

## SPIRITS IN THE NIGHT

The two men wound their way up the wooded mountainside, the older, gray-haired one in buckskins keeping ahead of the young man in blue jeans and Charlie Daniels Band t-shirt. The old man kept talking and muttering, occasionally singing, to himself. But the young man was too out of breath to speak much. They had been climbing for hours.

Eventually, the old man stopped in a grove of pine trees. He stood, and waited for the younger man to join him. The dark haired youth came to the grove, and plopped down on a fallen tree, his chest pumping as he sought his breath. The elder man sat down gently beside him and smiled. "You are not used to this kind of trial, Chiktweesa," the man smiled.

"No, Grandfather," the youth replied. "How do you do it?"

"I call upon the spirit of the mountain, ask him to make the path smoother under my feet. I ask the spirit of the wind to blow cool upon my face and fill my lungs. They help me." The old man wore clothes handmade from tanned deerskin, and a beaded headband. Feathers were braided in his long, gray hair. Except for his Sears and Roebuck hikers boots, he looked like the stereotype of an old Indian the Hollywood movies made famous.

"And it really works?" asked the younger man. "I ask them for help as you taught me, but it doesn't get any easier."

"You are not yet a man, Chiktweesa," smiled Grandfather. "You must make peace with the spirits before they will help you."

"Is that why you brought me here?" panted the boy.

Steven Two Owls looked away into the shadows of the trees around them. His eyes were focused a million miles away as he spoke to his Grandson. "Many years before the white man came to this place, the Great Spirit made this mountain, and told our people to use it as our temple. It is a sacred place to us. Here, young braves were to meet their souls, to become men. You are now almost 16 summers old. In two weeks, the fathers of the tribe will accept you into our world. But you must be right with the spirits before that happens. It has been our way since the time of our ancestors. Here, on the Mountain of Signs, you must meet your spirit guide. Or you will never truly be one of the tribe."

The boy had his second wind now, and he looked into his grandfather's dark eyes as he asked, "What do I do?"

"At the top of this mountain," Two Owls replied, "is a special ceremony ground. It's not much to look at. Just a clear place, with a flat rock where thousands of young braves have slept, and a fire pit ringed with rocks marked with magic symbols. But it is ~taekchoo aahta~...powerful medicine. You must go there, alone. Take the things I told you to bring. When you get there, take off your clothes, so you look the same as the day you were born. That way, the spirits will not fail to recognize you. Take the bottle of ointment I gave you, and the feather. Use them to draw the mark of our tribe on your chest. Then sit by the firepit, with no fire, until the sun is well below the horizon. This way, the night spirits will see you before you light a fire. Sing or pray in the words of our people. Then stay in the sacred place until the sun is two hands above the horizon. Then get dressed and come down to me. I will be here waiting."

"And this will make me right with the spirits?"

"During the night, you will have a vision. Your spirit-guide will come to you, and you will know that you are right with the spirits. Then, you will be a man, and ready to join the tribe."

"What will my vision be?"

"Nobody can say, Chiktweesa. You may see a bear, or a wolf, or a bird, or a snake...anything. But the animal will not run from you or attack you. It will come to you, and make you a man. It may even be more than one animal, there is no way to know. But from that day, you will be known to the spirits." Then Steven Two Owls pulled a small pouch from his shoulder bag, and handed it to the boy. "This is something you may need. Be careful with it."

The two men stood then, and Grandfather pointed up the mountain. He placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and nodded. "Go on, Chiktweesa," he whispered. The boy started up the mountain.

The sun was low in the sky as Chiktweesa came to the top of the mountain. There was the firepit and the raised, flat-topped rock, just as Grandfather had said. He gathered twigs and wood, piling them by the firepit. Then he took the bags of things his Grandfather had given him and spread the things on the ground. There was a book of matches, a small red feather, a Pyrex test tube of oily green liquid stoppered with a cork, several beads of different colors, a handful of small bones, and several cigarettes. The sun was lower now, nearly touching the horizon. The boy began to take off his clothes, and soon was sitting naked in the cool grass. It felt good to him, the soft blades tickling his bare flesh, and each time he'd sit erect they brushed his dangling balls. He took the feather, dipped the quill in the oily ointment, and drew the emblem of his tribe on his bare chest. When the stylized puma was finished, he began to sing a song he'd been taught by his mother when he was just a baby. The words had never made any sense before, but here on this mountain, they began to have meaning. "Darkness and green sign and soft wind, silence and stars for your blanket..." he murmured. He watched as the sun slipped silently below the horizon.

