

Story:
Frank Romano

SKYLAR

The FOREST

RANGER


Part 05



Young Girl
www.pigking.com.br

SKYLA, AFTER SPOTTING THE SEAPLANE LANDING AT THE ATOLL, BLENDS INTO THE CAVE. SHE MOVES WITH PANTHER-LIKE STEALTH, HER BODY THRUMMING WITH ADRENALINE AND SOMETHING ELSE, A HEAT POOLING LOW IN HER BELLY AS SHE CLOSSES IN UNDETECTED.



A man with a beard, wearing a brown corduroy jacket and dark trousers, is sitting on the edge of a bright yellow inflatable boat. He is looking down at a smartphone in his hands. The boat is positioned next to a yellow seaplane with black accents. The background shows a dark, rocky shoreline and some water. A white speech bubble is positioned above the man, containing text.

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU? I ALREADY
DELIVERED THE ANIMALS TO THE BUYER, AND
NOW I'M STUCK HERE WAITING TO LOAD MORE
BLUE MACAWS.



GODDAMMIT... SHOULD'VE
KNOWN THESE MORONS WOULD
GHOST ME.



ALRIGHT, DIESEL. HE'S ALONE... TIME TO STRIKE.



LET'S DISMANTLE THIS TRAFFICKING RING- AND LATER...

SKYLA MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARD THE THUG SEATED NEAR THE SEAPLANE. HER MUSCLES TENSE AS SHE CROUCHES, HER BODY WARM WITH ADRENALINE. HER LIPS BRUSH CLOSE TO DIESEL'S EAR AS SHE WHISPERS A COMMAND, HER VOICE HUSKY WITH RESTRAINED AROUSAL.



A woman with short brown hair, wearing a grey t-shirt, a tan vest, and white shorts, is crouching next to a large grey and white wolf. She has a large backpack on her back and is looking at the wolf. The wolf has yellow eyes and is looking towards the camera. They are in a cave with a stone wall and a sandy floor.


DIESEL, STAY SHARP. KEEP
WATCH AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE FOR
ME.



I'M GOING TO OVERPOWER THIS BASTARD AND EXPLORE EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE.

SKYLA GLIDES THROUGH THE SHADOWS, HER LITHE BODY BLENDING WITH THE DARKNESS AS SHE CLOSES IN ON THE SMUGGLER. EACH STEP IS MEASURED, HER SENSES HEIGHTENED BY THE THRILL OF THE HUNT.

THE THUG IS CONSUMED BY HIS PHONE
FRUSTRATION - THE PERFECT DISTRACTION.
SHE FEELS BOTH A CHILL DOWN HER SPINE
AND WARMTH BETWEEN HER THIGHS AT HIS
VULNERABILITY.



FUCK... NO ONE'S ANSWERING. THIS SHIT'S USELESS WHEN YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE WITH NO SIGNAL.

MOVING WITH PANTHER-LIKE GRACE, SKYLA SLIPS BEHIND THE SMUGGLER. HER TONED ARMS SNAKE AROUND HIS NECK IN A LETHAL EMBRACE, HER BREASTS PRESSING AGAINST HIS BACK AS SHE EXECUTES THE CHOKEHOLD WITH PERFECT PRECISION.

