

Terra stirred awake just a handful of minutes before her alarm would have done so, with the sun not quite peeking above the grassy horizon beyond her window. As the seasons started to shift, the sky at this time had turned from deep black to a somewhat warmer shade of blue, and soon enough she would have to adjust her wake-up time accordingly so that she could still be the first to rise.

When that time came she would need that alarm. Right now, not so much; the mare rolled onto her back, smacked her lips, then sat up and stretched her arms over her head, careful not to stay beneath the blankets for too long. That temptation had been one of the hardest to ignore, especially in her line of work: the onset of fall did not mean that there was *nothing* to do around her farm, but rather, less. All of the spring crops had gone to harvest and it wasn't quite time to sow the seeds for the fall crops, though the livestock around the farm still needed tending.

Even with that and the various other work left to do around the property, from mending any rotted timbers or checking the pipes or heating or anything else, Terra still needed the full day. "*I don't know how you do it,*" her city friends would constantly say to her, "*waking up at five AM every morning, even on weekends...*" The work just kept her tired enough that she'd knock right out almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

There were plenty of *hit the hay* jokes from those city friends, too – but Terra had only *literally* done that once, when a certain encounter with a feral stallion back in the barn left her legs too shaky to carry her back to the house. She didn't tell them that part.

The mare reached over to turn her alarm off in the minute before it would have, then slid out from beneath the blankets and rose to her feet. The cool morning air from her window, kept partially open at night, wrapped comfortably around her naked body, a soft breeze just barely making its way in through the inch-wide space to run its fingers along her smooth, short pelt, almost solid brown with some lighter tan speckles. "*Like hot cocoa with a sprinkle of cinnamon on top,*" her father would lovingly say. That was still her favorite morning drink each time winter rolled back around.

Terra went through today's list in her head as she worked through her morning routine, from a few more stretches to brushing her teeth to getting dressed – simple overalls with a thin shirt beneath and, of course, her favorite bra – and then down the hall for a quick, solid breakfast. She'd have to check on her patch on the pig's trough today, then milk the cows that hadn't already gotten it this week, and gathering the eggs from overnight... all of this *should* take her to around lunchtime, she figured, and then the rest of the day would be left to preparing the fields for fall's planting.

The mare stood up as tall as she could to reach the milk jug up on the top shelf of the fridge, then swiped two eggs from the carton on the counter... and then, changing her mind, a third. She *could* make tortillas for her breakfast burrito, but usually just bought them from the store instead. Making tortillas would be a task for a lighter day.

Really, though, it was always a matter of balancing the positives and negatives: home-made and homegrown always tasted so much better – some eight minutes later she relished this fact of everything *except* the tortilla, biting into her burrito – but sometimes the crops didn't produce, or she ran out, or they didn't store well. But then on the other hand, it *did* take forty minutes, on a good day, to drive into the nearest town to shop, and then another forty back. That was why her most frequent visitor was the nice stallion from the nearby ranch, who often came over to return a couple of her cows or sheep that had made it over onto his land.

Sometimes for other reasons too, of course. The three ferals Terra had in her stables weren't the *only* stallions to get that treatment. The boy at the ranch was a draft horse like herself, a half-foot taller to even out the sturdy stockiness, broad shoulders, firm chest and belly, strong thighs...

Breakfast done, the mare cleaned up and then headed right out to make her way around the farm, bristling only slightly at the colder touch of the pure outside air. Autumn had quickly begun tightening its hold, apparently; she briefly thought about going back in to change to a thicker shirt, then decided against it and headed out anyway.

First would be the patched trough, just a short trudge out along a dirt path ground thoroughly into the earth from several generations of use. A few of the pigs eyed her sleepily when she arrived, most of them curled up together beneath the little lean-to she had put up some time back to shelter against rain. She pulled over a hose from nearby and filled the trough up to past the hole to ensure it still held and, seeing that everything was still in order, nodded to herself and headed out for the next task on her mental list.

