

Joining the People

By Farleven

Huffing and puffing. The air nipped at her as she took her morning run. Julie was always grateful for the wooded parks near her home. In the busy rat race that her life had become, getting out a bit into nature always helped her relax. Just put on some tunes and off she went.

She barely even paid much attention to the details anymore. After running the same route for years, it all became a blur, blending through the seasons and random weather of rural Massachusetts. The familiarity helped of course.

Except for today. Today something was wrong.

She hadn't really noticed it at first, but as she jogged more, she realized that she didn't recognize the path any longer. It was growing wilder, and the paved path had narrowed until she was surprised to be jogging on nothing more than a beaten down walking path of dirt. When she turned around to look at where she came from, she couldn't even see the path she had been following.

Julie was starting to get worried now and she pulled out her phone, at least she didn't have to worry about getting lost since she had GPS. She turned the phone on and pulled up her map app, and waited, and waited. There was no signal. She was used to the cell not working sometimes, but the GPS always did, at least normally.

Now, she was getting worried. The path continued into the woods, and with no clear route back, she just hoped there was something at the other end. Not knowing what else to do, she pulled herself together and kept forward. For the first time in years, she really listened to the sounds of the woods, the rustling of the trees and the calls of various birds. As strange as this day was, that was calming to her.

Eventually, she heard the sound of women giggling and laughing. People! At least that gave her some hope. They could point her in the right direction to get home or even give her a ride.

Julie followed the sound, picking up the pace. As the sounds grew closer, she heard the splashing of water as well. The voices grew more distinct, but she couldn't understand what they were saying. It was almost like they were speaking another language, but it wasn't one that she'd ever heard before.

Then she finally cleared the brush along the path and caught sight of the women. They were gathered at the edge of a small stream, most of them naked and splashing in the water. A few were on the shore wearing what looked like deer skin dresses. It was like something out of a history book. Julie just froze as she took in the scene.

One of the girls spotted her and began talking to the others and pointing at her. There was a general air of shock and one of the older women on the shore stood up and walked over to Julie. The woman narrowed her eyes and looked at Julie carefully as she approached. Julie was doing the same. While she was dressed in a snug shirt and running shorts, the woman walking towards her was wearing a deer skin dress complete with small runs of beads. Her hair was long and dark and framed a beautiful, round, middle aged face. Her skin was tanned, but not too dark. It was like some woman stepped right out of a Native American history book.

The woman spoke again in a calming tone, though Julie had no idea what she was saying. She reached out her hand and motioned for Julie to follow. Not knowing quite what else to do, she nodded and followed.

"Hello, I'm Julie." She motioned to herself.

The old woman smiled and nodded but kept guiding Julie down another path, away from the stream. The girls continued to watch as Julie walked away and then went back to their fun.

The old woman rebuffed any other attempt by Julie to communicate and led her into what looked every bit like an old native village. There were rough hewn long houses and several fire pits nearby. The smells of roasting meat and vegetables filled the air. Julie's stomach rumbled a bit at that, she hadn't had much of a breakfast and whatever they were cooking smelled good.

Finally, the woman led her into one of the long houses. Inside a single man sat. He was older and wrinkled but clearly of the same stock as the woman. His features were a bit starker, and his long hair was pulled back behind his head. He looked at Julie and smiled, his eyes twinkling. The way his face glowed as he smiled softened Julie's concern a bit, he had the look of smiling often.

The woman walked up before him and knelt on the floor and motioned for Julie to do the same. Their smiles were warm and welcoming, and Julie decided it was best to join them.

The old man tilted his head and looked at her for a moment and then held up his hand. In the dim open room of the long house, Julie could see his fingers start to glow. He looked at her, smiling as the glow grew brighter, until it was almost hard to look at and then there was a flash.

"Greetings, follower of the path." He spoke. His voice was oddly lyrical, the language wasn't English and yet Julie could understand it. "We have been expecting you."

"Expecting me? But what is this... place..." Julie paused realizing that she wasn't speaking English either but the same strange sounding language as the man had. Her eyes grew wide and she slid back. "And how am I talking like this."

"Relax, follower..." The man waved his hand and Julie felt the anxiety slip from her mind. It was like she suddenly couldn't worry. She knew that was wrong, but that crazy fact didn't summon a proper wave of additional worry either.

"Where am I?" Julie asked again. That certainly seemed like the most important question right now.

"The valley of the green hills, our home, and now your home." He smiled.

"My home? No... I live... I have a job. I need to go back..." Julie shook her head. Something was very wrong here. As soon as he said this was her home, she felt it, deeply, in a way that defied reason. She'd always been a bit of a wanderer, never quite rooted, but with just a word from him, this place was suddenly all she wanted. She didn't even know anything about it, but there was just this overwhelming feeling.

"Your world is here now, with us, the people." The woman turned and smiled at her. Her words didn't carry that same weight of truth. Something was happening here. Still, Julie couldn't worry, not in the regular sense. She didn't feel the twisting of her stomach or the ache of anxiety, but there was still a cool part of her mind telling her that this was all wrong.

