

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part 1

Professor Fiona Cookson removed her hat and wiped her forehead. It was 100 degrees with stifling humidity, and being from New England, she wasn't used to such hot, humid weather. Still, the invitation to explore the jungles of Rwanda had been something she couldn't turn down. The biodiversity of life deep in the jungle was nothing short of startling. After 10 years in a stuffy university setting, it was what she'd been yearning for, to see first hand, what she taught about.

Her colleagues were just as adventurous as he was, 6 female professors who had gotten the chance to get out of the stuffy university setting, and really sink their teeth into something special. They had just made camp for the day, when all hell broke loose. There was a crashing through the bushes, and a tribe of fierce warriors with painted faces rushed at them. Professor Cookson had just jumped to her feet before she felt the sting of a dart fired by the blow guns they were carrying. She saw her colleagues falling, and she joined them, tumbling down a black void into unconsciousness.

"Fiona, Fiona, wake up."

The world swam back into focus, she opened his eyes to see Professor Natasha Highmore. She swiveled her head, and saw they were in a cave, the front of which was closed off with a sturdy looking cage front, what the hell, what was going on? Her expression was answered before she even asked the question.

Natasha said, "I don't know what the hell is going on, other than that we've been captured by a native tribe. Those darts put me out before I even knew what was what."

"Have you seen any of the natives?" Fiona asked.

"Not yet, but I figure we'll see them soon, and find out what they have planned for us."

A few minutes later, they heard the approach of their captors. A group of fierce looking warriors, all of them at least 6 feet or taller, all very strong and fit, appeared. They wore very little, just a small loincloth. Judging by the bulges beneath them, the males looked to be well endowed.

The male warrior who looked like the leader pointed to Fiona, and motioned for her to approach the cage door. Really having no choice, she complied, they had seen first hand how experienced they were with blow pipe weapons, she had a feeling that the sharp looking spears that they were carrying were not just for show. When she stepped out, two warriors took her arms, and led her. Their grips were strong but not painful, and she was in no mood to test their strength. They led her over to a small hut, and took her inside. Another of the tribe was there, and she was seated before him.

She was amazed when she heard him say, "Speak English?"

"Yes, yes I do, how do you know our language?"

"Have learned from others."

He did not explain it any further, and she waited for him to tell her more.

"When moon is bright and high in the sky, is time for fertility rites. We need different females for the rites."

Fiona thought, and that would be us.

"We will be rewarded, for providing the right females for fertility. Please, remove clothing."

Fiona gaped at him, but when her escorts brandished their weapons, she knew she had no choice but to comply. She pulled off her hiking boots, unbuttoned her safari shorts, and let them drop to her ankles. Her safari shirt was also quickly shed, and with a 'keep going' look from the spokesman, she reluctantly unhooked her bra, letting it tumble away, and she shoved her white cotton panties down, letting them pool at her feet. She was now stark naked, she felt horribly exposed, but she wanted to put up a brave front. Rather than do the silly, girly thing of trying to cover her breasts and her crotch with her hands, she left her arms at her sides, and stood tall, facing the spokesman.

He got up, and walked closer, and she steeled herself for his hands, and who knew how much else, to make contact with her body. He started to walk around her, looking closely but not touching, he made various comments to her escorts in the native language, they replied in hushed, almost reverential voices. She could almost feel his eyes traveling up and down her body as he circled.

"Yes, very nice, perfect for fertility rites. You may cover yourself again."

She quickly got dressed, he made a motion with his hands, and her escorts led her away. Instead of being led back to the cage, she was led to a large hut. They motioned her inside, and she looked around, letting her eyes get used to the dimness. She could see 6 spaces that had mounds of what looked like some kind of straw, and she got the idea that they were beds. Just like a dormitory, went through her mind. She went over to one of the spaces, testing how soft it was, she lay down on it, and let out a soft sigh, it was very comfortable, and she let her mind drift. She hoped that her comrades would be joining her soon.

In due time, all 6 of them were reunited, and they all related a similar story, having to strip naked, being looked over but not touched, being pronounced as fit for a fertility rite, and then being brought to the hut.

Professor Catherine Latham said, "Fertility rites, I wonder how many of them are going to fuck us? Great excuse for an orgy. There must be some way to get out of this."

Professor Hillary Hutchins joined in, "I get the feeling that there's nothing we can do about it. They've got 4 of the tribe guarding the entrance to the hut. And even if we were able to escape, we no longer have our gear. We don't even know exactly where we are, with us being knocked out, who knows how far they brought us? I think we're going to have no choice."