On her way to the cows Tessa passed by the pen that held the sheep, stretching out as far as the eye could see – and no further, thankfully, due to the slight hill this part of the farm had been built on – and instinctively ran the count in her head as she went by. The rams, the lambs, the ewes-

Frowning, the mare stopped, thought about that, then turned and strode closer to the fence barring the area. The rams were all there for sure; the lambs could be hard to count due to how they kept close to the parents; but the ewes... a second time, a third she counted them, and each time came up one short. With the sun slowly showing itself in the distance the rest of them started to stir as well, and just to make extra certain she ran her gaze over them all again – and this time discovered she was missing a lamb as well, gone from where she thought it had been, nestled underneath one of the remaining ewes.

Terra tossed her head back, let out her best attempt at a growl, and then with a little more fire in her step, hopped the short fence and hustled further into the pen. Sure enough her count continued to come up short, but – it couldn't be that one just *wandered* away. Over on the far side of the pen, right as the land started to dip back down with the hill, the smooth grasses gave way to a forest of sorts, squat little trees clustering thickly around the river that curled along the center of the valley.

*Come on*, the mare thought to herself as she came closer, *please don't let it be...* but it was. Right there near the southeast corner, the cross-rail that she had already repaired twice had gotten torn loose again. With that, the rotten post had been pushed over, and right there caught along the soft yet jagged wood, a puff of loose wool that looked like it still had part of the sheep attached. Grimacing, Terra slowed her pace and placed her hands on her waist as she inspected it – from a bit of a distance, of course; if she looked closely she could trace out a spattered trail further into the pen from where it had happened, which led out through the break and beyond, very likely into the woods.

*"The longer you let a problem go on,"* her father would say, *"the more of a problem that problem becomes."* Rolling her eyes at him being right yet again, the mare grumbled and turned to make her way over towards the small barn that housed the cows. Their milk could wait: suddenly Terra had a new item on her list, and it involved yanking the pitchfork out of the stack of hay just inside the barn, and with that pitchfork putting an end to this problem that had plagued her animals for the past half-year.

At first the wild dogs had been... more of a threat than anything. Sometimes past sunset the mare would catch a flash of them at the edges of the woods, bright eyes reflecting the dying sunlight or perked ears and flagged tail. Then there was the cross-rail problem, too sudden and too sharp to have happened naturally; then more sightings, these coming further out of the woods but running off when she shouted at them; then about one month back she lost her first sheep to them, and today would be the second.

With a grunt she pulled the tool out of the stack of hay, then turned and purposefully made her way back to the pen. No need to go through again and frighten her animals with this thing in her hands, longer than she herself stood tall – and besides, it would be quicker to go around from here, and head right down towards the river.

Terra moved quietly once she reached the trees, glancing up at the sky one more time. The sun hadn't yet fully risen, and that along with the thick-woven canopy meant that her eyes would take a while to adjust to the darkness inside – and even then, the dogs would see her before she saw them, doubtless. At least, she *thought* they were just dogs. Her distance vision had never been spectacular, but in the case these were wolves instead... well, she could just pull back and enlist the help of that nice stallion at the ranch.

The Three Hands Ranch. *"That's a measurement of length,"* he had told her once, mug of coffee in hand, *"and it's not for my animals. I can show you where I got the name, if you'd like."* There, he had lowered his other hand to cup beneath the fly of his jeans, thumb hooked around his waistband. Terra smiled to herself, holding that memory in her head to keep her confidence steady as she slid deeper into the trees. Slow, steady going, putting her ability to remain silent to the test: even though fall had come, the ground here remained moist and soft, padding her footsteps.

She kept the pitchfork levelled as she went, anchored at point in the crook of her arm and the other against her waist, leading with the business end. The minutes trailed on and on and back and forth she swung it, eyes scanning between the wide trunks of the trees, ears perked as best as she could keep them for any odd sounds... of which there were plenty, of course. Birds awakening for the day, small vermin and other critters scampering along the higher branches, a few other things running through the underbrush...

...and then slow, careful, plodding footsteps, which she realized a second too late could not be her own. Heart suddenly leaping into her chest, the mare straightened up, swung herself around with her pitchfork out – and just barely managed to leap out of the way of a lunging *shape*, huge and smoky grey. Before Terra could rebalance her footing, it turned, snarled, and leapt again, and in a flash of panic she raised the pole of her pitchfork up in front of her to block it.

