

# Arctic Fox: Stray Wolf Part 1

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*Misaki finds herself longing for a man she's never met.*

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I have always admired the Arctic Fox. A beautiful, serene animal that is as sly as any other fox, but glowing with a touch of innocence as they struggle through snow and ice on the tundra to survive. One day, I will be an Arctic Fox. My name is Misaki, and here I begin my story. At the end of high school, I had never had a boyfriend. I had been asked out three times but refused all of them. Even though in senior year I had gotten rid of my huge reputation of being a boy-hater, and made several guy friends, none of them were what I wanted. At times I felt deeply lonely, and longed for the light touch of a lover upon my virgin body. The Japanese classes I took at the weekend offered a pen pal set up to help Japanese kids practice their English, and although my English was perfectly good, I signed up just for fun. The next Saturday, about 2 weeks into March, I was given a slip of paper about my new pen pal. For some reason, I was so excited! His name was Jack, 21 years old, and he lived in a city about an hour away from me. His picture showed a rather distracted young man wearing a faded red shirt. His cheekbones were high and his jaw a bit angular. His matt black hair was cut in the classic hair cut - short at the back and sides, with the hair line running though the side. I rushed home after having had to study about 20 new kanji, and searched through my cupboard for cards and envelopes. Like the forgetful messy person I am, I couldn't find any of them, though I could've sworn I had stuffed some simple ones in that vacuum of a cupboard since last Christmas. So I had to go out to buy myself some cards. I drove straight to CVS and ran into my friend Sarah. She was just leaving and I saw her walking out the door, her cascading brunette hair with its red tips mimicking the bouncing movement of her huge breasts. I mentally face palm-ed as I saw she was wearing a loose T-shirt showing a ton of cleavage. Although she was a confident, rather unusual girl, she was a nerd not a slut, and the cleavage was a result of not paying much attention to her appearance. Behind her walked her brother, in a very chill manner. Martin, although only 16, was the coolest little guy you've ever met. He wasn't really little anymore, but I still had the image of him when he was about 12, playing soccer in the fields with a band around his head keeping his longish hair out of his eyes. He was always very cool and calm, and now that he was growing up, he had shot up a full 5 inches taller than me. His body was slim and Sarah told me he sometimes went to the gym. I ran up to them to catch them before they left. "Hey Sarah! What's up beauty you trying to show your breasts to the world?" Sarah looked at me rather exasperated through her thin glasses. "For god's sake why don't

you just buy my clothes for me?" "Well because I'm sure the boys enjoy this sight." I laughed at her, patting her on the head. I didn't notice Martin looking at me as though he'd rather enjoy a similar sight from me. "What were you up to in that drug store? Not teaching little Martin bad things are you?" "We were getting toothpaste," Sarah explained. "Our cat Sumi managed to chew up the case of our old toothpaste. Don't ask me how." "She tore a hole right into it," said Martin, "and Mom didn't want us using cat-saliva filled toothpaste." "Your cats are weird." I told them flatly. Sarah didn't care. Sarah started telling me all about this amazing book she had just read... so I rushed into the store, shouting at them to have a great weekend. I wasn't really in the mood for talking about books with Sarah – that was like going into a 5 page analysis for a college course. I picked up some blank cards, as I liked to draw my own artwork on the front. I bought a few pencils too (I always broke them within a few weeks) – I hate writing in pen. Pen is slick and slippery and smudges and my handwriting gets all messy... AND I can't erase it. I drove home, arriving at my small suburban house. I climbed up on the orange roof to look at all the other little suburban houses that stretched for so far and watched the sunset as I wrote. My letter was very long, and I introduced myself. I talked a lot about what I liked and what my interests were, and demanded a similarly detailed response. A few hours later I dropped the sealed envelope holding the card into my mailbox, lazily pushing up red flag part ways. After eating dinner I collapsed into bed. My pen pal's response came two days later, and I was pleased with how quick it was. Jack was obviously a very intelligent man. He had graduated high school with a 4.2 GPA, got into his college with a full ride scholarship, and was studying history. He hated math, he said, which was a bit disappointing, but he loved writing, and said he would love to look at a few of my stories. I sent back my response the next day, and so our correspondence began. Over the next few months Jack became my obsession. He seemed exceedingly kind and patient: he would read and respond to my little teenage self-absorbed rants. He was so logical in his approach to life that it was a relief to me, as I felt so much emotion that had no direction and being given a logical explanation for how I felt at times was exactly what I needed. But he was always withdrawn in some way. He didn't trust me, even though I close to trusted him completely at an emotional level. In one letter I glimpsed the first real emotion – he talked about how much he loved his mother. I wished so much that that emotion, that love could be directed at me. My letters with him became more and more flirtatious, and I began to fall head over heels in love. I would imagine his strong arms holding me at night, his lips kissing the sensitive skin of my neck just below the ear. This fantasy affected my letters in the form of a young teenager that knew nothing about the sexual side of life, asking Jack tentatively questions that bordered what I felt was wrong and vulgar. As he answered my questions and seemed to even open up more because of them, I became bolder. I asked questions I had never asked a guy before, had never really dreamed of asking a guy before. After all, before my junior and senior year I was the famous boy-hating girl that claimed she wasn't lesbian either. At that time I had imagined I would marry some tolerable guy a long time in the future, but never thought of how I would get around to it. At the end of the year I stopped writing to him as much, since I needed to focus on finals. I graduated high school with a 3.97 GPA and settled down to relax for a nice summer before going to college. I was going to a public college that offered me free tuition, although I had had hopes of getting into the