Three native women entered the hut, each of them carrying two large, crude platters. The aromas of freshly cooked food filled the hut, and the women realized how hungry they were. The native women smiled at them, setting a wooden bowl before each of them, and motioned for them to eat. The sounds of hungry eating filled the hut, and they quickly filled their empty bellies.

Fiona sat back, pleasantly sated, and sighed, "Oh that was delicious."

The phrase, "fattening us up for the kill" skittered through her mind, and she quickly squelched that down.

Hillary said, "Well, it will be a full moon the night after tomorrow, I think we'll see exactly what their rites are then."

Two night later, and it was time. Fiona was escorted from the hut, and led to a large clearing, a big bonfire was blazing. The spokesman approached her, and said, "It is time, please remove clothing."

When she was naked, a woman approached her, and using paints created from various plant dyes, painted various designs on her body, she had no idea what if anything they stood for. When she was done, another woman approached her, and blew some scented dust into her face. When she breathed it in, she felt herself slipping into a drugged stupor, her body was lifted up, and carried to a large altar. and she was lifted into position. Her arms were lifted above her head, wrists bound together with jungle vine, and another jungle vine was looped through the wrist vines, and looped around a rock projection at the top of the altar. She saw that the altar had been carved in such a way that her legs would be well spread, and lifted up and back, almost like being on a doctor's exam table, with her feet in the stirrups. She watched with drugged eyes, as her legs were fitted into the carved leg rests, and her ankles were bound to the bottom of the altar.

The dust also contained ground powder of Psilocybin, the hallucinogenic chemical found in certain classes of mushrooms. The night seemed to twist and waver, tendrils of lights floating through her field of vision.

A sonorous drumbeat filled the area, and Fiona looked around, the world was a kaleidoscopic rush, dimly, she heard a loud roar. She lifted her head up as far as she could, seeing her naked body in the light of the full moon, it was like a spotlight was trained on her. The night seemed to shimmer and warp, she looked over to where she heard the sound, and Fiona saw a huge shaggy ape like creature, it had to be at least 7 feet tall, it looked like a gorilla.

The gorilla saw the offering laid out for him, and he approached the naked, bound woman. It walked on all fours, then reared up onto its lower limbs as it neared her. Fiona strained to see him coming closer. By twisting her neck and looking between her thighs she could see his hairy legs, and jutting out was the biggest cock she had ever seen. She wasn't a virgin, but she knew she'd never been taken by a cock that large.

The animal squatted before her and traced a finger nail gently over the contours of her muscles. The huge animal leaned down, pulling her thighs apart. It sniffed closer and closer, then give an exploratory lick to her pubic pelt. Fiona felt a thrill race through her, senses heightened by the Psilocybin dust. The gorilla seemed to twist and waver, she could see he was a Silverback, it seemed to glow in the moonlight, her mind was in a wonderland. The idea of being mated to an animal, instead of feeling disgusted, her body started to react to the gorilla's snout nuzzling at her lush chestnut colored muff.

The creature's tongue slid into her pussy, licking, and she felt her juices start to flow. The gorilla tasted the flow and lapped eagerly. The musky taste excited the animal, and he licked more forcefully.

Fiona looked up, saw the Milky Way galaxy, her drug induced high made it look like the stars were spinning and bouncing around the sky. She felt her body reacting to the licking, then the gorilla pulled back, She almost cried aloud when she felt the loss of sensation, then she saw the gorilla rise up, his cock was harder and longer than ever, and he aimed the huge head right at the hot, juicy center. The wetness brought forth by the gorilla's licking had lubricated her, his cock pushed in slowly, spreading her lips open, but when he grasped her shoulders and thrust hard, she felt herself being split open, and she screamed, the pain blazed through her as the gorilla's prick was slammed into her cunt. It was the thickest, longest dick that she'd ever had, she had never felt so filled up in her entire life.

She barely had time to catch her breath, letting out another shriek as the gorilla pulled back and quickly skewered her again, his cock fucking her to the core. She felt the tight walls of her cunt fluttering crazily, attempting to adjust to the intrusion. The third thrust brought a grunt, and the

fourth plunge, ahhhh, oh yes, she felt herself spread open, her pussy had stretched out, accommodating the huge cock. Oh yeah, fuck it was so good, she looked up, the heavens seemed to be pin-wheeling across her vision, the universe was fucking her though the gorilla's massive tool.