When the sun was gone, Chiktweesa meditated for what seemed a long time. Then he built a fire in the pit, and soon the glow of flames flickered on the mountaintop. The boy did not have the patience his grandfather had, but he tried to wait as he knew he should. Soon, however, he began to grow sleepy. He lit one of the cigarettes, drawing the smoke into his lungs as he lay on the smooth sandstone slab. In the city he called home, the boy would have felt uncomfortable being naked under open sky. But here, where nobody but the Great Spirit could see, it felt perfectly normal. The cool rock under his back was hard but it felt good. The stars looked down on him, and the pale moon was a sliver of a coin in the black sky. Cool breezes tickled him gently, and much to his surprise, his soft prick began to swell. He tried to think of why he was there, but his hormones weren't listening.

He noticed that the smoke from his cigarette smelled odd. His mind tried to remember where he'd smelled it before. It eluded him for several minutes as he lay there, his penis becoming more rigid in the still night air. He wasn't aware of his hand reaching down to stroke his hardening shaft. But as the good feelings of his caress reached his mind, the memory came alive. He'd smelled the strange smoke on his father and the other Elders of the tribe when they'd been in council. He didn't know that it was tobacco smoke laced with peyote.

Chiktweesa was beginning to pump his hardon more passionately, his hand sliding up and down the shaft to the sound of his moans. Then he froze...he had heard something in the woods...a rough, coughing sound. He lay there, listening for long minutes. But he didn't move. Perhaps it was his spirit guide, come already.

Slowly, the boy climbed to a sitting position on the flat rock. He stared into the darkened forest around him, but nothing moved in his sight. He was scared inside, but his skin was tingling with excitement. The adrenaline and peyote in his system were a powerful combination, making

him both relaxed and nervous at once. Forgotten was his cock, still hard against his thigh. All his attention was on the trees which crowded in around the ceremonial area.

"Nerves," Chiktweesa murmured to himself. "Just nerves." He relaxed more, then turned towards the glowing fire...and froze. Sitting by the leaping flames were two huge cats. Both were like pumas, but bigger than any the boy had ever seen. And one of them was pure white, the white of mountain snow. The other was jet black, like the air in a cave. They sat by the firepit, staring at the boy with their immense eyes. The black one had eyes of golden amber, the white lion had eyes like blood, bright scarlet. Chiktweesa was suddenly very aware that he was naked and defenseless if these cats decided to attack him. He trembled, but found the courage to say, "I am Chiktweesa, son of Joseph Talltree, descendant of Steven Two Owls. I am of the Tribe of the Great Cat. Speak to me, that I may learn!"

But the words his grandfather had taught him sounded so frail, so weak. The only response from the two mountain lions was to stare at the boy, light-shadows dancing in their eyes. Then, as though on signal, the cats got to their feet, and began padding towards Chiktweesa. He sat, still as stone, while every fiber of him screamed to run. But he could not run, and he really didn't want to.

The huge cats leaped onto the flat stone, sitting beside Chiktweesa. He could feel the heat from their bodies against him, and hear their raspy breathing. Then the cats began to rub their blocky heads against him, just like housecats...gently insistent...and he wasn't afraid anymore. He reached up to one of the cats, scratching the black ears, and the white one rubbed harder against his side. "Jealous?" the boy asked. The white cat looked him in the eyes, and began to purr.

