frozen in space, slightly bent over the girl who couldn't seem to have enough of an orgasm to knock her out even. She moaned and bit her bottom lip and she massaged her own clit. A low rumble escaped Papa's throat and made his inflexible penis pulsate in the folds of Mama's body as they watched. Mama went to lean forward to taste the sweet young pussy again, but Papa refused her.

"If I can have no more of that porridge, then neither can you my sweet."

He wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her back to stand, never unsheathing himself. Trailing his hand down his mate's stomach, he pressed against her throbbing nub with one hand and grabbed the hardened breast with the other. Adrenaline and a raised sexual appetite, Mama's beast began to shift.

Her skin darkened and soft downy white fuzz started to sprout from her hair follicles.

"Tsk, ts, tsk," Papa said as he walked the two of them backwards and out of the room where Goldie proceeded to complete her own climax this time and slowly drift in a satisfied slumber for the night.

Out in the wooded distance, far from civilization and unbeknownst to the sleeping Goldie, a massive white polar bear ran from a viciously horny grizzly. Two lovers ostracized from their kind due to mixed breeding did not care. They ran and frolicked, one wanting to be caught and impaled roughly and the other loving the chase and throbbing so hard with want that he pushed on harder when finally, the great white polar allowed herself to be caught. Both let out a triumphant roar that only the night life and the stars heard as he entered her from behind and finished the job his mate would not allow him to finish moments before but incessantly teased

him with. He wanted both the tender flesh of the human girl in his home *and* the hot tightness of his century old mate that he would never get enough of.

*Maybe, if I please Mama Bear to the point of exhaustion, she will allow me to have my cake and eat it too, literally,* he thought as he pounded with long slow stokes in his mates heat. The body of a grizzly with a mind that was all male.

## Chapter Five

Goldie slept wonderfully in a bed that was not too small and not too big. Not too soft and not too hard, but just right. And not hers.

Opening her eyes and looking around she didn't recognize the room she was in but she did start to remember where she was and the events that took place the day before. Slightly embarrassed but feeling really good, Goldie sat up in bed and looked around the rest of the room.

It wasn't quite juvenile though it was obviously not an adult's room either. The walls were painted in a county dark blue with oak trim, very different and more ornate than the rest of the house she had seen. The bed she slept in was a full size bed with a matching oak headboard. To the left of her was a five drawer dresser with various bottles of cologne and deodorant and powders on it. To the left of her, beside two doors, one of which was on the same wall as the bed and larger than the other, telling her it was the door out of the room, was a small desk that held a laptop computer and not much else. In front of her was a six drawer dresser with a mirror that gave her no choice but to notice her own bare breast jutting out and staring at her.

Her hair was disheveled and the bags under her eyes told her how taxing the previous day was, though it ended on a rather good note from what she could remember of it. Pulling the covers back, she scooted to the edge of the bed, her body slightly protesting. Placing her bare feet on the cold hardwood floor, Goldie stood and gave her aching body a minute to adjust to the pull of gravity.

Looking down, she noticed a pair of house slippers. Obviously male and too big for her, she still slid her feet in and shuffled over to the dresser. Opening one drawer at a time, she finally found a rolled up t-shirt that she could put on and cover up a bit with until she found a way to get some clothes of her own, or at least ones that would fit.

Not really wanting to walk around in someone else's house half naked, she decided to try the small door next to the desk in hopes that maybe it was a closet as well as a bathroom she could at least wash up in.

Pleased as pie that it was, she walked through the closet portion of the tiny confine and into a small box of a bathroom that held a pedestal sink and toilet and a stand up shower. Turning on the water in the shower stall and letting it heat up, she turned to the sink and opened the medicine



cabinet on the wall. Please as pie there was a brand new toothbrush. Pulling it out and closing the cabinet, she proceeded to open it and brush her teeth, smiling at the cleanliness of it.

Now minty fresh, she stripped out of the t-shirt, sat it on the toilet and then stepped into the steaming fall of the shower head. Turning her face up to the spray of water, she savored the heat of it as it ran down her neck, then her shoulders, her back, over her breast, down her stomach and thighs to the drain. A comforting cycle she savored and hoped this older looking house didn't run out of hot water any time soon.

Lathering up a washcloth she found on a rack outside the stall, Goldie massaged the soap in her skin and savored the slippery smoothness of it. Once finished with that, she rinsed the rag out. Then she started to rinse the suds off her body, getting a little excited at her own touch as she rubbed her hands over her breast and down her stomach, to between her legs.

Unbeknownst to Goldie, she had a voyeur in the room with her. The owner of the bed she slept in and the t-shirt she wore and the bathroom facilities she was currently using. Looking a lot like his father, the young man smirked at the naked beauty in the shower and allowed his imagination to run wild until she cut the water, cueing him to disappear...at least for the moment.

Goldie got out of the shower and dried off with the matching towel to the washcloth. Sitting on the toilet, she began to lotion her entire body with the bottle of Jergans she found under the sink. Taking her time, enjoying the feel of her own smooth skin, Goldie donned the t-shirt from before and headed back out into the bedroom.

"So you must be the little beauty that messed up my bed?"

