



**A SUMMER OF  
MISUNDERSTANDINGS**

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No bunny was harmed in the production of this story.  
On the contrary...



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She was not sure if it was the fact that they were identical twins. It was hard to tell them apart as they stood the same height, had the same kind of fur coloring and even their gestures and facial expressions were almost identical. When they were in their working clothes the only detail which distinguished them was the ponytail that Utay usually wore, while Lonne preferred his hair to be shorter. Nevertheless they were both equally handsome with their slender lupine shapes and the clearly defined muscles they had gotten during the hard days of working in the forests around the farm.

It was Lonne Fiamore had fallen in love with at first. It was hardly surprising as she was rather lonely after she had arrived at the farm for the first time, hardly knowing anyone of the men and women around. She knew that it was foolish to read too much into his friendliness, the way he smiled at her when they met around the farm taking care of their chores or when they found themselves at the same table during dinner.

Of course she realized that he had a brother. Lonne and Utay had always been close, spending most of their time together, but they were independent enough to leave each other the space to mind their own business and for some reason it was Lonne whom Fiamore usually met and who smiled at her and every one of these smiles made her days.

After resisting her own infatuation for almost an entire full moon, Fiamore finally allowed herself to admit that it was more than just loneliness that attracted her to Lonne and in a night when they met at the pump (she was doing the dishes and he was thirsty) she kissed him for the first time. The kiss bewitched her, she was light-headed for hours afterwards and she had a hard time sleeping because she was giggling so much every time she remembered the feeling of that kiss.

Despite being in love with Lonne she never felt uncomfortable around Utay either. On the contrary, she felt the same kind of closeness when she was around him and as she was spending so much time with Lonne now, it was not surprising that she was around Utay as well as the two brothers did not part or break with their habit of being together now that Fiamore was involved with Lonne.

It was Utay who told her that he had broken up with a girl who had tried to separate them because she had been jealous of the two brother's link. Fiamore was not sure if he told her this as some kind of a warning, but it did not influence her relation to either of them. She simply did not understand how someone could be jealous of something as intimate as the love of twin brothers.

Utay's presence was not disturbing her in the least. She enjoyed his presence as much as she enjoyed Lonne's; sometimes she even had a problem of keeping

her distance from him. Sometimes she felt the urge to stroke him as she stroked Lonne, the curiosity to find out if they were really as much alike as they seemed to be, if his muscles, his fur, his hands and his lips felt exactly the same or if there was a difference.

So many times when Lonne was gone for a few moments and Utay sat at an arm's length from her she felt the instinctive urge to touch him, maybe even to pull him closer and snuggle up between his arms as she did in Lonne's.

Yet she never dared to.

Despite being so much in love with Lonne, they were both hesitant about having sex. They kissed, they snuggled and even did so in public as she was not ashamed of her relation with him. His kisses and gentle caresses were all she needed to cast away any doubt.

The other girls did let her know about their opinion though. None of them minded that she was having a lover. She was not in heat, so there was little danger of getting pregnant, so it was perfectly alright for any man or woman to enjoy themselves.

Yet she heard the whispered "Slut!" quite often these days. Of course, it had something to do with her being the "new girl", but there were two different things the other girls did not approve of (the men did not approve either, but they kept their mouths shut because they knew that the girls would not allow them to comment on things like that): First of all she was a bunny and Lonne was a wolf and interspecies relationships were not only frowned upon, they were sneered at; and second Lonne and Utay were crossbreeds, the children of an interspecies relationship. This was the reason why they were not involved with the lupine clan of the village, but instead worked at the farm outside of the town. Everybody else would certainly have hidden his or her infatuation and his or her involvement in such an affair, but running around and showing it to everyone, kissing and spooning with a crossbreed in public... Impossible!

Fiamore did not consider herself to be a slut at all. She might have had if they would have done anything indecent, but the occasional kiss and a few gentle caresses were nothing she was ever worried about and she could not resist it either. When Lonne stood in the court of the farm, all sweaty from his work, not wearing anything but a bunch of tight pants she could not resist the urge, he was made to throw one's arms around and kiss him and inhale that male, musky scent that arose from his sweaty fur. She would have thrown her arms around Utay too, but as usual she resisted that urge and just smiled at him and while Lonne was still busy with her, the other wolf leaned over to get a few gulps of cool water from the pump. Then he let the water run all over his head, soaking his hair and with one powerful move he stood up again, splashing the water all around as he

did, throwing his hair around for a moment and then gathering it with his hands to fix his ponytail again while the drops of water were still glistening, catching the warm light of the summer sun.

Fiamore could not help herself, but to look at him.

“Hey, I am here!” Lonne growled into her long ear and she turned her head towards him and grinned innocently. He gave her a long kiss and she shivered from teeth to toe because it felt so good.

“I am going to get some food,” Utay said, threw his shirt over his shoulder and walked off.

“Hmmm-hmmm,” Lonne replied and instantly kissed her again.

For a few moments they were all alone in the court, from the distance they could hear the noises of the man and women who had gathered outside the kitchen on the opposite side of the building in order to get some food, but it did not matter to them as they did not feel any hunger, just feeling each other’s tongue, lips and breath was all they needed in these moments.

The sun shone softly, the warm reddish light glistening in the foliage of the trees that surrounded the farm.

Lonne broke the kiss. “If you don’t have a better idea we should get some food,” he said and looked into her face.

She had lowered her eyes and gnawed on her finger, the taste of the kiss still lingering on her lips. “Actually I do,” she replied and looked up into his eyes.

Lonne raised an eyebrow.

In the shadows of the tool shed he penetrated her for the first time. She almost climaxed the moment she felt how his sex entered her and her hands clasped his fur while he loved her roughly, pushing her hard against the wooden wall of the shed. In the power of his movements she could feel his muscles and his urge, his total inability to hold back in this moment. There was nothing between him and her in this moment, her arms quivered as she held the wolf who made love to her.

The intense ecstasy of the moment carried them both away and before both of them had fully realized what it was that happened to them his lupine knot entered her sex and send her into an intense climax. She was crying out loud in her throes of pleasure while his member throbbed deep inside of her, the warmth of his seed spreading inside her abdomen. The overwhelmed wolf took hold of

her face and guided her towards a breathless kiss. She felt tears gathering underneath her tightly closed eyelids, her entire body quivering and shivering.

The dust of the shed was dancing around them, from the distance the sounds of the other farm-workers talking and eating reached their ears, a few chicken scratched in the dirt of the ground.

It took some time before she opened her eyes again and then she smiled at Lonne, who looked at her with a sweaty face. He smiled in return, blinked strongly and rubbed over his eyes with his hand.

She was a little bit surprised by him being still inside of her, so that she was hardly able to move. He was still hard too, so she did not want to disappoint him and started to move again as well as she could. As she was smaller than him, she had little possibility to do so, but the wolf responded to it, their lips closed in for another kiss and while they did so, the thrusts of his loins were rocking her again, her sex hardly moving around the firm lupine knot, but due to its girth and overall size, it rendered her breathless anyway. By the time he came a second time she was totally exhausted, her fur as sweaty as his and hardly able to stand anymore. This second climax was a long, dark fall for her, where she discovered the warm, comforting envelopment of their mutual passion. She clung to Lonne, feeling him shivering and twitching in his own climax and buried her muzzle in his fur, just holding him where he was.

He kissed her hair and staggered a little bit. "Holy Mother, I really need some refreshment now."

Fiamore laughed a little bit.

Their love-making was few and far between as neither of them had their own quarters. Lonne and Utay shared a small side room next to the hayloft, while Fiamore shared the large room in the main building above the kitchen where all of the young girls had their beds, so there was rarely an opportunity for the two of them to make love at all. Despite the possibility to search for a spot in the surrounding woods the daily routine at the farm did not leave them much spare time for this either. Thus it was mostly overwhelming longing for each other that drove them to take a chance in one of the dark corners of the farm from time to time, despite the chances of discovery.

Fiamore quickly discovered that Lonne was much more energetic than she would have imagined. Or at least, that was what she thought. Whenever he had come for the first time, she could feel him remaining all hard inside of her, the knot of his sex filling her like nothing else could. Just the thought of this feeling made her shiver with lust and she smiled to herself in coy zest, feeling special just because she was the one Lonne made feel this way. She was proud of him and

because of this particular fondness for all that he was, his character, his body and every other aspect of his being, she was happy to make love to him as long as he had not spent himself entirely. Sometimes she was feeling rather sore between her legs afterwards, but she experienced this inconvenience as being almost something like a perverse, guilty pleasure.

Afterwards she lay in the arms of the panting wolf who kissed her, while his weak hands wandered over her body and she was so fond of him. Never before had she felt such strong affection for a man and in these moments, in the afterglow of their lovemaking, the light of the summer sun flowing over their bodies, she knew that she had never loved a man like him before.

Thus she also started to take his sex into her mouth. She wanted to take the edge of his arousal. She had never liked this very much, the taste and scent of semen rather repulsing her, but she did enjoy pleasuring him and watching his reaction. In these moments the taste did not worry her anymore as she could see how much he enjoyed her caresses, writhing and panting whenever her lips closed around the shaft.