She felt her pussy double clutch around the thrusting pole, her juices were pouring, splashing along his shaft. She willingly gave herself up to the gorilla, and the gorilla started to fuck her hard, his huge tool pounding her pussy, giving her a long, deep and very hard fuck. Her mind spun, she'd never been fucked so good. Lights started to flash across her vision, her mind on a Psilocybin high was free-wheeling. Visions of crazy things went through her mind, she was dazzled by the rush of crazy thoughts, feelings and sensations. She imagined that she could feel every inch, every last little bit of the gorilla's cock ramming into her, she imagined what it must feel like to be a brute animal, fucking like a beast, nothing except how to achieve maximum pleasure for their sexual satisfaction. She sank into a beast like mode, pushing her hips up at the thrusts, growling and panting, crying out and howling, she didn't want it to stop. The gorilla picked up the pace, power fucking her. She felt the rush, and she screamed as she reached orgasm, her pussy clutched tightly at the gorilla's cock as it scrubbed the slick inner walls of her convulsing pussy.

The gorilla raised his head, letting out a roar, and Fiona felt the gorilla's orgasmic explosion, the heat blooming deep inside as she felt his rush of wetness being pumped all over her quivering, gripping walls. It felt like like it was never going to end, as a flood of heated gorilla semen was pumped deep inside her eager, grasping pussy.

The gorilla pulled free, and lumbered back into the jungle. Fiona looked around, seeing the natives crowding closer. What was going to happen now?

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## **Part 2**

The natives were now surrounding the altar, and the leader stepped forward. He spoke several sentences in the native language, and pointed at one of the men. He stepped forward, his loincloth was stripped off, and a very large, ebony colored penis reared up.

Fiona, her legs splayed out, the lips of her swollen pussy slicked up with the white cum that the gorilla had pumped into her, couldn't take her eyes away. Another big cock was preparing to fuck her, and she heard herself making mewling, eager sounds, humping her hips up, eager for more hard, pussy filling fucking.

The young man smiled, and he clambered into position, guiding his cock head up to her entrance. Nudging against her, he gave a hard thrust, and Fiona was squealing with pleasure as another long, hard dick stretched her open, oh fuck, it felt so good. With a loud Ahhhhhh of satisfaction, Fiona felt him bottom out in the wet, liquid depths, his balls smacking against her ass. He set the rhythm, pulling back and driving into her again and again, she eagerly accepted the hard prick pumping into her welcoming pink hole. Fiona's drugged mind, sailing on her Psilocybin high, was seeing swirls of light, her body in the grip of mad rushes of sensation. Fiona was moaning and gasping with pleasure, humping her hips up to take as much of the cock as she could, she was ridden hard, but that just inflamed her lust even more, her squeals, cries and groans of pleasure filled the night. She was a vortex of steaming lust, she wanted them, wanted them all to fuck her, use her cunt for their built up lust, and that thought sent her roaring into orgasm, her voice shrieking out the crazy rush of pleasure, her pussy clenching and unclenching madly on the huge shaft. She saw the young man's body start shaking, he grunted and growled, and she felt the rush of hot wetness being pumped over her walls, a flood of sperm filling her hungry pussy, she saw more dazzling lights, colors weaving

through the night as she felt the young man's prick pumping his built up load into her.

When he was finished, he quickly pulled out, and hurried off to his own hut. There, his beautiful dark skinned wife awaited him, a smile of needy desire on her face. The ritual called for all the men of the tribe to fuck the women chosen for the fertility rites, after the gorilla had filled her up. Then, after they took their pleasure with her, they went off to their women, and used what they believed was the power of the gorilla's essence to fuck their mates, and produce healthy, vibrant offspring. The men were pent-up, ever since the women had been captured, the males knew they had to abstain, until they had taken their turn with the fertility offering.

It was no trouble for his mate to bring him back up to another bone hard erection, and soon, her cries of pleasure were drifting through the night, as he rode deep inside her, savoring the tight cling, and the long hard ride he was able to take on her, as he plundered her willing pink hole.

Fiona was in the middle of her second hard fuck, as she heard the sounds of hot fucking starting to fill the night air. It was like the night was echoing back her cries of pleasure, and she quickly crested, her tight pussy gripping at the hard cock, and milking another pussy filling load from him, her cries of orgasm mixing with the lust grunts of her partner, as he unleashed a thick, creamy load inside her hungry pussy, their cries of shared lust filling the air. He pulled out, and hurried off to his hut, while a third native got ready for his fertility ride.