Too much force went into the reaction, though, and then she was stumbling forward along with it. A second later and Terra had actually fallen on top of the thing, pole pressed across its wide chest; after the moment it took for her to realize what had happened, she adjusted her position and pushed it more firmly into the ground, pinning it beneath her. It squirmed and growled and snapped at her, making her pull her head back. This was *definitely* a wolf, looking at the shoulders, the muzzle, the *teeth*... the ill temperament. Again and again it tried to right itself beneath her, but Terra just squeezed her legs around its body and gave the pitchfork another firm push, briefly turning its growl into a breathy whine.

For a moment the mare sat back, looking the feral wolf up and down and wondering how she would *dispatch* of this problem. Before she could come to a conclusion, though, another set of footsteps

approached from behind a bush; she swiped the pitchfork into her hand and pointed it that way, other palm taking the pole's place in the center of the wolf's unkempt fur. Golden eyes reared back away from the weapon, but then the second wolf stepped slowly out of the brush, keeping an arc around her as it approached. Terra followed it with the end of her weapon.

"Just two?" she said under her breath, breaking eye contact for a moment to scan the woods. "That means we'll be even for the sheep you've taken from me..."

Another squirm from the one she had pinned forced her to turn her attention back downwards, staring *that* one in the eyes and squeezing her legs on it again. When she looked back up the second wolf had come a step closer, and moved back again when she levelled her weapon at it, but... it didn't seem to fear it, really. It was more caution that lingered in its footsteps and its body, and perhaps a bit of curiosity: when the feral realized she wouldn't jab at it from where she knelt, it poked its head forward a little bit, ears perked and nose and whiskers twitching in tasting her scent.

Terra glared and kept her pitchfork raised. Amber eyes flicked down to the tines, then back up to her... and then slowly, carefully, the wild wolf padded forward, caution still prevailing in its gaze. Again and again it sniffed at her, black nose twitching, tail held up and back, and it *kept coming* until the mare could feel its hot, wet breath against her face. She pulled the pitchfork back in her arms, keeping it steady so that she could jab it forward if needed, but one, two, three more sniffs at her cheek and neck, and then the wolf turned as if to walk right past her.

A sigh escaped the mare's lips and she relaxed a little bit, the wolf clamped beneath her body nearly forgotten for how it, too, had stopped moving. Suddenly, though, a flash of greyish-tan fur at the edge of her vision caught her attention, and she turned just in time to see the second wolf hike its leg above her head, showing a fat sheath and full sack that both jiggled in the air with it working itself into position. A little point of reddish-pink flesh poked out of the end of that sheath, and before Terra could move back or slap the feral with her weapon, what she already knew was coming went ahead and came: a fast, uneven stream of rich yellow piss arced out of the wolf's tip, spraying across her shoulder, her arm, her side, and her leg.

"Fuck--"

Instantly the strong, sharp scent of the mark hit her nose, almost making her dizzy. In raising a hand to try to block it, though it only resulted in splashing some across her face, Terra bumped the butt of her pitchfork against the ground and almost lost her grasp on it. Another curse rolled from her mouth; she reached to try to fix her hold on the weapon, grumbling at the wet heat soaking into her clothes and dripping down her pelt, until another bump at her other side fully pushed her over.

Balance upset, she scrambled across the ground and promptly tried to pull herself away – how had this gone so far south? She didn't need to *look* to know that the second wolf was still draining his bladder across her back: not only could she still definitely feel his piss splashing near her tail and dripping down her body, but the intolerable scent had continued to sharpen as well – while keeping an eye on the one that she had briefly managed to pin beneath her. After some struggling it managed to roll itself over and stand up, but by that point Terra realized she had been backed into a corner-

-between *three* wolves: one padding forward to sniff at her muddled scent, a second covering that scent with his own, and then a third sniffing at the spot in the back of her overalls out of which her tail stuck. She managed to close her hand around her pitchfork a second too late.