He paid her back. He had been rather hesitant in the beginning, but quickly his hands went down to explore her body and very soon he was taking her to climaxes just using his hands or his mouth. She would have died in shame if anyone had seen her in these moments, with the large wolf between her legs and his tongue between her labia, lapping her so strongly that she was totally carried away by her emotions. Even though he cared so well about her, she was almost embarrassed by the amounts of orgasms she had when he caressed her and thus the least she could do was to take care that he got to the very heights as well until he was totally satisfied too.

Fiamore had never heard of any man so passionate and obliging at the same time. There was not much that he could offer her, the little pay they received at the farm could hardly get them much at all and everyone who worked there knew about it, but the farm provided food and lodgings and therefore nobody complained. Lonne was not a good speaker either, but he rewarded her with affectionateness and she was certain that there could be no other man as passionate and obliging as him. The way he took her in her arms and held her without saying anything at all was all she needed to let her forget about the long tiring work days.

Maybe his brother was as kind as Lonne was, but she could not tell. Utay was always nice in her presence, he did not seem to mind it at all either. She could feel a certain reserve though and she was not sure if he was suspicious of her, but she tried to be as lighthearted around him as she usually was.

Soon the three of them spend lots of time together. Lonne just took her along whenever he and Utay went to the river to take a bath or did something different. Usually they stayed away from other pastimes such as the bar in the town. The two brothers had learned from an early age that they were not welcome there. Being crossbreeds the members of the wolf clan rarely missed a chance to show them that they were outsiders. It was a constant source of conflict for the two brothers and Fiamore quickly learned that this was one of the main reasons why they were so close: In the end, if push came to shove the other one was the only one they could really depend on.

Together the three furs sat on one of the small hills around the farm where they could see the distant town and from there they watched the town's burning lights, how they glistened between the walls, were reflected to and fro before they escaped into the dark night sky accompanied by the sounds of happy screams, loud laughter and dancing shoes upon wooden planks. It was the soundtrack of the nights they spent together, Fiamore leaning against Lonne, Utay sitting close by, all three of them watching a distant life they were no part of. Instead they let its echoes, its reflex fill their hearts.

Usually Utay left them alone after some time and Lonne and Fiamore sank down to the ground kissing and caressing each other. Above them the stars and the three moons passed by the light silverish clouds while Lonne's strong brawny hands removed her clothes, so that the light shimmered in the light fur of her chest and belly and his fingers dug into it as if they tried to capture that sheen, running all over her body, the horny pads of his fingers brushing over the soft skin beneath her fur and whenever they did she shivered because nobody else had ever touched her like this before. Despite not having been a virgin anymore he was her first man in so many other ways and while they were still kissing his fingers slipped into her wet, eager sex and quickly took her to her first climax.

Gasping for breath she admired the man above her, his angular lupine features and the way his muscles moved when he exerted himself in the powerful thrusts of his pelvis against her mons, his sex gliding in an out of her quivering inner muscles. She could see the strain, the passion and the pleasure in his face when he pressed himself hard against her and a moment later she lost herself in the feeling of his lupine knot going all the way inside. Its overwhelming presence triggered her second climax which coincided with his as well and when she awoke from her ecstasy she found him lying upon her, his knot deep inside her innermost, their love juices mixing and he kissed and licked her, his weight adding to his presence, her legs firmly closed around his loins while she wrapped her arms around him too.

Yet, as usual she could feel that his sex was not softening at all, retaining its firmness deep inside of her and as soon as his knot allowed her too, she reversed the positions and despite being sweaty and exhausted she straddled him and



then started to ride him. To her his long-lasting arousal was something that elevated her above any other lover and no matter how straining it was for her and her body, she longed to share this with him. Hardly able to keep her own eyes opened during this new love-making, she did not see how he grimaced in his struggle to hold on.

The nights were warm and the light wind was nothing they had to flee from and thus they slept in the grass until dawn and the early birds woke them.

There were much less of these nights than both of them wanted to. Most often both of them were too exhausted and simply went to bed. There were also those days when they did not see each other at all. Even though working at the farm, they worked in totally different parts of it: Lonne and Utay were both a part of the lumber crew which cut down trees and cleared out small areas in order to supply the farm's lumbermill or clearing out new areas for fields and pastures. If the area of their work was too far from the farm they did not even return there for the night. They just spent the nights outside, together with their crew they did not return until it was time to haul the lumber homewards. In the meantime Fiamore was basically just another one of the many maids who kept the whole farm running, helping in the kitchen or keeping the farm clean. Thus she was almost always there, leaving the farm rather rarely unless she had to accompany someone who went to town for some shopping.

Being separated rather frequently Fiamore appreciated the moments they could be together and pretty soon she lost most of her inhibitions about taking advantage of these precious moments.

As the summer progressed and the work of the lumber crew proceeded they were involved in quite a number of areas at the same time as they were about to cut down the trees in one place, while still delimiting in a second place and hauling the wood from a third site. The men were spread all over the woods and because of their workload they were hardly able to go to the farm anymore and needed their supplies to be brought to them.

The girls from the farm were assigned for this task and they were always greeted enthusiastically when they visited the men who spent so much time in the wilderness and Fiamore was one of them. She had accepted the job willingly as she wanted to use her chance to see Lonne. She longed for him more than ever before, not having seen him for more than ten days and nights and even though she was not sure if she was assigned to go to the place where he would be working, the mere chance of meeting him was good enough.

She hurried through the forest. She was not afraid of it at all, she knew how to defend herself in any case, but she wanted to be there as soon as she could,

despite the heavy load she carried on her back: Food and drinks for a few days and other stuff.

When she finally arrived at the clearing, she was somehow lost between the cut trees all around, the large fallen trunks blocking the view and thus she wandered through this newly created maze and tried to find the men. When she climbed upon a trunk she could finally make them out: Scattered here and there among the trees, hard working on delimiting the cut trees, almost entirely lost in the large clearing.

She screwed up her eyes as she tried to make out the familiar shape of the wolf she loved, but she could not see him at all. She almost missed the calls for her, as the men cheered to her, happy about her arrival.

They were enthusiastic about seeing her and greeted her warmly. Maybe it was just because of the food and drinks she had brought them, but nevertheless they showed her nothing but kindness, even though she knew that lots of them did not approve of her relationship to Lonne. Yet in this moment she was welcomed like a hero and she suppressed her disappointment and laughed about their jokes and went along with their pranks.

When she unpacked the food one of the men stopped her. "Keep some of that," he said. "Sorry, 'bout that, but we've got some guys out there and you better bring them some stuff too. They are busy clearing the underwood up the ridge."

Fiamore's heart skipped a beat. "Who is it?" she asked hastily.

"Utay and Lonne," the man answered.

Blood shot into her cheeks and for a moment she had to blush as her unspoken wish was suddenly getting true anyway. The urge of smiling was almost overwhelmingly strong and she tried not to show anything. She almost struggled to reply: "No problem, I will go bring them something too."

"That's nice, Fia! The brothers are working hard up there."

The moment she was certain that the men on the clearing could not see her anymore she started running. Being a bunny running came natural to her and her feet carried her over the uneven ground of the forest, the fleet-footed bunny jumped over the gaps and holes in the ground, the running made her feel even more light-headed than she already was. She wanted to cry out her happiness and as soon as she was sure that nobody from the clearing could hear her anymore, she did so at the top of her lungs.

“LOOOOONNNE!”

The name echoed to and fro between the trees, over the gaps and stones.

“LOOOOONNNE!”

Some way up the mountain the wolf could hear the cry and at first he was not sure if he could believe his own ears. Nevertheless he put his axe down.

Next to him, Utay did the same, obviously having heard the same cry.

The two brothers exchanged a look and then Lonne walked towards a free spot where he had a better view of the area.

His eyes opened wide when he spotted the shape of the bunny, her dress flowing around her while she ran and jumped over the forest ground and she seemed to see him at the same time, instantly changing her directions and a moment later she threw herself into his arms.

“I found you, I found you!” she squealed like a little girl.

“Yes, you did!” he said and laughed, tousling her hair and her long bunny ears.

“And Utay!” Fiamore broke free from him and without even hesitating she jumped at the other wolf and embraced him strongly.

Utay looked at his brother with an expression of surprise, but Lonne just shrugged and grinned.

Then Fiamore took Utay’s and Lonne’s hand. “I brought you food and ale! Come on!” And with the same feeling of light-headedness that she had felt the whole time she dragged the two reluctant men towards a nice spot at the edge of the ridge where they could look down on the creek.

Lonne had to force the food on Fiamore because she just clung to him and seemed to be perfectly content with this. She insisted that she was not hungry at all, so Lonne remarked that she was being silly and instead of replying anything useful she just buried her head in his fur and giggled. So Lonne fed her and she enjoyed it immensely no matter how silly it was, Utay’s presence did not disturb her at all, it felt natural that he was there too and she laughed and smiled at him, even though he seemed to avoid meeting her eyes.

Even though the sun settled late during these summer months and she could easily have walked to the farm again, Fiamore never even made any attempt to hide her intention to stay the night.

The two men gathered some dry wood and in no time, the three of them sat around a small campfire and watched how the sun started to settle in the far distance.

Suddenly Fiamore got up. "I better take a quick bath in the creek," she declared. "I am all dirty from my journey."

"Hey, I am all sweaty and dirty too," Lonne replied.

"That's okay, mucky pup!" she said and gave him a quick kiss on his lips.