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Her colleagues couldn't help but hear what was going on, and they looked at one another, their faces a mixture of concern, curiosity and wonderment. Professor Natasha Highmore saw the growing lust starting to sneak out on some of the faces, Fiona's unmistakable moans and cries of pleasure were getting to them. Being a female college professor, having to maintain a strict dignity, for the college's image, could take a toll on a healthy woman's sexual needs. Hearing Fiona's obvious cries and howls of pleasure was turning up the sexual heat.

Natasha was startled when she saw felt a naked body cuddle next to her, her blouse was unbuttoned, and a soft warm hand slipped in, under her bra, caressing her breasts, swirling fingers around her nipples, making them hard and stiff. She turned her head, saw Professor Hillary Hutchins, totally nude, her eyes full of a hungry, eager need. When their eyes met, Hillary put her hand at the back of Natasha's head, and gently drew her head forward. Hillary was full lipped, her tongue slid out, licking her lips, making them glisten. Natasha, spellbound by what was unfolding, gave up her lips to Hillary's, and she moaned, deep in her throat as they came together. The kisses were long, deep, drawn out tongue filled swirls of passion, Natasha had never been kissed so heatedly, and her tongue was entwined with Hillary's, both of them making little coos of passion.

Hillary broke the kiss, pulled back and cooed, "I've wanted you for a long time Natasha", then she started to kiss Natasha up and down her neck, "wanted to do so many things to your sexy, hot body", Natasha felt her blouse unbuttoned, sliding over her shoulders and down to the floor. Her bra was quickly unhooked and discarded, she felt hands unzipping her shorts, and they were pulled off her body. Natasha realized she was almost totally naked, just her panties left, then soft sensual kisses all over her breasts became her point of concentration, she growled aloud as Hillary latched around her left nipple, sucking, licking and nipping gently.

Through lust filled eyes, she saw her other professor colleagues, Catherine Latham, Gillian Rowland and Angela Whitbred, all totally naked, Catherine sandwiched between Gillian and Angela. Catherine's coos of pleasure started to fill the air, and Gillian kissed and licked the front of her body, while Angela was happy to kiss up and down her back.

Natasha felt Hillary's soft hand sliding under the front of her panties, fingers stroking and caressing her trimmed pubic curls, ummm, oh that felt nice, and her pussy responded with a gush of hot wetness. She felt the fingers reaching for her hot center, and a purr from Hillary as she felt the hot, creamy wetness bubble up, coating her fingers. Natasha felt her panties being stripped off her body, and she realized that not only was she nude, she enjoyed the wide eyes that Hillary was looking at her with.

Hillary purred again, oh yes, Natasha was so damn sexy.

Hillary had been a dedicated pussy licker ever since the age of 16. She had her 18 year old cousin Cindy over for the weekend. With her parents gone, they got into the wine, and Hillary had felt soft hands stroking at her, just before she passed out. When she came to, lying on her back, she was startled, she had been stripped naked, and she felt a body between her legs, kisses being placed all over her belly. She looked down, and saw Cindy kissing her. She was just about to reach down, and pull her away, what they were doing was so nasty and incestuous, when Cindy kissed her way down her mound, heading lower, and Hillary was overwhelmed by the sizzles of lust that shot through her. She thought better of it, and let out a loud MMMMMMM of pleasure.

Cindy had looked up, grinned and said, "Oh yeah baby, now that you're awake, I'm going to lick your sweet little pussy" and she had made good on that pronouncement. Hillary thought she was going to burst when Cindy's agile tongue licked her dripping folds, stirring around her bubbling juices, then softly probing her, wriggling up her pussy. When she locked her mouth around her rock hard, throbbing clit, and had lashed at it with her tongue, over and over, the pleasure was almost too much, and she tumbled into orgasm, squealing with pleasure as her body writhed and shook, and she felt her pussy squirting, she looked down, amazed, and saw Cindy's face full of bliss, as she took the hot squirts all over her face. That weekend, with Cindy's juicy pussy hot, wet, and more than ready, Hillary had learned how to lick pussy, and she was eager to practice until she was perfect. Ever since that weekend, she had hooked up with many like minded ladies, she adored performing cunnilingus, that most intimate kiss, and many pretty high school girls, and then university co-eds, were the lucky recipients of her oral loving skills.

When she made professor after graduation, the college had a lot of morals clauses that they had to sign off on. Hillary had been running pretty damn hot, masturbation, instead of cooling her off, just ramped up her carnal hunger. Now, with the setting, and the rising tempo of lust filling the hut, she wanted to take advantage of the opportunity.