“Oh, no, *no*—”

Then the beast’s weight was on top of her, forelegs quickly clamping around her waist with its muzzle settling between her shoulder and her neck. Hot, hungry breath lapped at her ear and her cheek, the wolf having already started its quick, fierce thrusting, finding only the smooth, strong denim of her overalls; all of Terra’s focus went into keeping herself upright beneath the sudden weight and movement, though at least the other wolf had effectively emptied himself and now stood a short distance away watching, brushy tail idly wagging behind him.

*Of fucking course this happens*, Terra thought, trying to pull herself forward, *and with wild wolves, when I couldn’t get the Three Hands sheepdogs to mount me. ‘That’s odd’, he said, ‘normally I can’t keep them down’, he said... what a turn of-*

Her eyes widened. That wasn’t the feeling of a full, hard canine cock brushing against her backside, or at least it wasn’t that alone. There was a different pressure against her thigh, the snuffling of a nose and tongue, and quickly after, a pinch and pull of biting, of attempted tearing of the fabric.

And it worked. The shock of realization made her stop struggling for a second: first she could feel the cool morning air, and then it was another puff of hot breath and a broad, wet tongue that took its place, sliding right up along slick sensitive flesh, sending an unavoidable shiver up the mare’s back. The slightly damp pressure of the mounted wolf’s length pulled back along her upper leg and pushed forward again, this time against the base of her tail... and then again, barely missing its mark... and then again, tapered tip pressing against her tailhole for a moment before coming back, sliding down, and sinking right into her sex.

First it was a shocked gasp that bounced through her body, and then a shivering, breathy moan. Under any other circumstances the mare might have appreciated this feral’s girth, but here, now, it annoyed her more than anything – and what annoyed her further was that she knew she *enjoyed* it. Suddenly some of her strength fled her arms and her legs and she remained down on all fours for a moment, body bouncing forward and back with the wolf’s fast, hard thrusts and still dripping with the fast-cooling mark from the second wolf, who now stood a bit ahead of her watching. From here – Terra gritted her teeth as she lifted her head, breath puffing out through her nose – she could see that he was certainly interested as well, the same pink cock-tip that had been lifted on her having slid a little further out of its sheath.

Suddenly another shiver racked her body with the third wolf’s tongue slipping in along her lips again, even as the other continued to pound into her. Her pitchfork now lay just a little bit further than an arm’s length away, tossed from her grasp when the feral first mounted her; now she could hardly keep herself up without buckling beneath the combined begrudging pleasure of a thick canine shaft sinking into her again and again while the other’s deft tongue continued.

It took effort to clear her throat and swallow. “*Fffuck...*” Terra breathed, eyes fluttering closed; *if this was all they wanted they could have... just... not scared my cows and stolen my sheep!* Quiet footsteps in front of her brought her gaze forward again, and the wolf that stood a distance off stopped in his tracks

and lifted his ears. Terra held his gaze, the sharp smell of feral piss – of *his* mark – strong in her nose. She swallowed and gritted her teeth again.

*But I'm not gonna let them win.*

It was hard to find the strength, but in another moment the mare braced her hands against the soft ground, pressed back against the wolf buried knot-deep inside of her... and with a strong, sudden push, lifted herself up and back just enough to send him tottering backwards, his cock pulling free with a slick, wet sound. Terra rose shakily to her legs, already able to feel an undeniable wetness dripping down her inner thighs, and levelled her gaze as sharp as her pitchfork at each of the three wolves in turn. They stood in place, one with his hard cock bouncing beneath his body and the other two still half-sheathed, and watched her in turn. Satisfied for the moment, the mare nodded, affixed a glare to her face, and reached down to take her weapon back up.

Again, though, the footsteps came up before she could react. That strong, sudden weight took its place on her back again, dragging her halfway to her knees while she struggled to keep herself up: her short stature meant that the wolf *could* mount her standing and half-bent over, though he couldn't sink all the way into her as before. Still, though, with another sharp curse she found that she couldn't shake him off this time, even when she tried to push against the pitchfork braced against the ground.