With nimble steps she ran down the hill towards the creek. She searched for a spot where she could easily access the water and started to undress. Instantly the light warm wind flowed around her body and she could feel the sweat sticking to her fur and her skin which she intended to wash off. She had missed him so much and she realized that this was the longest span of time they had not made love ever since they had felt him inside of her for the very first time in the shadows of the tool shed. Thus she wanted to be at her most beautiful. Nevertheless she squealed in shock when she felt the ice-cold water of the creek.

The water came down all the way from the height of the mountain where the springs emerged from the stone, just beneath the mountain's top. The water flowed down the sides and created small vales which separated the mountain into different areas with its own ridges and mountaintops and creeks which were of intense cold even in the summer months. And the bunny endured it as long as she could, carefully washing her hair and her entire body.

When she emerged from the water again, she wished for a comb, a towel and maybe some simple scent oil, but she had none of it. Yet she knew that just being there was all that was needed.

She climbed the ridge again, while being in a strange dreamy state. The sun had disappeared behind the far mountains by now, yet its golden, red and purple light dyed everything around, transforming the stones beneath her feet and the trees around her. It was as if she was lost in an alien land and she watched everything with the curiosity of a stranger and yet she was perfectly calm at the same time. Her heart beat slowly, yet she was quivering in anticipation. She inhaled deeply and everything she did, every movement she made seemed to be just right in this moment.

When she walked over the edge of the ridge again, she saw Utay and Lonne close by each other, Lonne haven taken hold of his brother's shoulder and when Utay reached out his hand to invite her into this embrace, she did not hesitate at all. She realized that she had never thought about Utay's spot in this night, but

she felt so comfortable being so close to both of them, that she just snuggled up with them and watched the dance of the campfire's flames.

While she did so, something made her turn her head and she looked at Utay who looked down on her as well, their eyes meeting. She could smell his breath as he was so close to her and it was so perfectly familiar as if there was nothing that distinguished him from Lonne. When he lowered his face towards her she just went along with the sudden urge she could feel in her chest and joined in the kiss with him which was careful and cautious, like the first kisses Lonne had given her, unlike the way he kissed her now that he knew her so intimately. Utay renewed the kiss and it felt like kissing a Lonne who had not known her yet. There was no difference except that it was all new again. Utay broke the kiss and Fiamore's breath faltered when he did.

Lonne's hand touched her chin and guided her towards his lips and she felt a deep satisfaction arising within her body, like a spot of glowing warmth that expanded from within her chest and the warm fingers which were caressing her cheek seemed to respond to this feeling. It seemed to be the perfect completion to Utay's kiss and she turned her head towards Utay again, yearning for his kiss again, wanting to feel him again just as she had felt Lonne.

In the meantime Lonne undid her dress and exposed her breasts, freeing her nipples which had been hard ever since she had emerged from the cold water. And when she turned her head towards Lonne she saw a broad smile on his lips, a little bit mischievous, a little bit wanton and very kissable and while she did so she felt two other lips upon her breasts and she moaned in delight, suddenly realizing that she was fully surrounded by the hands and mouths of two men who did not only desire her with every fiber of their strong bodies, but also cared for her as they proved with every gentle touch, every cautious kiss, every tender stroke and the soft words they murmured into her ears while they undressed her completely.

She climaxed for the first time in Lonne's hold while Utay explored her lap for the first time and Lonne kept her on the edge of the next one while she explored Utay's sex with her lips and her mouth, tasting him and holding the strong throbbing fabric between her lips, knowing that this would not end there. Four hands stroked and caressed her when she shifted her position, one mouth kissed her breasts and another one kissed her lips while she straddled Utay and Lonne held her tightly while she lowered herself on his brother's sex.

She clung to Lonne, exchanging hasty kisses with him while she rode Utay who fondled her breasts at the same time. She gasped for breath as the intensity of the moment prevented her from carrying on with her movements. The two brothers whispered to her, words she did not understand while their hands guided her and kept her going where pleasure overwhelmed her. In the moment

Utay's knot slipped all the way inside she orgasmed so intensely that she clung to Lonne, her hands grasping his fur with all of her power and she whimpered against his chest, a few teardrops flowing from her eyes. Instantly Utay sat up as well and tried to comfort her, but she just smiled at him and kissed him, because everything was just a little bit too intense for her in this moment, but she did not want it any other way. For a few moments she was in between the two men who held her while she was still unable to move away from Utay's knot. He was still hard when she did, but she wanted Lonne now and she pulled him closer while she lay down on her back and instantly he entered her and she gasped when pleasure overcame her with such intensity again that she writhed and whimpered while he made love to her.

Afterwards she mounted Utay again, event though she was too exhausted to move on her own again, she had to rely on his strong hands and when Lonne picked her up to put her to rest on the ground, she guided his sex towards her own, as she knew that he had not been entirely spent the first time. Exhaustion and passion mixed while he moved slowly above and inside her and Utay's hands wandered over her body until everything disappeared in a blur of imminent sleep. She could not distinguish between waking and dreams anymore, she was totally carried away by pleasure though, feeling the two men next to her, one of them deep inside of her as well and before she knew she dozed off while strong arms were wrapped around her and not even the soreness of her sex could prevent her to fall asleep anymore, no dream being able to match the pleasures she had experienced before.

The sun shone directly into her eyes and when she opened them all she could see were shimmering reflections which danced in front of her, warm light which shone down on her and blinded her for a moment, while at the same time it warmed her fur which smelled fresh and sweet. She had not needed any blanket during the night, she had been perfectly warm all of the time and when she tried to turn away from the light she also noticed why: Right next to her were two large lupine men who had snuggled up to her to keep her safe and warm in their middle.

She raised her hand and gently stroked the cheek of the man in front of her. Being blinded by the light as she was, she was not even sure who of the two brother's he was, when her hand wandered further and she felt the long hair she knew that it had to be Utay who had undid his ponytail during the night.

The sun prevented any sleep, but she just closed her eyes a little bit and exhaled. There was Lonne's hand on her side as if he had embraced her during all of the night and she never doubted that he had done so.

She tried to snuggle up to him a little bit more and while she did so she felt something hard against her backside.

Fiamore giggled and this little noise seemed to wake Lonne who was suddenly moving behind her. A moment later she could feel him getting closer and a husky voice mumbled a sleepy "Ohyouawakealready?" into her ear.

Fiamore smiled and shushed. "Utay's still sleeping."

"Noheisntbutnicetryanway!" the wolf in front of her mumbled. Without opening his eyes he leaned forward and gave her a kiss as well.

As he did so she could feel that his sex was hard as well.

"This morning Lonne is first, okay?" she said towards him.

Utay just nodded without opening his eyes.

Fiamore opened her legs a little bit, reached between them and readjusted her position, so that Lonne's sex could slip into hers. It was still touchy from last night, so the penetration was much more intense than she would have expected, but it felt good anyway.

Lonne panted in surprise. "Dear Spirits, Fia, do you have to...?"

The bunny nestled up to him, his sex gliding in deeper and she gasped for breath. "I can't leave you like that when I go home, can I?"

Lonne embraced her. "It's just morning wood, you know!"

Fiamore moaned lightly as she moved her hips against his. "Morning what?" she asked.

"It's..." He gasped when the intense feeling of his touchy sex overpowered him for a moment. "Oh, forget it," he panted, took hold of her hips and started to move on his own.

She was enraptured by his motions and she totally gave in to them.

Unable to pretend that nothing was going on Utay opened his eyes and observed the bunny in front of him, whose face showed her ecstasy and her ravishment. She started to kiss him.

After Lonne had reached his climax and they had untied again she took Utay's sex. Their love-making mixed with a little bit of pain as her sex was so irritated by now, but she did not hesitate and reached a climax herself when he tied his knot to her.

She felt her sex now, but as she knew him Lonne had still been hard, so she just grinned at him and he embraced her, but she slipped out of his arms and lowered her head to his loins. With widely opened eyes Lonne observed how she took his sex into her mouth and kissed and licked it, until he writhed in another orgasms and she could feel the bitter, still unaccustomed taste of his seed filling her mouth.

When she detached herself from Lonne, she licked the seed off her lips and turned towards Utay who did not even try to escape his fate, even though he just stared at his brother before he closed his eyes and was taken away by the feeling of her lips and her tongue.

After Utay had reached his climax too, Lonne could not resist any longer and started a tickle attack on her and Utay quickly followed suit.

“You can’t get enough, you can’t get enough, can you?” Lonne exclaimed.

Fiamore could not reply anything she just writhed and laughed while rolling around on the ground, desperately trying to escape the four hands who tickled her mercilessly.

When Fiamore finally left for the farm again, Utay and Lonne watched her disappear between the trees. She turned around one last time and waved towards them and both wolves rose their hands in return. When they could not see anymore Utay groaned: “Damn, what did you draw me in there?”

Due to the soreness between her legs Fiamore could hardly walk properly on her way home, but no matter how much it had strained her, she did not regret anything of what had happened since the last night. It had been so much more than she would had expected in the first place and for some reasons Utay’s involvement felt just right to her.

She had plenty of time to think about these things as Utay and Lonne were still working in the woods and she was not assigned to bring them anything anymore. During these days she always looked outside when somebody arrived, hoping that it would be the two brothers, her two lovers. Thus she realized that Lonne and Utay belonged together: They were both a part of the same thing and because she wanted Lonne meant that she wanted Utay as well.

