

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

She was enjoying this chase, trailing the leader as she leaped through the matted forest of greens and blacks. Her job had evolved to flanking their prey when they hunted, so She was running on the right, gradually separating from the pride. During the day, she could see as well as they could, and her height let her maneuver to drive the beast efficiently. Even though her smell was slightly different than the tigers, it still scared the young animal, and it turned left, into the two youngest, so it was over very quickly.

Her heart surged with happiness as She heard the growls that meant there would be plenty to eat for the next couple of days. She would have to wait until they had all fed, but then could use the knife which was one of the few things that remained of her "Other life" to slice away a couple of slabs of meat and burn it. That way her teeth could chew the stringy flesh. As She stood gasping, watching her family eat, her mind drifted as it always did when she was feeling good after a long chase, and the vague memories fuzzily returned.

Trapped in a long tube of funny colors, with soft seats. Sitting beside her mother. Screaming, and a sinking feeling in her stomach. A terrible crash. The smell of burning things, some odors terrible. Crawling away from the heat. An explosion of noise and a hot wind. Tears of fear, and confusion. A nuzzling of a big, striped pussycat. Hugging to the animal, seeking warmth and reassurance. Wanting to forget what had happened.

They were fuzzy, disjointed thoughts now, even though She constantly returned to them. When She would occasionally see the glint of metal in the sky, knowing that must be what she had been riding in, or when they would spy on a bunch of the humans struggling through the jungle, she would remember. Knowing she wasn't a tiger, but more like those clumsy, struggling dark skinned things that walked upright like she did. Hearing them make noises that made no sense with their mouths.

Years ago, the whole thing had been confusing, but the mother adopted her, and She remembered mostly the affection from so long ago. She remembered insect bites and pain, never feeling she had eaten enough, but always the licking of the tawny black and yellow cat. The first time she had tried the burned meat, and how good it tasted. Realizing she might want different things to eat than the pride. By the time she first saw the ones like her, she felt the mother was her safest haven, even though they all stayed away, wondering if she might go to the humans.

The mother was old now, and couldn't hunt. But she was a fixture in the pride, and the female who had once been her sister was now the leader. But they had learned to use her height and intelligence in their hunting. They were always well fed, and she felt she helped a lot.

When her chest had begun to puff out, and blood had started leaking out around every full moon, they had driven her away. She usually was on her own for three or four days, and then came back. That was when she started making a loincloth out of skin for herself, and then when her chest had gotten so floppy, a binding that wrapped around her neck and back. With time, she had learned to make the costume fit better, and smaller so it just covered her bottom and the bouncy flesh of her chest. She could use a thorn to bind thin strips to wider pieces.

Instinctively, she had used dark brown skins. They looked better against her deeply tanned skin, and they matched the hair between her legs. Her sunbleached blonde hair was curly, and she had found it necessary to cut it off sometimes with the knife. She knew when the blood would flow now, and went off by herself automatically.

The males liked sticking their cocks inside her. She didn't snap at them and try to claw them when they did, like the females. She liked it too, because she had found out the little hard spot between her legs felt good when she rubbed it. She taught the males to lick her furry bottom, and made them do that so she had the good feelings that came in a rush every time. The females tolerated the males doing it, because they weren't after them so often. When a new roamer joined them, it always took a while before they did it to her, but they eventually got the idea.

She had been there so long, she was the only one who remembered that she had not always been welcome. But they all aged and died faster than she did. She always felt grief, but was getting used to it. She often stared at her reflection in the water, wondering why her skin wasn't as dark as most of the humans she occasionally saw. But she accepted her life. It was all she knew.

Occasionally when she was off alone, she had to defend herself against snakes, or the little dogs. The knife worked well for that, letting her hurt them badly if they got too close. But they mostly left her alone now, and she had a spot near the river where she could swim and wash alone when she was bleeding.

As she watched the division of the carcass of the beast, she knew her time was coming. She would cut a little extra, so there would be plenty while she was away. She had built a little hearth at her "place", and it worked better than the fires she made in the jungle. She had gotten to where she enjoyed the solitude of her sojourns, because for the five years she had been bleeding, a sense of unease lingered in the back of her mind. The time alone seemed to give her respite from that discomfort. As the mother grew older, she felt less and less attached to the pride.

Her breathing had slowed, so she walked closer, and saw an opening down by the hind leg. She pushed between two males, and began sawing a big cut of the hip. It was her favorite. When she got enough, she sat back and let the blood drain out. One of the males licked at it. As she rose and started back toward home, he followed her, rubbing against her thigh. When she bent over to pick a couple of leafs to wrap around the meat, it snuffled at her behind. For some reason, they all wanted her when her time was near.

The one snuffling at her was Bigger, because he was not the largest male. But he was one of her favorites. He was willing to lick her bottom longer than most of the others, and had learned to get his tongue into her hole. Sometimes she felt the rush twice before he bumped her around so he could run his big cock in, and he was more careful with his claws. She always kept the top on her chest when they did her, to protect against their claws when they started filling her with juice.

As time had gone on, she enjoyed it more and more. Sometimes she even rubbed her favorites in the stomach with her hand so they would come to her. The long pink members would start peeking out, and if she could get the pointed members in her mouth, they always got the idea. But mostly she just waited for one of them to decide they were ready, and they would go off alone and spend fifteen minutes. Even when the rush came more than once, she had a vague feeling that longer would have been nicer, and the tigers always just stalked off when they finished.

Bigger was pushing his nose at the crack in her behind. He was trying to move the skins away, so he could lick there. She put the meat up in a tree branch where only she could reach it easily, and backed away, pulling off the loincloth. Grabbing on the branch, she spread her legs to his maw, hanging there. He immediately started licking.

` This was new, getting them to lick her while she was still erect. It made their tongues touch the whole sensitive space between the folds of her bottom. The good feeling in her mind from the chase was still lingering, and she was glad he had approached her. As his tongue drew through her long

slit flesh, she shuddered with pleasure. She lifted her legs off the ground and bent them, and his next long lick started all the way back at her poop hole. She made the low guttural sounds that always came with them doing her.

Bigger just kept licking as she closed her eyes and enjoyed his affection. Her feet were resting on his shoulders. She knew some felt more for her than just the intense need for release. That usually made them try to get her to make more noise, get wetter in her hole. Lately, she had been trying new ideas with those males, because her unease included a sense of there being more to this act than she was getting. Bigger was particularly good at using his tongue to wet the soft flesh between the puffy lips of her bottom, and tingle the hard spot to draw moisture inside her hole. Her hips were starting to hump now as the familiar purr resonated in her flesh, and the nice excitement began building. His rough tongue was so welcome between that thick flesh that ovaled around her hole and tried to protect the hard spot. By raising her legs and spreading them, the thick pink muscle scraped wonderfully across the little tender tube.

He was growling now, and she felt the tingling she had learned meant a rush was coming. She released her hold on the tree branch and collapsed to the soft jungle floor, keeping her legs up and knees bent. He hardly missed a stroke, his tongue opening her hole, then rasping wetly across her hard spot, and the rush started. "Ugggh, aaaaah, mmmmmm." He was growling, as her juice flowed, and the soaring completion went through her. Her hands reached down behind his furry ears and pulled him into her, and she felt the big teeth surrounding her bottom, pricking the sensitive skin. But the tongue kept working, licking up her juice, and making the rush sweet and intense.

He started licking her skin instead of just the slit. It was something only he did, and she enjoyed it when she was writhing with the rush. His rough tongue wet the thin hairs on her thighs, and up the little line of fine hair from her furry snatch to her belly hole. Then he kept coming up to her face, to her mouth. She felt his cock poking at her tummy. His growl was louder. His front paws were on the ground, and she let her hands ride on his head, with her knees out to the side.

She felt him poking more insistently around her hole. She had never had one do her this way, facing each other. They all turned her over so they could do it the same way they did a female tiger. But Bigger seemed to be wanting to try this, to experiment. She felt the pointed end of his thing enter her a little way, and the familiar pressure as she began to stretch, but then something else happened. His cock was curved upwards, and in this position it hit some nerves at the top of her hole that blossomed like fire.

She let out a high pitched shriek, and he jumped back, thinking he had hurt her. She purred at him, still holding his head, and pulled his head toward her. He poked into her again, and she felt the same thrill, but was careful not to scream. He pushed further into her, and began to stroke. Bigger was one of the ones who went slow rather than too fast, and she liked that best. In this position, his front paws were still on the ground, and she realized she could take off her top. The red tips always burned when they did her, and she often wished she could touch them when she was excited.

He was growling with his own excitement, but not too close to shooting. His pointed tool was moving firmly in and out, taking her back upwards toward her pleasure. She let go his head and pulled the top off roughly, exposing her chest. Her hands cupped the big soft mounds, and her fingers pinched the red tips roughly. They radiated a nice sensation down to join with the waves coming from her slit. "Aaaaagh, mmmmmmpf." He saw her do it, and started licking the wobbly edges and her hands. She released her own grip, and his tongue reached out and started licking over the tips. Her hands grabbed his head again, her fingers raking through the fur behind his ears, showing him she liked what he was doing.

She wanted to squeal again. This combination of his hard prick twinging at the top of her

hole and his rough tongue scraping her chest was better than ever before. Her hips were moving in a rhythm with his, helping his cock get deep inside her, and she kept trying to make it hit that sweet spot just in front. She kept grabbing his head and rubbing him behind the ears, and shaking his head, and he growled even harder. She was getting spasmodic, hardly thinking. His tongue was lashing at her mounds, then at her face, and when it did she poked her own little tongue out to taste his.

Her heated mind was marveling at how wonderful this new position was, and she was doing her own little growl to match his. His stiff flesh surged deep inside her, though not really as far as from behind, but she loved being able to see him, to taste his tongue as it occasionally licked up from her pillows, to hold his head as her hips wiggled wildly. She felt as though she could have let this go on and on, when suddenly she felt the throbbing in her hole speed up, and his growl started getting higher pitched. He was going to shoot, so she knew there wasn't much time. Her hips arched instinctively, and she made herself twist to press against his furry belly, and brought the rush on.

It was a more powerful pleasure than usual. As his juice sprayed inside her, she felt flushed all over, and couldn't think clearly. Her chest tips were tingling, and waves of excitement were ringing through her groin. She kept pulling his head down to her mouth, licking at the big tongue. He was growling with his own release. She could tell he was pleased with her, and wondered whether he would do it that way the next time. Bigger was usually good about that, doing things that made her feel good. She hoped so, because as her mind relaxed to normal, she thought that this had been a great improvement in her rushing fulfillment.

She felt him soften and pull away, give her slit one last lick, then stalk back toward the prey. She continued to lie on the ground, still twisting with pleasure. Stuff was leaking out of her hole, and she liked to wait for a while after a nice one like that, just enjoying the glow. That extra sensation in the top of her slit was a surprise. She hadn't realized it was there. She groaned, feeling unsettled again. What else didn't she know about her body?

She pulled on her garments and finished wrapping the meat. She left it high in the tree. When she got back to camp, She went immediately to the mother, and saw that even since this morning, she had gotten worse. Her eyes were clouded, and she had a bad smell. Her breath was foul, but She licked with affection anyway. None of the others came near the mother when she was like this, but She did.

The mother's life was ending. Soon she would sneak away to find a place to die away from the pride, like they all did. She sensed that she had been waiting for her to return, and laid down on the matted fur, hugging the mother, feeling the rattling in her lungs. Her stomach was churning with sadness. She growled her affection, and the mother growled back. The last connection to long ago was fading fast.

Shit. This had seemed like such a great idea. Get this gorgeous, sexy thing out in the primitive jungle, all to himself for a week. Fuck her brains out, night and day. Get shitfaced when he felt like it. But he hadn't counted on the goddamn bugs, and the snakes in the water, and the heat of the day. It was okay in the morning, cool and not so much insect eaten. The nights were okay too, but he was usually in a foul mood by then, and she was giving him a hard time.

When she wanted to go ashore the first day, he had gone along, thinking he would show her his forestry skills. But none of that stuff from mountains worked at all. He kept stumbling around, and shouldn't have worn shorts. He was so torn up and itchy he couldn't have gotten it up that night

even if she'd been willing. By the time he had figured out that he had to keep covered except during the night and early morning, she was pissed at him, and went exploring on her own. When she got back, she'd swim near the boat, bareass, getting him all excited, but wouldn't let him touch her. They would play gin to pass the time, and she was two hundred ahead of him.

She even bitched when he got drunk, and locked him up on deck. He only did that once. All in all, it had been a disaster. He had started trying to play nice with her, hoping she would let him in her pants. The sight of those gorgeous tits, and that black little bush of a pussy was starting to drive him nuts. He hadn't known her well enough to realize she was a naturalist, had minored in it in College, and went on this trip to see the Indonesian jungle rather than play with him. Even the insects didn't bother her as much, because she used a lotion, and he had resorted to borrowing it.

After four days, he tried to get her to go back, but she said it would only take one extra day to finish the trip all along the river, and besides she still hadn't seen any tigers. As he dropped the anchor, she hopped in the dinghy, and started for the land. She didn't even ask him if he wanted to go. Oh well, he thought, it would be dark soon, and she'd come back. He knew he was in a bad mood. She was actually kind of fun to be with, and he did like her enjoyment of the quiet nights, the new discoveries she kept bringing back in plastic bags, and her good natured kidding.

He had to admit the whole thing had been a lark, and he had misled her about his knowledge of the jungle. The big cruiser, borrowed from a friend, was so well equipped he figured he couldn't get in trouble. She had turned out to know more about navigating the river than he did, and thank goodness. He had almost run aground the first day. It was hard to play White Hunter out here, especially when she knew better. He was slowly giving up thinking he could easily take advantage of her, and trying to turn on the charm.

Gina was having a great time. The jungle was fantastic, and Evan was easier to control than she had feared. It helped that he was so inept. Her plan was to make the last couple of days memorable for him, letting him enjoy her body so he might bring her back. When he wasn't grumpy, he was good company, and his bravado was slowly slipping away. As she tied the boat to a tree, her mind wandered to all the things she had seen. But where were the tigers?

They were in the right place now. She knew they could make it to Rahway in one day, but she wanted to spend as much time as there was left here, looking for sign of the magnificent beasts she had dreamed of since she was a little girl. She intended to wander down side streams the next couple of days, hoping to see some sign of the Prince of big cats. The slightly less dense forest here was perfect for them, she knew, and the trick was finding them. She wished she knew more about tracking, but that hadn't been part of her education. With the least hint of them, she knew she could get him to stay, as long as she dropped her drawers for him, and truthfully she wouldn't mind letting him do her.

She was working her way to higher ground, a hill she had seen from the last bend. Might be able to see something from there, she thought. Her white blouse and light tan pants were good protection against the bugs, and the scrape of vines as she struggled upwards. Suddenly she smelled cooking. She froze in shock. Looking back to see if Evan was already making dinner, she saw he was swimming, and no smoke.

Gina tried to sense where the smell was coming from. By walking a little further, and losing the scent, she realized that the breeze was carrying it from over the hill she was climbing, still downriver, but away from the boat. She headed that way, trying to make as little noise as she could. Her stomach tingled. A sense of danger she hadn't felt before filled her, but as she thought about it, what could it be but natives, though there were not supposed to be any in this area. Maybe a safari

or something.

She had been bathing when She heard the boat. The first day was always the heaviest bleeding, and since She didn't have to worry about food, took several swims, enjoying the refreshed feeling she got. She washed her garments too. She imitated the frogs in the water, because that was much faster than the paddle the tigers used. The throaty sound of the engine around the bend surprised her, but not too much. Other boats occasionally came by, always making that sort of sound.

But then it stopped, as she had gotten under an overhanging branch so she couldn't be seen. Her stomach lurched when she realized her meat was burning, and might lead a human to her place. But as she got out of the water and dressed, carefully filling the loincloth with wispy leaves to soak up the blood, she felt more curious than fearful. Her discovery of new thrills with Bigger had shaken her confidence that this was the best life there was. Some of the humans on the boats had been lighter skinned like her, and she was sure there were new things to learn. Plus, the mother was dying, and her sense of unease had intensified with that realization.

Then she heard the little putt putt of a small boat, and that was new. A human must be coming. She could tell it was to this bank of the river. She slid into the jungle to stalk the interloper. She found the human over the hill, and saw her sniffing her fire. She studied the human carefully. It was female, with big chest pillows covered with smooth white material. But her hair was black as the stripe of a tiger. She walked clumsily but energetically through the forest, pushing plants out of the way instead of easing through.

She was covered all the way down to her ankles, and had dark covering on her feet. Her skin was whiter than any She had ever seen. She wondered if the hair between her legs was black too. There was no weapon, nothing like the long dangerous things some of the others had carried. It seemed she was just curious. Circling around, She watched as the female got to her place. She just stood there and looked, not seeming to want to steal the meat. The female did pick up a piece of fruit from the pile near the long skin for sleeping.

