



Tales of The Slave Girl from loveyoudivine

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The Call of the Wild by Lady Midnight

Sultry

The day's heat and humidity clung close to the earth on a lazy summer night. We walked down the street as we usually did, arm in arm, assaulted by the mingling scents of sweat dueling with fumes from passing cars layered on the putrid odor of deep fried oil.

"We gotta get outta here tonight," I suggested. "I can't even breathe."

"Let's go, Baby."

We moved a little faster, anxious for the countryside, even though the trade-off for the stench was the mosquitoes. Perhaps the atomized particles of the city embedded in our skin would ward them off. I didn't care. He didn't care, evident in the way he gripped me and moved on.

Two blocks, three blocks, four blocks and then an instant stop. I looked up to see an angered expression on his face.

Only then did the sound of feet following us, step for step, register in my mind. Quickly, we turned, distant now like the Pillars of Hercules.

A slender man, barefoot in cut-off jeans and nothing else, stood inches away.

"I heard you say you want to get out of the city tonight," he whispered.

"So," my brother said. His voice deep with a growl, "What the hell is it to you?"

"I have a car."

"So do I."

"A convertible," as if to tempt with something rare in the most usual place on earth.

"What do you want?"

"I wanna get out of the city, too."

My brother looked down at me, I up at him. My eyes fluttered a little because I could think of worse ways to spend the evening than the wind blowing through my sweat-soaked hair.

"The Lake," I mewed because I could slip into her embracing chill for the night, the soothing water caressing every inch of my flushed skin.

My brother reached into his pocket and then pressed a \$50 in my hand. With the toss of his head, I moved quickly. Without instruction I knew he wanted the usual, a fifth of Jack Black and three bags of chips. A few minutes later I returned, and the man seemed little more than a boy next to my brother. My brother, the mighty oak to the sapling.

Something had exchanged between them; I didn't know what. My brother stood defensively, listening, thinking. The guy looked around nervously as if someone had to be watching, disapproving, about to materialize before him with a whip.

"Let's get out of here."

"Every little inhabitant of Queerdom is out tonight," the guy choked.

Ah, it was beautiful, a '59 drop-top Cadillac, triple black lacquer, the leather upholstery tucked and rolled. The tailfins with the little bright red taillights below seemed the wings and eyes of a magic dragon. I jumped in back to let the boys have the front because whatever they had planned was beyond my interest. All I wanted was to be swallowed by the lake, the moonlight, the fresh air, the music of the night.

A few minutes later, the eternal activity of the city was behind us. He throttled up the curving hillside toward Mirror Lake, creating a blessed stir over my enflamed skin on a painfully still night. I finally felt free - free of mortal restriction. I stretched my arms across the seat and laid my head back to drink down the passing aroma of moon flowers and night blooming hibiscus.

"Over here," my brother commanded with the point of a finger. The place we always came to, the cleft of a cliff, the rock rising far above us and he would park so that I could get naked and slip into the water while he watched over me, protected me from intruders. The deep rumble of the engine and the vibrations of the throaty exhaust died to leave only the song of the owls, the howling of the coyote, the cry of the wild.

"Thanks Man," I whispered as I lurched to jump out.

"Stay we me," the sound of my brother's voice stern and uncompromising.

In mid-thrust, I stopped stock still. What the hell? The Lake beckoned like a celestial lover, awash in moonlight simmering on the surface and I ached to be with her. Heavily, I fell back to the seat.

Our driver turned in the seat to stare unabashedly at my brother. "I want you to fuck me," I heard. I'm sure I heard. Did I hear?

"I told you that wasn't going to happen," my brother whispered. "Then anything," merely an explosion of breath.

Entrapped, entranced, under the spell of the flesh, I studied the guy a moment and then the back of my brother's head. I was merely a witness, a haunt in this thing. A proverbial fly on the wall. I heard the sound of a snap and then the rip of a zipper. A strangled gasp from the guy's throat paralyzed me.

"That's exquisite," he breathed.

"I know," from my brother, who wriggled to push his pants down a little.

"Oh God," was merely a prayer, as the guy's torso leaned closer for a better view. His one hand clutched to the back of the seat and the other to the steering wheel as if he were chained there.

"Don't move," a command to the voyeur that I accepted as well.

I could do nothing more than stare at the guy's astonished expression. I felt the first contraction of a hand on a penis, visible in the tension in his shoulder, the sound of soft skin strolling over swollen flesh. I could imagine my brother held his balls in his hand, that expression of awe on the driver's features an indication. The car began to rock with the rhythmic gyrations, faster, faster as gales of wind poured into his chest at his command.

