

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a yellow dress and a necklace, is shown in profile, looking upwards with her hand on her head. The background is a vibrant, out-of-focus green, suggesting a tropical or jungle environment. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

*A wife
and the
Amazon
Tribe*

King B

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A wife and the Amazon tribe

by **King B**

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The crash

The engine hummed as the small plane shook with even the smallest disturbance. Having had a fear of flying since childhood, Sam hardly enjoyed the rough ride, but was being consoled by the radiance of his new wife who was sitting right beside him. She looked genuinely happy as she observed the birds-eye-view of the vast jungle that spread under them.

After their lavish wedding, Sam was surprised to hear his wife's request to have their honeymoon in such a remote and modest place. He had planned on a world tour in his private yacht, but couldn't say no to the eyes he had fallen in love with.

By owning a couple of extremely successful software companies, his wealth really did help in planning all the expensive arrangements without even having to bat an eye. He was confident about being able to continue giving the lavish, pampered life his wife was used to. Until recently, he had thought his wealth could obtain anything he ever wanted, but now believed that there were things even money couldn't buy.

After spending a week as a husband and wife, Sam was deeply falling in love with her. Having a father who was wealthier than him, he knew that unlike most women who had tried to seduce him in the past, she wasn't with him for the sake of money. She wasn't going to show him a false love in order to get to his money; she was someone he could let his guards down and trust his heart to. The fact he could still see clear signs pointing to the fact that she still doesn't really love him, actually made him happy and relieved. So, In their honeymoon, he was determined to make his beautiful wife fall in love with him.

It was only a month ago they had met for the first time; he still remembered the first time he had seen the radiant girl: a girl who at that time, thanks to her conservative and strict upbringing, was still pure and innocent in both body and mind. The red-stained bed sheets on their wedding night had given evidence to her purity.

On their first meeting, facing him at the dinner table, she had been sitting beside her mother as the servers prepared the dinner that had been arranged to celebrate the new business partnership he had made with her father.

The moment her bright, blue eyes had met his for a fraction of a second, he knew she was going leave an impression in his heart; a girl he would never forget. Even as she, obviously feeling uncomfortable with his intense gaze, shyly looked down while blushing, he couldn't help but keep looking at her in awe.

At the end of the dinner when her father: a fellow millionaire, offered his only daughter's hand to him, from her reaction, he knew he wasn't the only one who had almost choked on the dessert.

Julie, a girl who had grown under the watchful eyes of her powerful father, was a pampered, but a restrained bird that had lived its life trapped in a golden cage. Now she was given a rare chance to break free of that cage; a chance to marry a man who was wealthy and influential enough to not to be manipulated or influenced by her overprotective father.

Sam had felt the reason she was so quick to agree to the marriage was mainly because she wanted to leave the shadow of her father. For that, the young girl was ready to even marry a complete stranger that certainly didn't look like the prince charming. Honestly, he felt sorry for her.

It wasn't as if Sam was an ugly guy that only had his wealth going for him. As the owner of an average body and a pleasant face, he was a decent looking man. It was nothing to boast about, but among the wealthy single men who had risen from the bottom, he was the best looking one, but still, his wife's beauty easily made him feel insecure about his looks.

Julie had been living a life of a princess, and she looked like one too. With an angelic face, wavy brown tresses that went past her shoulders, a bosom that was neither too large nor too small for her frame, a posterior that could entice any living man and long legs that could make any guy drool, she was an image of perfection; if Michelangelo was alive, he would have made marble statues in her image.

Sam was extremely happy about finally being able to acquire something even his massive wealth couldn't hope to obtain or compare to. A beautiful wife who he could trust. Very few men get to experience true wealth and true love at the same time.

Back in the present, Julie was too occupied to notice the gaze of her husband; she was completely mesmerized by the scenery on display through the small window. With her legs one over the other, she was leaning on the window side, causing the hem of her yellow, short summer dress to ride a little higher than its intended position. She was too bored to correct this little immodesty since there were no other passengers. Also, she knew Sam loved to enjoy the view of her toned, smooth and long legs. After all, this was their honeymoon, and according to her friends, a little bit of teasing here and there was expected from her.

Unlike bigger planes, the small private plane fared poorly against rogue air currents. This sometimes resulted in Julie having to hold her breasts while regretting her decision to go braless; she had always preferred to wear light while flying.