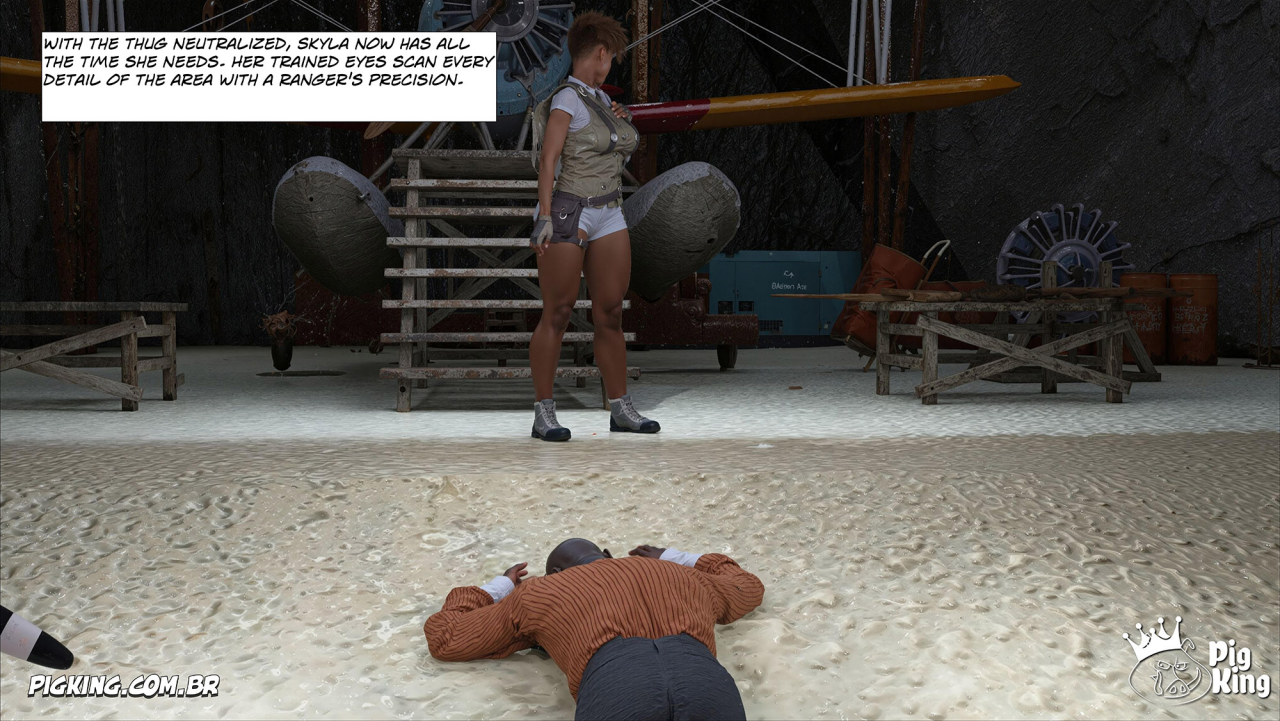
URK... ACK...

URK...

ACK...

NIGHT NIGHT, MOTHERFUCKER.
NATURE'S COLLECTING ITS DEBT
TODAY.

WITH THE THUG NEUTRALIZED, SKYLA NOW HAS ALL THE TIME SHE NEEDS. HER TRAINED EYES SCAN EVERY DETAIL OF THE AREA WITH A RANGER'S PRECISION.



DAMN... THIS IS A
SOPHISTICATED OPERATION. TRACKING,
LOGISTICS, EVERYTHING'S
PROFESSIONALLY SET UP.

I NEED TO DOCUMENT AND REPORT
THIS BASE TO WILDLIFE PROTECTION
IMMEDIATELY.

BUT FIRST, I'LL DISABLE
ALL THEIR GEAR. NO COMMS,
NO BUSINESS.

IN THE DRY RECESSES OF THE CAVE, BEYOND THE WATER'S REACH, SKYLA DISCOVERS THE METICULOUSLY ORGANIZED OPERATION. HER GAZE SWEEPS OVER THE TOOLS, THE SECOND SEAPLANE SUSPENDED ABOVE, FUEL TANKS. AS HER FINGERS TRACE THE DOCUMENTS ON THE TABLE, A SHIVER OF TRIUMPH RUNS DOWN HER SPINE - THE SMOKING GUN AT LAST.



A female character with short brown hair, wearing a grey t-shirt, dark shorts, and a large grey backpack, is leaning over a wooden table. She is pointing at a document on the table with her right hand. Several other documents are scattered on the table. In the background, a yellow biplane is docked on a wooden pier next to a body of water. The scene is set in a dark, rocky environment.

COMPLETE RECORDS: FLIGHT PATHS, TRANSPORTED SPECIMENS, BUYERS. THE ENTIRE CRIMINAL SUPPLY CHAIN DOCUMENTED.

A female character with a large grey backpack is leaning over a wooden table, examining several papers. She is wearing a grey t-shirt, denim shorts, and a brown utility harness. The background is a dark, rocky wall.

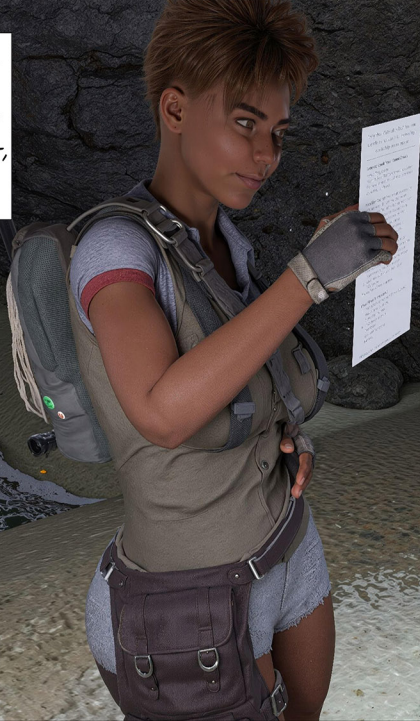
WITH THIS INTEL, WE CAN
PREDICT EVERY SHIPMENT.
INTERCEPTION GUARANTEED.