"If you could-" Terra swallowed, wobbling on her feet. The mounted wolf pulled out of her again, though his hips continued thrusting; she could feel the wet heat of his cock sliding along her rump again and again. "-just... fucking *stop*, I'll-"

Her breath caught in her throat, then, and she found her legs buckling again – not from the feeling of a canine shaft pressing into her, but rather at the sensation of a feral tongue slopping up over her lips at the same time. The wolf that had torn her overalls had made his way around her legs to shove his muzzle up between her thighs and now lapped there, slurping up the dribbles of piss, the slickness of her own arousal, the musk left from the other male who now teased himself further and further into her again, her posture thankfully keeping him from thrusting too deep, too fast.

Panting, Terra had to reach down and brace her other hand on the wolf's back to keep herself upright. Part of her *loved* this, and she knew it: that part pushed back into the thrusting of the other feral, bringing that slick cock deeper into her and lowering her more fully against the tongue slipping up between her lips and flicking against the shaft filling her... and then another part of her still fumed at how she let herself get into this mess when she had already given so much to these wild beasts. With some effort she opened her eyes again, saw the original wolf still standing at a distance watching her, and realized she could *still* smell his sharp mark on herself, having wrapped fully around her body in the air.

And then this other part of her, the annoyed part, swallowed, took in a steady breath beneath the bouncing of the thrusts, moved her hand to the wolf's head to hold it down between her legs... and then after a moment of trying, the mare let out her own stream of piss directly against his tongue. It started weak but quickly grew to full strength and, surprised, the wolf tried to struggle back. Terra had had to wrestle things much stronger than a single wolf on her farm, though, and she managed to keep it right there to receive the full shower of her own mark, spraying against its jowls and dripping down its tongue, widening the puddle beneath the group.

"*There,*" she managed, and grinded against the wolf's muzzle. He snuffled softly and drew his tongue up over her again, briefly interrupting her stream already bouncing and jerking from the pounding, and making it spray out along her thighs. "How do *you* like that? Huh? Do something to me and I'll just – fuckin' do it back, and... I'll..."

That first lick had given the wolf a taste for her mark, though, and soon she found that he was thirstily lapping at her again, taking in her considerably-less-sharp scent and taste. The pleasure from his tongue along with the relief of her returning the mark continued to whittle down her strength, though, and soon she found herself leaning more fully forward over the lower wolf's body, until she could smell the earthy musk of the woods on his pelt. Terra's body shook, both from the other wolf sinking further into her again as well as from her reaching the end of what she had to give and, meaning to hold to her promise, she reached around the lower wolf's body, brushed a hand up into the softer fur of his underbelly, slid it further back... and felt the wet heat of his cock tip against her fingers.

As soon as those fingers wrapped around and pushed back against his sheath, the wolf's instincts took over and he took up a quick, hard rhythm just like the other. The mare let a tired grin touch her face, then, as she adjusted her position to squeeze her hand around his length, feeling the slick, veined flesh grow and slip out into her grip.

He didn't remain there for long, though. Perhaps feeling cornered by the combined weight of the mare and the other male pushing down on his back, Terra soon felt him wriggling and whining in moving back. After some adjustment the lower wolf did indeed free himself, and took a step back, bringing that thrusting length dangerously close to the mare's face – she could *smell* the thick, wet musk of feral canine cock, another familiar scent to her – while she continued squeezing and stroking. This left her on all fours again with the other wolf pounding into her, the slight bulge of his yet-unswollen knot teasing at and pushing into her, renewing the pressure on her already-emptied bladder.

Panting, Terra leaned forward and touched her lips to the soft tip of the cock she held in her paw, grinning inwardly at the way the beast thrust and panted and whined in need. *See?* she thought, and pulled back against a squirt of watery pre. *You think you're in control, yet you practically beg for it.*

Suddenly that pressure under her tail started to intensify and tighten, and the forepaws clamped around her waist strengthened their grip. Terra's eyes widened, and for a moment she let go of the other wolf's length, this time receiving another jet of pre right across her mouth – it wouldn't do good at all for her to get tied on her knees in the woods like this. Knowing that she would take him by surprise this time, the mare waited for the wolf to pull out one more time, then took that chance to push up against his belly, slide forward so that he thrust into open air... and then she managed to push him over onto his back just as she had done for the other, squeezing him between herself and the soft ground.