A deep murmur started as a vibration and grew slowly like the shimmering of a gong. The guy leaned closer still and then grabbed a cloth I hadn't noticed from the rearview mirror. His arm stretched long across the wide seat as his breath came in panting gasps, his own pleasure about to be realized. Spellbound, I clung to myself.

The car rocked with a dizzying pulse as every muscle in my brother's body contracted under the shimmering moonlight. A

roar of something untamed echoed up the face of the cliffs and the guy reached forward with the cloth spread over his hand. My brother shuddered uncontrollably, his head shook as if to ward off a blow. For a long moment he merely sat there as my heart nearly exploded, and his color began to retreat.

I fell back in the seat, stunned, excited, paralyzed by the vicarious pleasure of voyeurism.

The guy retreated with the cloth in his hand. My brother drew in the first measured breath. I heard the zipper and then the snap. And then he leaned forward and opened the glove compartment. He threw a hundred dollar bill in my lap.

"Let's go, Baby," as he thrust the door open and stood.

Still frozen, I merely stared up into his shining face, slick with sweat.

"Did you hear me? I said move it. Come," he commanded.

Exactly. The hold on my limbs broke with the desire to obey. I stuffed his fee in my pocket and stood beside of him.

The garbled emanation of our driver broke the moment with, "I want to stay with you tonight."

My brother growled. "My sister wants to swim. She does it naked. Get out of here, you little fucking creep. She's my sister," as if that had monumental importance.

The key turned, the engine fired. Fuel flooded the carburetor and the gear shifter fell into reverse. Only the bright lights under the tail fins were visible in the dark.

The song of the night swelled around us as I peered up at him. He dropped the bag of chips and the bottle of whiskey on the ground next to his feet and pulled his shirt over his head.

"You know that guy?" I asked.

"Sort of."

Still stunned, I stared at his cocky smirk. "What the hell am I supposed to do with this?"

"A cold shower always helps," as he pulled out a cigarette and pointed toward the Lake.

I peered across the soft grass leading to my lover's bower. "How 'bout the next time you want to do an exhibition..."

"I'll make sure you're with me, Baby," he said reassuringly.

"Are you gonna fuck him?" I asked.

"Would you like that?"

"Mmmmm...yeah."

"Tough shit, my Little Mermaid," he sneered as he pointed once again to the Lake.

Addled, I peered up at his haughty half-smile. Finally, I closed my mouth to cure the dryness. I hadn't even been a voyeur, technically. I had merely watched the voyeur and my breasts were burning, my cunt dripping, and here stood my brother. My brother who sent the guy away. "You're an asshole," I explained.

He broke into laughter, a laughter so permeating he dropped to the ground. Still laughing uncontrollably, he broke the seal on the bottle and then drank deep. Unable to control himself, he choked, finally. And then he tore into the chips.

"He wasn't gonna do you anyway, Honey," as if that would soothe the turmoil boiling inside of me.

"We gotta walk home?" I shouted accusingly, the only condemnation I could think of although we'd done that thousands of times.

"He'll be back at sunrise," as if that was obvious.

Sunrise, I thought facetiously. "By sunrise I'll be..."

That sarcastic grin I adore, the one that constantly challenged me, that sits in wait for my rapacious response that attempts to force me to control myself, melted around my heart.

"You're an asshole," I mumbled. "Fucking asshole," as I peeled off my sticky shirt. I tore at my jeans as he rolled on the soft soil laughing, choking with laughter but not quite enough. I tossed

my wet panties at his feet to condemn him of this cruelty, and still he laughed at me.

"Asshole," as I turned toward the water, the laughter rising behind me. Ah, my sweet brother with thankfulness in my heart for his overwhelming generosity. Yet I moved steadily toward the cool, enveloping caress of the Lady of the Lake and dove in.

The Flunt

The day was new as they silently climbed the mountain, not even their breath exciting the air around them. He heard the hushed whisper of, "I saw that Devil's Gorge herd last week," from his brother. "They bed in that grove yonder."

He nodded, his vision trained like a predator on a stand of deciduous trees, only now beginning to fade into autumn. "How many?" he whispered.

"Thirty or so." His vision swept to a small mountain tarn where the herd would drink.

He glanced skyward noting the time of the day and the direction of the breeze. "Follow that ridge to the other side and I'll run 'em to you."

His brother nodded, turned south and crept away.