Julie had always harboured a fascination about rainforests and rich wild life in them, but her parents had never let her wonder even in their own garden without a servant accompanying her; her pet macaw parrot was the nearest thing to a rainforest animal she had ever experienced. So, when Sam had asked her where she would like to go for their honeymoon, her first choice was the Amazon rainforest. She had expected him to laugh at her, but other than being a little surprised, he had happily agreed to it.

Julie didn't agree to marry Sam not only because she wanted to be free from the influence of her father, she had agreed also because, unlike most

rich guys she knew who were arrogant and spoiled, Sam was a smart and gentle guy who he had made a fortune from his own efforts. Knowing her father, she also knew Sam would be the best looking man among the people her father considered to be worthy of being his son-in-law. Plus, he was genuinely a good guy that made her feel comfortable to be and talk with. She truly believed she could one day truly love this man, and he would also love her back the same.

Looking down at the green carpet that was crisscrossed with snake-like rivers, Julie realized she was so close to her dream vacation destination. Even though Sam wasn't a nature-lover, knowing about her love for the nature, he had happily agreed to accompany her. After arriving in Brazil, they had to take a small plane to reach the remote hotel Sam had reserved that was built in the middle of Jungle. Even though they were the only two passengers, the plane was filled with supplies since the plane was the only mean of transportation between the hotel and the modern world.

After two hours of the plane ride, while enjoying the scenery of a never ending ocean of greens, both Julie and Sam were starting to fall asleep due to fatigue from all the traveling. Suddenly, they were snapped back into reality by a high pitched alarm sound coming from the cockpit and a violently shaking plane.

“Pilot, what’s happening?” Sam shouted while trying to overcome all the noises. Julie covered her ears and looked out to see the trees becoming clearer and larger.

“An engine failure. I’ll have to try to make an emergency landing. Don’t panic. Put your head between your knees and brace for the impact.” The pilot answered while trying to get the plane under control.

‘Not panicking’ was a hard thing to do in that sort of a situation, but the couple managed to position themselves and braced for the impact.

While hearing the pilot trying to send a Mayday message, Sam felt the impact as if he was being hit by a car. As the plane dived into the greenery,

amid sounds of cracking tree branches and the metal hull being pummeled, Sam's every sense got overpowered by the violent shaking and rolling.

Suddenly, everything went quiet and dark as Sam fell unconscious.

With a deep, desperate inhale, Julie suddenly jerked back from her unconsciousness. She was still strapped to her seat and everything that had happened felt like a dream, but opening her eyes brought her back to a reality she didn't want to accept. Other than a few scratches and bruises, she was in good condition. While instinctively readjusting the dress which had ridden up and pulled down during the chaos, she checked on Sam. Sam was stirring up from his deep sleep, and he also seemed to be safe except for few scratches and bruises.

While trying to figure out what had happened, she unbuckled herself, and to check on the pilot, carefully walked down the angled plane, to the cockpit.

Julie's scream managed to fully wake Sam up.

"Oh, my god! Aah! My head...Julie, are you hurt?"

"I'm alright Sam.... But the pilot....the pilot is dead." She replied while sobbing.

Sam freed himself from the seat and went to the cockpit to realize that the pilot has somehow managed to safely land the plane; the tail was still on some trees and the nose was touching the ground. Unfortunately, some thick branches had crashed through the windshield and the pilot was impaled in three places including one right through the neck. His lifeless body was firmly pinned to the seat while blood was pouring down the impaled branches and down his body.

Before he could mourn for the pilot, a burning smell brought Sam's attention to the surrounding. There was a fire in the back of the plane where the supplies were stored, and he remembered seeing few propane gas tanks when the supplies were being loaded.

“Julie, we have to get out of here quickly. The plane is going to explode.” Sam said in a panicked voice.

Realizing the danger, Julie also broke herself out from the shock of seeing the pilot’s gruesome death and followed Sam out of the plane. They ran about hundred feet away from the burning wreckage before Julie suddenly stopped. While coming to terms with this surreal situation, Julie tried to think about their next step. She realized that they were now stranded in the world’s biggest rain forest and everything essential for their survival were still on the plane.

“Sam, we have to grab the radio and some supplies,” Julie said while trying to go back to the plane, but Sam quickly grabbed her arm and stopped her.

“Are you crazy? We don’t know when that thing will blo,” before he could complete the sentence, the plane exploded and the shock wave made them fall back.