From the cover of brush, She growled a greeting. The human froze, and her fear was obvious in the quick change in her scent, which had been flowery, but suddenly was the sour odor of the water that came on skin that had no fur. Maybe she thought it was an animal. Better show myself, she thought. She crawled out and kept her head low, in a submissive posture, to show there was no threat.

The smell of fear didn't go away. The human was staring, and her face was different than it had been when she was walking. She felt confusion, and decided to stand. Maybe that will make her feel better. When she did, the smell decreased, though it didn't go away. She just stood there and watched the white face carefully.

Gina's mind was whirling. The girl was tall, maybe five ten, and fantastically built. Long curly blonde hair hung down over deeply tanned skin, and heavy pale eyebrows dominated a lovely face. The dominant impression of her body was lithe power, even though the long, slim legs and big tits would have been a turn on for any man. All she wore was skins, though they were artfully made to cover just her pussy and boobs. She noticed white fiber sticking out of the crotch of the loincloth. Could it be her time of the month?

Finding her voice, she put her finger between her breasts and said "Gina." She sounded shaky, even to herself. The girl didn't react. She did it again. "Gina." The girl stared, then made a funny noise that sounded like "Huhhhmen." Gina tried to let her face show confusion. The girl made the same face, as though imitating. Then she pointed clumsily and made the same noise. "Huhhhmen." Oh, human.

What is this, Gina wondered. No language. She pointed to herself again, and said "Yes, human. Gina." Still confusion on the feral face staring at her from the edge of the jungle. "Human. Gina." Then she pointed at the girl, and said "Human." She made a palms up sign she hoped said what's your name. The girl still looked confused.

Wait. Stop. Think. Gina realized she was sweating like a pig. Relax. Sit down. She let herself sink to the ground, legs crossed. The tension in her body seemed to ease a bit. She took deep breaths. Think. The girl took two steps nearer, and clumsily sat down the same way. The act of doing it told Gina she wasn't used to that position, but the controlled strength as she imitated the sitting posture was amazing. Just for a moment, muscles flexed that looked truly impressive. Christ. A female Tarzan.

Gina started tracing in the dirt. She drew several stick figures, and then waved her palm over all of them. "Human." Then she pointed to herself again and said "Gina." Then she pointed to the girl. The light dawned, realization showing in her face, but instead of saying anything, the girl seemed to go into a trance, as though remembering. It lasted for a couple of minutes. Be patient, Gina told herself. Then the girl pointed to herself and said "Tawny."

Her mother had called her something. It had been so long since She had thought about it. Tawny. Tania. As though that was her. It had never been needed with the tigers. But with the two of them sitting here, there had to be a difference. So that was what the human wanted. She made a noise, pointing at herself. "Tawny. Name." Then she pointed to the other's chest mounds. "Gina. Name."

She stared at Gina. It was funny. Suddenly, that was what the black haired female was. Gina. And her mind said "I am Tania." It was like the way she thought of Bigger, and Biggest, and the mother. And then a flood of memories came back, of making noises like this all the time, with Mommy, and Daddy, and Auntie. She started blurting. "Mommy. Daddy. Trip. Don't do that. Hold Mommy's hand. I have to go potty. Candy. Mommy, what's happening." The crash. The terror. She froze with her mouth open, about to scream.

Gina watched in shock, and a sense of wonder, and horror. The words were clear, but sounded like a little girl. It was a high pitched voice. Panic showed in her eyes. Gina reached out her arms, and the girl almost collapsed into them, as they rolled to the ground. Tawny was holding tight to her, and started licking her face with a rough tongue. Her breathing was hard. They pulled together. Gina was very aware of the full breasts, and the pressure of strong muscles pressed to her. A musky, strong smell, but not sour or dirty. The lesbian encounters she liked indulging occasionally flooded back, but she just hugged the girl, feeling shaking tremors.

They stayed like that for a while. Gina got over the shock, and realized night was falling. It would be hard to get back to the boat if there wasn't a moon, but her sense that this was a truly unique experience kept her from wanting to pull away. Finally, Tawny sat up again, and in the twilight, her tears were drying on her face. Wordlessly, she rose and headed down toward the river. Gina decided to follow her. Looking up, she saw there was indeed a moon.

Tawny waded into the water. This spot was clearer water. The girl pulled off her top, and then the bottom, throwing the red stained, used leafs and fibrous stuff well out into the cloudier main stream. Gina admired Tawny's body, now unselfconsciously nude. The tits were amazing. Big and full, with very pale nipples, but not the slightest sag. They looked muscular, like the rest of her. She could just make out a big brown bush between her legs. The flat tummy had a narrow waist that swelled only a little to shapely, trim hips.

The girl threw her garments to the bank, and began swimming with a breast stroke, moving

amazingly fast. She was headed out toward the center, and upriver. Gina realized she was smelly and sweaty, and quickly shucked off her blouse. Tawny looked back, and stopped swimming. Gina felt intense eyes on her, and smiled. It was probably just curiosity, but it was fun to show off her own voluptuous curves.

She languidly began stripping. The girl stroked back toward her, then stood watching, with those fantastic tits just above the surface. As Gina slipped the bra off, and her big titties rounded out, the look of avid curiosity increased. Her own nipples were big and dark red, and the girl stared at them. After getting out of her boots, she pulled the pants and thong panties down together. Her heavy thicket of black pubic hair, the firm stomach, with a little sexy roundness, and the nicely shaped legs always pleased her. Full hips with a saucy ass were the final touch for a body more opulent than slim. Looking up, the girl was wading ashore, her eyes locked on the trimmed rectangle of thick black hair above her slit. Tawny's pussy was showing now, and in the pale moonlight looked huge. A downy cloud of wispy tan hair in a big triangle went all the way under her, but puffy cuntlips showed in the outline of wet, matted fuzz.

The girl knelt in front of her. Her hands started touching Gina's twat, feeling around the pubic bush, and then down under to the shaved lips. A finger tickled up to the clitty, and she let out a groan without thinking, surprised by the intimate touch. Tawny's head snapped up, staring at her face. The finger twitched again. Gina groaned with pleasure, and the girl groaned with her. She stood up, and began licking down at Gina's face, while her palm began rubbing the stiff button, and a finger went up inside her fuckhole.

The fingers were knowledgable, and the pressure of their tits together was making Gina tingle. Yet this girl seemed entirely unfamiliar with language, as though she had been alone for god knew how long. But she seemed intensely curious about the black pussy she was stimulating, and familiar with what was needed to make it feel good. But the brunette couldn't think anymore. The fingers and hand were pushing firmly, in just the right spots, and she was coming to a boil fast.

Gina's hand went down to Tawny's twat, imitating the caress she was receiving. They were both twitching inside their pussy's, while their hand pushed at the other's clit. Then she slipped another finger up inside the fresh damp hole to go with the first one, and heard a sharp little intake of breath. The hand in her crotch imitated that too, a second finger entering her, seeming to start moving faster with the excitement. The rough tongue was licking faster too. But Gina wasn't content with that. Tawny was sexy as hell, and no virgin. There was some kind of story here, but at this moment, all she wanted was to get off with this primitive creature. She reached up with her free hand, guided the girl's mouth to hers and pressed their lips together.

At first, Tania was shocked by the feel of Gina's lips. But then, she felt the sensual stimulation of it, and pushed harder. After a while, she felt the lips parting, and a tongue entering her mouth. That felt even better, and she tried to do the same thing with her tongue. They dueled, back and forth, and it sent waves of pleasure down into Tania's body. Her tingling increased, and she started grinding her hips to the black haired girl's hand.

Tania bent her legs, to get their faces on the same level, and make their mutual diddling easier. But Gina's legs were quivering, and she slipped to the ground. It was sand, and felt rough, but neither paid any attention, wrapped up in the joy of their rising desire. Having gotten the idea of kissing, Tania was pushing her lips hard, sucking and tonguing, while Gina frantically tried to teach her what to do through the haze of excitement blooming over her. She felt like this big amazon was raping her, she was so powerful and impulsively enthusiastic. It was going away the most fantastic sexual encounter she had ever had. Almost a zipless female fuck.

Both women were starting to grunt. Tania felt the coming rush, and humped wildly, while she wiggled her hand furiously in the wet swamp of Gina's slit. Vaguely, she wondered if humans only did it with females. But her mind was soaring, and she growled with the oncoming pleasure. She could feel spasms in Gina's hole, and let herself go into a roaring completion that seemed sweeter because of everything new that was suddenly replacing her old life.

Gina was writhing against the rough, wet skin goading her soft body. She felt a terrific cum approaching, as she floated on the intense plateau that came first. The lips pressing hungrily on her mouth were using more force than was normal, but the wildness and primitive setting made it perfect. "Ohhh god, cummming, cummmmmmm, yes, yes." Her orgasm hit hard, making her hips fuck upwards jerkily, filling her with soaring euphoria. Her hand kept moving in the furry cunt of her new jungle lover, and she felt a flow of cream that she thought she could smell. It was a perfume she would always remember.

Tawny was growling, like a big cat. Gina felt almost as though she was an animal, with another animal, sexy and raw. The release radiating out of her slit made her flush, and she realized she was sticky with sweat, Tawny's saliva, and something else down on her hand. Oh yeah, blood. She felt contraction in the pussy she was inside, and that added a nice edge to her climax. Tawny was still growling into her mouth.

Amazing. They had come off together, even though Gina was certain that Tawny had never made it with a woman before. Not only was this a strong, primitive woman, but her sexuality was free and uninhibited. As her mind cleared, she tried to examine the evidence she had, trying to deduce a scenario for this girl's life. But then she saw Tawny above her, staring in her eyes. "Cumming?"

Gina smiled. "Yes darling, a great cum." Then she realized that what little language she had was a little girl's. The whole language of sex would be unknown. "You cum?" she asked. Tawny was concentrating, but got it, and nodded vigorously. "Tawny cum." They rolled apart, hands resting on each other's pubic bones, staring at the now bright stars. It was a wonderful, luxuriant moment, the cool night air caressing their hot skin, the moonlight washing over their different but gorgeous bodies. Gina pulled her hand away and licked her fingers, tasting the familiar female juice, but also the tart blood, not too much.

Reality slowly returned, and Gina thought, what now. And she felt hunger. But Tawny seemed to have no doubts, no questions. She rose and waded into the water, and Gina followed her. They washed themselves and each other. When Gina giggled occasionally with their caresses, Tawny would give her that curious stare, then let loose a similar sound. Gina signaled her hunger by moving her hand to her mouth. "Food. Eat." She was about to try to communicate that she had to leave to go to the boat when Tawny took her hand, and dragged her out of the river.

Tawny pulled her skins back on, stuffing the crotch with leaves from a pile stowed in the brush. Gina dipped her thong panties and bra in the water, wrung them out, and slipped them back on wet. The temperature was just right for the wet underthings to feel good. Tawny stared with interest at them, then turned and strode up to the clearing. She used a knife to cut a couple of slices from the smoking loin baking in the little stone cairn, and offered a piece to Gina. Gina took it and tore at it. It was tough but tasty, though a little gamey.

As Tawny ate, she would occasionally take a bite of a big fruit that looked like an overgrown plum. Gina tried the same thing, and it combined with the taste of the meat to provide a wonderful, different taste. Me Jane, she thought. They ate in silence. Gina was starting to feel tired, the excitement and tension, the incredible sex, the swimming, all catching up with her. What about Evan, she thought. Well, he wouldn't leave without her, and when he saw her new friend, she was

sure he would realize what a novelty this all was. Time to play her trump card, she supposed. He'd do anything to fuck her.

They slept cuddled together on the big skin, uncovered. Tawny hugged to Gina's back, and they lay like spoons. The jungle girl fell asleep almost immediately, and Gina heard her whisper "Mommy, Mommy" as they both drifted off.

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## Chapter Two

Gina awoke the next morning alone. It was already light, but had to be early, judging by the cool air. She looked around for Tawny, then saw her swimming out in the river, obviously looking at the boat. She sat up, and reached for one of the fruits. As she took a juicy bite, she realized she felt terrific. Her skin was tingling, she felt rested in a way she couldn't remember, and the jungle sounds starting to greet the day were like music. Mmmm, going native wasn't so bad, she thought.

She walked down, stripped, and jumped in the river, but didn't swim far. Tawny saw her, and started back. By the time she got to the shore, Gina was hunkered down studying her reflection in a still eddy of trapped water. Her hair was a mess, but the slight wave made it halo her face, and it had a certain raw look that wasn't bad. All her makeup was gone, but the glow in her skin made for a different, but pleasant effect. She smiled at Tawny, and then said "We talk."

The girl got that concentrating stare on her face, and they worked on language for the next hour, as the sun climbed higher, and the temperature rose. Finally, Gina tried to tell her she had to go back to the boat. "I go boat." She pointed out to the upriver spot. Tawny repeated "Boat." Without hesitation, she rose and headed back for the water, and Gina shrugged, happy it wasn't harder to communicate, and followed. They stripped and began swimming, and Gina started a fairly efficient Australian crawl, which allowed her to go faster than Tawny.

When she got to the boat ladder at the stern, she looked back and saw Tawny splashing toward her, trying to imitate her. She was fifty yards away, and by the time she got to the boat, she had it almost right, and was smiling when she grabbed the same rung Gina was gripping. Gina realized she must be very bright and athletic, because she picked physical things up so quickly. Gina led the way up, and quietly walked to the door into the cabin. When they got there, Evan was lying on his bunk, snoring loudly, buck naked, with a tremendous hardon. He must have gotten drunk last night. Figures. Tried to drown his worry about her.

She hadn't seen his cock before. Her stomach did a little jump, for it was a good nine inches in its fully aroused glory. Nice and thick, too, she thought greedily. Maybe if she'd realized he was that well hung sooner.... Ah well, there was time yet.

Behind her, Tawny sucked in a breath. Gina looked back to see the eyes big and bright. She was staring at the naked man. A cock was new to her. Tiptoeing down to the drawers where her clothes were stored, Gina grabbed two bikini's from the top. Then she pushed Tawny back on deck and handed a black one to her, keeping the floral print for herself. As they dressed, Tawny was looking at everything, taking it all in. Gina slathered her lotion for bugs all over her skin. Tawny bent to smell it, and wrinkled her nose. "For bugs." Tawny looked confused, and Gina pointed to a big dragonfly.

Tawny pointed into the cabin, and asked "Name?" "Evan." "Human?" "Man." Confusion. Gina hunkered down and drew a stick figure with tits in the water their bodies were dripping.. Then she drew one with a prick hanging between its legs. "Woman. Man." Realization dawned. The girl used her finger to draw an animal, then another with a cock sticking out of its lower belly. She pointed to

the one with the cock, and stared at Gina. Concentrating, she answered "Male." Pointing to the other, she said "Female."

Tawny jumped up and almost ran to the cabin door, staring at Evan's erect member. Something had clicked in her mind, thought Gina. She stared for a few moments then came back, still standing. She signalled with her hand at her crotch, and moved it in imitation of fucking. Gina nodded, mimicing the gesture. "Fuck. Cum." Tawny stared at her. Then she hunkered down and again drew the animal, but bigger, with more detail. And as a final touch, she added stripes. It was clearly a tiger.

Boom. The facts fell into place. Raised by tigers from a young age, after surviving either a safari, or more likely a plane crash. And migod she fucked them. Gina felt a flush shoot from her pussy. Tawny was flicking her eyes toward the cabin, licking her lips. And she wanted to fuck a man. Gina wiped her damp forehead. What would it be like, those huge furry creatures fucking you. Her pussy was creaming.

They both heard a groan. Gina realized she hadn't dealt with Tawny's period. Shit. She ran down and pulled a tampon out of her cosmetic kit, just as Evan bolted into the bathroom. They both heard his stream as she helped Tawny insert the tube inside her vagina. She had been feeling like she was making progress in communicating, but as she fussed with the bathing suit, she realized she had to be careful. There was all kinds of cultural crap missing here, and a lot of blanks. Evan would be no help.

But she turned out to have underestimated him. When he finally started waking up, and had some coffee, she went over what she had learned, leaving out only the lesbian sex. His mind seemed to grasp things quickly, and they spent an hour talking. Even in that time, as Tawny listened to their conversation, her language got better. But her eyes never left Evan, and they were hungry. He noticed, Gina noticed, and their eyes met. Finally, he brought the matter to the surface.

"She's on the rag, huh." "Delicately put, Evan. But yes, it's her time. I think this is the second day. You have at least two before you can take advantage of her." "Hey babe. You see that look in her eyes? Think about what her life has been like. She was probably adopted by the female leader of the pride, and that's the mother she said was dying. But if she's been living with them, she must have had, um, an active sex life. Screw one, screw em all. And she could care less about our prohibitions. She's young, horny, and curious." He stopped.