He perched on an outcropping of rock and propped his rifle beside of him. His brother would require only half an hour to get positioned for a stampede. Thirty deer was a relatively small herd in these parts, which led him to believe that they were all young and succulent. Especially the doe.

His superior senses told him that twenty minutes had elapsed. Slowly, he stood, feeling the first trickle of adrenalin flush through his heart to prepare him for the hunt. He studied the grove, three hundred yards distant, to determine the best entrance into it. It seemed to shimmer before him, as if the trees rearranged themselves into a more congenial landscape, fit for a fairy tale ending.

Inquisitively, he watched as the long branches of stately oaks seemed to bow in his direction. A crow's caw echoed in the distance and he heard the twittering of birds rise as if the songs they sang were for him alone. Squirrels danced through the treetops, agitated by what, he knew not.

Aroused, he straightened himself, his vision trained on the magical little forest. Silently, he stepped through the swaying meadow grass, his footing sure. Carefully, he approached, aware that they fed on the acorns and the crunching underfoot would warn the herd.

At the very edge, he stopped to listen. The murmur of a breeze rustled the treetops as the birds added a melody of unusual mirth. He expected to hear the cry of a blue jay warn the inhabitants of the forest of an intruder. He heard only the scampering of chipmunks.

Now his curiosity was heightened. He stepped into the broad expanse of shade under the canopy of the woodlands. The scent of the forest floor rose into his senses to add to the seduction. The soil, freshly turned by the feet of the residents, wafted as he peered down to see deeply embedded hoof prints.

He saw this as the best way to go forward, suggesting an avenue to success. Huge hooves depressed the soft earth inches deep, indicating a trophy was nearby. Trophies were just fine, but

sustenance was on his mind now, as he followed the trail over a fallen log, across a small stream and up the hill.

He could almost feel his brother's heart throb to the southwest, downwind. Attuned like never before, he listened for any little sound, the snap of a twig, the shudder of a branch. It was eerily quiet, save for the birds and their song, and the chattering of the squirrels. Dissonantly still, save for the gentle breeze.

Quietly, he crested the summit. His eyes ranged before him studying an opening in the forest, awash with golden sunlight exciting the lush green grasses into growth. Hoof prints mottled the earth, driven deep during the last rainfall. It was the perfect vantage from which to view the entire forest and escape in any direction. Considering that it was now deserted, it was obvious they knew he was coming. He could only hope they were going toward his brother.

Heavily, he sighed, no longer the predator. He pulled out a cigarette and lit it, the scent of the smoke meant to drive them westward and cure his agitation. He moved in that direction to a shelf of granite jutting from the earth, hoping to rest a moment.

Heavily, he dropped, the sun beating down in the middle of the day. To feel the warmth, he peeled off a heavy shirt and then a t-shirt. The cool blue water in the trickling stream was little more than Seduction personified. Without thought, he grabbed at the laces of his boots and then tore at his socks. A moment later, he stood perfectly naked in the soft sunshine, ready for the brook.

But a soft moan pricked his ears. It sounded too human, too feminine, to be real.

Most curious now, he turned back toward the shelf and moved slowly around its massive girth. He stretched long to peer over the edge. What he saw caused his heart to quake for it was no creature of the hunt, but the personification of human loveliness in the shape of a woman.

Her tanned skin glowed in the late summer sun with a delectable shade of burnt sand. Her muscular limbs stretched in opposite directions pulling the skin over her torso, taut like the head of a drum. But the length did nothing to flatten her breasts on her wide chest, and the wonderfully rounded flesh rolled with her as the nipples swelled and pointed directly at him.

"And whose little girl are you?" he asked excitedly, this find infinitely more interesting than any deer.

The breath from her chest escaped in a soft murmur. Her incredibly long lashes, an alluring fringe, fluttered over her huge dark eyes giving her an air of perpetual arousal. Tenderly, her arms reached out to him, her smile inviting him.

As his eyes scanned around, incongruously he saw a wicker picnic basket set in a tuft of grass, for all the world as if it was a natural object in this barren landscape.

Sensing his reticence, she reached for that same picnic basket. Her long narrow fingers slipped under the lid. She retrieved her hand filled with a can of whipped cream and he gasped. His favorite.

Only a moment later, her breasts were covered with decadent swirls of whipped cream like the delicious topping on a sundae. Equally adorable was the pyramid of ecstasy rising on her mound.

No problem, Baby, he thought as he grasped her ankles and divided her legs.

Instantly, he was between them, his tongue running the length of her inner thigh. Little rivulets of melting cream dripped between her soft lips like white ribbons unfurling on the top of a gift. His tongue drove deep into the flame to lap up the sweet nectar stirred with her juices, the recipe for ambrosia.