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Fiona was running extra hot, as a third native with a huge cock climbed aboard. Her pussy lips were parted and that big, thick, rock hard dick was driven into her, in one giant thrust. She howled with sheer pleasure as his cock bottomed out, nudging tight against her cervix, his balls smacking against her ass. Her juices gushed out, bathing the cock in liquid heat as her pussy walls grabbed at him. He growled in pleasure and began to ride her, his huge cock began to pound her pussy, in a lust driven cadence, thrusting it deep and hard, oh fuck, yeah, and she screamed as her cunt blossomed into another gripping orgasm, her pussy was scrubbing hard at the plunging prick, eager for the bloom of hot cum.

The native let out a loud, guttural groan, and she felt a huge rush of wetness being splattered all over her cervix, as he unloaded what felt like a gallon of hot spunk deep inside her. His cock finally finished pumping his load deep inside her, he pulled out, and hurried off to his waiting mate.

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Hillary cooed, "Now I'm going to lick you baby, kiss your sweet pussy, and I want you to cum all over my tongue!" Just as Natasha felt the hot, wet kisses being applied to her mound, a tongue swirling downwards thorough her pubic bush, they all heard Fiona's scream of pleasure. Natasha looked over, Catherine was letting out squeals and cries of pleasure, as Gillian was kissing and licking hungrily at Catherine's pussy, while Angela gently pulled Catherine's ass cheeks apart, and Catherine's cries of pleasure rose in volume and frequency, oh god, Natasha was watching Angela licking at Catherine's ass hole! She felt her lust roar, she'd never done any anal play, but watching that made her mind sizzle.

She felt Hillary's mouth kissing at her wet seam, tongue stirring and licking at her tight rim, then she growled aloud as Hillary's tongue parted her lips, and slid into her lust filled vortex, licking hungrily at the gushing juices. Ummm, oh yes, she felt her pussy being doted on, Hillary was displaying her oral talents perfectly. With her skill at learning where to lick, suck and kiss, she soon had Natasha as a begging, shaking mass of lust.

Natasha grunted, "Oh god, please, please make me cum, I'm begging baby, MAKE ME CUM!"

Hillary grinned, she loved it when they begged her to bring them off, she raised her face for just an instant, and cooed, "Yes, time for you to cum baby, cum real hard, spray your juices all over my face!"

Natasha felt two fingers stuffed securely up her, turning around, then the mind filling pleasure as Hillary hit her G spot, and started to polish her. Hillary reapplied her mouth, letting her tongue swipe back and forth over Natasha's twitching clit. Natasha could feel burning tingles filling her womb, moving upwards, she felt her abdomen spasm. Natasha locked up, froze for a split second as she felt the squeezing urge like she had to pee. She tightened up, squeezing hard. She looked down, breathless and amazed, as a stream of her juices sprayed out in a strong jet, hitting Hillary over the bridge of her nose, right between the eyes. Her orgasm exploded, fuck, she was cumming harder than ever before, screeching and crying out. She saw a look of absolute bliss on Hillary's face as she opened her mouth wide, and another jet shot out, and she eagerly mouthed the rush, then she buried her face back in, letting the flood of less powerful streams soak her face, nuzzling against Natasha's spasming, twitching entrance, staying with her until the last spasm died away.

Cries and howls of orgasm drew her eyes over, focusing on Catherine's body, as she shook and shuddered, cumming hard all over Gillian's tongue, while Angela was pumping a finger in and out of Catherine's ass hole. Natasha watched the display of lust, and she realized that she wanted to lick Hillary's pussy. She had never licked a pussy, but she couldn't resist. Considering how good she had felt, she wanted to make sure that Hillary got as good as she gave.

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Fiona was now no more than a mass of writhing lust, every time a cock blew its load of heat inside her, she just wanted the next one, and with cries of pleasure filling the night air from all directions, it helped to amplify her needy lust. She sank into the powerful lust, hard cocks slamming her pink hole, orgasms slamming her as cock after cock drove in, pumping her eager, needy pussy, then blasting hot, creamy payloads, inundating her cervix with load after load of thick cream.

The night seemed alive, cries of orgasmic lust filled the area. In her Psilocybin high, she imagined the night was one giant lust driven beast, one giant organism whose sole purpose was to fuck, over and over, and she felt herself sinking into another orgasmic explosion, just as a hard, driving cock pumped another volley of thick cream deep inside her, her pussy walls grabbing at the cock, and milking it hungrily for every drop.

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Natasha felt more hands caressing her, Catherine, Gillian and Angela were now pressing closely against her and Hillary. Oh that felt so nice, the hands stroked all over, bringing her lust back up to fever pitch.

Hillary cooed, "Let's daisy chain!"