same college as Jack. Sarah was going to the same college though, so I was pretty happy. Once summer started, my letters to Jack resumed. I talked to him about sex and he tried to convince me it wasn't a vulgar thing to be ashamed of – it was a natural beautiful part of life that connected two people in a special, amazing way. In one letter I sent him a picture of myself wearing just a bikini. I told him my body dimensions: 34B-26-36, weighing 125 lbs. In response he was to send a picture of himself without a shirt on, and tell me how big his cock was. I already knew he was relatively attractive from the occasional pictures he had sent me, but I was aroused to see this new picture he had sent. 6 foot 2 and weighing 181 lbs, his chest and arms were muscled, his stomach toned and flat, and he held himself with an air of confidence. He grinned at the camera as though amused that he was even wearing boxers in the picture. That night I lay in my bed reading his letter, and when I read the words "my cock is 6 inches long," I felt my vagina muscles clench with a slight throb. Some might complain 6 inches is too short, but any longer would have scared me, and any shorter would have disappointed, so it was perfect. Plus who could blame his manhood for not being huge when he himself radiated a manliness I never saw at high school? I couldn't resist slipping my hand into my panties. My neatly trimmed hair felt rough but lower down my pussy was already slick and wet. I slid one finger up and down my pussy lips. I brought my hand up to my breasts and played with them, pinching and twisting my tiny pink nipples. I could smell my own scent from my fingers. I imagined that Jack was cupping my breasts and sucking on my hard nipples, lightly pulling at them with his teeth. I returned my hand into my panties and started sliding my fingers over my clit, circling it, then rubbing it. Pulling down my pajama shorts I spread my legs and with my other hand pushed aside the panties and slowly edged one finger into my pussy. Moaning softly I began to draw my finger in and out, while taking care to rub my clit, which began to engorge and become even more sensitive to the touches of my finger as I rubbed it harder. I finger-fucked myself, arching and flattening my back in an attempt to find the best position. I added another finger and moved them in and out roughly. Oh my god I thought, and I mentally received the image of Jack's erect cock diving into me, in and then out til almost the head came out, then back in again. As I felt myself reaching climax, I focused on my clit, rubbing the roots and tip gently, feeling the intense pleasure, then faster and faster until --- Nnnh!!!! As I reached my orgasm I closed my mouth to prevent loud noises, but I writhed as my vagina clenched and released repeatedly. The pleasure of release seared through me, until I relaxed at last, snatching my finger away from my clit that was now so sensitive that touching it made me jerk myself away. I carefully slipped my finger out of my pussy, and I lay there for several minutes, just absorbing the satisfaction. In my mind Jack caressed me, kissing me gently and whispered, "I love you."