"Look, Gina. She has no idea about getting pregnant, right. The way she's looking at me, I think she enjoys sex." He caught the look in her eye. "Oh. I see. Well then, you know she does. The question is, how do we introduce her, what do we do then, and how can we do this without my pissing you off forever. Look, are you gay, or just bi. It makes a difference here." He took a breath. "And it makes a difference to me."

Gina felt a little twinge of affection for him. He was bright, got into this thing quickly, but was trying to formulate a plan. Just like a man, but maybe it made sense. "Look, Evan. I like you okay, but the macho man shit pissed me off. Maybe we have a future. I was going to let you have your way with me eventually, so we could do another trip. You settled down after a while." She concentrated. "It was one of those surprise things last night. She was shook when the language thing came back to her, and she wanted affection and cuddling. One thing led to another. But girls aren't my main thing."

Evan's mind was in overdrive. He had gotten more and more worried the night before, but was scared to death to go over to the shore at night. Feeling hopeless, he had drunk himself to sleep. That took a while, and his mind concocted weird scenarios after a while, until he became convinced

he had lost the love of his life. When he had come on deck to find not just one but two knockouts in skimpy bikinis waiting for him, he felt a perverse frustration that he and Gina were no longer alone. No matter how gorgeous the big blonde was.

And she was big. Damn near as tall as he was, and built like some fantasy. But she was so powerful looking, such a contrast to the voluptuous and feminine Gina. And big. And challenging looking, even as he felt her eyeing him with clear sexual intent. He hardly had time to think before Gina laid it out for him, and he asked a couple of questions to satisfy himself she wasn't leaping to conclusions. She was obviously protective of the girl, and he noticed the intimacy as they sat together. Tawny's halting but improving speech sold the case for some sort of shipwrecked maiden. It was a completely unique situation.

But certain things were clear. He was going to get to fuck both of them. Gina needed help, a partnership, and it drew them closer. The thing was a minefield, and he had to be careful, because Gina would never forgive him if he tried to exploit the jungle girl, and he could imagine becoming the poster boy for male chauvinism. But she was truly unique, and there had to be a way to get some advantage.

"You know what they say about opening a can of worms, Gina? You can't get the can closed. I'm just a dumb ass corporate lawyer, but I was in therapy for five years, and if nothing else, I think I'm good at empathizing. I have the feeling this one is looking to find out what she's been missing. If you and I don't show her, she'll find someone who will. She's lucky she didn't hit on somebody really mean." Gina was like so many people. She had broken free of a lot of the restrictions of society, but didn't think anyone else could, or did. "Here are some givens. We have to try to satisfy her about sex, and teach her about getting pregnant, or maybe get her the pill. We have to figure out how to show her the world out there without destroying her, or worse, making her a freak. Neither one of us has the money to spend our lives here in the jungle, making nice with her."

"There's no U fucking N organization for sex starved jungle girls." It was getting hot. He could see Gina sweating, but Tawny was listening, avidly soaking up whatever she got from their conversation. "And we don't really know what she's thinking. Or what she wants. Or what she'll want next week, or next year. Or what's good for her, and if they're the same thing." Shit it was hot. He slapped at a gnat or something. Tawny giggled.

Gina spoke up after some thought. "Maybe we can show her some of society. While we try to get better at communicating. You know, the food, listen to the radio, some music, that kind of thing. But stay here. The genie's still not totally out of the bottle as long as she's still here. I gotta tell you, I never felt better than when I woke up this morning after eating mystery meat and fruit last night, and sleeping on a smelly skin, cuddled by a primitive teen." She rose, and turned toward the shore. "I'll go get the dinghy. You can bring the battery and the radio, and some food in. I'm going to sleep in her camp. You suit yourself." She turned and grinned with an evil glint in her eye. "But the pussy's gonna be on the beach. Better put some of the bug stuff on."

He watched them swim toward the shore, Tawny going faster than Gina, then slowing down so they stayed together. The girl had thrown off the bikini, and pulled a tampon out of her in quick movements before she jumped in. His glimpse of her body had made his cock pulse. He could see her bare ass as she splashed athletically through the water. Strange, crazy thoughts were flashing through his mind. Carnival side shows. Sociological research. Two thou a night in Jakarta. Gina couldn't seem to help playing with his mind. He laughed out loud. It was a kick.

Tania knew Gina and Evan were talking about her, but couldn't think of anything but what that funny looking cock would feel like. It wasn't pink and moist, or curved. It wasn't pointed. It wasn't

thicker at the bottom than at the top. It was longer than even Biggest. She wished her bleeding would stop. She had regretted leaving the boat and Evan. When she realized Gina was going to get the little boat, she stopped swimming and gasped "Gina. I go place."

"Uh, you go to camp?" Tania had noticed that when she wanted an answer, Gina ended with a higher tone of voice. But Evan didn't. Maybe men and women talked differently. "Yes. Tawny go camp." She turned and swam along shore, downstream, enjoying the new way that was so much faster. She got to her place quickly, and put her garments back on, welcoming their familiar feel. She hadn't liked the thing Gina put in her, though it worked well. The black cloth had been nice, though. As she slipped into the jungle to see if there were any threats around, taking her knife, she kept thinking of that big, unusual cock. Evan.

She found dog footprints, but only a couple. Tracking them back, she marked her territory with urine. That scared dogs away, though sometimes it attracted bigger animals, like panthers. But she had confronted them before, and they always ran. Her strange smell and size when she stood erect did it.

When she got back to the camp, Gina was washing her other clothes, still wearing the top and bottom from the boat. Tania hunkered down beside her, facing the jungle so any approach could be seen. She still had the knife. "Gina. Not like.." She signaled the act of putting the thing inside her. Gina didn't even look at her. "Yeah, it must have been a shock, Tawny." She was squeezing the water out of her other clothes. "Shock?" "Umm, surprise, new." Tania sighed. There was so much to learn.

Tania took another swim, relaxing in the cooling water. Her mind went methodically from one new thing to the next. When she had finished, she searched for the unease she had been feeling, but it was gone. Instead, there was excitement about unknown things that would happen, what she could learn, Evan doing her. "Fuck." That was what Gina called it. In her mind, the older woman was part lover, part mother, and part friend. When she got to shore, she leaned over and kissed Gina. She got a smile in return, but the brunette was concentrating on a stick she held with a string on the end. The other end was bobbing downriver. Humans were funny. She only had a couple of days before she would have to go back to the pride for more meat.

The sun was almost down when they heard the putt putt. Gina had caught two fish, and made Tawny put a thin rock on top of the fire to get hot. She had used Tawny's knife to gut the fish, stripping off just the meat. She had been marinating the filets in limes for an hour. She had looked at the foliage around the camp, but couldn't find either salad greens or potato like roots. Tawny looked dubious, but interested in the idea of eating the fish.

Evan was wearing a pair of swimming trunks, and a tee shirt. He had two bottles of wine, and left them in a shaded spot in the river. Both women had stripped off their tops, relaxing as they watched the sun go down. "Hey, whatcha doin." Gina laughed. "Watching the sunset, White Hunter. Bring anything else?" "Some cans, babe. I think the potatoes are bad." He was ogling the full titties of both. No doubt about it, the blonde's were amazing, but the softer flesh on Gina seemed sexier to him.

Gina saw the way Tawny stared at Evan, but they had talked about her period this afternoon. The girl seemed to realize men didn't like it, and that it could hurt her, when she was menstruating. But Evan's point that it was hard to know what was going on in Tawny's mind was getting clearer and clearer. The same thing kept happening. Gina would think she had gotten through, and Tawny would say something that made it clear she hadn't. But the girl never seemed to be in doubt. You couldn't tell her what to do. She acted unilaterally.

"Evan, I keep thinking I'm communicating, and then finding out I'm not. This isn't going to be easy. Why don't you try?" "I will babe, but it's probably harder for me than you. Let me try listening to your conversation. Why don't you tell her something you think she didn't get again. Oh, and I brought both sleeping bags. They're in the boat." Gina smiled at him, thinking he was being a pretty good sport. He smiled back.

She turned and started to speak to Tawny, then stopped. There was a funny look on the girl's face, as the eyes darted from Evan to her. It was curiosity, confusion, interest, and sadness. "What do you think is going through her mind right now." "God knows. Maybe she regrets not understanding." He paused, then whispered softly "Maybe she's jealous that I like you better." He bowed his head. "Or maybe it's just PMS starting early. Christ. We can't be too cautious. There isn't time."

Gina smiled at Evan's expression of preference for her, feeling a nice little surge of pleasure. He had that funny way of expressing his feelings, wry and self deprecating, even though he tried to be macho. She looked at Tawny, and the girl was smiling back at her, looking genuinely happy. Evan chuckled. "Well, so much for the jealousy theory. What's for dinner?"

He asked some very practical questions during the meal. Where is the pride. How many animals in it. How far did they range, and did they stay in the same area. Tawny knew numbers, but had trouble with time. "We move. Way back. After I come." "Maybe twelve years?" asked the man. "Years?" Evan tried to describe the cyclical movements of the sun, and then tried to get her to count the number of rainy seasons. Gina could see the light didn't go on. But the girl kept concentrating. He tried describing full moons, using his arms to portray the phases. That got through, but she hadn't kept track of how many.

She was excited about the new taste of the fish, and the wine. It had hit her hard. She giggled and clapped her hands. It was another little girl action. "Goody, goody." "See what I mean", Gina muttered. Evan smiled. "You're a little impatient, huh babe. Think of the shit she's had thrown at her in the last two days. I've been giving it a lot of thought. Consider this. Everyone learns sequentially, you, me, the whole world. One thing leads to another. But she has a big blank spot. We probably can't remember why we think what we do, and we can't get her there naturally. So when she sees something outside her experience, chances are it'll be impossible for us to understand how she processes it."

Tawny looked like she was falling asleep on her skin. He wiggled over to sit beside her, and kissed her cheek softly. Gina felt herself starting to melt. Her nipples stiffened. She felt his breath in her ear as he finished his thought. "Take sex. You and I see it as involving affection as well as orgasm. I don't know if that's really objectively right, but we come to it as received wisdom, no questions asked. She might feel sex is purely for fun. She doesn't know from pregnant, Herpes, AIDS, Syphilis. And she doesn't know about love."

Gina was melting. He was making sense, and showing careful thought, and yet expressing his feelings with less reserve than she had always expected of him. She was tingling, wanting him. It wasn't with the calculation of advantage she had been planning. It was something about the jungle, the remoteness, the sense of isolation. She turned her head to him, and felt his lips meet hers. They both sighed as their mouths pressed together.

It was as though the air had gone out of a balloon. The tension that had been between them for almost a week dissolved into want. They reclined to the canvas of the sleeping bag, as his hand began caressing her breast. She arched up to increase the pressure, and wrapped her arms around his waist. His body was fully against her bare skin. She grabbed the bottom of the tee shirt and pulled it over his head. Their eyes were locked together. Just before he lowered his head back to her,



she breathed "Your charm worked, you son of a bitch. But so did that big cock this morning." He smiled as his lips found hers again.

Their tongues started touching through open mouths. The sound of the night seemed like a symphony as his expert hands wandered over her, pressing lightly but surely, on both tits, the nipples, then down her stomach to her groin. She groaned as his hand worked under the thong, and when his finger touched her clit gently, her hips jumped to his hand. His smooth chest was pressing her soft, tender boobs, and she felt wonderful anticipation, and surrender. She groaned into his mouth.

Gina reached for the waistband of the swimming trunks, both hands pushing it downwards. She got it far enough for his prick to jump out, already stiff. But he kept caressing her twat, two fingers inside now, palm rubbing over the top of her slit. He was hitting her g spot squarely, and she was giving herself to the flush of heat in her groin. But he wasn't hurrying. Her friends had told her he was a good lover, and they were right. He was rubbing her titties with his chest, and she felt him wriggling the trunks all the way off, then his big dong was wedged between his groin and her buttock. He pushed her thong down and off.

He kept kissing her, and she was running her hands over his back, cooing gutturally as the excitement rose. She rolled to him, feeling his prick poking at her groin. His hand began kneading her ass, pulling her into him. Oh it was nice, thought the keening brunette, edging her knee up over his hip, opening her pussy, feeling her cream start. They writhed together, the first thrill of mutual need washing through the chirping night. She realized he had shaved. Cocky bastard. But she felt a little happy flush that he cared that much.

His mouth left hers and started kissing down toward her tits. Gina was lucky that just short of thirty her breasts were still firm, and very sensitive. As he started sucking on one nipple, flicking at it with his soft tongue, she groaned throatily, enjoying this more than she had expected. It felt so intimate here in this jungle clearing, so primitive. "Evan, Evan, oooh yes."

He worked on both boobies for a while, feeling her intense response, rubbing with both his lips and hands, concentrating on the stiff nipples. He squeezed the full globes, and nibbled at the stiff tips. She arched crazily, getting into his love making. Her mind was roaring with passion, inflamed by the days of teasing. Somehow the problem of Tawny had brought them together in a rush, and as she felt him start toward her hips with his mouth, she groaned happily. Her legs spread open.

His hands were shaking on her tits as he surrounded her foaming slit with his mouth. To begin with, he just sucked, and she heard the little noises as the vacuum broke and opened. Then she felt his tongue. "Oh god, yes, do that, oh that feels good." It was touching her clitty, licking hard for a few strokes, then drawing down between the folds, tasting her juice. Tension was starting to build up as he languidly fed in her foaming cunt. He was enjoying it, she realized, as he went on and on.

Suddenly he raised his head. "Gina, that's the most beautiful pussy I've ever seen. Or tasted." Then he dived back in, moaning now. He didn't have to say that, she thought. "Well then suck that thing, stud. Yeah, like that. Oh and you've got the, oooh, the clit. Ummmm." He was sucking on just the stiff little button, butterflying with his tongue. Her wiggling hips were trying to help him get at her. His hands were still over her tits, and she covered them, feeling the shaking of his excitement.

She vaguely found herself hoping his passion wasn't just an act. She was creaming and moaning, heating up vigorously. "Wait, wait baby. Let me suck that big cock." He twisted around so his hips were over her head, still feeding greedily in her wet slit. She felt his nose in her ass crack. But she sucked in his pulsing tool without hesitation. She could taste the pre cum at the little slit

immediately. But he waited for her hands to grip his butt, and let her guide him into the recesses of her mouth.

She wanted to make him feel as good as he was making her feel. Her tongue laved over the head as it sunk into her. It had a nice clean taste. Then she took a deep breath through her nose, and let it slide down her throat. She got it all the way in, feeling his thick pubic hair and heavy ballsack at her nose. She pushed on his hips, and he raised them. She took another breath, and pulled him in again, harder this time. She heard him grunt with the pressure her throat exerted on the sensitive head of his tool. He pulled out again, without her push.

She felt him start to gently sink again, and there was spasmodic jumping of the rod between her lips. He's awfully excited, she thought. His cock started pulsing, and she felt the rhythm of his pistoning prick matching his licking in her foaming slit. "Ughhhhh," she moaned with ecstasy. Her mind was roaring with need. It was so good.

As though they were of one mind, he raised his head and murmured "Enough, babe?" She pushed his hips up, and whispered "Time to fuck, big boy." Then he was kneeling between her splayed legs, his mouth open, staring at her glistening pussy. His hand worked the head of his tool up and down her slit, as both watched the sexy contact of their genital areas. "Don't tease, Evan. C'mon, fill me up." "What a body, Gina. World class. Mmmmm." The head pushed between her labial folds, starting to open her.

His hands left the rigid rod, and he leaned toward her. Their eyes locked as he began slowly sinking into her vaginal cavity, wet and welcoming, and both were smiling lustily. She just lay there on her back, watching his handsome face, with it's look of triumph as he felt himself surrounded by her sopping flesh. He kept slowly leaning down until he was all the way in, then kissed her. First it was gentle, but she gasped as his boner punched her clit, and sucked hard on his mouth. He crushed their lips together, his tongue diving into her mouth, and the thing got wild in a rush of pent up desire.

The anticipation had made them both try to stretch this first experience out, but both seemed to lose conscious control. Her legs wrapped frantically around his thighs, locking behind him, and her hips began humping furiously up to his strokes. He was groaning and pulling all the way out, then pummeling back in, and she met each powerful thrust with mewling pleasure, even as their mouths seemed to try to consume the other's. It was mindless and animal, thrashing at the gnawing need for release both felt, humping their groins wildly. She twisted her clitty at every stroke, and he drove mercilessly into her, but his saliva and her juice made her hole frictionless, and she felt nothing but his fullness.