The weather changed and heavy thunderstorm clouds gathered in the summer sky which finally unloaded themselves after two days of hot and humid heat. As the weather only got worse and the heavy rains did not stop but seemed to get stronger, the lumberjacks returned from the woods at the end of the second day of constant rain and thunder.



Fiamore had never been so happy about bad weather before and when she saw the two wolves, wet to the bone, walking towards the farm she could not resist and ran outside in order to welcome them. She jumped into Lonne's arms and kissed Utay very much and then she took their hands and dragged both them towards the barn.

While they were still dripping wet, drops of water running down from their hair over their faces and their fur was soaked so that water splashed all around when they moved she made love to both of them. She leaned against Utay while Lonne had taken hold of her legs and thrust his sex deep into her. She urged him to go on until she could feel that he was no longer able to maintain his erection and then she laid down on a bale of straw from last year and spread her legs for Utay.

Afterwards she was as wet as the two wolves and not only between her legs. The three of them lay on the second level of the barn and watched the rain outside together. The men's hands gently fondling her body, stroking her soft fur and covering it with kisses here and there.

They watched how the water ran down from the edge of the roof and formed large puddles in the courtyard of the farm. The constant sound sending all three of them into a dream-like state where they lost track of time and just stayed there while the dim light vanished entirely and nothing but the reflections in the raindrops remained which shot to and fro, sometimes overpowered by lightning which illuminated with its bright white light. Then the thunder rolled over them and faded away in the distance of the starless night.

The bad weather went on for a few days, but Fiamore hardly had any time to see Lonne and Utay as the maids' workload had suddenly multiplied without a warning due to the arrival of the lumber crews. All of them wanted to be fed and entertained while they were grounded due to the weather and at the same time there were few places where the three of them could find a little privacy. A few hasty kisses in the dark corners of the houses were all Fiamore could get from the two wolves. Their closeness and their mutual inability to make anything out of it frustrated her.

During one of these days almost all men and women gathered in the large dining hall to lift the spirits with a large banquet. Fiamore was constantly busy with the foods and drinks while the farm workers were getting more drunk by the minute.

She wanted to get Lonne and Utay out of there, so that they could spend some time together in the barn or the tool shed or any other place that was abandoned due to the ongoing banquet. But as she was busy all of the time she could only

observe how Utay and Lonne got more and more drunk as well while she was busy and perfectly sober.

When the kitchen finally ran out of food she saw her chance to escape her duties, but when she looked after Lonne and Utay in the large dining hall both of them were involved in a card game and it was hard for her to get them off the table and before she had managed to drag them out of the room they had already promised to be back for the next game.

In a dark corner of a corridor she tried to talk to them, but they were far too drunk for any reasonable discussion and just teased her with kisses and caresses. Before she knew what happened to her the two men's hands had found a way under her dress and fingered her sex and her tailhole. She wanted to protest but within moments their mutual effort managed to send her into a state of anxious arousal. Her fear of being discovered mixing with the pleasure of two hands stroking and teasing her, her love juices gathering upon their fingers.

The feelings that arose from her abdomen were intense and they mixed with the surprise she felt when the fingers slipped into her, Lonne's finger into her sex, Utay's fingers into her tailhole. At first she gasped in amazement, totally thrown off her guard when she perceived that there was something inside her tailhole, but a moment later they were both teasing her so shamelessly while also kissing her, so that she could do nothing but to wince in surprise. And then everything flowed into each other, she was not able to distinguish anything anymore, whose hands were where, who had penetrated what. Her entire abdomen was becoming a source of intense hazy pleasure and let her shiver in delight. She was a mass of quivering sensations and newly found pleasures, leaning against the two strong men in the corner of a corridor while she could not even say how many fingers were inside of her tailhole or her sex anymore while a powerful climax build deep inside of her. Totally oblivious to the possibility that someone might walk in on them or that they were even in a house with other people, she just gave in the two brothers and reached a powerfully climax that she could not contain anymore. Just in time Lonne put a piece of his shirt between her teeth and she bit it strongly while the climax took her away. Thus what would have been an outcry of pure pleasure was nothing but a muffled groan anymore.

It was not until she felt how Utay slowly pulled three of his fingers out of her tailhole that she fully realized what had just happened. Feeling terribly ashamed (and yet totally ravished by the experience) she instantly went to bed, while the two wolves resumed their card game, having totally sobered up by the experience as well and therefore going on a winning streak against all the other totally inebriate farm workers.

The following day the sun broke through the heavy clouds again, but it quickly disappeared again behind the gray masses. Even though it was nothing but a

short interruption everybody was confident that the weather was about to change and therefore the men and women who worked out in the open started to sharpen their axes, sickles and plows again, getting ready.

Even though Fiamore was not affected by this at all, she knew that Utay and Lonne would soon be leaving for the woods again and that time was running short for the three of them. She had not spent nearly as much time with the brothers as she had wanted to and the previous night had not played out as she had intended either. Even though she had made an incredible new experience, the two men had not had any fun at all. At least that was the way she saw it.

Therefore she planned ahead. She could neither spent the night with them in their room, which was too close to the rooms of the other men. Nor could she ask them to come to hers, because she shared hers with three other girls. The tool shed was no option either because the men and women were currently walking in and out of it. There were also too many men and women frequenting the hayloft. She concluded that the only option was the unused parts of the lumber mill where old machines for repair had been stored indefinitely and the lumber mill itself was not working full time yet either.

After the two wolves had eaten their dinner, she sought them out at the table, just standing behind them and smiling at them when they noticed her for the first time. It was obvious that the two of them knew what she expected of them and instantly they rose from the table and followed her discreetly as she walked ahead, looking at her short bunny tail and the buttocks underneath while they did so and she smiled to herself as she knew exactly that they did.

As soon as they were out of sight, the two men caught up with her and without exchanging any words they started to kiss. She was in the middle of them both and as she felt them so close she relaxed completely and let their hands guide her, making her turn her head in order to receive more kisses on her lips, on her cheeks, on her eyelids, on her forehead or any other spot the two men could find while their hands wandered up and down on her body.

It took quite some time before they finally arrived in the dark corner of the lumber mill she had chosen. Between the old, rusty and dusty machines she had spread a blanket on the ground whose red cloth looked warm and inviting in the light of the single candle she had placed there as well, alongside a small jar with cider, a basket with fruits and cinnamon buns.

In the twilight of this room, the sound of the rain dropping down on the roof of the building, the soft gurgling noise of the water in the drain they undressed her and their hands ran over the freed spots of soft bunny fur, cherished her slender female form and her curves while she exchanged soft, slow kisses with them, her lips wandering from Lonne to Utay and back again.

This time she was not surprised at all when some fingers slipped into her. She clung to Utay while she was taken to a first height of pleasure. The lips of the two men wandered over her body, adored the tiny spots, the line between darker and brighter fur which stretched from her face over her chest and belly to her mons. They played around with her tail and stroked her legs, they caressed her cheeks and her muzzle and her breasts, she tried to catch them with her lips, but their hot breaths wandered on and finally settled between her legs and their eager tongues and rough lips grazed her folds and her backside until she was whimpering in delight, her hands clenching Utay's long hair.

Finally she pulled him upwards. "I want you both," she gasped. "I want you both. Now! Please, I know..."

Utay held her tight while Lonne's sex slowly entered her tailhole for the first time and he soothed her until the pain had passed by and she could savor the ecstasy of Lonne's presence deep within her body. Then Utay slowly entered her sex as well and in the flickering light of the single candle, between old machines she was fully taken by the two brothers for the first time. The intensity of their simultaneous presence enraptured her, it was almost too much for her. She could hardly contain them and restrain herself, as she craved these incredible sensations while she was also feeling completely overwhelmed. There was nothing but the two men who held and smothered the bunny with kisses while their two members glided in and out of her body stimulating the folds of her sex and the depths of her tailhole at the same time, turning both of them and her entire abdomen into a center of such fervent pleasure and joy that she felt perfectly unified with both of them at the same time. It made her happy beyond description and she almost feared the moment of separation that would come as soon as they reached their mutual climaxes which the two thrusting pelvises pushed for whenever she was rocked by their thrusts and shivered in the extreme delight of containing them almost completely, except for their knots.

She screamed when the knots finally found a way through her labia and her ring of muscles, and the climax that hit her was almost like a brick wall that knocked her over. While the two men twitched, groaned and whimpered in the passion and bliss of their climaxes, Fiamore almost blacked out due to the extreme of her sensations that was so far beyond anything she had ever felt before in her life. The bunny could hardly hold on to her surroundings, but the ongoing delightful presence of the two, now tied knots and sexes deep inside of her, throbbing and twitching slowly as they filled her with seed, brought her back to Utay and Lonne who kept on holding her tight in their strong arms and ensuring that she did not drop down to the ground as she would have had because every fiber of her body had been overwhelmed by pleasure, losing every ounce of strength.

As they were still both erect, she knew that she had to repeat this experience as soon as they untied from her.

A moment later they finally laid down on the blanket and she got Utay to lie down on his back. It was much easier for her to take the hard member into her tailhole this time and she felt how it spread her apart, how it mounted inside her body and triggered those sensations she had not gotten familiar with yet, pleasant and perturbing at the same time while the male sex settled alongside her spine. Then she took Lonne between her legs and a moment later he penetrated her as well and she was caught between the two men, Utay beneath her, Lonne above her and as she squirmed in delight she rubbed herself against their warm fur and their strong muscles and between the mind-blowing experience of two lupine sexes slipping all the way into her she did not wish to be anywhere else.