"Why?" Julie managed to ask. That burrowing of truth that old man had unleashed was driving deeper into her. The questions were getting harder to form.

"It is a difficult thing, our people are few, and children precious. This season has been hard for us, we have lost two of our mothers in their birthings. So, we have asked the spirits for their aid. As before they have sent us one who has walked the path, as we did long ago." The old man explained.

"No... I'm not... I need to..." Julie shook her head, trying to clear it. She should be worried, she should move! Yet, she had to relax, he told her to relax. Logic called out to her, but her feelings remained cool.

"You need only stay here, bring new life to our people. There is joy here, serenity. When your people

came to our lands so long ago, our matrons spoke with the spirits, they learned of what was to come and they beseeched them for protection. The spirits gave us the path, and the path led to the valley, as it did you." He smiled. "This path is only open for one who belongs here."

Julie gasped, suddenly feeling a rush of belonging as his words sank in. She'd never quite fit in before, and now, somehow, this place. This was where she belonged. The feeling was so deep, so powerful it almost made her cry with joy. Inside she tried to tell herself it was wrong, this wasn't true, but the feeling washed over those doubts and drove them out.

As Julie swooned, the old man turned to the woman and nodded. She rose and walked out of the long house. Julie slowly came back down. The rush of emotions was just too much to keep a grip on. It was hard to even think straight. If she didn't know better she'd have thought she'd been drugged.

The woman returned with a young man. Julie would have guessed he was around her age. His skin was tanned, and he wore nothing beyond a deer skin loin cloth. His long dark hair was pulled back in a rough ponytail, keeping his hair out of his face. His face was round with a few sharp edges, but his smile was wide and his eyes kind. While he wasn't a body builder by any means, he was lean, but his muscles were easy to see.

"He is to be yours if you want him. His betrothed was one that we lost this season, it was to be her first child. He has called out to the spirits for another chance. He is strong and kind, a good hunter." The old woman explained as she knelt next to Julie again.

"Mine?" Julie asked in surprise. This wasn't right either, and yet... He was very attractive, and there was something in his eyes. The way he looked at her, not as an object to be gawked at but with concern and protectiveness. Her heart had already been melted by the old man's words. She didn't know that she could resist this offering now.

"Slowly, new friend, slowly. It is best you get to know him first, perhaps you would prefer another." The old man spoke again. His words filling her mind to the brim again. So full... She wasn't getting married, just introduced.

"Nahata, take her, show her she belongs with us. I will come later to help her find her new home." The old woman told the young man. He nodded. He looked nervous and excited all together.

"Yes, and take the spark, so that you can help guide her, as she needs." The old man held out his hand, and the glow that possessed him dimmed for a moment until it collected in a small floating ball in his hand. Nahata reached out and touched it, and his hand took on the glow for a moment and faded. "It will last for the day."

"Shall we go?" Nahata turned to Julie. It was a question, though it somehow drilled into her with the same intensity that the old man's words had. That spark had some power over her, but she beyond the realization, there seemed to be little she could do about it.

Julie nodded and rose, taking his hand to help get up. He led her out of the long house and back into the center of the village. Julie took a deep breath, taking in the sight again. Now it was like she was truly home, back to where she belonged, among these long homes and open woods. She couldn't explain it, but the feeling burned inside her.

"Your clothes are strange. You come from the other land?" He asked as he looked at her shirt and shorts, and especially her shoes.

"Yes... the other land..." Julie nodded. She couldn't quite put her words together, what more should she say?

"And you have come to us, to me. I can show you more, but I would like you to know me better, so that I

can show you I understand a woman's needs." He smiled at her. His words rocking her again. Go with him? That was what she should do.

"Yes, please." Julie nodded. His manner was both direct and shy. There was a cuteness that pulled at her, and yet she knew there was strength as well. It was all churning inside her addled mind, and she struggled to keep up.

"Then I know a good place." He nodded and quickly grabbed a blanket and motioned for Julie to follow him.

She was surprised he took off in a light run, but found the chase helped her to clear her thoughts and focus. She was running after a native man, almost naked by modern standards. He was taking her into the woods to introduce himself, to show he understood her needs as a woman. It wasn't hard for her to figure out what that meant, and yet, even as she seemed able to think about it again, she didn't change her course, and followed him into a small grassy clearing along a stream.

It was as wild a place as Julie had ever been. There were no well-worn paths, no cars, no planes. Just the two of them and the sound of bubbling water and rustling leaves. She could see rabbits on the other side of the stream, drinking and hopping. There was no denying this was a special place.

Nahata threw down the blanket and grabbed for her. She giggled like a schoolgirl as she was pulled down into his embrace, tumbling onto the blanket. She ended up on top, looking down at him, her whole body weighing down on him. Again, she swooned for a moment, and before she could stop herself, she leaned down and kissed him on the lips, timidly at first and then with more passion as he pushed up to meet her advance.

"You wanted to show me something?" Julie asked, still feeling strange hearing her words come out in another language. She smiled as her hand slid over his pecks. He was so strong...