While listening to the ringing inside her ears, Julie realized that things have gotten worse.

Far and deep in the jungle, with the loud explosion, thousands of birds took to the sky and the resulting tower of smoke didn’t go unnoticed by thousands of eyes. Among those eyes, the most curious pair belonged to a human who was on a hunt with his tribesmen.

By night time, Sam and Julie were able to salvage what they could from the burning wreckage. Very few things had escaped from being charred by the intense heat generated by plane fuel. Since the wreckage was still burning, they managed to make a campfire in a clearing near the crash site. After eating some salvaged canned food, the couple was sitting by the fire, holding each other for comfort while trying to accept the reality that their sweet honeymoon had suddenly become a survival challenge.

The newlywed couple huddled together in order to seek some kind of protection from the terrifying forest that laid in the darkness beyond the campfire.

“I’m sorry,” Julie sobbed, “this wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t ask to come here.”

“Please don’t say that, Julie. It’s not your fault. You didn’t know this would happen. No one did,” Sam said, “On the bright side, I don’t think things could get any worse than this.”

“Ouch!”

Sam suddenly felt something bite him on the back of neck and Julie also turned to see what it was about.

Thinking some kind of bug had bitten him, Sam put his hand where he felt the sting and pulled out a small, thin dart that had a sharp end and something like a wad of cotton at the other end. While they both looked at it with big eyes and started realizing what it really was, Sam started to feel the world rotate around him. Before everything went dark, he heard Julie’s desperate call before it ended with an “Ouch!”

Captured, saved and trapped

Sam woke up to find himself sitting on the ground, with his back leaning onto a big wooden pole where his hands were tied to. Still drowsy from the poison, he looked around to see where he was and found unconscious Julie tied to a pole next to him. It was still night and there was a big campfire in front of them. At first, the light from the fire was too intense for his eyes, but later, he noticed some tribal people sitting around it while looking at him and his wife.

Julie also started stirring up, and at first, she also had some trouble in gathering her surroundings.

“Sam? What happened?... Where are we?” Julie asked still a little groggy from the poison.

“I think they we were poisoned and brought to their village. Are you hurt?” Sam said.

“I...I think I’m alright,” Julie said while trying to loosen the ropes on her hand and asked in a hopeful tone, “Do you think they’ll call for help or take us out of the jungle?”

“It’s too early to assume anything... let’s try to communicate and get ourselves freed first.” Sam said while trying to appear composed and started to talk with the group of people in front of them. Most of the tribesmen looked puzzled, and some even laughed at the gibberish the pale outsider was muttering.

While Sam was unsuccessfully trying to communicate with them, Julie observed their captors. It was still dark around them and only the men in front of the fire were visible. All of them seemed to be about five feet and some were even shorter. All of them had black, straight hair in bob cuts and no traces of facial hair. Their facial features had an obvious resemblance to Amazonian natives she had seen in some documentaries. The bodies were painted red and had designs drawn in white.

Julie got the shock of her life when her gaze went to the mid sections of the squatting men. All around the world, people tend to wear clothes to cover their genitals, but these people were displaying their genitals as if they were their best ornaments or jewelry. By all means, their genitals didn't look normal at all. The pubic hair was braided and beautifully decorated with colorful things like small bones, Gemstones, and feathers. The decorations made their overly large scrotums look even more bizarre; the sizes varied, but all of them were abnormally huge; one's even looked similar to a sack full of two tennis balls.

Still, the most impressive or horrifying things were the penises that hung in front of those huge sacks. Even though they seemed soft and flaccid, most of them lengthed about six inches and some were even reaching eight inches; given the men's lack of heights, their genitals were out-of-proportionally big. Furthermore, the lengths weren't the only unnatural thing about the shafts; they had round protrusions along the length, in the front, that appeared like half spheres the size of nickels. Most had two or three of those bumps starting from the base of their penises, and some had even more. The guy in the middle of the group with an eight-inch soft penis had six of those protrusions.

Despite having a very conservative and overly sheltered upbringing, Julie was a well-educated woman. She had seen different types of male genitals in pictures, and the real thing of Sam's, but those bizarre organs sent chills down her spine. She instinctively thought, "Good thing I didn't get born into this tribe."

Then suddenly someone much taller with a different facial structure walked into the light of the fire. Since he was also painted red all over, Julie

couldn't determine the real skin color, but he had an average height and a normal size genital that had one bump on it. He talked with the guy with six bumps on the penis while looking at them. After few minutes, he started to walk toward them.