The short, smooth hair of the black cat began to feel strange under Chiktweesa's fingers. It didn't feel so short anymore. But the boy couldn't look...his eyes were locked in the gaze of the white puma. All the universe was swimming lazily in those sparkling, flame-red eyes. For what seemed like a hundred years, the boy and the cat stared at each other. Then the cat closed its eyes, and the spell was broken. Chiktweesa shook his head, and turned towards the black... puma? The cat was gone. And in its place was the most beautiful woman Chiktweesa had ever seen. His hand was on her head, his fingers scratching her ears, and she had tilted her head against his hand. Her eyes were closed, and a tiny smile played on her lips. She was naked, except for a dusting of soft, silky fur which covered her body, leaving only her face, front of her throat, chest, large breasts, flat belly, and crotch bare. Here, the skin was a dusky shade of silvery black. Long, black hair tumbled in waves from the crown of her skull, flowing gently down her muscular back. Her eyes slowly opened, and they were still the golden slit-pupiled eyes of the black panther. Confused, Chiktweesa stared, open-mouthed, at her. Then he felt a cool, soft hand slide between his dangling legs and grasp his soft penis. His head snapped left, and there was another woman. This one was furred like the black one, but her hair was milk white. Her breasts were smaller, and her eyes were the shimmering blood red of the white lion. Her hand was gripping the boy's prick tightly, and stroking it with a twisting, corkscrew motion. For a moment, the boy was too confused, too dumbstruck to comprehend. Then, it all made sense. Either the cigarettes grandfather gave him were drugged, or these were..."Are you my spirit guides?" he asked. Neither woman made a sound, but they grasped him, gently laying him down on the slab of sandstone. They were smiling.

Chiktweesa had never been with a woman before, let alone two such remarkably beautiful, exotic ones like these. But his teenage hormones were guiding his actions as he pulled Whitecat's face to his own, and kissed her deeply. Her mouth opened, and his tongue slid into her mouth.

Something hard and sharp nicked his tongue...she still had fangs. And when her tongue slid against his, it was rough like a file. But he didn't care. As they kissed, his hand slid down her curved back, across her sleek ass and her...tail? Yes, a long, cat's tail arched from the end of her spine. It twitched in the night air.

All this while, Blackcat had positioned herself between Chiktweesa's legs. Her hand still pumped his hardening prick, but now she was using her other hand to tickle his hairy scrotum. Muscles in her fingers tensed, and long, hooked claws slid out of the concealed holes in her fingertips. The sharp talons scratched lightly at Chiktweesa's sack, the torment driving him higher.

Whitecat climbed to a sitting position, straddling the boy's head. Slowly, she lowered her smooth cunt on his face. Using his fingers, Chiktweesa spread her labia, inhaling the wet smell of horny pussy. While he licked at her damp slit, his finger slipped in and out between her pink inner lips. Whitecat was facing away from him, and she reached down to tweak his nipples. The boy was moaning around her twat, dribbles of pussydew trickling down his chin. And Whitecat was beginning to thrust against his tongue, her throat making little mewling noises.

Blackcat pushed her fist down the length of Chiktweesa's stiff dick one more time, stretching the skin around his veined meat. Then she opened her soft lips, and slid her lips down over the boy's cock. His penis lodged deep in her mouth, and she began to slurp at it, the rough bristles of her tongue tickling his flaring glans.

Chiktweesa was moaning now, pumping his hips up to meet the wet pulling on his sexrod. Forgotten was the ceremony, the fire, the Great Spirit...everything except these hot, feline women.

His balls pulled up hard, and Chiktweesa began to cum. Hot, spattering jets of his semen burst into Blackcat's mouth, while she sucked hard, swallowing his cream. His tongue stabbed at Whitecat's firm clitoris, and she tensed, her extended claws scratching into the boy's fuzzy chest. Blood trickled up from his clawed nipples, but he was too ecstatic to care, for Whitecat was coming. Growling like a wild thing, she was wrenching her torso back and forth savagely, grinding her twat into Chiktweesa's mouth. Bestial snarls were pouring from her throat as she fought out her climax.