On his hands and knees, he hovered over her, his tongue working broad strokes across her abdomen. The cream puddled in the

depression between her hips. In narrow streams it flowed in the ridges of her ribs.

It was the peaks of the breasts, which were most enchanting, the sugar whipped into a frenzy ending in a delicate point. Assuaged by gluttony, his mouth opened on that morsel to drink down deliverance.

Her nipple rose into his mouth like a flaming cherry. Ravenous, he suckled it, the swollen flesh ground between his teeth as if he could open it and taste something sweeter still. His hand swept over the other breast to rub it over her chest, up her throat, onto her cheek, into her mouth. Quickly, he drove his tongue into her mouth to scoop up every little taste.

Her long muscular legs wrapped around his hips and pulled him inside of her. Her slippery breasts slid under his chest. His heated cock found its satisfaction in her cream-cooled cunt.

Exhausted, he rolled over and held her to him, the delicate flesh of her breasts in his hands. Her nipples, still firm, drove into the palms of his hands. Tenderly, she stretched, her tongue filled with kisses to melt on his cheek like sugar.

His eyes fluttered; his exhaustion was complete. The warm flesh in his arms stirred a little as his eyes finally closed into a gentle sleep. A dream swelled within him, a dream of something soft like fur, something delicate like a whisper, something wet like a tongue.

Suddenly, his eyes shot open. The four bony legs of a deer and the soft underbelly of white startled his vision. Her broad flat tongue swept over his cheek, his ears, his throat and then finally his lips. Stunned, he launched upward and she backed playfully away. But she didn't run; she didn't try to hide as she pawed at the earth a little, a smile on her lips. Bewitched, he watched as she bowed before him and then approached again. Her soft lips met his.

And now, he backed away. Yet she moved closer, her cheek to his, her huge soft brown eyes millimeters from his. The fringe around it tickled him a little and them she bounced, landing feet away. With the bat of an eyelid she winked at him. And then she turned, her hips bouncing with her tail up and disappeared into the trees.

He scrambled to regain a modicum of composure. He peered around the dreamscape to find that there was no picnic basket. There was no shoes, no clothes save his own. Yet he was covered with the remnants of whipped cream.

Slowly, he stood aided by the strength of the rock. His legs shook with the exertion and his cock ached from overwork. Instinctively, he reached down to gather his sore balls to soothe them a little.

It was a dream - yet he was covered with cream.

Hurriedly, he yanked on what he had to of his clothing and grabbed his rifle. Spooked, he ran toward his brother.

"Hey!" a shout from a hundred yards distant.

He turned to see the muzzle of a rifle pointed in his direction. "Don't shoot me, you stupid ass," he snarled still addled.

His brother approached quickly, obviously angered by the day spent lying in wait and coming up empty. "What the hell you are doing?" his brother screamed, seeing the man before him half naked.

He looked down at his brother to see the rage etched in the features. "I don't know what happened," he admitted.

"You're foaming at the fucking mouth. What the hell are you doing?"

Instantly, he raised his arm and dragged it over his mouth. Particles of whipped cream clung to the hair.

"Where's the herd?" his brother cried accusingly. "What'd you do with them?"

"Nothing," he replied. "I think it's what they did with me."

Angered, his brother peered up. "You've been drinking again," he assessed.

"Nope. Not drinkin'," he whispered assuredly feeling that wonderful ache in his groin. "Or maybe just a little," thinking of those wonderful juices flowing from that amazing cunt.

"Shit," his brother snarled as he stomped the earth. "We'll have to come back tomorrow."

He shook his head. "I don't think so. Actually, I don't think there's any damned deer in there. I didn't see any sign of them."

"Bullshit," his brother snorted. "I told you that Devil's Gorge herd..."

He turned toward the forest, a smile etched on his lips, the lingering taste of her cream in his mouth. *Devil's Gorge* rang in his head like a bell calling the faithful. *Devil's Gorge.*..*Devil's Gorge*. Silently, he pursed his lips and blew a kiss.

"...I saw 'em running the doe just last week."

"Shut the fuck up already. There's no deer in there," he exclaimed. "Get your ass in the truck."

As his brother stomped away, he lingered. He peered up the grassy slope toward the forest, and for a single moment he noted the undulating movement of a head. Finally, she stopped, held still, staring back at him, her eyes shimmering in the shade. Her ears pricked to grasp at any sound he made. But he only waved and moved on.

The End