His big member pressed at every inch of her hot pussy, the lubrication making the fierce thrust of his driving rod smooth but filling. Each downward hump pushed forcefully at her clit, and the thrills here in the jungle seemed unlike any she had ever felt before. She was keening higher than she could remember, but still drove herself onward as his breathing got harder and harder .

It was mad and fantastic, hot and wild, incredibly passionate. They were soaring together in a different way than either was used to. The intensity lasted about five minutes, when his face pulled away, a look of panic in his expression. She saw it through haze filled eyes, feeling the incredible vibrating approach of climax. She grinned, urging "Go ahead, darling. Let it go, let it happen. I'm there, I'm ready." He held his face above her as his eyes closed, and she felt a furious thrust, and he froze.

Gina squealed as she felt his hot jism spurt into her, seeing relief spread over his face. Her own

orgasm was blooming like a flood of sensation, tingling from her cunt upwards. Her tits were shaking and the tips were sending waves of completion out to match the release flowing over her, finally reaching the red haze in her mind. She closed her eyes as her shaking head went from side to side. He stroked again, and another shot filled her. It was leaking out into her ass now, spreading warmth, heightening the glorious, soaring feeling.

Her eyes opened, staring vacantly out at nothing. She felt him still stroking, slowly and gently, but nothing mattered except the shattering, mindless fulfillment that completely overpowered her. Jism was still dripping out. The waves kept on and on. She vaguely felt his lips again, but couldn't respond. She was groaning softly. She usually talked a lot when she came, but was senseless and dumb in this fantastic euphoria.

She almost cried as she felt the release start to wane. Regret showed, and he misinterpreted it. "Sorry babe, just couldn't hold off." She smiled, and in a small voice reassured him "I'm just sorry it's over, but that was absolutely the best, Evan. Wow." The hip temptress was gone, replaced by a fulfilled woman. "Wasn't it wild? I loved it." She used her legs to keep him locked to her, and he relaxed on top of her still flushed body. Suddenly they both heard another groan.

Tawny was rubbing her cunt under the leather thong, and Gina recognized her climax hitting. "God, she's been watching, Evan." He stared, and they both became aware of the odor of their own love making, and the jungle girl's. He chuckled in a strained, choking way. "I guess she just got her first lesson in human sex, babe. What must she think?"

She thought it was funny. As Tania had realized what they were doing, through the lassitude the meal and the wine had caused, she watched from her back. When Evan started sucking on Gina's chest, Tania started rubbing on her own. She understood how good it seemed to feel instantly. When they started sucking between their legs, she started gently rubbing her hard spot, and brought on the rush just as they were finishing.

But through the excitement she was aware of how different this was than the act with the tigers. It was like the difference between what Gina called "Langwidge" and the purrs and growls that had been her life up to now. Except for the straggling memories. The tigers did what they wanted, and had trained her to do the same. Humans talked about it, with their specific words, but there was an undercurrent of tension and uncertainty.

Gina hadn't been sure she wanted Evan to do her. Evan hadn't been sure she would let him. They had been talking about her, but something happened to make them fuck. None of this fit Tania's outlook. And the act itself had taken so long. Tania's desire to have Evan do her increased, yet she realized suddenly that she wasn't sure he would. He had a special feeling for Gina. What was that feeling? She could tell he was uncertain about her. Did that mean he wouldn't fuck her? As they stared at her, still locked together in that intertwined position, Tania smiled, lay down, and closed her eyes, but still felt the questions lingering in her mind.

But in the morning, her mind was clear. She went down and bathed, swimming out to the boat and looking around. So much was impossible to understand. There were strange feeling surfaces, pictures of many kinds with colors, the cold place with tubes, and she opened one the way Evan had. The stuff inside tasted sweet, and she felt her nerves jangling after three gulps. She put it back in the cold place. She opened the places where Gina had gotten the garments yesterday morning. She examined each one. There were several "pants", "blouses", and "panties". More "brahs".

There was a big piece of thin cloth that was the color of sand. When Tania held it against herself, the touch of the material was so smooth it was like a caress. She spent five minutes standing there with

her eyes closed, moving it gently over her nude skin. It was like feeling dry water. It was her favorite thing from "Civlizashun" so far.

Not wanting to have them wake up without her, she replaced everything and dived back toward the camp. The new way of swimming was really fast, and it got her heart pumping. Sitting in the shallow water, she examined her slit. She had almost stopped bleeding, and had even felt wetness in her hole last night when she had her rush. She would tell them that, and get Evan to do her. She dressed and went up to find them both yawning as they woke.

"Gina. Blood stop." Tania pointed to her slit. She had still stuffed some leaves into the crotch, but was sure it was okay. "Good. Gina happy." They had developed a little code. When Tania didn't understand, she raised her arms, palms up, and repeated the word she didn't understand. "Happy?" "Feel good. Cum." Gina giggled. "Good cum make me happy." Evan made the deeper sound that was his giggle, and said "Glad to hear it, babe." He leaned over and kissed Gina.

Tania thought she understood that. Feeling good was happy. Evan was glad he made Gina happy. She rushed over and kissed Evan, pushing hard. He acted funny, but didn't pull away. Tania kissed a while, feeling around with her tongue, then pulled away and said "Make Tawny happy." He suddenly gave off a new odor, a little like fear, but different. He and Gina were staring at each other. "Gina, tell her.." Tell her yourself, stud." Gina was grinning, which was the same as giggling. Evan said "Oh shit." and ran down towards the river.

Tania's confusion from last night returned, as she watched him go around the bend. Then she heard and smelled that he was urinating. None of it made sense to her, and she looked at Gina. "Evan not like Tawny?" Gina was serious now. "Man want to be alone. He peeing. And for fucking." Tania got that, seeing he would want to find her when Gina wasn't there. Tania had learned to shrug, and she did as she began cleaning up the place, and then slipped into the jungle for her morning security check.

Gina had been thinking about maybe a little morning delight when they first woke up, and when the whole thing with Tawny kissing Evan happened, had some qualms of regret. Back to the language wars, she sadly thought. But Tawny wasn't up for it, just did her morning ritual of clean up, and then drifted into the jungle. Gina wasn't sure what she got from her simple explanation about Evan's shock and consternation.

When he came back, having waited for Tawny to leave, he asked about what she had said, and when she told him, he thought hard. Then he muttered "Look babe, everything's spinning out of control. Last night was special, I thought. I felt guilty standing there with her coming on to me in front of you. How do you feel?" "It was special to me too, Evan. But you have to go through with fucking her." Gina flushed a little with the thought. "Let's put you and I on hold. It'll still be there later. Does that make sense?"

He looked at her with a twisted expression. She was reclining with just the thong on, those terrific tits hanging there inviting him. But her expression was serious, and her idea made sense. He shook his head, showing a wry grin. "Christ, if anyone ever saw me confused about this, they'd think I lost it. I'll be thinking of you, babe." Gina laughed and jumped into his arms, their mouths joining, but keeping her eyes open with a little grin. "From no pussy at all to too much, huh stud. Serves you right." She loved playing with his head.

Evan stayed at the camp while she went out to the boat. When she realized Tawny had been there, she tried to figure out what had interested her. The half drunk can of coke, the drawers with her clothes, and it looked like she stopped at the negligee. She could smell Tawny's unique odor on it.

She had planned to stay out there, trying to give them time alone. But a realization about the way they were thinking about Tawny came over her.

As she steered the dinghy back toward the camp, her mind reviewed all the conversation with Tawny, looking at it in a new light. Yes, no doubt about it. She and Evan thought they were teachers. But Tawny didn't want to learn how they thought, she wanted specifics, the feel of smooth cloth, a big cock, different food. When they taught her language, she tried to get it, but not with any pleasure.

She got back to find Evan in the water, laying there with his eyes half open, the swimming trunks off. He was munching on a piece of fruit. As she pulled off her bikini and lay down beside him, she saw his eyes on her tits, and her pussy. She noticed that neat prick jump a little. "We're thinking wrong, Evan. You helped me see it. She doesn't want us to talk to her. That's incidental. She wants to experience new things. She was out on the boat before we woke up, looking at my clothes, rubbing some against her skin. It's all curiosity, and every time I saw her confused, you and I were doing our thing, teasing and being clever. I think she senses indecision, confusion, conflicts between words and thoughts. Do you see what I mean?"

He looked at her with a now familiar depth, silent for a couple of minutes. "Yeah, babe. That makes everything fit together." He paused. "But so what?" Gina looked him in the eye, and her hand drifted to his half hard tool. "It's us that confuse her. We have to give up our inhibitions, our secrets. Our teasing. I'm at least as bad as you, maybe worse. We have to listen to our guts. I loved that fuck last night. But I guard myself from being hurt by men like you, though I keep wanting to believe you aren't just playing with me. You have that macho baggage that wants to get in every pair of panties that comes along. But I've seen something real in you."

She leaned down and kissed him firmly, tongue dueling, and after a moment of surprise, he returned it with passion. She felt his cock grow. "She doesn't forget anything, Evan. I keep thinking about the mixed signals we've sent, to each other and to her. Remember, you said we probably can't understand her thinking. You and I better get with her program." She started jacking on his cock, responding to her impulse. She felt his hand on her breast, tweaking the nipple.

They kissed again, as Gina waited for a clear sense of what to say next. Finally, she rose and waded to the shore. He had brought a towel down, and she spread it over the ground, then lay down wet, her head supported by her arm on its elbow, in what she hoped was a fetching pose. She pushed her hair back, and closed her eyes.

"She knows there's something more between us than just a cum. She knows I want to fuck a tiger. She knows I like sex with her. All my life I've been a sexy, horny woman, Evan. It's always scared me a little. Maybe it'll scare you. But giving up all the baggage is the only way we can get on her wavelength. I'll try if you will."

Evan was staring at the voluptuous, intelligent, nude woman causing his heart to beat a mile a minute as she posed sensually on the towel. His cock was hard as a rock. His mind was whirling, excitement, confusion, admiration, amazement at the candor and openness dueling and spinning. What did he feel at this moment? "Gina, I can't even think straight. You have me nuts."

He splashed out and buried his head in her cunt, his tongue feverishly searching for her clit, surging desire overpowering anything but his need for her. Her pussy was wet already. He heard her through the roaring in his ears. "A quick one, stud. Jump me like we finished last night. Fuck my brains out. Let's just get off." He started up toward her mouth, feeling his cock drawn toward her pussy like a magnet. She flipped him over on his back, holding his eyes, fever showing. As she

straddled his hips, she whispered "Jane fuck White Hunter."

She had her legs under her, and as she sunk onto his jumping prick, started rising and falling immediately, her tits bouncing, her abdomen flexing. Her cunt was already grabbing and nipping at his member, and his soaring excitement at her licentious movements was a whole new experience. She was staring at him avidly, no teasing, no caution, a little frown of concentration making her look like an erotic siren. He felt the wonderful wet pressure of her flesh around his tool, sending waves of sensation into his groin.

He stopped his hips from meeting her thrusts, and she felt it. As she inched forward onto her knees, and leaned down to dangle those delicious boobs in his face, she muttered "No, no, go ahead, punch me, fuck me. Feel my cream, smell it? I want it hard and fast." As he started sucking on one nipple, feeling her titflesh pillow against his mouth he lunged up at her. The same wildness they had experienced the night before seized them.

She was groaning and humping, as fast as she could go, he thought, and he spasmed up at each thrust of her delectable bottom. He was soaring, as though he was a teenager getting his first piece of ass. His hands were kneading at her tits as his mouth worked at both nipples, sucking and tonguing as hard as he could. She was wiggling them into him, and she started to squeal, in rhythm with her humping slit. He could smell her, along with the river.

As they joined in a strong, sexy rhythm, she started babbling. "Oh Evan, you have a neat cock, you know that? It fills me just right, fucks me so nice, gore me, ream me. Mmmmmm, baby baby lover. Oh yeah, there, feel it hit my clit, ohhhhhhh fuck me, fuck me." His ears were ringing with the pounding passion, and he felt the building temptation to shoot. But he held back, waiting for her. His lips feasted at her big tits, his tongue savoring the soft flesh and hard tips.

Suddenly, she arched backwards, and her hips slowed. One hand reached down to twitch her clit as she threw her head back. "Cummmmm, oh cumming, lover, oh lover fuck meeeeeee." It was almost a scream, and he lost himself in a climax that took over control of his body. He arched up into her twitching cunt, feeling his spunk shooting like a hose. Her labia were squeezing the base of his throbbing tool, and he gave himself to the pleasure of it.

She rose and then sank back again, still groaning. He humped up, raising her and pummeling her as she kept diddling her clit. Another spurt of jism fired up. It was like a fire of release, radiating in his belly. "Gina, Gina." She was almost squealing with excitement. "I feel your spunk, nice and hot you horny bastard. Yes, Yes. Mmmmmmmmm." It was an orgasm more powerful than any he could remember, a wonderful explosion. Then he felt vibration in her pussy, and she almost fell to the side. He grabbed her, and she fell on top of him, moaning and still writhing around his cock. He felt more spunk, but it wasn't strong enough, just dribbled out. But it sent more thrills out into his groin.

She lay on top of him, moving gently, groaning "God, god, oh so good, so wonderful." Their lips met, not very hard, but lazily tasting and sucking. He felt her hands moving over his sides, touching his skin. Her movements were easy and slow, their sweating chests pressed together. His mind began to clear. He felt her stretching her legs back to rest on his.

It was as though that mindless fuck made her case. He had less experience than she did with Tawny, but the notion that pure animal impulses were the jungle girl's experience rang true. And he saw the risks Gina was taking by confessing her own socialized feelings. He wondered if he could be as free. "Babe, I don't know how I'll be if I try to be basic. It scares me a little. Maybe you won't like the real Evan."

She was still breathing hard, but answered quickly "See, we're both scared. And she isn't. But I just know we can't get anywhere trying to make her like us." She lifted up, her sweet breath on his lips, her hair drying in a lovely, wild way around her gorgeous face. "That was nice, huh. Wild and free. Animal. Impulsive. Who says our way is better." She cuddled back on top of him. "I'll forgive your shit, Evan. I have some too. We'll come out of this knowing each other better than we've ever known anyone else, I think. Whatever happens, it won't be from not understanding each other."

"Christ, babe. It's so risky. That girl is such a turn on. You're gonna fuck a tiger? Holy shit." But he felt a little heat from the images leaping into his mind, the blonde, Gina, him, animals. He felt his cock twitch. She giggled from his chest. "See. Besides, I think I'm worth it."

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Chapter Three

Tania was concentrating on the tracks she had found that veered away from her marks. They were from the tusked pigs, and this one was small. She had never hunted alone, but had often thought that with the knife she could. She tracked it for an hour, and finally got a glimpse of it digging for roots up ahead. She was downwind, and slid as close as she thought she could.

Then she rose up and ran at full speed. The animal's head came up, it took about three steps, and she was on its back, sliding the blade through the thick neck. It carried her for three steps, then stumbled, blood gushing out of the gaping wound. It fell to the side, trapping her leg under its shoulder, but she could already hear the rattle of its lungs as life died. It was new, she had done it, and she felt..... yes, happy.

She took an hour skinning the beast, sawing off the head, and gutting it. It was still heavy, but she threw it over her shoulder and started back to her place. Camp. This much meat would last several days. She could stay with Gina and Evan a lot longer. As she struggled through the jungle, enjoying the stress on her legs and shoulders, the good feeling from her beating heart, she realized that happy and good were almost the same.

When she got back to the camp, they weren't there. As she washed the meat and spitted it, she looked out at the boat, but they weren't there either. She had started the pink animal flesh burning, when she heard one of them thrashing back the way they did in the brush. It was Evan, and he was making funny, harsh sounds as he saw her standing in front of the fire. Then he yelled "Gina, Gina. She's back."

Tania didn't understand what he meant. Had they been looking for her? Why?. She saw a worried look on his face as he stared at her. He was looking at her legs, which were covered with the animal's blood. Maybe he thought it was from her. She checked to make sure the meat would stay on the spit, rotating it slightly, and ran down to the river, pulling off her garments. There was just the slightest hint of red in the leaves. She waded in to the water and began washing off the dirt and red stain.

When she looked up, he was standing there watching her. And she finally smelled the odor he got when he looked at Gina. His cock was pushing out under the pants he wore. She found herself smiling the way they did. It felt natural to her.

Evan had been shocked to see her so casually cooking the carcass. She was glistening with sweat, and covered in blood. She looked like a Playboy amazon. The skimpy hides, the big tits, the long blonde hair wild and frizzy around her head. She had no idea they might have been worried. When she ran down to the river, he followed, feeling the effect on his prick of the big beauty's primitive

look. For the first time, he let himself admire her sexually.