Natasha found herself lying on her side, her head inches from the hot, pink hole of Hillary's pussy, she thought she'd never seen anything so sexy. It gleamed, pink, pearly and so wet with Hillary's juices. Natasha realized she was going to eat pussy for the first time in her life, the sight of a hot, wet pink hole, and the scent of arousal from Hillary made her eager to please.

Natasha happily pressed her head against the dripping seam, she felt Gillian's head between her legs, and she purred as her dripping pussy was covered with a hot, wet mouth, and a very agile tongue. More coos and soft cries of pleasure blended in, as Hillary was eagerly lapping away at Catherine's steamy heat, while Catherine applied her licking ability to Angela, and Angela gave Gillian a hot lick job. The scent of lust fueled pussies filled the air, a heated, primal smell of passion, as five very horny female professors were joined in a hot daisy chain of lust, throbbing pussies being licked and caressed towards orgasm.

Natasha growled with the pleasure, eagerly lapping at Hillary's gushing seam, oh yeah, she was sweet, juicy and incredibly tasty. Her growls of enjoyment welcomed Natasha, and she felt the rising tide of excitement building back up quickly.

They all moved together in unison, giving and receiving the pleasure of oral loving. The pleasure of licking while being licked was so good, and Natasha felt herself racing for that orgasm. One by one, shrieks, howls and cries of orgasm filled the air, as wet, pink openings were licked to climax, bodies shaking, and Natasha's howl of climax joined in, as Gillian skillfully licked her to a riveting climax, Hillary was cumming at the same time, gushing her juices all over Natasha's face, encouraging Natasha's pussy to give Gillian a very wet, juicy flood of her cum, which she happily did so.

They flopped down in a satisfied pile of bodies, and they heard Fiona scream, "Yes, fuck me, fuck me, Fuck MEEEEEE!" then a wordless scream of pleasure as the last member of the tribe rammed her, and blew his balls into her cum soaked pussy.

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### **Part 3**

Fiona was drifting through the clouds, her pussy pleasantly throbbing with the pounding it had just received. She felt the mixing of all the hot cum that had been pumped into her, churning deep inside her womb. Umm, I could lay here like this and be fucked forever, ran through her mind.

She felt herself being unbound from her restraints, and she looked up to see the native she regarded as the spokesman, the one who knew English, unbinding her. He helped her up, and her legs were rubbery as she leaned on him for support. She saw that the region was deserted, and she could hear mingled cries of passion issuing from the huts.

"Yes, a great fertility ritual, this will help us stay healthy and vibrant, and bring forth many strong children."

Fiona asked, "So it is over?"

"Yes, for tonight. You have played your part, and we thank you for your participation."

Fiona smiled to herself, once she was into the hot fuck lust, it had been her absolute pleasure. He led her away from the women's hut, she could feel the hot cum overflowing, dripping out of her pussy as she walked. He led her inside what was basically a copy of their hut, the same 6 sleeping places. These places were piled high with lush grasses, furs, and woven covers.

Seeing her look of puzzlement, he explained, "Now that you have experienced our fertility rites, you need to be kept separate. The rites are not to be told to anyone, and your companions must not know what will happen, they must experience it in exactly the same way as you did. Once each of your companions has had the rites, they will be brought here to join you, until all your companions have taken part. I will tell your companions where you are, so they will not be worried about where you are."

Fiona asked softly, "Did everyone get to take part in the fertility rite? Did you?"

He replied, "Everyone except me. I am not a part of the ritual, as I do not have a mate. She died a few moons ago. Ritual says only men with mates."

She saw his loincloth bulging with an unrelieved erection, and she was not going to let him go unrelieved. She stood against him, face to face, and purred, "Well, now that tonight's ritual is over, I am not going to let you go without."

Her hand reached down, and slid under his cloth. She felt his hard, weighty cock fill her hand, surging with need. He let out a soft grunt and a growl of pleasure as her hand gently stroked at his eager prick. She pushed down his loincloth, and felt the need ramping back up quickly. Such a nice hard cock, ebony, big, throbbing with need, she could almost feel that hard beauty spreading her open.

She led him over to one of the sleeping spaces, and purred, "Now, it's your turn."

She lay back with a smile, spreading her thighs. She could see him looking hungrily at her pink, wet pocket, welcoming him. As he took position between her thighs, she grasped his cock and nudged it against her. With a grunt, he thrust, Fiona's cry of pleasure answering as he drove his surging cock in. Fiona let out another cry as he buried himself, she could feel his balls smack against her ass as he bottomed out, his loud grunt joining hers.