Due to their position Lonne was the only one who could move and she climaxed several times before he tied with her again, reaching his own climax at the same time, his warm semen filling her folds. Then all three of them turned around and while Lonne held her tight and caressed her Utay rode her ass until he tied with her as well and filled her tailhole with his seed too.

Fiamore was totally entranced by the experiences of this night, yet she could not resist herself and pleased them both with her mouth because she wanted to go on, licking the juices of their long, sinewy, dark sexes. Lonne and Utay finally forced her to hold still so that they could sleep. At first Fiamore tried to resist them, but the allure of their warm furs which surrounded her was too strong and she fell asleep as well.

Yet in the morning she did not let them go until she had taken them both again. One after the other this time, taking her time with both of them, while the other one just watched and gently stroked her before she mounted him as well. She did not accept any excuses or talk about "morning wood", she wanted both of them and she also wanted them to get the best of her before they had to leave again.

Despite all of them walking funny the following day none of them regretted what had happened because in the evening of that day, the foremen decided that the weather was good enough to resume the work in the woods, even though there was still some light rain.

The next morning Utay and Lonne left and Fiamore saw them off. She could hardly restrain herself, she embraced both of them tightly and no matter how often they told her that they would be back soon, she was feeling sad. She kissed both of them goodbye, not caring about anybody seeing her doing this and then Utay and Lonne walked into the forests with their heavy axes.

The other women and girls let her know what they thought of her behavior. None of them dared to suggest that she had something going on with both of the two brothers, but Fiamore knew what she had to be looking for in order to understand what was going on. She could hear them gossiping about her affection for two crossbreeds and that it was going to ruin her chances ever finding a purebreed husband and that she had no shame, staining the reputation of her clan that way. She did not care about this, she was feeling much too sad about being separated from Lonne and Utay again and thus she would not allow anybody's opinions or silly chitchat to get between her and her loved ones.

The sky fully cleared again as the heavy clouds which had brought so much rain moved north. Within a few days summer got its hold on the land again, butterflies flew over the blooming meadows and very often Fiamore sat in one of them while the sun was about to set and flooded the sky with golden lights and she watched the edge of the forest in restless anticipation, before she laid down in the sweetly scented grass and colorful flowers. As she let her mind wander the gossip caught up with her: She had to admit that she had no plan beyond her re-unification with Utay and Lonne. None of them had ever spoken about anything at all, none of them had ever had a plan about what would happen to them and she knew that they would get no support at all as everybody shunned crossbreeds and nobody approved of an interspecies relationship.

She closed her eyes and let the sound of the wind in the grass carry her away.

It was not until the new moon that Utay and Lonne returned. After days of hard work the lumber crew had finally achieved its goals and the largest amount of work would now be done in the lumber mill.

Fiamore could hardly believe her eyes when Lonne and Utay walked into the stable where she had been working. She threw herself into their arms, effectively pushing over Lonne who fell into a heap of straw and she smothered him with kisses there and then caught Utay's arm and pulled him down as well, rolling around with the two wolves, laughing at the top of her voice.

"I missed you so much, I missed you so much!" she exclaimed again and again and engaged in breath-taking kisses with both of them. She wanted to tear off her clothes and make love to them right there, but she restrained herself as almost everybody could have had seen them there.

But that night they went for a place in the barn and after countless kisses and many caresses she tasted their members again, taking them deep into her mouth and enjoying them there, having lost any inhibition of doing this and while she was still teasing Utay with her tongue, Lonne took advantage of her risen backside and mounted her from behind, before the two wolves switched their positions. Then Lonne took advantage of her mouth and did not stop until she

could feel his semen shooting into her muzzle and flowing over her tongue, while Utay took her towards her climax.

The night did not end there as Fiamore could feel how much the boys had saved up in the long days in the forest and she did her best to pleasure them as much as she could. She was totally unable to keep track of what happened as their paws, their lips and their sexes were all over and inside her. She could feel them everywhere and when they finally went to sleep all of them were covered with stains of their mixed juices.

In the morning she took them both and savored the feeling as if it was the first time all over again. Yet the pain when one of the members slipped into her tailhole was not as extreme anymore, yet the delightful sensations were still all there and she enjoyed them even more when the two men's thrusts rocked her, her hands resting upon the moving buttocks and feeling the play of muscles. Out of curiosity she took their still erected cocks into her tailhole once again and just rode them with the movements of her hips, not reaching a climax, but enjoying their presence and the feelings they elicited, most especially when she could feel their knots slip in just before the entire shafts seemed to explode all the way inside of her, releasing the semen in powerful gushes which made her gasp for breath.

Afterwards the two wolves groaned and complained of her straining them too much. Fiamore laughed heartily and hugged them.

Even though Utay and Lonne were now at the farm again and she could see them any time she wanted to, they were still lacking a safe place for their trysts as the farm was now full of people who went about their business, the lumber mill working constantly while the kitchen did its best to feed all the hardworking men and women.

Whenever Fiamore caught one of her two lovers she pulled them into a dark corner and stole a kiss from them, reminding them of her feelings for her, as if they could ever doubt them. But the bunny girl soon got frustrated by the lack of opportunities for them. She could feel Utay's and Lonne's arousal when she was near them, they could hardly hide the erections in their pants when she kissed them, so little by little Fiamore became more daring: Flashing them now and then, allowing her hands to slip into their pants and allowing theirs hands to do the same, encouraging them to fondle her and fondling them just the same.

Even though she did not plan it at all, her determination got the better of her and in a quiet moment just before dinner she took Utay's hand, pulled him into a closet by the kitchen, opened his pants and pleased him with her mouth until it was filled with his semen which she swallowed eagerly.

After dinner she got a hold of both of them and teased them so much that they started to chase her and she fled into the forest until they were far enough from the farm where she allowed them to catch her. They subdued her with kisses and tore the clothes from her body until their raging hardons slipped into her and she almost climaxed just because of this. She settled down between them and just closed her eyes, whimpering happily while they were taking her tailhole and her sex simultaneously once more.

They had to return to the farm though, before their absence was being noticed and thus this escape into the forest remained an exception, but Fiamore got confident by this. It was possible for her to spend some time with Utay and Lonne after all. It was hardly enough to release the steam of their hot passion and there was no time for any real togetherness at all. No matter how much she enjoyed having sex with them, she wanted to be close to them without a time limit and when she saw the longing looks in Utay's and Lonne's eyes she was sure that they did not feel any different.

Yet making love was all they could get out of their daily lives and Fiamore ignored any inhibition. She wanted to give her love to them, she wanted to receive theirs and therefore she did not hesitate anymore when she found an opportunity: She mounted Utay in the bathroom and together their frantic fucking led them to a hasty, violent climax which she made her want to scream in passion, but instead he muffled it with his hand.

In the barn she took Lonne's sex into her tailhole and pressed herself into a bale of straw while she was rocked by his thrusts and felt a deep satisfaction when his seed gushed into her backside. A strong feeling of deprivation came over her the moment the wet sex slipped out of her again and Lonne quickly hugged and kissed her before he hurried back to work.

Any moment became good enough for her: If it meant that Lonne pressed her hard against the wall at the back of the barn and took her roughly; or Utay riding her tailhole in the lumber mill while he was on watch there; or any time she took one of the two slick, dark sexes into her mouth and enjoyed the feeling how their warm semen shot into it and ran down her throat. She refrained from wearing underwear, just to be ready at any of the moment which she yearned for and she even applied some oil to her tailhole which she had stolen from the kitchen, so that she was prepared there as well. She realized that any accusation of her being a "slut" would have been well-founded by now, but it mattered so little to her when she felt how Lonne's sex easily slipped into her well lubed tailhole and took her to one of the occasional orgasms she experienced when she was doing it that way. Neither was she feeling ashamed at all when Utay mounted her on the floor of the lumber crew's quarters and there was a likely chance that someone could walk in on them at any moment. There were quite a few times when things got close, but they always prevented getting caught.



No matter how often she engaged with Lonne or Utay, she felt that something was amiss, as it was always either of them, she never could get both of them to be with her. It did not stop her to go on as she did though, but one day in late summer when the sun was shining brightly but already lacked the power to heat the air as it used to, when Fiamore saw how Utay and Lonne walked up to her together, her heart skipped a beat in happy anticipation of what might ensue of this opportunity.

But when Lonne and Utay stopped in front of her and looked at her without being able to say anything at all or even touching her, she understood that something had happened...

"Fia, you..." Lonne tried to say. He fell silent and moved his mouth as if he wanted to speak on, but lacked the words to do so.

"You know, Fia..." Utay went on. "You already, I mean we, we already, you know... We already did it twice today."

"And we, I mean the two of us, we did it three times if you count the quickie this morning." Lonne added.

The bunny girl slowly looked from Lonne to Utay. "Oh," she said. "So often?"

Utay and Lonne nodded.

"Listen." Lonne wet his lips. "We were wondering if you are about to get, you know... in heat."

"Or if maybe you already are," Utay added.

Fiamore's eyes opened wide as she looked at her lovers.