As she waded into the water, the play of muscle in her trim butt emphasized the incredibly narrow waist, and as she bent over he saw that puffy slit from behind, seeming to go on forever. It was like a tease, except totally unselfconscious. When she caught his eyes ogling her, she smiled. The look was hungry, pleased, and seemed to anticipate his excitement at her beauty. Well, Gina said let it flow. Here we go.

Her lithe tan body was magnificent. She was rubbing herself all over, occasionally spreading her knees and trying to clean her twat, with its mass of light brown hair. When she leaned over, her tits would hang, looking huge, but otherwise they stuck out firm and proud, capped by pale, small nipples. He had seen his share of ripe bodies, but this one, with its muscle and firm flesh, defied gravity and reason. The water was just below her pussy, but she would dip down to wet herself, and as her hips rose, the wet pubic hair would hug the cleavage between her legs, showing the fat labia. He pulled off the long sleeved shirt he wore to avoid the bugs.

But she was focused on his groin. Her attention made him tingle, and he shucked the pants down, along with the briefs. His hard tool popped out, and he saw her eyes widen with want. She started wading toward him, her hips swaying, the slit twisting with each step, breasts bouncing softly. Her gaze was glued to his cock. The rippling of her flesh as she walked through the water was so sexy he could hardly believe his eyes. Her wet hair hung straight down, and the water was beading on the lush skin, the tan lines from her garments so white she almost seemed still dressed.

She walked directly to him, staring down at his turgid member. Her eyes were right at his level. He watched her face hungrily admiring his member, and he felt her hand wrap around it. Then she looked up. He hadn't noticed the dark blue of her irises, and as her face loomed in his sight, the look of desire was strong. Then he felt her lips press to his, and felt his knees start to wobble. Her other hand grabbed his head, and she seemed to try to devour his mouth. Her tongue went deep, probing and stimulating. His hips were starting to undulate as she held his member firmly, rubbing it in her damp, undulating bush.

He began to caress and knead her ass cheeks, marveling at how firm they were. Up close, her smell was very jungle, musky and there was the faint odor of her cunt. Her hand released his cock, and she imitated him, grabbing his butt and humping their groins together. The kiss went on and on. She seemed to like the pressure of their mouths, and he tried to ease off a little, and she felt it and went along. Sometimes you could tell she was learning as she did it.

His cock was between her legs, and she was twisting her slit at it as it slithered between her wet thighs and the fuzzy flesh of her cuntlips. Then she pulled her head away and hugged harder to him, whispering "Tawny like Evan. Fuck. Cum." Her voice caused a jump in his cock, and she gurgled throatily when she felt it. Her smell was stronger now.

To hell with her period. He pulled her down on the towel that still lay there from this morning, and started to kiss down her body. The firmness of her boobs was amazing, and he spent a long time sucking the nipples, rubbing his face in the big globes. His tongue would lave over the stiff tips, and she was moaning with excitement. He had a feeling his worship of the magnificent tits was completely new to her. He could tell by the stiffness she was getting into it.

Tania was feeling wonderful thrills as Evan sucked her chest. "Tits". He licked and sucked at the tips, making tingles radiate outward, and it felt better than when she rubbed them, or the tigers licked them. She put a hand behind his head and pulled it down to increase the pressure. She had her eyes closed, intent on the effect his mouth was having. Dimly, she heard herself groaning. "Fuck.

Cum.”

Then he started kissing down her front, into the little belly knot, and between her legs. She opened her eyes to watch him. As she felt the first contact with her slit, he was kneeling at her feet. She felt a funny pressure, and realized he was sucking on the whole big opening, the fleshy outer folds, the inner folds, and then she felt his tongue, and caught fire.

The small tongue got into her hole, then went up to the hard spot, and it sent out waves she had never known before. The tigers’ big tongues touched everything hard, but he was pushing only on the sensitive spot, and the tingling inside flesh. She had the feeling that came before her rush, but it was far sweeter than usual. Her legs bent and she started writhing as he kept going, making little noises that she thought were cute.

Her peak came rolling, making her flush, and she felt wet down there. Then the rush came, powerful and sharp, familiar and yet better. The top of her slit seemed to explode, and she humped her hips frantically. She was growling, and looked down to see him watching her without taking his mouth from her creaming bush. He was still pushing at the hard spot, and she stayed high longer than she thought it had ever lasted.

But he didn’t stop until she began to slow the movements of her hips, and he raised to his knees, holding the big cock to her slit. He was staring at her, and his smell was just like he had gotten with Gina. Even as she still tingled from her rush, she felt the prick begin to enter her. It didn’t push quickly in like the tigers. He watched her face as he lowered his body very slowly onto her, sinking the cock into her hole, not in the quick, sharp way she was used to. It fit better than the tigers, she realized, and put pressure on the nerves at the top of her hole as well as the hard spot. When he got fully embedded, she felt filled as never before, and in a whole new way.

It wasn’t wider at the base, but still poked at the hard spot when his pubic bone met hers. The stimulation of her whole bottom was totally different, and fantastic. She was growling without thinking, and her rush didn’t even die, but stayed warm and glowing. Then he started moving in and out, slowly and firmly, and the fire in her tummy got hotter. It was like just before the rush, but now stayed hot and thrilling, the slow pace of his fucking almost gentle.

He was watching her face, and she met his hungry gaze, smiling with the pleasure she felt. He was sweating, but she liked the added odor, reminding her of when she had watched him with Gina. He was holding himself up, sinking rhythmically into her on each stroke, seeming to touch every inch of her hole. She wanted to feel his weight, and pulled him down on top of her, wrapping her legs around his hips, and writhing to him. She felt him start to move faster. “Fuck. Cum. Fuck. Cum.”

She had thought he would shoot when he started going faster, but he didn’t seem to get frenzied. She was vibrating around his cock, feeling another rush approach. She felt some confusion, but let herself go, humping up to him. The rush came, seeming like just a little way up from her heated euphoria, and she groaned with pleasure. She squeezed him harder to her, loving the feel of skin and his softness on her chest and stomach, the pummeling force of his hips. And the tingling touch of his member in her cunthole.

This cum was soft and glowing, not so sharp, but lasted even longer as he slowed his pulsating thrusts. “Aaaagh, Aaaaaaagh. Mmmmph. Fuck. Cum.” Her mind was emptying of anything but release, yet still responding to his undulation. Both her arms and legs eased their squeezing, and she heard him sigh. After the edge of completion eased, she opened her eyes and watched him gazing at her, with a tense, excited look. She liked it. It told her he was happy. But still he kept thrusting.

Suddenly, he pulled his prick out and rolled her over to her hands and knees. She let out a long sigh when he left, but he plunged right back in from behind, and she squealed with delight as she felt his chest on her back, his groin pressed to her ass cheeks, and his hand twitching her hard spot. He knew just where it was. "Uuuugh, Evan like Tawny. Fuck. Cum."

She began to feel faint, like when she went to sleep, but with waves of feeling all over. The big hard tool was deeper than from in front, and her flashing nerves felt like little explosions. He was mumbling in her ear as he fucked into her foaming hole. "God, sexy goddamn cunt, fucking amazon, jesus christ, aaaaaaah." She didn't care that she didn't know what it meant, he was making happy noises. Was he going to go forever, never stop? She hoped so.

Another rush was coming. "Fuck. Cum." Her voice sounded very loud, but the pleasure was overpowering her. "Evan fuck Tawny. Cum. Cum. Cummmmmmm." There it came, washing over her like the cold streams away from the river, shocking and stimulating. Suddenly, his cock stopped, buried deep inside her, and she felt hot liquid gushing into her rear. He was grunting, and pulled all the way out, then he jabbed ferociously again, and she felt more juice. Her head sunk to the towel, and she pushed back at him with her ass. Even her poop hole was pulsating with the climax.

He pumped again. That made her squeak, and push to him. His weight was fully on her, and she felt herself starting to collapse. As they both fell face down, his cock came out, and she sighed. The waves were still breaking in her groin, even as stuff leaked out her hole. "Aaaah, good cum." She blanked out, not thinking, and he stayed, not leaving, not stalking away like the tigers, but moaning with a nice satisfied sound. She smelled his sweet enjoyment. Gina was lucky.

Tania slowly began to hear again. The sounds of the river and the forest. A little crackling from up at the fire. Evan rolled off, but stayed pressed to her back, his soft cock wedged in her big crack. She saw Gina up at the camp, watching them, her eyes bright. "Evan fuck Tawny good. Good cum." Gina smiled, but there was a funny look.

Gina had stumbled out of the jungle in time to see the end of it. Her feelings were definitely mixed, but the rapturous look on Tawny's face was ecstatic, and that pleased her. And the sexy sight of the two bodies had been a turn on. She was relieved the girl was okay, and that this first experience had gone well. It wasn't jealousy, she realized. It was feeling left out.

It was late afternoon, and they all swam for a while. Gina started to kid Evan about doing Tawny from behind, then stopped herself. She thought those games confused the girl. Her language seemed to get better all the time, and she never had to ask a meaning more than once. She would swim a while, faster than either of them, then come back and kiss them both. She was obviously happy with her first human fuck. Evan had a smug look, and Gina would have liked to razz him. Then when Tawny was out in the middle of the water, he hugged to her, and said "Go ahead, babe. Give me some shit. I kinda like it."

She looked at him, grinned, and said "Never got me from the back, stud. Or lasted that long. What am I, chopped liver." He laughed. "Babe, you're too sexy. Can't hold back." She slapped him playfully. They started splashing each other, laughing and ducking like kids. Her breasts would jiggle around, and every once in a while his cock would surface, flopping. Then Tawny came back and joined in, splashing and laughing in the same way. When they finally collapsed into the water, they were all feeling relaxed, happy, and sexy.

"Tawny is happy. Good cum. Gina is lucky to have Evan. Good cock." Then she splashed out of the water, running naked up to the fire, where she rotated the roasting boar. Evan and Gina watched her bounce, taken aback by not only the number of words, but what she said. Evan mumbled "Sure.

Sex and affection don't go together. Who's teaching who here?" Then he looked deep into Gina's eyes. "How did you feel, babe." Gina smiled, and dipped her head under water, sucking in his soft dong. She licked it until her breath ran out, feeling it harden slightly. When she surfaced, gasping and giggling, she murmured "Left out, stud. But the night is young."

They ate the fresh, rare Boar that night, sitting by the fire nude. He was sent down to wash a vegetable Tawny had found, and when he came back, they were whispering, Gina looking naughty, Tawny looking excited. Gina had an arm draped around the blonde's waist, and Tawny's hand was resting on the brunette's shoulders. They finished the meal, and Gina started the radio, finding some music. The two girls rose and began eating a small apricot like fruit, while they began to dance slowly to a heavy beat in the flickering light.

Tawny didn't know how, but she watched Gina like a hawk, and got the idea quickly. Soon they were doing a teasing, erotic dance for their own and his benefit. Gina was particularly uninhibited, rubbing her pussy, cupping her tits, and turning around to show him her full backside with its cleavages's hairless puffiness. Tawny seemed more interested in her than in the effect the show was having on Evan's cock, which was considerable. Their gorgeous, sexy bodies shone in the flickering light of the fire, and as they writhed the savage setting was like distilled sensuality.

Finally the big blonde boogied around to press herself into the back of the smaller, more voluptuous brunette, their bodies humping in time. Gina reached back and pulled the slim hips into her ass, while Tawny's hands covered both the lush boobs, letting the nipples stick out through her fingers. Their eyes were lidded in a sultry, lurid way, and his cock jumped at the sexy sight. The aura in the evening air around them seemed primitive, focused on sex, and there had been no sign of the confusion in Tawny's look, even though Gina and Evan had been kidding happily. It all seemed natural, with an overlay of heated excitement at what would come next.

He walked quickly over and pulled the skin Tawny slept on handy to the fire, then reclined on it, watching the dancing vixens. They were getting caught in the sensuality of the moment, as Tawny would caress Gina's puffy cunt, while they kissed languidly, still front to back, as the beat surged in the evening air. Evan's prick was hard now, but he knew that having already gotten off twice, he could last a long time tonight. He wondered idly what Gina had in mind.

Gina stepped away and turned around, her hips grinding at the jungle girl's, and sinuously wiggled one leg between the thighs jumping with desire in front of her. She kept inching forward until her pussy was pressing against the tan flesh, and Tawny imitated the exotic, hip forward motion until they were both watching as their cunts rubbed near the other, still moving to the radio's slow rhythm. They gripped each other's hips, and leaned harder, and the dance became an erotic, vertical fuck, both women leaning back, tits jiggling slightly, their eyes locked heatedly.

They humped with enthusiasm, simultaneously opening their labial lips and wetting their thighs with the vaginal cream starting to flow. Gina was enjoying showing off to Evan, and watching as Tawny showed lusty pleasure in their dance. She had always known she would enjoy wild sexual experimentation, but the whole atmosphere that was growing in this jungle made it easy and free of inhibition. Tawny embraced everything, and Evan seemed to like her sharp wit mixing with her wanton heat. And he was proving to be fully capable of getting it up often, and going along with her own licentious impulses. Even now, just watching them, she could see his cock, hard and proud, jumping in the firelight.

The jungle girl's eyes were starting to close, and her hips were pulsing harder. Not too quick, Gina thought. The girl gets off so damn hard and fast. She broke away and threw herself down beside Evan, and Tawny squeaked with disappointment, but then did the same on the other side, and

suddenly he was sandwiched between them. Gina was tonguing his ear, and Tawny was murmuring "Tawny fuck Gina, Tawny fuck Evan, cum, cum."

Evan moved both his arms out of the way, and the two vixens pressed their wet pussys' against his hips, while they kissed his face, and fondled his big tool. It was all slow and languid, and he relaxed with the stimulation. Then he heard Gina whispering in his ear "We talked about all three holes, darling. Both of us. Think you can handle it?" His stomach churned with her exciting suggestion, and his cock jumped.

Gina rose to her knees and wiggled her bottom over his face. "My turn first, lover. Get me nice and wet, okay." She pulled her ass cheeks apart, and lowered her slit to his mouth. He gripped her full hips, kneading with delight, and his tongue leaped out to trace the cleft from her clit past her vagina to her puckered ass hole. She had put perfume on, and smelled of a combination of it and the river. As he licked the small rim, tasting her, he could hear groaning, and out of the corner of his eye saw Tawny watching Gina writhe on his face. Her eyes had the bright look of excitement she got. She was jacking at his cock, and humping his hip with her wet cunt.

He felt a mouth surround his member, and knew it was Tawny by the inexperienced way she sucked enthusiastically on his hard tool. He licked Gina's ass hard, and kept sliding her up and down, touching her clit as well. His hands snuck up to cover her full breasts, feeling the nipples already stiff with excitement. He loved her titflesh, soft and yet firm. So voluptuous. He kneaded with pleasure, and she responded by covering his hands and pressing them harder to her chest.

He started trying to penetrate Gina's little rectum, poking insistently until he had a good two inches of his tongue inside, and her hips surged in response. "Evan, Evan you sexy stud. God that feels good." He moved gently in and out, wetting her with saliva. Tawny's mouth was sucking like crazy, sending thrills into his groin. He felt he was floating in a sea of sensual enjoyment, without urgency. Damn if he didn't think he really could fuck the both of them in both holes.

Gina left her position and straddled his hips, grabbing his cock. "Hold still, lover. I'll get it in there." He felt the tight fit as she settled her ass hole onto his cock. Tawny was kneeling, watching the brunette stuff herself in her back end. Gina let her weight push him up into her slowly, groaning with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She was tight as hell, but he held himself steady, and she kept going until the whole thing was inside her bowel. His heart surged with a stinging desire for her as the erotic expression of perverse but excited enjoyment on her face showed her heated embrace of sexual freedom, and his cock.

Tawny wiggled her bottom over his head, but facing Gina. As she sunk her puffy cunt down to his lips, he massaged her muscular boobs for a moment, struck again by their taut fullness, then grabbed her hips to locate her slit over his mouth. No perfume, just that musky jungle smell she always had, mixed with twat juice. He felt Gina humping her butt up and down on his prick. Shit. He couldn't see the two bitches in this position, even though their writhing at his face and prick were carrying him into a maelstrom of euphoria. But his imagination pictured them facing each other, kissing, fondling, and he could hear them groaning. His mouth slavered at the hairy, surging pussyflesh at his mouth, and he tried to pay particular attention to the wrinkled asshole winking above the twitching cunt at his mouth. The musky smell, the squeezing pressure on his dong, and the little groans of pleasure from Gina filled his mind with lust.

Gina was soaring. The small stings in her behind increased the euphoric thrills coursing through her. His whole tool was buried, stretching her and touching all the nerves back there. Tawny was kissing her as her pussy undulated on Evan's head. It was fantastic, just what she had wanted, and she could feel a great cum approaching, but with a nice slow warning. She rose to pull his cock out of

her ass, and sank it into her dripping cunt, stroking several times, feeling it speed up her oncoming orgasm.