Startled, Goldie froze in the spot she was in and stared at the young man standing in front of the bed facing her. Eyes as piercing as the brute of a man from yesterday and though this man wasn't as massive, he had the same build. The same broad shoulders and slim waist. The same well-built chest and arms. The more she looked him over the more infuriated she got, reminiscing about the brute force taken out on her even though deep down she thoroughly enjoyed every thrust and pound he delivered on her body. Every lick and suck.

Watching her, the young man known to his friends as Baby Boy, Baby to the ladies, who was anything but, got confused when he saw the heat in her eyes rise, knowing it was not the heat that usually met him. This was the heat of a rising temper. Of anger.

She was saying something, the same something, over and over but Baby could barely decipher it. He took a step toward her, slightly concerned and finally heard what she was saying and knew the reason behind her anger. His father and his insatiable appetite.

"I will not give in," Goldie confessed just before charging the younger version of the man that brought her pleasure and pain the day before.

Baby's eye's bulged and he froze, not given time to move out of the girl's way before she attacked, landing them both on the bed behind him. Unsure if this was good or bad, he allowed her to release whatever anger she obviously had pinned up inside her.

Tears ran down her cheeks as she beat on his chest once or twice before shocking him and pulling his shirt open to expose his well defined pects. Shocking him even more, she leaned forward and devoured his lips, forcing her tongue in his mouth, not giving him much of an option to protest...not that he would want to.

Goldie was beautiful. Her long blonde hair was plastered to her head and still dripped between them. Unknown what exactly his father did to her and unsure if she liked it or not since she was still in the house he did not want to distract her but decided to allow her to hold on to the control she thought she had. As she kissed him, unable to help himself, he placed his hands on her thighs and moved his hands up to her bare hips.

Sliding down enough that she could access the fly on his pants, Goldie released Baby in all his glory. Grabbing his wrists and pulling them above his head and pinning them there, Goldie impaled herself on Baby's thickness, causing him to grunt in her mouth and her to moan.

Against his lips, she panted, "I will not give in," one last time.

Unknown why, Baby's heart was touch and he whispered back, "You don't have to," and he gently kissed her on the cheek.

She met his eyes, seeing that he meant her no harm. She dared even though she saw tenderness in them. He didn't hold it against her that she, a perfect stranger, practically attacked him and forced herself on his body. His eyes were tender and he submissively allowed her to keep hold of his wrist. Allowed her to maintain control and dominance over the situation.

With their eyes locked, Goldie leaned forward, conceding with herself that though he looked like the brute from the previous day he was anything but, and placed her lips gently against his this time, teasing them with her tongue and tasting him but not kissing him. Stretching his neck,

he pressed slightly forward, wanting more of her, wanting to taste her as she tasted him, but she refused. Pulling away from him slightly her lips twitched in a smile

Biting his bottom lip, a tick that always aroused her in a man, he rotated his hips digging deeper in her inner core and skillfully rubbing against all walls. Her breath caught, but two could play that game and after all, he was pinned.

Pressing her covered breasts against his chest, she leaned forward even more and slid her hips back, causing his shaft to rub against her clit and nearly pulling him out of her, slowly. This time his breath caught and the intensity and determination in her eyes was too much, he closed his.

With a giggle, she sat up, releasing his wrist and slowly sliding him back into the depth of her hot wetness. Grabbing the bottom of her t-shirt, she pulled it over her head exposing her petite taut nipples. His eyes glazed over though remain humanly natural. His hands gravitated to gently cup her breast and hold on while he met her hips stroke for stroke.

She would torturously withdraw from him slowly then bring him against her again, repeating this once or twice before vigorously bouncing on top of him an equal number of times then returning to the slow pace.

Growling, though the way a human would, Baby sat up and wrapped his arms around her. She threw her head back and laughed, offering her breasts up to him at the same time. He gladly took to them. Twirling his tongue in a wide circle around her areola then sucking it in his hot moist mouth in its entirety.

The angle now promoting more clitoris stimulation made Goldie moan in response, running her fingers through Baby's soft brown curls. Pulling his hair back to make him look up at her she claimed his lips once again in a passionate kiss. He tenderly cupped a cheek and wrapped an arm around her waist, helping set a pace with her, and depth. Working with Goldie and not forcing her to submit like his father and not making her do things that were pleasurable but outside her comfort zone. He made love to her, with her though not that smooth whimsical mushy stuff. The kind that brought her quickly to the edge of climax and made her fight to hold on, not wanting to let go.

Both panting, Baby lifted Goldie and laid her gently back on the bed. Running his hand from just beneath her breast, down her waist and to her thigh, lifting it to wrap around her, he

penetrated her even deeper then before, but gently and slow. Bringing them to the brink of a mind blowing climax together.

Lips locked, with the last stroke, they both released. Him pulsing in her hot slipperiness and her contracting around him. Milking him. He completely collapsed on top of her, burring his face in the crook of her neck and kissing it gently.

“Not to hot and not to cold,” he panted in her ear.

“...but just right. The best porridge I have ever had.”

And with that, they both laughed and drifted off to sleep in each others arms.

**The End**