THIS NEEDS TO REACH NATIONAL WILDLIFE OPS IMMEDIATELY. PRIMARY EVIDENCE.

A female character with short brown hair, wearing a grey tactical vest over a light blue t-shirt, white shorts, and a large grey backpack. She is leaning over a wooden table, pointing at a document with her right hand. The table has several other documents scattered on it. The background shows a rustic, stone-walled interior with wooden beams and two orange metal cans.

WITH THIS PROOF, WE'LL
DISMANTLE THIS NETWORK ROOT
AND BRANCH.

SKYLA'S BODY RESPONDS BEFORE HER MIND - A THRILL OF AROUSAL COURSES DOWN HER SPINE AS SHE GRASPS THE DISCOVERY'S SIGNIFICANCE. HER FINGERS TREMBLE SLIGHTLY HANDLING THE DOCUMENTS, HER BREATH COMING FASTER. FOR ONE DANGEROUS MOMENT, THE HUNTER'S HIGH OVERRIDES HER USUAL VIGILANCE.



BRUTAL HANDS SEIZE SKYLA FROM BEHIND IN A STEEL EMBRACE. THE THUG PASSES HIS BODY FLUSH AGAINST HERS, PINNING HER WITH ANIMAL STRENGTH. HIS HEAT AND RAGGED BREATH ASSAULT HER NECK.

AH!

YOU BITCH! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SHIT... THIS BRUTE'S GOT
FREAKISH STRENGTH. CAN'T
EVEN BUDGE.

WELL, WELL... LOOK WHAT
THE CAT DRAGGED IN. SEEMS I
GOT MYSELF A NEW PLAYTHING
TODAY.

WHAT?!

YOU DISGUSTING PIG!
LET ME GO!

LET GO? DREAM ON, SWEETHEART.
TONIGHT YOU'LL LEARN WHAT REAL
PLEASURE IS.

JUST WHEN ALL SEEMED
LOST FOR SKYLA...

GRRRRRRR!



WHAT THE FUCK?!

GRRUNCH

DIESEL WOLF SINKS HIS TEETH INTO THE THUG'S ARM, FORCING HIM TO RELEASE SKYLA.



MOTHERFUCKER... TAKE THIS!

GRRR!

WITH A FLUID LEAP, SKYLA DRIVES HER KNEE INTO THE THUG'S CHIN - THE CRACK REVERBERATES THROUGH THE CAVE AS HE COLLAPSES UNCONSCIOUS.

GRRR!

CRUNCH!

WHOOOSH!

AFTER SECURING THE SMUGGLERS WITH SURVIVAL ROPE, SKYLA'S CHEST STILL HEAVES WITH ADRENALINE AS SHE REACHES FOR HER RADIO.

DIESEL.... YOU SAVED MY ASS,
BOY. NOW THESE FUCKERS WILL FACE
JUSTICE.

GOD... I'M SO TURNED
ON... FUCK ME... I'M DRIPPING
WET.

AT THAT MOMENT,
DIESEL LETS OUT A
SHARP HOWL, AS IF
CALLING SOMEONE.


AWOOO!

WITHOUT WASTING A SECOND,
SKYLA STRIPS COMPLETELY
NAKED AND KNEELS DOWN,
EMBRACING DIESEL WHILE
STROKING HIS ALREADY
THROBBING HARD COCK.

SWICK...
SWICK...

YOU HORNY WOLF, THE SECOND
I GET NAKED, YOU'RE ALREADY
ROCK HARD FOR ME.

SWICK...
SWICK...



I TRAINED YOU SO WELL, BABY.
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY ALPHA
MALE.

SWICK...
SWICK...

I WANNA RIDE THAT PERFECT
COCK OF YOURS, MY ALPHA.

SWICK...

SWICK...

NOW LICK MY ASS, LOVER. I
WANNA FEEL THAT HOT TONGUE
SLIDING OVER MY HOLE.

SWICK...
SWICK...

SKYLA GETS ON ALL FOURS,
HER ASS RAISED LIKE A FEAST
FOR DIESEL. WITHOUT WASTING
TIME, THE WOLF STARTS
LICKING HER PUSSY, AND SKYLA
FEELS HIS HOT TONGUE MIXING
WITH THE SWEET JUICES
FLOWING FROM HER WET SLIT.

SLURP...

SLURP...