"I mean, we know you, but..." Utay inhaled deeply. "You are... quite randy these days..."

For a moment the bunny girl just stared at them with her mouth partly opened. She wanted to tell them something, but instead of a coherent answer there was only a short erratic laughter coming out of her mouth which stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Then she stared at her own paws and tried to sort out her thoughts which rushed through her head. She realized that Lonne's and Utay's observation made perfect sense, it explained her behavior perfectly and as soon as she had come to this conclusion she turned around on the spot and ran away.

“Fia!” the two brothers yelled after her, but the bunny girl ran into the house and into the room she shared with the other girls, slamming the door shut behind her, throwing herself on her bed and burying her head in her pillow, feeling a powerful surge of embarrassment and shame suddenly pressing down on her. She could hardly believe it, but getting into heat was the perfect explanation for everything she had done since Lonne and Utay had returned and she realized that she had totally lost control of her own behavior as she had not been aware of her own condition, attributing it to nothing but her infatuation for the two brothers. Instead she had taken advantage of them and had made a total fool of herself in the process.

As she understood what was going on with her, she could feel tears in her eyes. She longed for Utay and Lonne, she wanted to be with them, she wanted to be in their arms, but getting into heat meant that she would get pregnant for sure and this was something she could not force upon them. Their life was hard enough the way it was without a foolish, pregnant bunny girl at their coattails.

At the same time she knew that the only thing which could ease her mind now were Utay and Lonne and this was exactly the kind of thing she could not allow herself to do: She had already lost control in the last few days, she would not be able to maintain it if they were around her. Maybe they would even go into heat too if she was around them all of the time.

She could feel tears shooting into her eyes and with all her power she punched her pillow with her fists, crying in desperation and lovesickness.

Lonne and Utay had watched her running away and were unsure what to do. As usual they did not talk to each other about it at first. They turned around and walked back to the lumber mill where it was their duty to lift the large trunks into the head saw where the logs would be cut apart by the shrieking blades.

It was hard work and sweat soaked their fur so that the sawdust entangled itself in its strands, until there were bright spots of sawdust all over their dark grey furs. After the saw had been shut down for the night, they went to the pump with all the other workers and washed themselves before going for dinner. It was common that the women and the girls of the farm watched them while they were doing this, carefully studying and commenting the men's muscled bodies, shaped by the hard work in the forest and the sawmill. It was a moment of mutual teasing for men and women alike and many relationships and affairs had started in moments like this.

Utay and Lonne had always kept a low profile though. There had been many girls and women who had made eyes at them, but both of them had found out that brief affairs or a single night was all there was in there for them, no women wanted to date a clan-less crossbreed for a longer time. Fiamore had been the only one who had been different almost right from the start. She had never hidden her affection for Lonne, she had been honest with them right from the start and only after having started to sleep with both of them had she started to be more discreet.

The moment at the pump, where the men let the cold water run through their furs until it was so soaked that it stuck to the muscles of their bodies, visible for everyone who wanted to see, had lost all its excitement for the two wolf brothers. The instant they had started to pull of their shirts they had noticed that Fiamore was nowhere to be seen and even though the presence of all the women and girls at the farm's doors and windows watching them was exciting, they knew that the bunny girl had been the only one who had ever paid any real attention to them. All the other girls and women were nothing but teases, Fiamore was the one who had proven that she wanted them wholeheartedly.

"Where is she?" Utay asked lowly, while the water splashed around them.

"Don't see her either," Lonne remarked silently. "Maybe working inside."

After having cleaned up they went for dinner and while they sat at the large table with all the yelling and laughing men and women around them the only thing that mattered to them were the shapes which came in through the doors as they always studied those and hoped that it would be Fiamore.

When dinner was finished they brought their dirty dishes to the kitchen, even though there was no obligation for them to do so, but they wanted to have a look if Fiamore was in there. She was not.

The two brothers went to their little room next to the hayloft and lay on their beds in silence while they could hear the noises of the farm who was getting ready for the night coming in from outside. Slowly the light diminished and finally vanished entirely until there was nothing but the light of the three moons and the stars anymore which wandered slowly over the wooden floor, drawing eerie shapes with the shadows of the beds and the brothers lying upon them staring at the ceiling in silence.

“Where was she?” Utay asked finally.

Lonne did answer immediately. “Maybe she is scared by our remark.”

“Yeah... Yeah...” Utay’s voice died away in the darkness.

“I am sure that we will see her tomorrow.”

Utay did not answer as he knew his brother well enough to know that he had expressed his hopes, but not his fears which were the same as his own.

They did not see her the following morning, even though they looked around carefully during breakfast and while they were working. She was nowhere to be seen during the entire day and little by little they started to worry. By dinnertime both of them had gotten very bad-tempered and did not even speak with each other anymore, glaring at everyone and everything all around, feeling frustrated by Fiamore’s absence and their own helplessness to do anything about that.

It was not until the night of the third day since they had spoken to Fiamore for the last time that Utay spoke out their mutual fear: “What if she’s afraid that we could knock her up?”

Lonne did not answer, but he did not need to as Utay understood anyway. “So she left the farm?” Lonne remarked finally. It was much more of a statement than a question.

“We should have found her otherwise,” Utay replied.

The words hang in the room like a dark cloud, darkening it even further. There were no sounds from the farm anymore as everyone was sleeping by now, except the two brothers who were tormented by their gloomy thoughts which were trapped in a vicious circle of uncertainty and doubt.

Suddenly Lonne stood up from his bed. "Let's go," he said.

Utay did so instantly and quickly and silently the two wolf brothers left their room and the building, the soft pads of their feet making no sound on the wooden floors.

Their golden eyes glistened in the darkness of the starry night while they walked towards one of the forest trails which led deep into the woods, their dark shapes standing out against the backdrop of trees and plants which glistened and shimmered in the light of the three moons in the sky.

And as soon as they approached the edge of the forest they started to run, their muscled bodies tensing as they leaned forward and their feet dug deep into the soft ground until they darted forwards with all their power, transforming into two black bolts that shot through the woods, past trees, moss-covered rocks, moonlit brooks and scared nocturnal animals. They paid no attention to them, they just ran as fast as they could, neither caring about the way ahead, nor looking back, until their clenched teeth hurt and their lungs ached with every breath they took.

On a rock above a clearing they stopped finally, caught their breath and then they started howling, their voices getting carried away by the light night wind, the echo of their voices reflecting to and fro in the forest and the ridges of the mountainside.

The day after, when they resumed working, they worked twice as hard, just the two of them lifting entire logs without any help or tools. No matter how often they were reminded to take it easy, they wanted to exhaust themselves, they wanted to be too tired to think.

It happened just before dinnertime. While they lifted a smaller log onto the conveyor belt of the head saw, Lonne's leather shirt got caught in a cleft of the log. He tried to break free, but the conveyor belt was already transporting the log towards the saw blades.

Lonne screamed out and fought against his own shirt while being dragged along without mercy, just a few feet from the shrieking blades.

Due to the noise nobody noticed his scream except Utay and he darted off as soon as he noticed what was going on with his brother. He jumped over the log and dashed towards the emergency brake of the saw.

Lonne was on his back by now as the conveyor belt had pulled him over and as he had no hold on the ground anymore he could not hold on to anything. He fought the shirt, tried to pull it over his head, but his arm approached the blades.

He could already feel their airflow, sawdust shot all around and the shrieking noise deafened him. He screamed for his brother.

Utay rushed towards the emergency brake and threw himself onto it, pulling on it with all of his force and his weight, but the rusty lever hardly moved at all. He screamed and pulled on it even harder.

Then there was a scream of Lonne which drowned out even the shrieking noise of the blades which came to a halt with a screeching noise a moment later.

Three men carried Lonne out of the sawmill and into the main building and one of the workers rode the fastest mount of the stables to town in order to get a healer while the wolf was placed on one of the large kitchen tables and the women tried to provide first aid.

Utay just stood nearby and with a pale face he watched what was going on.

“The Holy Mother was with you,” the healer, a priest, declared while he splinted the wolf’s arm where the saw blade had torn huge chunks of flesh and muscles out of, but never touching the bone. “You could have lost your arm.”

Lonne just nodded, the pain and the hot drugs the women had instilled in him made him sweat so hard that his entire fur was soaked. The pain was still there as a dull feeling at the edge of his ditzzy mind. The drugs had been effective but they had made him light-headed as well, adding to the effect of his blood loss.

The herbs and bandages the priest had applied on the nasty wound had stopped most of the bleeding by now and he finished splinting the arm.

The women fed Lonne some soup and then the men helped Utay getting Lonne to his bed where the priest forced him to eat some herbs which sent the wolf to a dreamless sleep while Utay sat on his own bed and just watched his brother until sleep overcame him as well.

The following day Utay had to resume working, so the women and girls looked after Lonne who was already doing much better even though most of his recovery was only due to the drugs he was being fed all of the time.

For two days and nights Lonne lingered between sleep and waking, strange dreams haunting him. He dreamt of Fiamore floating through the forest and finally flying towards the sky. He was convinced to see her as a little girl who wandered through the forest, amazed by everything she saw.

Utay watched over him, observing how he called out for the bunny while he writhed in his restless sleep.