Tawny's mouth on hers was sucking hard, tonguing with rapid movements that helped push Gina toward the edge. She raised her hips and again sunk her asshole onto Evan's stiff dong, dropping firmly onto it, feeling it deep in her abdomen. She felt Tawny's fingers pulsing her clit, and the ardor of her two lovers overpowered her, kicking her into an abyss of completion. Cream was almost gushing from her cunt, and she could smell her own as well as Tawny's fragrant lubrication.

The climax soared through her writhing body, blanking out everything. The fingers on her clit speeded up, and that made it more intense, hitting a fantastic peak. She groaned into the jungle girl's mouth, but Tawny kept kissing, sucking and tonguing, driving her cum on and on. Her hips were spasming, and Evan was humping up into her when she settled on him with each stroke. The raging thrills filled her mind, giving her that weak feeling she was getting used to with these wonderful fuck sessions in this remote and primitive paradise.

She slumped against Tawny, as her body's strength was sapped by the soaring climax. She felt herself being supported by the blonde's strong hands on her chest, fingers still playing with her titties. It was the most fabulous feeling, and she was moaning mindlessly as she felt overwhelming affection for both her lovers. Tawny was breathing in her ear "Gina cum. Good cum.", still helping her orgasm with a hand in the swampy mess of her pussy.

Her mind slowly regained control, and she pulled up from Evan's still stiff member. "Time for you, Tawny. Fuck ass. Good cum." As both girls rose, Evan protested "Another position, babe. I can't see anything down there. I can't miss watching you two sexpots." Gina pushed Tawny down on her back, and Evan scrambled up between her legs. Tawny's eyes were bright with excitement, and Gina grabbed his jumping tool and positioned it at the jungle girl's rectum while he pushed the muscular legs almost to her fantastic boobs. As he pushed in the wet, tight hole, Gina whispered "Virgin amazon ass, stud. Enjoy."

He got about two inches in when the blonde squealed with a funny sound, and he stopped, watching her eyes. They were wide with surprise, and a little hurt, he thought. But Gina urged him on, mumbling "That's half the fun, the pain. Keep pushing, darling, but slowly. She'll adjust. She's a tough bitch." Then the brunette leaned down and kissed Tawny's open mouth gasping with this new penetration, and he humped another two inches. When Gina's head came away, she was whispering to the wide eyed jungle girl "Pain good, funny fuck, good cum."

Tawny's expression was very mixed now, the open mouth sucking air, but a convulsive smile and lidded eyes showed the unique feeling of getting buttfucked starting to please her. She began babbling "Funny fuck, funny cum, goooooood, Evan fuck Tawny, Gina, Gina. Ooooooh." Her hips began meeting his thrusts, and he sunk to his full depth, feeling the tight pressure on his cock, intense friction on the nerve filled head.

Gina was watching with a hungry, pleased look, as her two lovers joined in this lascivious act. Tawny's legs spread wider in an amazing display of flexibility, and still her stomach rippled as she humped up to Evan's slow thrusts. Gina swung her legs over the blonde head, and kissed at the rippling abdomen, then worked down toward the gaping cunt exposed above Evan's pistoning prick. She heard him gasp "Oh you sexy cunt, babe. Oh wow."

He reached under Tawny's hips and pulled upwards, exposing the steaming pussy to Gina's hungry, slaverling mouth as it closed on the pink vaginal tunnel and stiff clit. The elevation pushed another inch of stiff manmeat inside the blonde's asshole, and Tawny was almost crying with her soaring,

intense stimulation. As the twin feelings at both holes registered, the jungle girl's hips started going wild. Tawny could only lick at the black cunt at her mouth a little, as the overpowering feelings of approaching completion shot through her belly.

Gina sucked hard on the lips of the fragrant cunt in her mouth, her tongue searching for the clitty, which was hard to locate because of the spasmodic humping of the muscular hips. Her lips would occasionally get squeezed by a surprise movement of the furry groin, but Gina loved the little game of trying to catch the right spot of this young harlot's bottom. Evan was grunting above her, and his movements into the welcoming ass were now long, hard, humping strokes. Tawny was almost screaming into the night.

Then the blonde's cries changed to relieved wails of release. "Aaaaaaagh, aaaaaaaaaah." Gina tasted cream seeming to gush into her mouth, and the hips froze in an arched position, exposing both holes to easier adoration by her lovers. Evan held his fully embedded position, waiting for the initial peak to resolve itself in the blonde's raging orgasm. Gina kept sucking, and butterflyed at the twitching clit with her excited tongue. Tawny's hips sunk down, then arched back up, freezing again. She was not making as much noise now, just moaning throatily.

She humped again, and a fourth time, then the tension went out of her stomach, and she collapsed, her muscles losing their tenseness. Gina swung off her face and cuddled to her. "Tawny like? Good cum?" The girl groaned and whispered "Gooooood cum, Gina. Tania like fucking." Gina kissed the smiling mouth, then looked up at Evan.

He was still buried in Tawny's butt. She could see he was still hard. He was watching her, a look of need, urgency, and excitement on his face. Gina rose to her knees and leaned up to lock her mouth to his, her tongue probing deep. Both their mouths had Tawny's pussy taste, increasing the exquisite sensuality of their kiss, the edgy tension in their bodies. When she broke their kiss, he breathed "Babe, I love your tits. Can I finish between 'em?" Gina grinned at him, marveling at his ability to surprise her.

His eyes still locked to hers, Evan pulled out of Tawny's ass and sunk in her blonde, gaping pussy still wet with cream. Gina laid down with her hands on the outside of her boobs, licking at their tips. He crawled up to straddle her chest, while Tawny gaped at them. As his stiff cock squeezed between the fleshy mounds held by the brunette's hands, lubricated by the moisture from Tawny's fragrant cunt, he sighed with the wonderful softness and smooth texture of them.

Their eyes were locked together as he pushed all the way through the welcoming pillows, and Gina was able to suck the flaming head. He paused, letting his own climax approach, and reached back to sink three fingers in the black snatch behind him, never taking his eyes from the lips surrounding his dickhead. He began fucking through the wet tunnel of titflesh, spurred as much by how much he loved those sexy globes as by the friction. Each time he got his balls pressed to their bottom, she would suck in his head, working her tongue across the tiny slit.

Evan was mumbling "Sexy bitch, fantastic, oh goddamn fantastic." He felt the spunk start out of his nuts, the accumulated edge of tension from all the orifices he had filled in this sweet jungle night taking over his mind. "Ready babe, ready?" Gina bobbed her head excitedly, opening her mouth wide, and he made one last thrust, and the pressure exploded. His hand was still diddling her cunt, and he felt contractions around it. Jesus christ, she's cumming again, he marveled. What a woman.

Tawny watched as his cock spurted white stuff into Gina's mouth, over her tongue, and dribbled a little down her chin. It was the first time she had actually seen a male tool cum, and her eyes were bright with the picture. Evan pulled back and humped again, and another torrent flew into the

welcoming lips, smeared with juices from everyone now. He was still watching, but his expression of relief and happiness was profound. He cycled once more, but the stuff just leaked out onto Gina's neck.

Tawny saw Gina swallow, and leaned down to kiss the brunette's mouth, her tongue searching for a taste of the jism. Gina had a glob on her tongue, and pushed it into the blonde's mouth. It had a musky, slightly sour taste, but it was warm and smooth. Evan's cock was pulsing as he watched them exchange his essence, but he felt faint, and collapsed beside them. Gina was in the middle now, and they were both caressing her opulent body.

Slowly, the night sounds replaced the gasping of their orgy as they all relaxed. Words seemed unnecessary. Both Evan and Gina had tried threeways like this before, but the mindless freedom of this one had been not only thrilling but surprisingly natural. This strange relationship growing among them was incredible. They were all kissing and rubbing, languidly enjoying the after glow. It was an embrace of sexual pleasure that went far beyond civilized convention, but revealed a new world of mutual affection.

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## **Chapter Four**

Gina and Evan awoke next morning alone again. Tawny was always up early, and they didn't see her. "She said her name was Tania last night Evan. Did you hear that? Didn't it seem like we weren't confusing her? See what I mean about my urges? I loved everything. And you were great." They were nude, pressed gently together. He answered in a soft whisper "Babe, I'm amazed at how natural all this feels to me. Nothing you did seemed anything but sexy as hell." He paused and looked deeply into her eyes. "I love those tits, that ass, and particularly your pussy. Shit it's gorgeous. I hope you don't fuck me over, Gina. I've never felt like this before."

She smiled at him. "It's new to me too, darling. It's so neat." She kissed him firmly, driving her tongue between his lips. Before he could respond, she pulled away and whispered "I won't be anything but true to my feelings, Evan. No games, no self protection. Once I got myself tuned to that, it felt terrific." She reached for his cock as she felt his hand between her legs. "And you are a great lay."

They made long, lingering love in the cool morning air. It took an hour, and she came three times, gasping more urgently with each new climax. When it was finished, they bathed each other languidly in the river. Her kidding now seemed funny and affectionate to him, the edge of aggressive antagonism gone. She was frankly admiring of him, her eyes constantly roaming his body happily, just as he loved ogling her. They basked in being nude together, rubbing and caressing freely. Her body seemed to linger in a heightened state of buzzing sensuality.

Evan was starting to think about practical matters. He felt sure he could keep the boat until Sunday, three days away, but should let John know so he wouldn't be worried. Food would be okay because of Tawny's cache. He thought it would be a good idea to run the engine to charge the batteries. He wanted to wash some clothes for the longer stay. "Hey babe, I'm gonna go out and charge the boat, and do some wash. Will you be okay here?"

"How long can we stay, Evan? Another week? Please?" "Uh, sorry Gina, I know John needs the boat by Sunday. No shit. Maybe we could try to find another one. But look, when's the right time. We can't stay forever. Will she want to come with us?" She knew he was right, and didn't know what Tawny would want to do. As Evan took the dinghy into the river and she walked up to camp, her

mind was speculating about it, and she almost walked right into the tiger.

It was standing by the Boar carcass, eyes fixed on her, but its head was down. That was the position Tawny had assumed the first day they met, and Gina hoped it was nonthreatening, even as she froze with fear jangling in her stomach. It was only five feet from her, and as she froze with her legs spread slightly, a flush of sweat bloomed all over her.

The animal was magnificent. She had seen them in zoos, but this one didn't have the matted fur, or the washed out look in his eyes those imprisoned beasts did. The black and gold colors of its coat shone with good health, and its face seemed keen and intelligent. The tail was low, and moved slowly back and forth. Even as thoughts of being mangled and eaten reverberated in her mind, she felt tension and dampness in her groin.

Suddenly, she saw its head move slightly, and it began snuffling sounds. They were staring at each other, so eventually the first pang of dread began to wear off. Gina started to wonder if this might not be one of the ones from Tawny's pride, familiar with female humans. Maybe it's horny, she thought. As if to confirm her idea, the huge cat took a step toward her, its head still low.

Her hands were shaking. The tension was changing from terror to something else, and damned if she didn't feel cream begin in her pussy. She remembered the throaty growl Tawny often gave when she was getting excited, and tried imitating that, though it seemed to come out almost a squeak to her. But the tiger's ears went back, and it took another step toward her. It seemed to be focused on her cunt. She heard what sounded like a low, powerful purr.

A huge pink tongue suddenly came out and licked at the area around the mouth of the beast, but then stayed hanging there, and it took another step, now almost near enough to touch her. Gina's knees were trembling, the juice was really starting to flow in her twat, and she sensed in the quicker movements of the tongue a response from the tiger. Slowly, and very carefully, she spread her legs further apart, reaching behind to support herself on a boulder that was waist high. The tension was building up fast, and her breathing was speeding up. It wants to fuck me, she fantasized, my god, my god.

By leaning back, her hips were arched out toward the animal, and her pussylips were separated slightly. His head was so close she could see his eyes focused firmly on her cunt, vibrating there not a foot from that enormous pink tongue. There was a roaring in her ears. It seemed to her she could feel her clit protruding and stiffening. The tongue flicked a couple of times, as though salivating at the coming feast in her foaming, musky slit. She hoped it wasn't her imagination working overtime.

The moment stretched out, as the tiger sniffed and stared. Just when Gina thought she would collapse, it took the last step and its tongue lapped over the point of her pubic bone, drawing intensely up over her love button, and she groaned with the welcome, sexy stimulation. As her eyes began to close, it took one more step and the tongue went all the way back to the underside of her bottom, and dragged wetly up her whole pussy, the lick seeming to last forever. She could hear it snuffling, and sensation ripped through her body.

Gina's head snapped back as she gave herself to the wonderful bestial tongue. Her nipples were hard, seeming to sting with passion. Another long movement of the pink, muscular tongue made her knees sag apart, and she felt the flesh of her vaginal membranes rubbed by the coarse member. She was opening herself to this rape, and the thrill of this animal act soared through her groin and upwards, ringing sounds in her ears. The smooth rock made contact with her shoulders as she leaned further back.

One of her hands, still shaking, gently reached out to caress the head, and then behind the ear, and a growl of what seemed like enjoyment vibrated from the beast's mouth into her pussy as the tongue kept sh slurping in the excited wet mess down there. "Ummmmm, ummmmm, ummmmm." She was lost in the rampaging lust overtaking all her senses, and suddenly felt her body begin to drive toward release. The tongue was dipping inside her a little with each pass, and the tiger would seem to retract it each time it licked, as if tasting her essence. Her hips started moving to him, increasing the stimulation of her foaming cunt as waves of pleasure careened in her stomach.

Her other hand grabbed its head, and pulled his jaws into her. She was arching up to the sensation, her back resting on the rock, writhing into the red haze filling her mind, groaning mindlessly. "Aaaaaagh, ooooooh, yeah." She dimly tried to growl, but the animal didn't seem to care about anything but licking harder, as though sensing her rising need. The peak approached as her head started twisting side to side, signalling a climax with this wild animal, a fulfillment of her darkest fantasy, a complete surrender to the primitive sexual impulses of her body.

"Fuuuuuuuck. Ooooooooooh." The orgasm hit with incredible power. She was shaking the furry head, pulling its jaws into her twat, humping to the incredible tongue, and soaring into a fit of euphoric pleasure as wave after wave of completion responded to the rapacious licking of the tiger's tongue. "Cummmmmmmmm." Stinging pleasure overtook her as the climax rolled on, her cream flowing, and the animal growling excitedly. She felt its teeth in her bush and on the lower parts of her ass cheeks. The tongue was opening her labia, frictioning the tender flesh of her insides, seeking more and more of her juice, and she could smell a musky odor a lot like Tawny's, but mixed with her own smell.

Just as her cum started to wane, the jaws left her groin. The tongue was on her tummy, roughly tasting her sweat, and the paws were supporting the animal on the rock she rested on as it straddled her, and then it was licking at her tits. That sent tremors outwards as the nipples were scraped by the wet, firm rubbing. The growling purr was louder, and something was poking at her thigh. Her breath was coming in gasps. I'm gonna get fucked by this magnificent beast, she realized. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

The tongue was all over her face now, and the animal's breath reminded her of the taste of Tawny, and of the boar meat. But it wasn't sour or fetid, just strong. It added to her sense of being overpowered by this wild experience, and she never really came down from her orgasm, as she felt the tip of his cock probing against her ass. It felt sharp, but before she had a chance to think much, it penetrated her cunt.

The first entrance was shallow, but the tiger wriggled a little, then sunk into her deeply. Its prick felt like it was curved upwards, and the sharp tip scraped the top of her cuntal tunnel, until she felt her twat's mouth opened by the wide base of the animal tool. Her clit sent out a shattering spasm in response. Her own tongue licked out to the beast, tasting the raw jungle and sending her mind into another euphoria of primitive abandonment to the rampaging excitement of this wild fuck.

The cock began driving crazily in and out, novel feelings of the totally different shape of the member surprising Gina lustily. Her hips were meeting his thrusts, and the soft fur of his underbelly pressed on her body. It was happening so fast, the fucking was so intense, so violent, she seemed tossed in a storm of crackling intensity. She couldn't think, or speak. The animal was growling louder though, and she found she couldn't keep up with the strokes of his cock as it pistoned frantically. She responded to every thrust she could, but the amazing strength of the insertions was out of control.

Each of the penetrations zinged her clitty, and she felt another cum charging toward her, though it seemed to be almost an extension of her first climax. Her pussy was reflexively squeezing the tool as

it buried itself, and it felt so energetic she imagined she would eventually be torn apart. Instead of fear, she drove toward that sense of destruction, as though it was her reward. It was brutal, but her flowing cream kept lubricating her hole. Then suddenly, the beast froze, and growled loudly, pushing her against the rock.