HMMM...

HAHA...

SLURP...

SLURP...

HAHA...

OH MY GOD, DIESEL...
YOUR TONGUE IS AMAZING.

HMMM...

SLURP...

SLURP...

HAAA...

YES, I WANT TO FEEL YOU
LICKING ME, YOU'RE DRIVING ME
CRAZY WITH LUST.

HMMM...



SLURP...

SLURP...

HAAA...

LICK ME, MY ALPHA MALE.

HMMM...

HAAA...

I'M YOUR SLUT, GIVE
ME PLEASURE.

HMMM...

SLURP...

SLURP...

WHILE THE THUGS ARE UNCONSCIOUS AND TIED UP, SKYLA SPENDS HER FREE TIME BEING DIESEL'S LITTLE BITCH.

SLURP...

SLURP...

HAAA...

HMMM...

STILL ON ALL FOURS, SKYLA
FEELS DIESEL POSITION
HIMSELF BEHIND HER AND
THRUST HIS ENTIRE LENGTH
INSIDE HER IN ONE POWERFUL
STROKE.

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

HAAAAA!!!!



FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

OHhh... MY GOD, DIESEL...
MMMh... YOU HIT MY PUSSYUSSY
JUST RIGHT... AHhh...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

SUCH A DELICIOUS
COCK... MMMH... FUCK
ME... AHHH... FUCK ME
HARD...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

I'M YOUR
PET... MMMH... I'M
YOUR LITTLE SLUT...
AHHH...

FUCK...
FUCK...

FUCK...

HAHA...

HMMM...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

HAHA...

HMMM...

FUCK... FUCK...

FUCK...

HAAA...

HMMM...



HAAA...
HMMM...

FUCK...
FUCK...
FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...



FUCK...
FUCK...
FUCK...

HMMM...
HAAA...



FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

HAAA...

HMMM...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

HMMM...

HAAA...



FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

HAHA...

HMMM...

HAHA...
HMMM...

FUCK...
FUCK...
FUCK...



HMMM...

HAAA...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...



FUCK...
FUCK...
FUCK...

HAHA...

HMMM...

FUCK... FUCK... FUCK...

HMMM...

HAAA...



FUCK...

FUCK... FUCK...

HAHA...

HMMM...

SKYLA ROLLS DIESEL
ONTO HIS BACK AND
STARTS RIDING HIS
COCK, BOUNCING HARD
ON HIS SHAFT.

HMMM...

HAHA...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

HMMM...

HAAA...

THIS WAS SKYLA'S
FAVORITE POSITION TO
FUCK HER WOLF - SHE
LOVED BEING IN
COMPLETE CONTROL.

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

IN THIS POSITION, DIESEL'S
ENTIRE COCK PENETRATED
HER, WITH THE KNOT
STRETCHING HER PUSSY
WIDE OPEN.

HMMM...

HAAA...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

WITHOUT SKYLA NOTICING, AN UNEXPECTED GUEST WAS SLOWLY APPROACHING...

HMMM...

HAHA...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...

ANOTHER WOLF, A BLACK WOLF EVEN
BIGGER AND MORE IMPOSING THAN
DIESEL.

HMMM...

HAHA...

FUCK...

FUCK...

FUCK...



SKYLA GETS STARTLED BY THE BLACK WOLF'S PRESENCE, BUT SHE CAN'T GET OFF DIESEL - HIS SWOLLEN KNOT WAS LOCKED DEEP INSIDE HER PUSSY, KEEPING HER IMPALED ON HIM.

WHAT?!

SKYLA, TRAPPED AND IMPALED ON DIESEL'S COCK, NOTICES THE BLACK WOLF'S THROBBING ERECTION. SHE REALIZES HE DOESN'T MEAN HARM - HE JUST WANTS TO JOIN THE FUN.



HEY BIG BOY... YOU
WANNA BE MY FRIEND...
MY FUCK BUDDY?

COME HERE... LET ME
TOUCH THAT MASSIVE HARD
COCK OF YOURS.

STRANGELY, THE WOLF SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND SKYLA'S BODY LANGUAGE AND MOVES CLOSER, PANTING.




THAT'S IT, GOOD BOY...



I WANT THE SAME THING YOU
DO...

DIESEL'S COCK
FINALLY SOFTENS,
FREEING SKYLA FROM
BEING LOCKED IN
POSITION.



YOU WANT ME TO SUCK THAT
BIG BOY, DON'T YOU?

COME HERE, LIE DOWN AND I'LL
GIVE THIS HARD DICK SOME SPECIAL
ATTENTION.



END

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.