On the third day Lonne refused to take any more drugs which clouded his minds. He did not want to go back to his dreams where Fiamore kept on escaping him. He was still sleeping a lot, but he had the time to ponder what had been going on the last few days before his injury and these thoughts depressed him even more.

Because of this in the late afternoon one of the girls told him: "Oh, come on, just take some of the poppy milk! I bet you would get yourself together if Fiamore was allowed to come over."

The girl shrieked when he grabbed her by her chestfur with his healthy arm and pulled her closer. "What the damn are you talking about? You know where Fia is?"

Violently the girl broke away from him. "Of course, I know. But I know better than telling you..." She stood up and wanted to go to the door, but before she got there Lonne was on his feet and blocked her way.

The sudden movement made him dizzy and he almost fell over, but the girl seemed to understand this movement quite differently and shrieked again when the large wolf man was suddenly moving towards her. Lonne's hand came down hard on her shoulder as he tried to support himself.

"Okay, I am telling, I am telling!" the girl squealed.

"Where is she?" he growled and fought the dizziness in his head.

"She's at the winter lodge, that's where most of the girls from the farm are going when..."

"Winter lodge?"

The girl nodded.

Instantly Lonne turned around on the spot, opened the door and staggered outside.

"Hey, you should not..."

Lonne did not listen to the girl. He had a hard time to keep standing, but he managed to walk out of the barn and finally staggered over the courtyard of the farm, several men and women watching him and calling out for him. He ignored them completely while he headed for the lumber mill.

Utay stared at him when he saw how his brother approached with the huge bandage around his injured arm.

“By the Dark Spirits, what are you...”

“She is at the winter lodge.”

Utay stared at his brother for a moment. Then- without even hesitating- he buried the axe he had been holding in a log nearby and grabbed his brother’s shoulder, offering him some support while they walked out of the lumber mill together.

The winter lodge was a small lodge in the forest, not very far from the farm, but still quite a way for Lonne, even though Utay supported him as well as he could. The lodge had been something for a safe house for the lumber crew in that specific area, but as work had progressed into different areas the lodge had been abandoned, or so the men had thought.

It took them quite some time before they arrived there, Lonne was getting tired and his arm started to hurt again, but whenever Utay suggested a pause Lonne pressed on.

Finally the small wooden lodge came into sight. It was a small building with a low tarred roof which stood apart from any forest trail, between mossy boulders, large trees and next to a fern-covered slope. The two brothers felt elated the moment they saw a thin smoke plume rising from the chimney.

“Fia!” Utay yelled.

“Fia!” Lonne joined in and as they came closer they could see a familiar face rushing towards one of the windows, her mouth opening in a happy scream and the two brothers could hardly believe their eyes.

A moment later, the girl was being pulled backwards and a different hand drew the curtain.

The two brothers were flabbergasted, but kept on approaching the lodge. Before they reached it, the door opened and a woman stepped outside, firmly closing the door behind her, walking towards the two brothers.

It was one of the cooks, a large plump deer woman who stood even a little bit higher than the two wolf brothers.



“Stay right there!” Her voice was harsh and cut through the cool air of the forest and the approaching late summer night. “What do you think you are doing coming after a girl in heat?”

The two brothers were too surprised to answer anything.

The woman looked at them and shook her head. “Just look at the two of you. What could either of you offer her? You are crossbreeds, you don’t belong to any clan and if we had not been nice enough to offer the likes of you a chance at the farm, you would have no place to go to. You should know better than bringing disaster over her. She still has got every chance to find a good husband and maybe join a clan, so be reasonable and turn around and go back to the farm.”

Utay opened his mouth. “But... but we love her...”

The woman frowned. “We...?” She raised her hand to her face, shielded her eyes for a moment while shaking her head. “Listen...” She lowered her hand again and looked at them. “She might be a nice and beautiful girl, but everything you feel for her is nothing but her heat, okay? It’s enough to drive any man crazy, that’s why she is here with me at the lodge. As soon as it’s over we are back at the farm and you will see that there was never anything special about what you have felt for her.”

Utay was speechless, but Lonne raised his hand and suddenly he broke free from his brother and with a surprisingly fast movement he grabbed the woman by her dress. She squealed in surprise, while Lonne looked straight into her eyes, his face covered with feverish drops of sweat.

“You have no idea what you are talking about,” he hissed. “And if you had, you would know that now is the time to get lost as quickly as you can, because these two clan-less, crossbreed brothers won’t be stopped seeing the only girl in this damn world who ever really cared about them.” He pushed her aside and started to stagger towards the small cabin.

Utay quickly joined him again and offered him some support.

“She is at the height of her heat. You will get her pregnant if you have sex with her now,” the woman called out behind her.

“That’s upon her to decide,” Utay replied and a moment later the two wolves stood at the door of the lodge.

They looked at each other for a moment and then Utay raised his free hand and knocked.

The door flew open and before the brothers could even look at her, the girl threw herself onto them, embracing them as strongly as she could. With all the might of her small body she hugged them both.

“Forgive me, forgive me,” she whispered and it was not until she had spoken that Utay and Lonne noticed that she was crying. “They said that I had to, because of the other girls and they said they told you. I didn’t know, I didn’t know...” And then she was overcome by her tears and pressed herself against their shoulders, shaken by her sobbing, gasping for breath, the tears soaking the fur of her face.

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” Lonne said. “Shhhh... We are here.”

Utay saw that she was resting heavily upon Lonne’s injured arm and carefully he pulled her a little closer so that Lonne could free himself, but Lonne kept on stroking her cheek while she rested against Utay now.

“Oh, dear Spirits, your arm...” Fiamore exclaimed when she saw the heavy bandage.

“It’s just a flesh wound,” Lonne said. “It’s already much better now.” And he smiled at her and gave her a kiss on her cheek.

“Oh...” Despite her tears she had to laugh and she snuggled up against Lonne’s hand who kept on stroking her face.

Both of the two men could smell the special fragrance that surrounded her, her natural scent multiplied many times, so intense that it could not be ignored anymore as it rose into their noses and almost tickled in there, carrying along powerful hints of sandalwood, honey, bitter-sweet musk, freshly cut grass and the moisture which rested upon it in the morning. It was intoxicating and they knew that there was no doubt that she was in heat, it surrounded her, made her even more beautiful and desirable. It sensualized everything she touched, it was far beyond erotic, it was exhilarating and they inhaled it with every breath they took.

Lonne raised his head and looked at Utay who returned the look, as they agreed with each other just like they usually did.

“Fia...” Carefully Utay took a hold on chin and raised her face.

With large, bloodshot eyes she looked at him and he had to restrain himself not to kiss her the very same moment.

“We should not stay,” Lonne went on. “You know that you are in heat, so if we stayed here with you, you would...”

The bunny girl looked at Utay and then at Lonne. “Yes...,” she replied finally. “And I want to, I want you, I want you both. I never want to be separated from you again.”

“But there is nothing that we can offer you. We are...”

She raised her index and placed it on Utay’s lips. “Yes, there is,” she said and leaned in to him and kissed him softly. Her lips quivered the moment she broke the kiss again and her hand slowly ran over his face while she looked into his eyes.

Then she turned towards Lonne, took his free arm and pulled him closer, so that she could kiss him as well, feeling his mouth and his face all over again, as if it had changed in the last few days and she had to rediscover it.

“Come,” she said and took the rough hands of the two men, pulled them towards the door and the men followed her inside.

The door closed softly behind them.

It was the night Fiamore had sought them out in the woods where they had been working. Fiamore had just disappeared in order to wash herself and the two brothers sat by the campfire and watched how the sun was about to disappear beyond the horizon, dying the sky and the clouds up there in a multitude of ever-changing shades.

Before this moment Lonne had never spoken about his relationship to Fiamore. Utay had not had any reason to ask either as he had been able to see what had been going on and Lonne had never bragged about it either as they knew each other far too well. Ever since their mother's death they had shared every detail of their lives with each other, but they had never needed any words to do so. Utay had been able to read the smile upon Lonne's face whenever he had returned from a meeting with Fiamore. It had been all that Utay had needed in order to understand what had been going on.

It was about to change the moment Lonne stared into the fire and said: "She is totally wearing me out."

Utay glared at him. "Who exactly are you complaining to?" he asked forcefully. "I haven't been laid since more than a year and you are complaining that you are getting too much tail from her? Hello? Reality check?"

Lonne laughed and grinned. "Yeah, sorry about that! It's just..." He fell silent. "You know she is always doing me at least twice. If not more often. Whenever I have come, she just wants to ride my knot again."

Utay turned his head and raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah!" Lonne went on. "She does not wait until the tying is over, she just rides it once more and..."

"Stop right there. I really don't wanna know!"

"No. I just wanted to say that I wonder about it. I mean, I am sure that she knows about tying, doesn't she? So she is... Well, I have never met anyone who was so..."

Utay exhaled and shrugged his shoulders. "Bunnies will be bunnies."

"Yeah..." Lonne fell silent. "It just made me think that if she's so... yeah, well horny." He laughed shortly. "I don't think that she would mind if you would get involved too..."

Utay stared at his twin brother. "Are you really that drunk?"

“No! No! Not at all... I was just thinking... She likes you too and... You know, you could help out your brother here.”

For a moment Utay just stared at Lonne. “You are drunk!”

Lonne did not answer, but then he approached Utay and laid his arm over his brother’s shoulder, so that Utay could smell the alcohol in his breath. “Come on, I know you and I know her. She likes you, I can see it in her eyes.”