He smiled and slid his hands up, awkwardly figuring out how to pull her shirt up and off. He looked a bit disappointed as he pulled off her top only to see her gray sports bra still keeping her round chest contained. Julie laughed a bit and then helped him. She felt suddenly so wild, so unchained. Everything about this was so unreal, and yet it didn't feel like a dream.

She tossed her bra away with abandon and then helped him to pull off her shorts and panties. Another bit of awkwardness came as she slipped her feet out of her shoes and socks. Then she was naked and she reached for his loincloth. He smiled as she fumbled with the leather straps, but she managed to work it free.

"Oh... my..." Julie gasped as she saw his girth, already rising to the occasion. Her passions were already stirred. Her mind raced. Was she really doing this? It was all so crazy! She shook her head and looked at him. How could she want a man she'd just met so much? There was more though, something deeper pushing her.

"You feel it? The need?" He asked as he reached up and stroked her bare chest as she knelt over his thighs. His touch sent sparks of pleasure through her as he tenderly slid his fingers over her soft breasts, and traced around her hard nipples. Julie moaned, her pussy clenching in eagerness for what was being promised. She'd never felt so turned on by so little. It was almost like she was losing her mind, but there was something else, inside her, fanning her flames.

"Oh... oh god... I..." Julie pushed her chest into his warm hands and moaned. It felt so good! Yet, she knew it was just the beginning. Her hand slid down to his shaft, feeling his hardness throbbing at her touch.

"You want this. To be one with the people." He drew a ragged breath as she squeezed him gently. His words were not questions, they were statements, they burned into her. She could feel them driving her deeper.

To be...

To be one with him... one with the people...

"Yes..." She nodded, her eyes almost glassy as the idea took root in her mind. He pushed up and suddenly she was rolling onto her back, her legs spreading wide. His cock poised at her gates. His touch against her bare skin.

She tried to think, but it was like trying to swim up a waterfall. The needs of her flesh were so strong, her need to be one with his people. Somehow, she knew the depth of the choice, and it was overwhelming her. She had a job! Family! Yet, the needs of this moment were so much stronger. Julie wanted to hold on, but it kept slipping.

"Oh... my..." Julie felt the tip of his cock nudge into her, gently parting her bare wet nether lips. A wave of pleasure shot up through her, driving out her thoughts, pushing aside everything but her need. "Yes... please..."

He smiled down at her and then thrust into her, filling her with one long measured stroke. Julie cried out in pleasure as he drove deep inside her, spreading her open with his long hard shaft.

"You will be one of the people." He grunted as he began pulled back then filled her again. "You will find joy with us and make us strong."

"Yes... joy... strong..." Julie moaned as his cock rubbed inside her. His words burning into her brain. She couldn't think anything else. It felt so good! Everything felt so perfect. She was being taken in the middle of the woods, naked, surrounded by nature aside from the wild man laying claim to her. Somehow, now, it was all she ever wanted.

She thrust her hips up to meet his and pulled him down. Their bodies pressing together as he ravaged her. Every thrust filling her with pleasure, and promise. The aching need inside her grew stronger as she panted and moaned. Her need for him drove her lips to kiss him with abandon.

"Your children will keep us strong." He added, his thrusts growing harder, pounding against her.

"My... children..." Julie gasped, the idea almost penetrating the haze of her lust, but it baked into her mind as well, joining the other thoughts, the other needs. She'd never been sure she wanted children before, and now, suddenly, it was her greatest passion.

"Yes... oh... god... please... plant your seed inside me..." Julie's mind taking up the way the people used those words. It all felt so natural, to be planted and to grow. So perfect.

He thrust hard and groaned. Julie could feel him drive deep inside her and then a flow of heat. She cried out, her own orgasm hitting her as she felt his seed fill her. The pleasure washing over her. There was no condom, and somehow she knew that she was fertile now, that her birth control no longer mattered. It was an idea that would have scared her only hours ago, but now, it only fueled the fire of her release.

He rolled off of her gently and then pressed close as they basked in the warmth of their shared pleasures. His hands gently stroking at her bare flesh.

"You are happy?" He asked as he rubbed at her belly just over her womb.

"Yes... so happy..." Julie cooed, content for the first time in years. Everything still felt so strange and yet she knew she was one of the people now. This was home, where she belonged. She turned her head to look at him.

"Would you... like to plant me again? You don't need to be back?" Julie blushed, somehow eager for more. She knew she would be with child soon enough, but there was plenty of time to make sure.

"We can take as long as you like." He grinned and kissed her again. On a day like today, there was no need to go back soon.

Many moons later, Julie sat at the edge of the stream watching as her children splashed in the river with the others from the village. She smiled as she looked at them. It had been a hard season, and the children had felt it too. Life with the people had been so good, even in the tough times she found happiness.

Then a cool breeze rolled through from the woods. A familiar scent ticked at her nose. Julie turned to look at the brush, towards the old trail. It didn't lead anywhere, and there was no need to walk it, but today, she saw the brush moving.

A woman walked out, she looked dazed and a bit confused. She was dressed in a skirt and blouse and carried a small backpack over her shoulder. Julie smiled and rose. The people would be kept strong. The spirits would always provide.

The End.

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