

Hersey's Religious Experience

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Hersey's Mopukaa Mountain brand hiking boots sank slightly into the mud and leaves with each step as the mountain lion made her way through the dense Caledonian forest. These thick, ancient woods once stretched out all over Scotland, and Hersey could see why the former residents were afraid of the trees. Even with her GPS system, her fancy boots and hiking pants and windbreaker, Hersey was having a hard time dodging branches and crawling over roots. Still, she knew that breaking this new path was very important, both for the forest and for her sponsors. If she could make a crossing in record time (which, as it now stood, seemed likely) then millions would be contributed to the forest restoration fund.

Hersey thought that she could see a dense break in the trees ahead, and sped up, her heavy boots clomping hard on the wet earth as she moved forward. She wasn't used to such cold, dark, wet weather, and was hoping that she might find a little sunlight in the clearing, and maybe a nice place to stop and rest. She'd been running for hours, after all.

Hersey broke through the forest cover and into the middle of a ring of very surprised figures, all wearing robes and gathered around a gigantic ancient tree. She almost ran smack into the tree's thick trunk, which was as big across as a car is long. She would have smashed into one of the robed figures, but the figure heard Hersey coming and managed to side-step just in time. Hersey, however, tripped over a root as she tried to stop and went sprawling out into the mud.

"Yuck! Disgusting! Ugh, I got it all over my face, good thing I wore my wind goggles..." Hersey began to extract herself from the peculiar green mud that was at the base of the tree, and looked up at the crowd she had startled. Everyone had pulled back their hood, and Hersey could see that they were all female, probably local, and not a one of 'em was younger than her mother. Several were so old that Hersey wondered how they managed to make the difficult trek to this deep region of the woods. She had checked her GPS about an hour ago, and even then it said she was miles and miles from the nearest road. "Sorry to break up the party, girls, but...what are you doing out here?"

The robed figures dashed towards Hersey at first, and Hersey felt ill at ease with the look of concern on their faces. It looked as though they all knew of some great danger that Hersey was oblivious to, and she turned around very slowly to face the tree. When she saw that it was hollow, and what was sitting inside this hollow, her jaw almost hit the ground.

Inside the giant tree was a likewise giant wolf, seated on a stone throne. Hersey had never seen anything like this wolf. He must

have been at least eight feet tall, and he had a musculature that put even the greatest bodybuilder to shame. He had long ropes of dark red hair, draped over thick gray fur that seemed to give off a deep glow. Just by looking at him, Hersey had the feeling that this wolf was well beyond the realm of normal everyday life, and that he was something a bit more supernatural.

"I AM GELMEROK, LORD OF THIS FOREST! WHO DARES DISTURB MY SLUMBER?" His voice seemed to come from everywhere at once, as if the very rocks and trees were shouting to Hersey. She screamed and backed away a bit, dragging herself across the ground as the big wolf stood up and took several strides, emerging from his lair and stretching. "Sorry about the entrance, ladies. I have to be formal until I know who I'm dealing with." The voice was still loud and commanding, but it didn't seem to come from everywhere now. It also didn't seem to be near as frightening. It was more the voice of someone big and strong, yet friendly and kind. "Oh hello there, I don't believe we've been introduced."

A big hand reached out to Hersey and she grabbed it. Hersey was by no means a small lioness, yet her hand was dwarfed by that of Gelmerok. "So how did you meet my Maidens? Well, they're not really Maidens anymore, but it's more of a title than anything else. I don't get many new visitors these years. And I haven't had a virgin sacrifice in ages. You're not a virgin, are you?" Hersey shook her head, figuring that it wasn't wise to lie to a God, even in the case of something so personal. "Oh good. Virgins always scream a lot, I'm not so keen on screaming. But I am keen on these..." The god's big hands made quick work of Hersey's windbreaker and the sports bra underneath, reducing them to shreds with precise claw cuts. Soon he was groping Hersey's ample bust, rubbing at it a little with his fingers.

Another claw slid down and began working on her pants. "Oooh, a nice bit of shrubbery with a little path running down the middle..." His enormous fingers began to feel around Hersey's sex, probing and exploring gently. Just one of his fingers was as big and thick as some of her toys back home. Though Gelmerok seemed gentle enough, he certainly wasn't about to take "no" for an answer, and there was no doubt that he was quite large down below.

Gelmerok's hands slowly slid off Hersey and onto his own shaft. Hersey gulped when she saw the monster he was nursing. It was already longer than any she'd ever seen, and he was just starting to get hard. The long, black shaft seemed to be perfectly shaped, although it was downright ludicrously huge, and Hersey was beginning to wonder if Gelmerok thought she was hollow.

The big wolf certainly didn't have any trouble getting hard, though, and Hersey tried not to focus on the immense length and girth as he picked her up by her arms, both her wrists gripped firmly in his hand. His other hand went to continue to tease and stroke her sex, his massive digits leaving a pleasing tingle everywhere they

touched, and Hersey could feel her body loosening and relaxing very completely down below. Still, it would be a tight fit.

Slowly, Hersey felt the shaft begin to press against her sex. Her eyes rolled back a bit as he shoved. It felt divine, as it should, but Hersey was afraid to look down and see if it was fitting. She whimpered, then gasped a bit as she felt it begin to slide in. Somehow it was doing so, slowly sliding in deeper and deeper and deeper. Still, when he finally stopped, Gelmerok had quite a bit of shaft to play with. Good thing he didn't try to find out if she was hollow, she had never felt so full down there before.

Gelmerok began to slowly move her up and down his length, picking up speed as he went, his gigantic shaft pistoning in and out of Hersey's overstretched pussy. It was certainly an experience to remember, and though Hersey couldn't see so well from her present position, she got a feeling that Gelmerok was enjoying himself quite a bit. At the very least, he'd switched from talking to pleased grunting, and every time his shaft throbbed inside her another wave of pure pleasure rippled from her head to her toes.

It wasn't long before she started cumming, her sex splattering juice all over Gelmerok's shaft, but this didn't slow the wolf down one bit. If anything, he took the opportunity to switch position and speed up. Once he had her down doggy-style, his massive body moved over her, pounding and shoving and lifting her off the ground several times using just the shaft.

Hersey began to lose track of what Gelmerok was up to, as well as how long they'd been at it. Wearing only her hiking boots, Hersey had found herself fucked every which way, upside down, sideways, and right side up, in a dizzying series of intense overwhelming orgasms. Her body seemed to simply skim from the crest of one wave of pleasure to the next. She was limp as a rag doll for most of it, her body too exhausted and overwhelmed by pleasure to do anything but allow Gelmerok to continue to fondle, probe, penetrate and manipulate it.

Somewhere along the line Hersey passed out, and when she came to, she found that she was naked but for her boots, and that everything from her knees to her bellybutton was coated in her own juices. On top of that, and in any areas of her body which had been missed by her own mess, there were huge white gobs of cum. She staggered to her feet, still dizzy from the experience, and began to look around. There was no sign of Gelmerok, or the old figures in hoods, or even the big tree. She blinked a few times, trying to find her backpack so she could get out a map and GPS and find her way out, but she then realized that she'd been left only a few yards from the edge of the forest. Wandering out into the blazing sunlight, she was greeted by yelling, cheering, and amazed looks. She was, after all, naked and coated in thick gobs of white goo. Still, she'd made it

through the forest in more than record time. Once again, Hersey had overcome the odds to achieve her victory!