"Yes, oh yes, feels so good, now fuck me, fuck me a long time."

He pulled back, and drove it in again. After the first few hard, deep thrusts, he slowed down, and started to give her a pleasure ride, long, deep slow thrusts. He was in no hurried rush, like her partners at the ritual. He was very good, his mate had been a very lucky woman, if this was his lovemaking style that he had shared with her. He could feel his sperm bloated balls smacking gently against her ass on each in plunge, and Fiona was hungry for that hot, unrelieved load to fill her pink channel. Fiona quickly felt the need building back up, letting out soft coos and gentle cries of pleasure as she was ridden expertly.

The spokesman relished being able to ride this incredible body, Having been unable to enjoy sex for so long, the feel of his cock buried in the soft, warm wet heat was incredible. He slowed himself down, both to let Fiona enjoy the ride, and to give him more time. He needed to keep the reins on his orgasm, it felt too good, to spoil it with a hard, fast fuck. It built quickly, no, he didn't want to cum yet.

Fiona, sensing his impending explosion, cooed, "Let's stop, and change positions."

She motioned for him to lie down, and with wide, excited eyes, he watched her as she squatted over him, gripping his cock and placing it against her. With a low moan, Fiona thrust down, slowly and steadily swallowing his cock as she took him in, balls deep. He felt the wrapping of her tight, eager pussy surrounding him, and Fiona smiled as she felt him lodge deep inside her. She stopped, and held herself steady.

"Now, let's just wait for a few minutes, my tight pussy will keep you nice and hard."

So saying she started to flex her inner muscles, using the Kegel techniques, gripping and releasing rhythmically on his cock. She smiled as she felt his cock, deep inside her, staying bone hard as her inner muscles massaged him.

He grunted with pleasure, he'd never felt this kind of grip around his cock before. He wondered if all the other women of her group had this kind of fantastic grip and massaging action. After their initiation ritual, he hoped he'd be able to find out.

Fiona was eager to give him a long, enjoyable fuck. She wanted to give him a show, her pelvis began moving, first forwards and backwards, then side to side, and finally in a circular fashion. She mixed the movements, and alternated them, all the while slowly raising up on her knees and slowly sinking back down. Her moans of enjoyment joined with his grunts and growls of pleasure, as she felt the heat building in her loins.

Her partner grunted, she was still so tight, hot, and juicy, he could hear the wet squelches as she drove down on him, his cock surging to the depths of her liquid filled heat. Her pussy overflowed with her juices, and he felt his balls being soaked by the hot juices. It was a hot night, they were covered with a sheen of perspiration. In the muted light, the sweat covering her made Fiona's body gleam as she rode him. The perspiration ran down Fiona's body and dripped from her swollen, rigid nipples onto his stomach. She began running her fingers through the hair on his chest, going from his small nipples down to his belly, ending up by running the length of his cock as it entered and exited her cunt.

He reached up with one hand to rub Fiona's nipples. Large and stiff, they protruded at least an inch from her bouncing tits. With the other hand he reached down and began stroking around her where they were joined. Fiona gave a small shudder and seemed to become distracted. She began to lose interest in the complicated motions she had been performing, and began concentrating on a rapid in-and-out.

After several minutes of increasing speed, both Fiona and her lover could feel orgasm approaching. She felt his cock swell, ready to explode. Fiona reached down with one hand, cupping his throbbing balls in her hand, she began to massage his swollen, cum filled nuts. Her explosion raced at her, tingles filling her womb, then spreading downwards, and she felt the familiar spasms of orgasm clamp around her lover's cock.

Fiona cried out raggedly, "Oh fuck, yes, I'm cumming, blow your balls, fill my cunt, yes, fuck MEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Fiona's ball massage, and the fluttering of her spasming pussy drove him over the edge. His cock started to pulse, and he humped up as hard as he could, Fiona's squeals and cries of orgasmic joy filling the room. Grunting and growling with pleasure, his throbbing cock exploded. The spasms milked at his pulsing cock, making him gush wildly, spewing a massive load into Fiona's fiery fuck-hole. He heard her cries and squeals of pleasure reach another crescendo, as she tumbled into a

second orgasm, the pumping and squirting of his massive load of hot spunk flooding her, drenching her cervix, had brought on another orgasm.

Fiona sailed through the waves of pleasure, oh she felt so good. She was aware of his cock lodged deep inside her, feeling the tremors through his prick as he unloaded the last few squirts and dribbles, until his cock was done. Ummm, so much thick cum had been poured into her tonight, and she had relished every hard plunge, and every throbbing gush of spunk that had filled her.