"Uuuugh." The impact of her back against the boulder combined with the hot liquid filling her pussy compressed and bloated her, and another climax exploded without any warning. Just as the first wave rolled out from her cunt, the animal surged into her again. More juice filled her cuntal hole, leaking out and down her ass crack. Another wave of orgasm fired her. She was being buffeted against the rock, but wanted only more of his fierce pounding. More waves shot out, and his cock thrust once more. The tongue was licking from her mouth up to her eyes.

She felt her legs go limp, and was supported only by the beast's body pressing her down. The prick still inside her was shrinking, and she almost lost consciousness. Her mind luxuriated in the pressure of the fur against her damp skin. Even the shrinking of the animal prick sent tingles through her groin.

Then, the tiger began pulling away. She slid down to a sitting position, her legs spread, and the huge tongue licked her slit to collect their juices from her draining twat. Climax was still careening through her. From what seemed like a long way off, she heard a throaty growl, and saw Tawny at the far end of the clearing. The tiger turned and rubbed against the jungle girl's leg, then stalked off into the jungle.

Tawny was beside her, looking into Gina's lolling eyes. A hand scooped another sample of the juices leaking from the brunette's pussy, and Tawny sniffed and tasted the essence. "Gina fuck Bigger. Good cum?" Gina could only smile. She felt a kiss, and the taste of jungle lingered in her mouth as she tried to recover from the mindblowing intensity of her release. Gradually, her heart slowed, and reality returned. They went back down to the river.

As Gina's mind cleared, she asked Tawny "Tiger's name Bigger?" The girl nodded, smiling. "He good tiger, good cum. But Evan fuck better. Longer. Cock fit better." Tawny was stripping herself as she spoke, throwing her skins on the shore, as she supported Gina's body with one arm. "Tawny want to fuck more humans. Want to see civilization. Live with Gina and Evan. Fuck, cum." Gina looked at the girl with a little disappointment. "Gina wants to fuck tiger again. Gina like tiger."

Tania was gazing at the dark haired girl still flushed with the after cum haze of her bestial pleasure. She could tell the woman was excited by what was for her a commonplace experience. "We go to pride tomorrow, fuck Biggest, maybe Licker. Tawny fuck Evan. When we go to civilization?" Gina sighed. "Two days."

Tania left Gina lolling in the shallow water, and swam quickly out to the boat. Evan was talking into a black thing, and the motor was throbbing. As he saw Tania rise naked from the water like some sort of sprite, his eyes brightened. She was so fucking sexy, like a wet dream. Her direct stare held his eyes as he finished his conversation. "So, we'll get there late Sunday, John. We'll have it gassed and cleaned up, ready to go Monday morning for you. Thanks again."

As he hung up, the girl stood in front of him, legs spread, her body wet with beaded water, the sharp tan lines emphasizing her tits and pussy. "Tawny fuck Evan. Tawny like funny fuck. Gina tired." Evan's cock was stiff as a board. He had covered himself with insect repellent, and wore just the swimming trunks. The girl turned and dropped to her hands and knees in front of him. "Funny fuck."

Evan pulled off his suit, but lifted Tawny up by her waist. He had been fantasizing about how she

would look madeup and dressed erotically. He led her to the stateroom, and towed her off, making the blonde amazon giggle with delight at the rubbing of terrycloth. She kept trying to grab his rod. He pulled the beige nightgown Gina had said she liked out of the drawer, and helped Tawny pull it over her head. Tawny groaned with delight at the smooth material's caress of her skin. It was very tight, being made for the smaller brunette, and her tits were sharply outlined under the silky material. Then he combed her hair out, even as tiny curls started to reappear as it dried.

He got lipstick and eye makeup from the bathroom, and did a careful job on the blonde's face. The effect was instantaneous, taking her from wild naturalness to exotic, sensual beauty. He showed her her image in the mirror. "Tawny beautiful, many men want to fuck. Evan want to fuck. Tawny like?" Tawny smiled, and the big, dark red mouth radiated sensuality, desire, and erotic enthusiasm. She looked so good he began to wonder if she couldn't become some sort of model or movie star.

He opened a closet door that had a full length mirror inside. He posed the girl in front of it, standing behind her and cupping the sides of her incredible breasts, grinning at her delighted image. Her hand was wrapped around his cock, moving absently as she concentrated on the new look she saw. He slowly lifted the hem of the nightie, revealing her big bush with its puffy lips and clit sticking down. His cock slipped between her butt cheeks, and her eyes lidded slightly, the smile returning. She fed it deeper into the firm crack, until it contacted her asshole.

She twisted her head around and pulled his head down to kiss him excitedly, her mouth open, tongue exploring. He kissed back with long insertions of his tongue, making her grunt with pleasure. She was trying to stuff his cock inside her butthole, but it was dry and standing up didn't work. He heard her growl in frustration.

Evan knelt behind the ravishing creature and began lavng the puffy slit, tasting the jungle and the river, his tongue entering her ass hole. He could hear her groaning. He got three fingers into her cunthole, and started pushing rhythmically. The hips started to move as he pulsed at her, and the groaning got louder. She was bending slightly, the firm butt cheeks pressing against his face. His tongue was able to penetrate into her bowel now, lavng and sucking, wetting the puckered opening. "Evan, Evan, Evan."

He backed away from her and reclined on the bunk. His cock was straight up, the head red with blood. He waited for her to mount him, his heart beating as he reveled in the lusty pleasure her face showed. As she straddled his thighs on her knees, wrapping her hand around his stiff prick, her words started tumbling out. "Tawny want funny fuck. Cum good. Evan good fuck. Tiger too fast. Gina like Tiger. Tawny like Evan."

The gorgeous blonde leaned down to take his tool in her mouth. The arch in her face and throat made it go down all the way, and her amazing fitness allowed her to move it in and out for two minutes before she eased off to get a breath. As she released it, she lifted her groin over the glistening member and plunged it all the way inside her rectal tunnel violently, squealing as she did it. "Uuuugh, hurt, good, funny, ooooooh." Her head was thrown back, those fabulous tits pushed out against the cloth of the nightie, the small nipples stiff, and he felt the pressure on his cockhead as it buried deep inside her.

She started bouncing up and down, faster than any buttfuck he had ever had. She kept making little squealing noises, and her hand slipped inside her pussy, working at the vibrating flesh there. He watched avidly, the vision of her frantically driving herself toward climax the sexiest thing he had ever seen. Even Gina was more restrained, less wild and fierce.

Tania loved the frantic stuffing of her bottom she felt as she pummeled herself on his stiff tool. She

wondered vaguely what a tiger's thing would feel like in there. The stinging pain that happened when it first entered her so violently began easing into a wonderful stimulation of all the nerves in her behind, and she was able to add to the feelings with her hand in her box. Evan was gasping with each thrust she made, his eyes wide as he watched her body undulate in the silky smooth nightie. The rustling movements of the garment on her skin added to her pleasure.

She soared, but the rush was not coming fast, just slowly building up. Human fucking was so nice, so slow, so strong. Her instinct to cum fast just made more cums every time, and she was filled with wonder at the pleasure of it. "Evan, Evan, fuck Tawny good, long ooooooh." He was grinning that happy smile of conquest, and she arched her body to deepen the penteration of her intestine. It felt so good inside her, the only pain in the outside rim, and that only added to the thrill building up.

Then the rush exploded, making her wail with release and excitement. "Cum, cum, cum, ooooh good cum." Her hand in her cunt worked frantically, sopping wet with her juice. Tania rose and sunk once more on the turgid cock reaming her rear end, then slumped over, a wave of weakness surging through her as the powerful orgasm reverberated in her groin. She felt his arms around her waist, supporting her swooning body. His prick was still stiff, deep inside her. She leaned down further, resting on his chest, and the member popped out of her ass.

Her rush eased, and she heard his heavy breathing. When she looked up into his eyes, they were still bright, and he had his hands on her butt cheeks, kneading and feeling their firm muscularity. He wanted more. She realized she wanted more. She rose off the bunk, and pulled the garment over her head, grinning with anticipation of another fuck. No tiger could do this, keep hard so long, again and again.

She felt him seem to jump off the bunk, and throw her down on her back on the mattress, on his knees between her legs. It was a violent movement, full of lustful need, and his face was almost snarling. Her grin widened as she welcomed his assault, throwing her legs around his hips, and using them to pull him violently inside her sloppy, open twat, still wet from her climax. She felt his hands roughly pulling on her nipples, stinging but exciting, sending waves down into her suddenly filled pussy. "Fuck, Evan. Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Evan was wild, out of control with the raw sexual energy this girl radiated. Her exotic face, gorgeous with the makeup, was leering in fierce welcome of his frantic rape. Her reactions were primitive and powerful, driving his desperate need for release. He leaned down to stare at her as he began pistoning into her cuntal hole, all the way out with each stroke, then sinking to his full depth with urgent force. She squealed at each penetration, her hips bucking up to increase the power of the thrusts.

He felt like an animal, driving mindlessly into a euphoric red haze of pleasure, his cock ringing with the warm thrill of this jungle pussy, writhing with her own enjoyment of their frantic coupling. Her eyes got brighter and brighter, radiating an intensity that raised his own excitement. It was a fantastic turn on to have this erotic woman wanting his cock so badly.

Her hands went around his neck as he continued to thrust frantically into her steaming, sopping swamp of a pussy. He could hear it sucking and churning as his thrills rose. Suddenly she pulled herself up with her hands to lock her wide red mouth to his, sucking and tonguing fiercely. Her hips kept churning to meet his pistoning tool, and he felt pressure start to build up in his balls, warning him that the end was near. But she wouldn't let him slow down, holding the kiss and keeping their keening fuck going as hard as ever.

She was groaning and grunting, and he could feel her cunt snatching and nipping at his prick. Still

her mouth ground into his, and he lost himself in the soaring pleasure that began a slow explosion in his groin. Wild, wild, he thought vaguely as his climax hit.

Spunk seemed to pour out, even as he felt her cunt contracting around the tender base of his dong. It came in powerful spasms, one, two, then three more quickly. She was moaning into his mouth. Her tits felt like muscular balloons on his chest, the nipples sharp and hot. Her legs were wrapped around his hips, and were pulling their bodies together with amazing strength. He was gasping with the ferocious passion flushing his being. Gotta try this with Gina, he dimly resolved. She could handle it.

They were almost upright, in a sitting position, and churned at each other trying to make the orgasm last and last. As he started to come down, his mind retained the image of Tawny in the nightie, sexy beyond belief, mewling and writhing in completion. No man alive could have resisted such an image. What a porno tape that would make.

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Chapter Five

That night they talked about visiting the pride. "I want to see them, Evan. And I want another taste of a tiger fuck. It was absolutely incredible." Gina had said that about five times, and he was getting a little jealous. "You don't have to come if you don't want." But he had to see this. Both beauties getting it on with those animals. Shit.

They turned in early, and Tawny made them both wear their pants and long sleeved shirts when they set off into the jungle the next morning, rather than use the bug spray. "Bug perfume stinks. Tigers hate stink. Like pussy, though." Gina had a strange, twisted look of desire on her face, and applied makeup heavily. She ended up looking whorish, slutty and sexy. Evan was confused about his feelings, but so turned on by her anticipation he could hardly stand not throwing her down and fucking right there.

Tawny's english was getting better and better. She kept getting ahead of them in the thicker brush inland from the river, moving with such sinuous ease while they stumbled clumsily. It took almost three hours, and was hot as hell by the time Tawny's pace slowed, and she signalled for quiet. When they came on a clearing with a matted floor of dirt and leaves, she whispered "Gina and Evan stay here. Tawny get tigers." Even as she slipped away, Gina was stripping down to the black bikini she had worn underneath her jungle clothes. She smiled her sexy, boy am I horny look, and he felt a surge of desire as she fidgeted in the middle of the glen, her hand rubbing over her pussy. He tried to make himself inconspicuous at the edge of the almost cathedral like area.

No more than five minutes later, they heard crashing in the bush from the direction Tawny had gone, and the girl came running up with a huge animal seeming to chase her. It was nuzzling at her ass, snuffling and snorting. It stopped at the edge of the clearing, looking at Gina and then back to Tawny. He watched as Gina's eyes grew bright, staring at the animal. She pulled off the thong bottom, and rubbed at her petulant bush, growling in imitation of Tawny's sounds when she was excited. The big animal noticed immediately, and stalked deliberately toward the dark haired stranger.

Gina had felt increasing tension and anticipation all morning. She could tell Evan was pissed at the enthusiasm she had felt for her mating with these animals, but was lost in the fantasy and wonder of it. She wanted to be a tiger's slut. Her cunt started creaming the minute she saw this larger version of Bigger, and her stomach churned with delight as it seemed to transfer its interest to her almost as

soon as he saw her. It was snuffling and focused on her wet slit, and Gina flopped down on her back, spreading her legs while pulling her pussylips open.

She growled at the animal, but it poked at her hip with its nose instead of going for her slit. Momentarily confused, she finally realized it wanted her to roll over. As she did, wriggling her ass at its jaws, she felt the tongue lick firmly at her bottom. Its upper jaw's teeth were nipping at her butt cheeks, and the little sparks that flew out of that sting added to the incredible stimulation the thick tongue gave her clitty, puffy labia, and ass hole. She pushed back into the pleasure of its devouring maw.

The tongue dragged through her slit again. Jolts of sensation radiated into her lower body, and she felt her flesh opened to the onslaught. This animal was not as smooth as Bigger, and kept licking at her cream, tasting each time, bumping its nose into her ass, roughly tossing her about. She felt like she had to battle it to keep its licking in the right place, but that added to her sense of the wildness of this moment. Her face would get pushed into the dirt, but all of it made the whole thing sexier to the steaming vixen's fevered mind.

As Evan watched Gina buffeted by the animal, another one appeared at the edge of the grove. It was smaller, and its tongue was already out, licking its chops. Tawny ignored it, even as the animal snuffled at her ass. She was coming toward him, pushing off her thong. He heard Gina gasping and growling, the fantasy of it stiffening his cock.

Then he felt the hand cupping his crotch, and Tawny was whispering "Licker good tiger, Evan good fuck. Keep shirt on, big boy. Two cocks." She couldn't mean what he thought. But he was suddenly stiff as a board. She was working his pants down.

Then she was kneeling in front of him, sucking his tool vigorously as the tiger licked her ass crack. He caught Gina's eye, seeing the passion she was feeling as the other big striped beast bumped her around while it licked at her butt, a smile of excitement at his participation all making her look to him like some sort of primitive sex goddess. But the tension in his groin was getting intense.

His pants were all the way off, and neither animal was paying any attention to him, both eating furiously at the foaming cunts they seemed to want to devour. Tawny was deep throating him nicely, making him feel lost in her warm wet mouth. He could feel her tongue laving the head of his member, stimulating it even as she growled and wiggled her rear at the animal tongue.

The clearing reverberated with the growling and purring of excited animals. Tawny was backing into the open, sucking his dong so hard she pulled him with her. Finally she tugged his hips down and had him prone on the matted jungle floor, and was still stimulating him, but there was a frantic character to her breathing now, and her hips were humping at the tiger with abandon. Gina was starting to groan as her barely covered tits jiggled under her chest, the huge animal behind her still tossing her ass around roughly. She was in her own world.

Suddenly both women were crying with relief, cumming at the same time, wailing a throaty sound that was itself a turn on. Sexy fucking women, wild tigers, holy shit, he thought. He guessed both animals must have recognized the release, because they kept licking the two cunts as they spasmed, and the cries of orgasm kept going for minutes. Tawny was hardly sucking as she gasped, but kept his jumping member inside her hungry mouth.

Almost as soon as the echoing groans eased, the big beast behind Gina started to mount her. Evan watched with leering amazement as the furry body worked up on the brunette's back, with its hind paws right behind her thighs. Then she moaned in a shaky, excited way as he saw the striped ass

buck forward. Her elbows supported her, and the tiger's front paws were on the ground. "Aaaagh, oh fuuuuuuuck." Now that he saw how much Gina was enjoying this strange experience, his sense of jealousy was replaced by pleasure at her happiness.

He felt as though they were both casting away yokes of inhibition. Instead of owning each other, he and Gina were trying to find ways both could enjoy the passionate instincts both felt. It was a deep, unforced abandonment of convention that just then seemed like a gift of happiness. Even as he felt Tawny enfold his prick in her pussy, his heart soared with the pleasure they all were sharing.

The jungle girl was laying on his chest, and suddenly he saw the tigers face over her shoulder, wild eyes staring at him. This close, he could hear its powerful purr, and felt Tawny's hips being humped into his groin. "Licker give Tawny funny fuck. Mmmmm. Good cum."

