

An intensive study of the wolves of Starlight Forest

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When I began this paper I thought to set out my thoughts in diary form only so that I could read and then write them in a suitable format. Now I find that such a way of doing things can never do my observations and experienced with the wolf tribe justice. So I have let my entries flourish and drawn conclusions from them where I am able.

Entry 1:

Seven long days of trekking it took. I have never been so glad of learning how to find food and drink in this dense tropical forest else I would have starved or died of dehydration. My preparation is something I can be proud of however as after a long hard week I finally found it. The wolf camp was far larger than I expected, housing at least a hundred of their kind. Simple shelters made of vine and tree woven together so artfully that each curved dome seemed to be part of the very forest itself. In places you would be forgiven for thinking a wolf's home was merely a plant grown wild or a thicket of sorts. Only the light of a fire within and smoke billowing from the small vent at the apex of the dwelling would betray that this was something far more.

It was clear to me at this point that they were in fact the nomads that the few tales I had manage to gather spoke of. Their homes designed to be consumed by the forest whenever they moved on to new hunting grounds.

I was glad at this point that the starlight forest was aptly named. The canopy shut most light away so that the only way to see was by torchlight or by the glowing insects and creatures that gave the illusion of stars. By now I was used to the gloom and crept closer to the camp to make my first observations of the tribe's daily lives. A degree of excitement was filling my belly at this point, no one had yet been able to observe this tribe closely and I was sure I would succeed.

Coming upon the fringes of the camp I circled about the dwellings, doing my utmost to remain downwind so that they might not detect me. Each small leafy shelter seemed empty save for a glowing fire carefully circled with stones to prevent it spreading. Their low light guiding me like beacons toward a larger bright spot of flickering flame.

Finally their homes thinned in number and I could see between them a little to what i can only describe as a gathering place. Daring to sneak closer the activity there came into my vision more clearly than I could have hoped. Though the events that unfolded were more than unexpected, but perhaps an indication of why they are prospering and growing in number so well.

My eyes were first drawn to the towering female that stood by the fire, the dancing light casting her in stark relief to my vision. Her serious face standing out at first with a deep scar

running over one cheek, a bald rivulet snaking between neat gray fur. Red dyes drawing the eye over her neck and down her breasts, swirling in simple patterns that I could not help but follow all the way down her athletic form. I wondered at their meaning, why they might seem to all end at her sex.

It was then I saw the figure before her, a younger female wolf, slimmer and black of fur in stark contrast to the larger female's grays. She seemed to absorb light almost as to make her invisible. She rested upon her knees and appeared to be speaking up to the gray wolffess, what words she said I could not fathom. As she spoke she dipped her fingers to a small wooden bowl and began to paint over her fur with the same red dyes I had seen on the other. Swirls being etched over her dark fur until she was covered in patterns that somehow seemed to add to her beauty.

The black wolffess stood then with a curt nod from the gray. Her tail flowing behind her like liquid. I could only stare at her. So much so that I did not notice the other wolves approach her, the sight of them making me gasp once, then twice before I stifled myself and prayed that they had not heard. I could hardly believe I was viewing such a thing.

Two of them approached her, both similar in size and stature. Strong muscles that told of their hunting standing out beneath dark gray fur. But it was their loins I could not take my eyes from. Both of them clearly firm and erect, shafts standing up like they should be adorned with pennants. Their hands on their hips they seemed to be displaying themselves to this night coloured female.

Despite what I saw I still was not prepared for what came next. The ebony wolf girl seemed to regard them both for some time. Taking in the sights of one then the other, her gaze lingering on those pink lengths before her. Suddenly her hands snaked out to one of them, I could clearly see her fingers caressing him from oozing tip to thick knot. She seemed to explore him with her touch, all the way over his sheath and down to those parts that held his seed.

The untouched male seemed to slowly shrink, stepping back away out of view. Leaving only two females and a male of the tribe in my sights. The gray woman standing proudly and as immobile as a statue, the two others constantly in motion. Before I realised what was happening the shadowy furred one was upon her back, her legs opened wide to the male. My mind finally putting together that this was a mating rite of sorts, a way to choose one another to breed and enjoy.

Perhaps I should of left at this point, watching something that was so sacred seemed wrong, but I found I was unable to move. Worse I found a tingling growing between my legs, an itch that I wished to scratch but dare not do so.

So I gazed upon this sight, watching as the male almost fell upon the girl. I didn't miss a moment. His urgent thrusts obvious as he tried to find her entrance. My ears picking up her

cry as he found her and filled her, his growl of lust and pleasure following like an off key echo. Firelight showing me how she wrapped her legs about him and dug her claws into his back as his hips began to roll back and forth. Slow and loving at first, nipping at her neck in what seemed to be tender signs of affection. Though his pace gathered swiftly until I could hear clearly the loud slaps of their coupling and her cries of bliss as he entered her over and over.

As suddenly as it had began though it was over. The male howling loudly as he thrust deep within her, his peak obvious from the expression upon his face. His partner howling with him in a sort of mutual enjoyment.

Then silence, and they rested together. The gray female who had watched all nodding her head and starting to walk. It took far too long for my brain to realise she was heading right towards me. I stood in a panic to flee but she was upon me in moments.

To any reading this it is obvious I survived, I have been allowed to have all my items they deem not harmful to them. So I sit for now, caged, but able to note what I have seen so far. Even if I do not ever leave this place perhaps someone might find this.