“Hello, I'm Jack. No need to fear, you are in no danger,” said the man while showing his open hands.

“Thank god! Someone who can talk English,” Sam said with a relief as he was getting frustrated after trying so hard to communicate with the tribesmen. “I'm Sam and this is my wife Julie. Our plane crashed while we were flying to Amazon hotel.”

“Yes, I heard the explosion myself. I'm glad you are well. Are you the only survivors?” Jack said while looking at Julie who still seemed still a little groggy from poison.

“Yes, we are the only survivors; the pilot died during the crash. Please help us get back to a town. You are a savior. I was running out of ideas about what to do next.” Sam said, thinking everything will be alright now since Jack was there.

While untying Sam, Jack said, “Well Sam, I wish things are that simple in this cursed jungle.”

“What do you mean?” Julie asked.

“I used to be an anthropologist. My team and I were on an expedition to find a legendary tribe that rumored to possess amazing medicinal skills. While following clues and rumors, we stumbled upon this area of the jungle. Surrounded by three wide rivers, this area is kind of secluded from the rest of the Amazon and most plants have gone through a different branch of evolution; almost about every plant tries to kill you here.”

After finishing untying Sam, Jack moved to Julie's ropes.

“One by one, my team died due to various poisons while trying to escape this place. I was on brink of death when one of the tribesmen found me and brought me to the village. For some reason, the forest surrounding the village is relatively safe, fertile and full of game, but surrounding this Garden of Eden, there lays the forest of death; nobody from outside can cross that. The villagers are immune to most of the poisons, but trying to leave the village is considered a taboo for anyone. At last, I have found the tribe I was looking for, but in return, ended been a prisoner of this forest for the last decade.”

Sam and Julie were listening to his story with wide eyes and opened mouths. There was even a tear falling down Julie’s face. Jack's revelation not only indicated that they were about to become trapped in this village for rest of their life, even trying to leave would put them in mortal danger.

“This can’t be real. How are we going to survive this? Please help us, god.” Julie was starting to break down from having to bear one bad news after the other, and Sam offered his shoulder for her cry on.

“Don’t worry, there’s still some hope left,” Jack said while sitting down.

“After years of interacting with the tribe, I can understand their language very well. I’ll act as your interpreter. This tribe is tolerant of outsiders and has a custom of not killing or chasing away outsiders if they are not a threat to the tribe, but they will not hesitate to kill if you prove otherwise. Do not underestimate them because they are small. Thanks to their medicines that were being consumed for generations, they are genetically stronger than a normal person, and thanks to the warrior culture, they are good at fighting too. So if I were you, I would try my best to be on their good side.”

Jack paused for a moment to make sure the couple was paying attention.

“And their society is a bit different from ours. It’s a patriarchal society, and men hold the power in most aspects of governing. There’s also something like a caste system in place. The important thing is, in contrast to our society, the castes are not divided by the difference of wealth or birth. In

case you haven't noticed yet, you can clearly see that their genitals are far from average."

Jack turned to look at the men at the campfire. Sam and Julie also followed his gaze and while Jack explained, she couldn't help feeling flustered by looking at naked male genitals.

"They decorate and proudly display their privates to express status. Here, your position in the community depends mainly on the size of your penis and hunting skills. The rank is shown by the number of bumps on it; the more bumps embedded in a penis, the higher the rank of the owner is. The bumps are actually a type of carved pebbles. The right to add more pebbles is earned by showing good hunting skills, but even if a person is good at hunting, but the penis is not long enough to add more bumps, that person will be stuck in that rank."

"This is insane, why do they care so much about such a trivial matter as penis the size?"

Sam asked, having a hard time digesting all these new information.

"I think that's due to the low fertility rate and the anatomy of the women in this tribe. Bigger the penis, deeper the penetration, and bigger the scrotum, bigger the amount of semen produced. In overall, bigger the package, more virile the man is," Jack said.

"What did you mean by the anatomy of women?" Julie asked, failing to find an answer in the explanation.

"I've had sex with few women in this tribe and in my experience and according to what the villagers say, the vaginal canals of the women in this tribe are somewhat deeper than normal and have a very low fertility rate. So having a tool that can reach deep and deliver a huge quantity of semen is considered an essential part of being a strong man." Jack explained.