Finally, Whitecat climbed off Chiktweesa's face, collapsing on the sandstone altar. Immediately, Blackcat left her spot at the boy's still-hard dick, kneeling between Whitecat's spread thighs. She began licking Whitecat's swollen cuntlips, all the while waving her long-tailed ass in the night air. Chiktweesa got to his knees, positioning himself behind her, and guided his dripping rod into her wet, sticky cunt. She was tight, like a fist full of butter but his prick slid in and out easily. He fucked her with long, even strokes, his cock making squishy sounds inside her. Whitecat was curling her clawed fingers in Blackcat's hair, rocking in another powerful orgasm.

It took Chiktweesa longer this time, much of his passion having been spent on his oral climax in Blackcat's mouth. But he kept stroking into her juicy box, and it wasn't long before he felt another load of cum boiling in his nuts. Blackcat was shoving her ass back to meet his thrusts, her feline tail twisting about his waist, then his legs, and occasionally flicking up against his balls as they banged into her clit. She was growling and roaring in her chest, and big drops of sticky cunt juice dropped from her stuffed hole, plopping on the sandstone below. Whitecat was coming, her hands mauling her small breasts as she climaxed over and over. Her gasping cries spurred Chiktweesa on, and he thrust harder. Sweat poured down his face and chest as he pounded his meat into Blackcat. Then he was coming. He snarled in his passion, and was

answered by the two cat-women's cries as he rammed deeply into Blackcat and began to shoot long ribbons of sticky white cum into her moist tunnel.

As the three beings relaxed on the stone altar which was their impromptu bed, they stared at the stars above them. Chiktweesa again asked the two cat-women, "are you my spirit-guides?" They looked at him in non-comprehension, then Blackcat pointed one tapered finger at the night sky. Chiktweesa struggled to recall the high school astronomy he'd learned as he stared at the point of heavenly light she pointed to. "Arcturus?" he asked? "Why..." Then Blackcat was kissing him again, her fingers tracing the puma design on his chest. And suddenly Whitecat was fingering his cock head, smiling broadly. To his amazement, Chiktweesa's penis began to stiffen again. She gently pushed him down onto the sandstone slab, and smiling into his dark eyes, threw one leg over his waist and mounted him, slipping his stiffening prick into the welcoming heat of her slit.

Whitecat was sitting on Chiktweesa's crotch, her strong legs pushing herself up and down as she squatted on his hard dick. Blackcat was lying beside him, kissing him hard on the lips, her hand playing with his aching balls. Whitecat's hand was between the thighs of Blackcat, fingering her hungry vagina. This time, when Chiktweesa came, he saw rockets bursting in his eyes. Moments later, he was sound asleep.

The sun was warm and gentle on Chiktweesa's skin as he lay on the rock. Birds sang in the nearby trees, and a thin trail of smoke wafted from the embers in the firepit. He woke with a start, sitting bolt upright immediately. For several seconds, he sat there alertly, his mind replaying what had transpired the night before. He found his clothing, and the other things he'd brought. There was no sign of the visitors he'd seen. That confirmed it to him...they'd been either a peyote-induced hallucination, or a dream, or...his spirit guides? Could that really be it? He smiled as he dressed himself. Then he made sure the fire was out, and started down the mountain.

Steven Two Owls was sitting under a huge Ponderosa pine tree as his grandson approached. He had used his Gerber pocketknife to whittle a simple flute, and was playing a tune which was ancient when his ancestors were young. He stopped and turned towards the approaching boy.

"Good morning, Chiktweesa." The old man got to his feet. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, Grandfather. I...", he faltered, choosing his words carefully, "...had my vision."

"I know you did, Chiktweesa."

"You know? But how?"

"I saw the spirits leaving late last night." He said it so matter-of-factly, like he was telling the price of a cup of coffee. "Just before sunrise, I saw a great, glowing silvery-blue shield rise from the forest and float in the sky." Grandfather pointed into the morning horizon, "Then it took off like an eagle. It must have been a spirit, there's no other thing it could have been. I watched it fly back into the stars...into the home of the Great Spirit." His finger pointed into the sky for another moment, then he lowered his arm. "It's time for us to go home. Come on, Chiktweesa." He put his arm around the boy's shoulders, and the two of them started down the mountain. Chiktweesa's mind was full of questions and confusion, but he knew one thing for certain; he was a man now. He would be a member of the tribe of his people. He was proud!

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