Utay raised his head and looked straight into Lonne’s eyes. “Look, I really don’t think this is a good idea. Because...” The wolf hesitated for a moment, gulped and then his eyes narrowed. “Has it ever occurred to you that I might like her too? Except that you were there when she...” He fell silent.

“What about me?”

The two brothers raised their heads.

Fiamore was standing right in front of them, the moonlight shimmering in her wet hair which she pushed slowly out of her face while she looked down on the two brothers who were so close to each other. Lonne was stunned by the effect and when he turned his head and looked at Utay he saw that she had exactly the same effect on him.

“Come!” Lonne raised his hand and held it out to her.

Fiamore smiled, took his hand and he gently pulled her towards him, so that she sank down right between the two brothers, leaning against their joined shoulders. Lonne to her left, Utay to her right, leaning against the shoulders of the two larger men, snuggling up against them and letting out a light sigh of comfort. She kept on smiling, feeling really comfortable so close to both of them and watching the fire. The fire made her a little bit sleepy as she enjoyed the warmth and the presence of the two wolves. It never even occurred to her to wonder about Utay being where he was, even though she had never been so close to him before.

Utay exchanged a look with Lonne and Lonne just closed his eyes for a short moment.

Utay looked down on the bunny and in this moment she raised her face and smiled at him and the wolf was suddenly feeling weak.

He closed his eyes and lowered his head and it felt perfectly natural that his lips met hers while he did so.

Utay's lips were very much like Lonne's, but the way he kissed her was different. It was less gentle and he did not kiss her as long as Lonne usually did. It was nothing but a short, quick one he gave her, then he broke it again, hesitated for a moment and kissed her again, still exploring her lips and her mouth with lips dry from his own agitation.

When he finally broke the kiss and he looked at her, her eyes did not show surprise or astonishment, it was rather curiosity he could see there as if she tried to deduce what he would be doing next.

She felt a hand at her chin and Lonne gently made her turn her head, so that they joined in a kiss. It tickled upon her lips and while she indulged in this feeling, she could feel another hand starting to caress her long, soft ears, stroking them gently as they ran along their length. She broke the kiss with Lonne and turned her head towards Utay again and she joined in another kiss with him.

Lonne watched both of them and smiled a little bit. He raised his hand and let it come down on her chestfur, he stroked it gently, let his fingers curl the soft, fluffy strands and tickle the skin underneath while the hand wandered on and approached the laced hemline of her dress. Slowly his fingers undid the loop there and then laid the strings aside, loosened them a little bit, before he pulled the edges apart and thus exposed the curves of her breasts.

Fiamore broke her kiss with Utay and turned her head towards Lonne again. The wolf smiled at her and leaned his forehead against hers. Seeing the broad grin upon his face, the bunny giggled a little bit and they kissed again while Utay lowered his head a little bit and a moment later his lips closed around her very erect nipple for the first time.

The bunny girl did not even twitch in surprise, she just moaned a little bit in delight and when Utay heard this sound he fully buried his face in the soft fur and the soft fabric of her chest, inhaling deeply, feeling her scents filling his nostrils for the first time and yearning for more.

The room was filled with golden light that shimmered on the polished wooden floor of the small lodge. The sun shone directly through the two large western windows and poured its late evening light into the room, shimmering upon the dim copper of some pots which sat on a rack, caught in the reddish fabric of an old fading tapestry, casting shadows upon thrown down clothing, outlining the silhouette of the iron stove and bathing the furs on the ground, letting the droplets of perspiration shimmer upon the dark gray fur of the two wolves who had taken the bunny girl into their middle, her lighter fur standing out between them while she wallowed in the feelings and sensations of the double penetration. The hips of the wolves moving smoothly, gently brushing over the fur of her backside and her abdomen while the two sexes slipped fluently in and out of her sex and her tailhole and filled her entirely and receded again like tides of carnal pleasure.

Fiamore had not been able to resist them as everyone had foreseen. The mere presence of the two men had fuelled her desire to a point far beyond reason where she would immerse herself in their love, their passion and the arousal she elicited in them, that she had been able to feel pressing hard against her hips when she had kissed them. There was never a doubt about Utay's and Lonne's affection for her, as there was neither any doubt about her love for them which she had shown them with her frantic kisses and the delight she had expressed when their warm, rough hands had wandered over her body, stroking her fur and removing her clothes, until she had been all naked for them and had pressed herself against them, making sure that they had felt the curves of her body and her restlessness which let her nipples twitch in eager anticipation and her fluids flow freely between her thighs.

She had felt captivated the moment she had held both of their sexes in her paws, the two thick, sturdy shafts pulsing powerfully and their dark smooth surfaces glistening in the golden light which had come in through the windows while she had caressed them with her hands, kneeling down between them and finally opening her mouth wide to receive them, yearning for their taste upon her tongue. The two wolves had gasped breathlessly, once again taken aback by her devotion and at the same time totally overcome by the thrill she could provoke so easily within both of them, her lips wandering from one to the other until they had marked her face with their semen.

Using nothing but their fingers and their tongues they had sent the feverish girl into several climaxes, while they had adored her with their caresses, had paid her back and had prepared her for what was yet to come. Three hands wandering all over her body, touching her soft spots and teasing her sensible ones while the injured wolf and his brother had covered her with kisses until she had closed her eyes and had moaned in pleasure, feeling as if she was lying in a soft bed made of such kisses, coming from these rough lips and when she had opened her eyes again to the golden light which filled the room the tongue which had teased her

mons and caressed her clit had sent her into her first intense climax, followed by a myriad others, small and large as the brothers had smiled to each other and had enjoyed fooling around with her until she had not been able to take it anymore and had raised to all fours and had moaned in fulfillment when she had been penetrated by Lonne for the first time.

Both of them had taken her roughly from behind, their eagerness breaking through and taking over the better of them while their sexes had been sinking into her soft, wet folds. While she had been rocked by the thrusts of one of them, the other one had been sitting by her side, soothing the overwhelming intensity she had been exposed to with kisses, gentle caresses and soft words, hands carefully running over her soft fur and stroking her back while she had gasped for breath, her breasts swinging whenever a lupine pelvis had hit her bottom.

The two wolves had taken her in their arms and had cherished her with their kisses afterwards, snuggling up to her, teasing her with a few bad jokes while their hands had adored her form and the softness of her fur, but she had felt that they still had not entirely spent themselves and she had loosened herself from them so that she could straddle Lonne, mounting him with her sex and offering her tailhole to Utay whose sex had caused a short pain when it had pressed into her, but then it had slipped in all the way and she had been overcome by it.

The leaves rustled in the light wind which arose and blew down from the mountainside towards the lower areas, so that they danced in the evening sun while birds chirped and the sounds came in through the two opened windows, mixing with the whimpering of the bunny girl who was overcome by her delight and her joy while her two lovers rode her with a slow and steady rhythm, pleasuring her as well as they could, while they were also overcome by what they received from her, her tightened sex and tailhole holding their members in a hot and wet embrace, sending jolts of pure bliss through their muscled bodies, urging them to go on, devoting more passion and power to their lovemaking until the bunny between them was gasping for breath.

Finally she felt how the lupine knots pressed into her and she climaxed with a scream which mixed with the groans of the two men who felt how her body accepted their knots which slipped into both of her openings and nestled in their, while the two powerfully shafts throbbed and twitched in the hold of her inner muscles and released the semen of the two men.

Their mutual screams faded away in between the trees and a moment later there was nothing but the sound of birds and leaves left which rustled soothingly while some cool breeze passed between them.

In the little lodge the two furs lay in a tight embrace, the bunny tied to the two men and ravished by the feeling of perfect satisfaction she experienced while the



two men whispered to her, stroked her and kissed her, their sexes still throbbing deep within her body.

Later, when the light had almost disappeared and most of the lodge's interior was already hidden in intense shadows as there was nothing but a faint purple sheen of sunlight in the sky left, Fiamore sighed in pleasure while Lonne's healthy hand teased her netherlips while she licked and kissed Utay's sex, licking off the semen which was still sticking to it and allowing its taste to linger upon her tongue.

"If you got a child now, who would be the father?" Utay asked slowly.

Fiamore raised her head and smiled at him. "Both of you. Or do you think we will ever know the difference?"

Utay laughed a little bit. "True, true..."

"I don't care," Lonne remarked. "I will love whatever will come from these hips." He leaned forward and kissed the round shape of her buttock.

For a moment they were silent and Fiamore gently licked the side of Utay's shaft before she raised her head again. "And I am known that I will be pregnant, but not with one child: It will be twins."

Utay smiled and so did Lonne.

Utay slowly took Fiamore in his arms and pulled her upwards while Lonne approached as well, so that the two wolves could snuggle up with the smaller bunny girl, rubbing their heads against hers, leaving behind the occasional kiss, their arms holding her softly and warmly while a cool breeze came in from outside where the sun had disappeared entirely to leave behind a clear sky with a myriad of stars, the Celestial River running through them and the three moons shining brightly while there was no sound in the forest anymore except for the light rustle of leaves and the gentle breathing of the three furs inside the small lodge who snuggled up to each other, the bunny girl between the two men, as they listened to each other's heartbeats and slowly drifted off together.

The End.

Thanks for reading!