"Ok, that explains a little why the size matter here, but what about us outsiders?" Sam asked.

“We are also under the same rules and as you can see, having normal genitals, we automatically fall into a low caste. Women are not bound by the caste system, but since Julie is your mate, she’ll fall into the same cast as you. Our bodies are too big to be stealthy and do not possess enough strength or stamina to perform a level of hunting these guys are capable of. So even if you are well endowed, rising in rank is going to be very difficult. If your privates are around the same size as me, even with skills, I’m afraid your status could only rise to be a little higher than the lowest.” Jack looked at Sam as if asking a question.

Sam’s face became dark and had a worried face. Julie knew Sam was about the same, if not smaller than Jack. That made Julie worried too.

“I talked with the chief of the village. He’s the one in the middle of the crowd.” Jack said while pointing to the man with six bumps on his penis.

“He has granted you a hut and all necessities to start your life here, which is surprisingly generous of him. As long as you two can integrate into the village and their customs, he has no problem of having you here. I’ll provide you with necessary information as things go by, and one more thing: as you are a man, you are required to be naked to show your status all the time. You can paint your body like I do if you wish to.”

“And for Julie,” Jack turned to Julie.

“The tribe’s women usually wear short skirts made of straws and are topless. Since you are a woman, you don’t need to show your status like Sam has to do. So you have more freedom on this matter. For now, you should be able to continue wearing your dress and my advice is also to wear the dress. Revealing your breasts now could draw unwanted attention to yourself,” Jack said, trying to sound very professional.

Julie blushed a little upon hearing this stranger openly talking about penises and her breasts, but she knew he made sense; the last thing she wanted was unwanted attention from these natives.

“Come, I’ll take you to your hut and we can talk more about what you need to know,” Jack said while helping Julie to stand up.

Unnoticed by the three white people, across fireplace, the chief was letting his eyes wander around the body of this unusual female. Although she was taller than the tallest man in the tribe, she had a delicacy in her movements which trumped the femininity of smaller women in his tribe; in his culture, being petite was considered a very feminine feature. Her skin was smooth and as pale as the moonlight and had a radiance which seemed to almost glow. The contours of her body were more profound than a normal native female and those curves tickled his masculine instinct. Her long, shapely legs were so long and enticing, they seemed almost bizarre. Her unusual facial features looked alien to him at first, but coupled with her, similarly bizarre, radiantly blue eyes, and long, flowing mane, the more he looked at her, the more he started feeling attracted to those features. Still, among all of it, the feature his eyes lingered the most on was her bosom; Even though she had them covered, it was obvious that her breasts were big, but firm like a newly flowered girl's, and the telltale sign of her nipples poking through thin material, complemented the overall allure; there was something about hidden things that made a man's imaginations and temptations run wild.

It was kind of unusual for natives to lust after outsiders, especially such strange and alien ones; he personally felt repulsed by outside men and their bulky and clumsy features, but this outside female was a whole other story; even the pale skin which he hated to see on Jack, worked to enhance the beauty of this strange female. Despite those alien features, his male instinct detected that, fertility was overflowing from this strange woman. It was as if the gods have created this female solely for the purpose of bearing healthy children.

The more the chief analyzed the pale woman in order to find a feature that repulsed him, the more he got entangled in her strange beauty. Slowly, but steadily, the distance between the bumps on his penis started to increase as a very familiar desire surged through his body.

Village life

The next few days went smoothly as Jack taught them about tribal customs and ways things run in the village. Their hut was at the edge of the village, away from other huts. It was a far-cry from what wealthy couple was used to living in; mud walls and thatch roof provided basic protection from the elements while providing a cooking and a sleeping place. Sleeping on a straw mat on the mud floor was another new and unwelcoming experience they had to get used to; after a couple of sleepless nights, they were forced to get used to it.

On their second day in the village, Jack escorted Julie and Sam into the village. It was the first time they had the chance to get a good look at the village's day-to-day life. Despite being in the middle of a jungle, the tribe kept the village very clean and organized; it even had paved walkways, steps, and drains. Most people lived in huts similar to the one Julie and Sam were given. They were built quite close together, in levels on a sloped terrain, giving the village an urban look.

On the top of the hill, there was the much bigger hut which Jack had said to belong to the chief, but the two of them weren't allowed to go the top level; apparently only the high cast people could enter the level where the chief lives.