They lay quietly for a while, savoring the afterglow. Fiona felt herself drifting towards sleep, and just before she dropped off, she felt his body get up, and leave the hut.

He walked over to the hut where her companions were, and stepped in. They had rearranged themselves, but his nose could detect the hot, primal scent of unrestrained lust. They looked up at him expectantly.

Natasha Highmore felt a stab of fear, expecting to see Fiona, and she said sharply, "Where's Fiona? Did you hurt her?"

The spokesman replied, "Hurt her? Not at all, she took part in our fertility ritual, it will keep us healthy and vibrant, and give us many strong children."

Natasha questioned, "Then where is she?"

He replied, "Once the fertility ritual has been completed, the female must be isolated from the rest of you. You will all experience the ritual, and you must not have forehand knowledge of what will occur. There is no need to be concerned, Fiona is sleeping comfortably, in the other hut. As you experience the ritual, you will be reunited with her."

Natasha, eager to be reunited with her best friend and colleague, said, "Then I want to be the next part of the ritual!"

He said, "Then you shall be. Tomorrow night, when the moon is high in the sky, it will be your time."

He departed, and Natasha saw the dim shape approaching her. She cooed when she felt a warm, naked body that nuzzled next to her.

Angela Whitbred purred, "Ummmm, are you still horny baby? Like another hot, wet orgasm?"

Natasha cooed, "Yes, oh yes, lick me baby."

Angela was quickly at her opening, she whispered, "Oh yeah, the smell of hot, sexy pussy. I want you to cum baby, cum all over my face."

As she felt the soft, hot, exciting press against her labia, then the wet, agile tongue licking at her, sliding between her pink seam, exploring the delicate inner folds, Natasha moaned, reaching down to cradle the head of short red hair to her. As Angela demonstrated a practiced familiarity with the art of cunnilingus, bringing Natasha's pussy to a hot, horny need, Natasha let herself fantasize.

Considering the pleasure filled shrieks and cries they'd heard from Fiona, it sounded like it was enjoyable. The idea of a gang-bang, all the natives taking her, ummm, it was really starting to sound good. As Angela started to swab more forcefully at her, swiping sizzling wet passes over her clit, Natasha, with her sexuality now in free rein, admitted it to herself. Fiona was very sexy, and she'd wanted to caress the body of her best friend, suck those beautiful tits, and feel the juices of Fiona's

orgasm pouring all over her tongue, filling her mouth, as she came all over her face, just like Natasha was about to unload her juices all over Angela's face, oh yes.

Natasha whispered, "Yes, oh yes baby, gonna cum, gonna cum all over your face!"

She felt the gush of her juices, and the wave of orgasm sweeping over her body, squealing and crying out as she was consumed. She felt Angela gently licking her, until the last spasm had rippled through her body.

Hearing more rising cries of passion, seeing the dim shapes of her colleagues coming closer, Natasha knew it would be a hot, sex filled night. She saw Hillary squatting over Angela, presenting her pussy to Angela, and her moan of pleasure as Angela, eager to taste the heat, let her tongue roam. Natasha saw Catherine eagerly sliding between Angela's things, eager to give her a wild licking.

Natasha looked up, saw Gillian's blonde bush hovering just above her face.

Gillian cooed, "Oh yeah, would you like to taste how hot and horny I am, baby?"

Natasha reached up, looped her hands over Gillian's hips, and through lust filled eyes, she brought that hot, wet dripping fuck-hole closer, closer, until she heard Gillian's loud purr of pleasure as she started to swab at the wet, pink folds. She could hear the mixed grunts, squeals and cries of pleasure as hot horny cunts were licked and fingered to satisfaction. Natasha licked eagerly, hungrily, the hot wet juices dripping all over her face.

She felt Gillian's body start to shake, and just as Gillian's grunts, growls and squeals of pleasure sounded, she gushed the juices of her orgasm all over Natasha's face, just as Natasha felt a hot, wet tongue latch around her throbbing, bulging clit, licking her wildly.

Catherine had felt the rush of Angela's orgasm, and she was had moved over between the spread of Natasha's thighs, eager to give Natasha the same sizzling oral love. She was rewarded when Natasha tumbled into climax in a few moments, crying out into the wet soupy folds of Gillian's spasming pussy, as Natasha's pussy gave Catherine a rich serving of her own juices.

Natasha smiled as she looked forward to being the next fertility offering. And after the rites, she was going to take Fiona, and show her what two horny women could do together.