Tania was amazed she had managed so easily. Licker had always been cooperative, one of the first to get her off with his tongue, and had gotten in her poop hole once he found her cunt full of Evan without hesitation. He wasn't as fast either, and his thrusts were smooth and exciting. The pressure of both cocks in her belly was intense, particularly as the animal buried himself fully. The big base stretched her ass rim but not too much, and after the first jolts of pain created a combination of thrills she liked.

She would push back as he thrust in, then push harder to work Evan's member deep inside her. At the instant of full penetration of both, ringing stimulation went out from her bottom in waves of ecstasy. It was very physical, like a run, and the soaring in her mind made her abandon herself to this new idea. There was so much to learn.

But Licker was starting to speed up. She whispered to Evan "Hurry, hurry stud." She started concentrating on getting his tool to pressure her hard spot, and knew she could get the rush to happen again fast. As Licker froze inside her ass, she climaxed with her hips almost matching his violent thrusts. She could feel his stuff shooting into her bowel, and it immediately started leaking out.

Evan let himself go, firing spunk into the wild jungle cunt spasming from the tiger in her ass above him. They'll never believe this, he thought, with a small, silent giggle. Gina was staring at them, alone and face down, a funny look of wonder on her gorgeous face. He hadn't even noticed her finish. Even as he bathed in the after glow of orgasm, it seemed to him the whole thing was more in the two women's minds than a really good fuck session. Christ, they traveled for a total of six hours for fifteen minutes of fun.

Gina admitted that as they bathed their somewhat beaten bodies in the river that night. "You are a better fuck, babe. Goddamn tigers are wham, bam, thank you maam." Both had some bites, and Gina had been clawed on the arm, though it wasn't deep. They were worn out from the long hike, though Tawny was out in the jungle. Nothing seemed to tire her.

They had decided to head back the next day. Tawny had found out the mother, as she called her, had left the pride, and was probably dead. She had been mournful all day, and emphasized her desire to explore civilization. Gina and Evan both thought they might as well start sooner than later. They had learned more from the jungle girl than she had from them.

He was caressing her voluptuous tits, loving their fullness, and the little jumps she made when he kneaded the nipples particularly. She was just trying to cool off from the heat they had endured during the trip. "Our little fantasy has to end sometime, I guess." she breathed. His heart sank. "All of it, babe? I mean, the freedom, the sensuality. You and me?"

She rotated to stare at him. No hiding, she thought. "Evan, I never felt like this with a man before. I think it's love, though what that means seems vague out here, in the jungle. But I want to be with you." She laughed throatily. "No one else could handle me now, stud."

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## Epilogue

As they bumped down the dirt road, Gina nursing the baby at her full breast in the passenger seat of the four wheeled ATV, he day dreamed about the latest crisis Tawny had created. When Jon Freeze's wife had called, demanding a meeting with them, both had been prepared for a real problem.

"The cunt is trying to steal my man, and I can't seem to get him to even explain it to me. What kind of shit is your client trying to pull? I know they have some nude scenes, but he's done that before. He just told me to talk to you." Evan sighed. Gina was sitting there grinning, and he knew he was expected to sweet talk his way through this, as he had done before.

"Dorothy, can I call you Dot? Good. Let me start at the beginning. I don't know what sort of rumors and bull you've heard, but here's the truth." As he went through his description about how Tawny had lived her early life, their first meeting, their discovery that her real name was Tania Nordham, heir to a fairly sizable fortune, and her early show business successes, the buzz of their office hummed outside the closed door. He and Gina were the agents for the jungle woman who had become a major entertainment industry all by herself.

Her sensuality radiated through every lens that had ever focused on her. Starting with R rated movies, a hugely successful Playboy spread, a big deal with a cosmetic line, and now in her second really major film role, their jungle girl had sparked the imagination of the world. She was only twenty one now, and still couldn't act worth a damn. But she did her own stunts, was naturally unselfconscious in front of a camera, and set fashion trends with her unplucked eyebrows, and unshaved pussy. She had spawned a bunch of Tania North wannabe's.

But she was blithely untouched by it all. She still did what she wanted, and when he occasionally would plead with her to avoid working her unaffected wiles on married men, she just smiled and murmured "Tawny fuck Evan, good cum." He could never stay angry at her. He protected her as best he could, with blood tests for every man she met, and she stayed on the pill. Her contracts had to eliminate the standard morals clauses. He had become an expert on the constitutionality of that, but with her exploding popularity, it hadn't been a problem for some time. He thought the bastards were publicizing it.

He watched the elegant redhead as he spun out the story. She was a regally beautiful woman, and would either stomp out or embrace the implications of Tawny's lack of inhibition. The fact that he and Gina shared her morality was less well known. Dot's face was starting to get the excited gape he recognized. Did it again, you sweet talker, he thought. "You mean she isn't acting with all those men?"

"The truth is she really doesn't act, Dot. She learns her lines, and does what comes naturally. It's the ultimate type casting." The deep blue eyes were starting to acquire the look of hunger that often affected women who met Tawny. She had had some really hot lesbian scenes in her early pictures.

When Dot left his office, Gina had plumped herself down on his lap and opened her blouse. "Evan, you are a great con man." Those tits he loved were huge, full of milk, and she liked to have him suckle from her. She said it was so she would keep producing for the little guy the whole year, but he thought it was another way she showed her power over him. And maybe some affection too.

Eventually, they had made this date to spend a long weekend with Tawny at her Mexican jungle home. Gina and Evan would stay another week. Jon and Dot were already there, since the movie had wrapped. Evan thought it was her best yet, and her override could lead to some really big bucks. He wondered if Dot had fucked Bigger.

Gina was excited about this weekend. The atmosphere at the large estate an hour inland from the Mexican resort city was just like Tawny's jungle, but fenced so Bigger wouldn't roam off. It had all the comforts you could ask, and fewer bugs. With a couple like Jon and Dot, their free sexuality could have full rein. Tawny had that effect every time.

Their marriage had seemed like an afterthought. She had quit the pill once she and Evan had realized how much closer their return to civilization made them. She was three months pregnant the day they married. But their honeymoon had included Tawny. She often wondered if the jungle girl would ever break away from their unique three way relationship. So far, she kept calling them after every dalliance with some new man or woman, often her co-stars.

It would be tough for a man to fit into her life. Even the liberated Europeans had had trouble with their life style. The tiger was often the last straw, but it didn't bother Tawny. Gina had tried to get her to understand the dollars and cents of her career, but she didn't care at all. She liked reading, mostly biology and psychology, but still surprised them sometimes with her actions.

As they arrived at the sprawling, red tile roofed adobe ranch, entering through large, carved wood doors, no one was around. Evan carried their single small bag to the guest bedroom they always used adjacent to Tawny's. The Mexican nanny who doubled as a cook and housekeeper took the baby as Gina inspected the nursery. He was looking out the window as she joined him, already shucking her blouse and bra.

"See 'em, babe?" He turned around and smiled as she pushed her skirt and panties off, her heavy, full tits dangling jauntily, one slightly larger now since she had fed Evan junior. Even after three years, he still loved watching her opulent nudity. She had regained her figure after childbirth, and if anything was slightly more muscular and slim from the hard exercise. "You are still such a sexy cunt, Gina. God almighty."

She grinned at him, feeling the familiar little jump in her stomach his compliments always caused. "Hey stud, I'm a little uneven. How 'bout balancing me out." He pulled his shirt quickly over his head as he sat down on the bed, and she cupped those fabulous globes to him, squatting on his thighs. He first kissed the smaller, less swelled flesh, and licked lightly, causing the nipple to stiffen. Then he looked up at her as his mouth surrounded the other. Her eyes were bright with excitement as he began to suck the thin liquid out of her tit. He knew she loved him doing it, and felt his cock hardening.

Just then they heard Tawny calling down the hall. "Gina, Evan. Time for drinks." He pulled his mouth away, watching a little drop of milk leak down and wet the bottom of Gina's large red aureola. He licked it up with a sigh of disappointment. "Shit, duty calls." She chuckled at his dissembling. "You've been wondering what that skinny redhead would be like ever since you met her, stud. Don't try to con me." They both pulled on the leather thongs Tawny had wanted made for their normal costume in this warm climate. Gina didn't bother with the bra.

As they turned the corner into the huge living room, open to the jungle and the breeze, Jon and Dot both rose and hurried to them with big smiles. They both wore the same leather thongs, though Dot had a small top. Jon's bulging groin, a trademark, was obvious, and Evan was surprised to notice the size of Dot's breasts, which were larger than he had imagined. They all kissed, lingering with their

bodies touching sensually.

Tawny had her bra on too, supporting her still fabulous tits. She was just the same, muscled and firm, but the years had added sensuality to her face and posture. "Hey, guys. Trip okay?" Then she kissed both firmly on the lips, tongue licking both. "We couldn't find Bigger today. So we're looking forward to a nice long evening." Evan responded with his usual satiric pretense of jealousy about the tiger. "They don't have much comeback power, Tawny. Not like us human studs." He glanced at Jon, and saw the little grin of support for his jibe. But Dot was blushing, though when she saw his glance, there was also a flush of excitement. Yup, Paradise had won again. Tawny giggled, and whispered "Tawny fuck Evan."

They all sipped on a fabulous Chardonnay, as they talked about the movie that had just started into editing. "The rushes are fabulous, Jon. You ought to take Dot in to see them as soon as you get back, though. She might object to what they want to leave in the steamroom scene." Jon and Tawny's nude scene had included obvious shots of his big dong thrusting into Tawny from behind, that probably wouldn't pass the censors anyway. Dot giggled, glancing over at Tawny. "It would be a little two faced for me to put my two cents in now, Evan. Tawny and I have been talking about what fun it might be to do a picture ourselves."

Evan stored that comment away for future reference. A sequel with all three of them could be dynamite. Gina changed the subject. "Isn't this a fabulous spot, Jon? We tried to make it like the jungle where we first met her, but without the bugs and so much heat. We had to build the lake, but I think it worked out well." The handsome actor was ogling Gina's tits, which were pillowed on the brunette's chest as she sat with her arms spread over the back of the sectional sofa they were all sitting on. "It's amazing, Gina. I feel like a teenager again. Truthfully, Dot was pissed for a while, but this last week, we've had a chance to be sexy and uninhibited in a way we never were before. We were both in the public eye when we got married, and we found out a lot about each other on this trip, huh Dot."

The slim redhead smiled widely, and reached behind her back to unhook her bra. As it slipped away, revealing pert, firm boobs with tiny nipples, she breathed "Oh boy, have we ever. Jon's fabulous in bed, but this atmosphere has made me cum harder than in my whole life." Her eyes locked to Evan. "And Tawny says you're pretty good, Evan." Gina chuckled. "Better than that, Dot." As always in this remote, private replica of the jungle where they first met Tawny, sensuality hung in the air, making civilization seem far away.

They ate a Mexican dinner that was so hot that they finished two more bottles of wine, lolling around the small swimming pool just outside the living room. Dot sat beside Evan, flirting blatantly, watching her husband as he worked on Tawny and Gina. She was adjusting well to the atmosphere. But she surprised him as she pulled him into the jungle after their dessert. "Maybe I'll eventually get completely comfortable with watching him with other women, Evan, but I want you alone right now."

They walked hand in hand down to the lake. The moon was shining brightly, and her mass of red hair hanging down her back, combined with watching her slim ass cheeks undulating as she preened for him had Evan breathing hard, and stiff. Beside the softly gurgling water, she stripped off her thong. Her pussy was shaved into a dark red, small reverse triangle, but she had large, puffy cuntlips, and a clit pouting out saucily. She grinned lasciviously as she twisted her hips in the pale moonlight.

"I have a secret fantasy, Evan. I don't think I even realized it 'till I got here. A golden shower. Isn't that funny? But I remember my daddy peeing, and dreamed about it last night." Her words were a little slurred from the wine. She sidled over to him and pulled the thong off, releasing his half hard cock. "Jesus. It's as big as Jon's. C'mon stud, piss all over me. All over. My mouth, my hair, my tits,

my pussy. Go ahead, go ahead.”

His bladder was full from the drinking, and as she lay down in the shallow water, he willed his prick to soften so he could comply with her strange yet sexy need. She was cupping her tits toward him when the first jet of his stream flew out onto her, and she squealed with excitement as the hot liquid splashed on her lush globes. Then she wriggled down with her mouth open, letting his pee fill her. Her trim hips were undulating spasmodically, and she kept making low, groaning sounds that were deepening.

Suddenly, she twisted around and pushed her rear end up, exposing her bare slit to the stream of hot liquid, coming firmly now. “Right in my cunt, stud, oh yes, right in my cunt.” Her head was half submerged in water, but her hands went behind and pulled her ass cheeks apart, opening her bottom to display pink flesh, and he aimed at the soft cleft. “Aaaaaaagh, oh yeah, cummmmmmm.” He realized she was getting off as he squirted onto her, amazed at the perverse need that she implied the free sexuality of Paradise had revealed out of her subconscious.

He was emptied as she collapsed into the water. He picked her up, smelling the urine as her head lolled in her after cum euphoria, and carried her into deeper water. She was whispering “Jesus Christ, I wouldn’t have believed it. That was fabulous.” As her eyes started to focus, she looked shyly at him. “Are you shocked, darling? Turned off?” He smiled at her. “I keep learning the same lesson, Dot. Like the ad says, just do it. You’ll see, life just keeps getting better and better when you don’t buy into the inhibition shit.”

They rubbed each other in the warm, waist high water, and she submerged her head, the red hair looking even sexier as it clung to her head. She was really beautiful in a classic way, and the combination of her haughty face with the weird act she had just enjoyed had his cock jumping. She felt it and laughed delightedly. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she hopped up to lock her long legs around his waist. “Stick it in there sexy. Fuck me right here, fuck me hard, oh yeah, that’s it, get it all the way in, mmmmmm. I just want to cum and cum, what a place.”

Gina was watching Jon’s cock cycle through her tits. The wine had made them swell, and as he pressured their fullness, she could see a little leakage from the rigid red nipples. She pressed the flesh together harder, and he was gasping at the tight passage frictioning his large cock, wet with Tawny’s saliva. The jungle girl was eating her pussy slavishly, making the brunette soar. She licked out to catch the little drop of pre cum on the huge prick fucking her boobs. All men seemed turned on by her milk filled mammary glands.

But Jon was gasping hard and pulled away. “Gotta fuck your pussy, Gina. What a fabulous body on you.” He pushed Tawny aside, and his hands slid under her, gripping her butt cheeks, lifting her hips. As his hard tube filled her, she sighed with delight. She felt herself lazily tingling, the euphoria of this world famous man’s attention keeping her in a delightful haze of pleasure. He began a slow, rhythmic pistoning, pressuring her clitty with each stroke.

Tawny wriggled around and straddled her head. The jungle girl’s pubic hair was thicker now, and Gina loved its texture, and the way it parted to let her tongue and lips find the soft flesh between the lips. Her taste was the same, raw and savage. It was a little wrinkled, but the clit pulsed out as she licked at it. Gina hummed into the yawning cavity, and felt the undulation of Tawny’s hips as her eating mouth stimulated the sensual woman. Cream flowed over her hungry tongue, and she began humping harder to the actor’s fucking.

Suddenly, the pressure on her face increased, and she felt her tongue being squeezed by the spasming pussy. She could hear Tawny groaning with her climax, and pushed as hard as she could

into the twisting cunt. The excitement got her to her quivering edge, and she held her hips high as Jon's cock speeded its thrusts. Her own orgasm rolled powerfully out of her clit, and the flowering release flushed her midsection. The plastic mat cushioned the fierce, finishing strokes of the big prick pummeling her pussy.

Jon Freeze's jism spurted into her. Every woman in America's dream. Hers to enjoy in the warm Mexican night. Oh fabulous, fabulous. Gina groaned into the swampy slit still pressed to her mouth. The hot serum filled her box, and she could feel his lubricated fucking still going. Some stars were lousy lovers, but this one had staying power. She found herself hoping Tawny wouldn't tire of him too quickly.

They all collapsed into the pool, still pressing together, as though trying to keep their experience lasting longer. But Gina could tell it was time for little Evan to eat, and soon climbed out, wrapping herself in a robe and heading for the nursery. She loved feeding the baby during these retreats from the up tight world out there. It became an erotic experience, and she idly wondered if the child noticed.

He was sleeping through the night now, so she told the nanny to go to bed, and when she was alone with him, stripped off the robe and lay down on the couch naked, the small body stretched out on her chest, sucking vigorously at her full tit. Her eyes were lidded with the experience, half asleep, when she heard Evan come through the door, closing it behind him. He leered at his gorgeous wife, her sensational body displayed wantonly on the large couch, their child sucking hard at the undulating titties. She smiled at her husband, as he sat down beside them, and leaned over to kiss her gently.

"We keep having these moments I want to last forever, babe." They stayed together, silently, long after the baby fell asleep.