Unlike with the other wolf, though, who watched the two with visible shock in his amber eyes, with *this* one Terra reached back, angled his fully-hard cock back up, and sank herself right back down onto him, giving a few churns of her hips until she could feel the bulging flesh of his growing knot pop into her and then continue to swell, locking them together.

She grinned down at the wolf she had trapped, his forepaws drawn down above his chest and his ears angled backwards against this vulnerable position. Terra pressed one hand right into the fur of his lower belly, intentionally pulling on his knot buried inside of her, so that she could reach forward and continue on the other wolf still standing nearby. Every now and then the one beneath her gave a tug or a throb

that brought her attention back down – even with *her* practice, a full knot wasn't something to just take without a scowl or a grunt or anything – but the mare made *sure* the other wolf got what he deserved, every now and then looking past him towards the third that still watched but did not participate.

Terra put ever more pressure on the hand braced against the wolf's belly, leaning forward to slip her fingers behind the other feral's knot and pull him forward towards her, intentionally getting more of his pre and musk sprayed across her face and neck. Soon one of his hind legs started to raise up, kicking unevenly with his thrusting, and another moment later he bounced on three legs to turn himself around, tail raised and pucker repeatedly, rhythmically clenching as his knot pulsed in the mare's palm, emptying spurt after spurt of his load right across her waiting lips and tongue.

Still she grinned at his needy whining and the shaking of his hind legs, lowering his body down for Terra to lean in and close her lips around his tip, ensuring he drained his balls as empty as he had his bladder. His taste filled and flooded into her maw, watery and salty cum gathering around her tongue until she swallowed it down, all laced with the same sharp spice that had come with his mark and which still clung to her own body. After a moment Terra moved back, lapped up along his cock once more, then looked down to the wolf beneath her, giving another slight ride from her hips just to make him squirm.

It worked, of course. Her own piss had soaked and stained his muzzle, and as she continued to rock forward and back, his look of pleasure mixed with discomfort deepened. Amber eyes slitted, ears folded back, that offending pink tongue lapped up over his chops... and then, suddenly, he gave a buck in response, burying his knot back inside of her and closing the distance that her tugging had coaxed out of it. It looked almost as though just that half-inch had made the situation much more comfortable to him, in the way the feral let his head drift back and his tongue loll out.

Until Terra started to feel a hot liquid pressure filling her, at least, and spraying out around the swollen knot keeping most of it inside. Soon she was the one to shiver and gasp and moan all over again, hunched over the lower wolf as he drained his bladder directly inside of her, tied in place and pushed to that point from her riding and her hand pressed down against him. She could feel it swirling inside of her, hot and rich as it tried to balloon her belly but instead just squirted back out against the feral's loins, filling the air all over again with that undeniable, acrid stench. Had she not already emptied her own mark across his muzzle – she managed to open her eyes and look, seeing the darkened fur there – then this extra pressure certainly would have made her do so right here.

Any amount of squirming or wriggling caused a sweetly uncomfortable shift in that pressure inside of her, accompanied by a slightly stronger trickle of the wolf's piss down her inner thighs. Panting, the mare let herself fall forward a bit, bracing both hands against the ground near the wolf's head; the one standing in front of her gave a few thrusts into the air, still facing the other direction with his tail raised. She looked from him, tailhole still pulsing in the remnant throes of his peak, to the one she still had pinned... and then from him to the third, the watcher, who had come around a bit to get a better view. His ears perked when Terra's eyes fell on him, tracing from his muzzle to his broad chest and then down between his hind legs, where a full sheath and fuller sack waited.

Terra smirked and gave another tentative tug on the knot keeping her bound in place. A gasp from herself, a whimper from the wolf who had so thoroughly filled her, and another spurt of piss mixed with cum – as well as the knowledge that she would have to wait for this tie to go down.

“Once I’m done here,” she said, her voice drawing the feral’s eyes back to her face, “I’m gonna give you what *you* deserve. Don’t think you’ve distracted me from what you did to my sheep.” She glanced up at the sky, still dark with the slowly-growing sunrise.

“We’ve got all day.”