Many people came out from their huts to take a look at the strange people who have come to their village. Julie tried to talk to and befriend a group of kids who kept following them as Jack gave them the tour; she had always loved being around kids, but her height intimidated the small kids and they kept quiet and always kept a healthy distance.

The tribe's women were about the same height as the men. Unlike men, the women wore straw-skirts which were about knee length. Julie noticed that almost all the women of childbearing age had sagged breasts due to early pregnancies and lack of support; only a few younger ones, who didn't seem to have given birth yet, had firm breasts. Other than that, they looked like miniature versions of women in that region.

Jack had said that, after the age of about twenty, it becomes really hard for women of this tribe to get pregnant. So all the girls who come of age try their best to quickly get married and bear at least one child for their husband. After they hit the low fertility age, the women are free to seek men with higher virility to increase the chance of being impregnated. So the village had a partially open-marriage culture to face the low fertility problem.

The women had the freedom of not being bound by the cast system. Although they fall into the same caste of their mate, if a woman wishes, she could find another willing man and move into his hut and his cast, but this rarely happened.

Despite being a bit cautious about the strangers, the men and women of the tribe show any sign of hostility towards the new people. The men didn't try to interact with them, but some women gifted Julie some food and tools. Just after one look at Sam privates, everyone acted as if he didn't exist, but at least Julie received some attention from the women and some silent stares of the men.

The duties of the women were mainly about taking care of the children, keeping the huts maintained, cooking, bringing water and foraging. Following Jack's advice, Julie stayed in the hut most of the time and went out only for important things such as bring water. Since the chief was being kind enough to send them some food every day till they become able to provide for them, Julie didn't have many reasons to go outside.

Every morning, with Jack, Sam went into the jungle in order to learn new skills about hunting. Julie was normally forced to stay close their small hut till her husband comes back in the evening; she wanted to at least go with

Sam and see the jungle, but the tribe's customs dictated that women are not to participate in hunting.

Not being confident or feeling secure enough to wander into the village on her own, Julie normally busied herself trying to learn primitive cooking and house chores, but sometimes few curious children would come to sneak a glance at the odd-looking woman. At first, they would try to be as stealthy as kids could and when she noticed, they would run back to the village. Then the kids started becoming bolder and coupled with her sweet personality, soon they were becoming good friends.

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Unwanted attention

On their third day in the village, when Julie was on her way back from the river, she met the village chief who was on his usual patrol around the village. He had two guards following him through the same narrow pathway as her, from the opposite side. Even though she was carrying a heavy clay pot filled with water, she stepped out of the pathway to make way for the men; Jack had told them about lower castes always having to make way for the higher castes.

Rather than passing along, the chief stopped beside Julie had stepped out of the path and looked at her from top to bottom. The last time she had seen the chief was on the first day, through the light of the campfire, but now when she saw him clearly on during day time, she got more nervous than she thought she would. Despite his matured age being showed by his face, he owned a lean, sinewy, well-developed body that could rival Olympic runners, but the short stature took away some intimidation factors from his hard appearance which Julie felt thankful of. Being extra careful to not look at any of the men's exposed genitals, she bowed in respect; the man was now her chief too.

The chief took another look at how, despite the large body, the pale woman struggled to keep holding onto even one water filled pot; it was almost comical to him. With a command from him, one of the guards took the water pot from Julie and for a moment, she was worried that the chief was taking back the only clay pot they had, but when the guard started walking back towards her hut, she realized the chief was actually giving her a helping hand. From the few words she had learned from Jack, she thanked profusely thanked the chief.

While the guard was gone, the chief didn't move, preventing Julie from leaving. He silently kept looking at her until she started feeling really awkward and uncomfortable. Since she kept looking down, she didn't know why he was looking at her, but she definitely didn't feel at ease. After the guard who had taken the water pot came back running, without telling anything, the chief started walking away.

Julie felt a big relief as the men left, and hurried back to the security of her hut. She saw the clay pot left in front of the hut and wondered maybe the chief wasn't as bad as she had thought. He was already sending them food and has given them a place to live, but still, she couldn't shake out the uneasy feeling she gets about the chief.

On their fifth day, as members of the village, after Sam and Jack had gone into the jungle, Julie got ready for her usual morning trip to the river to get some water. She had grown to like the morning walks since it was the only time she got to go outside and enjoy some nature; even the way to the river was filled with birds and other small animals she has never seen.

While Julie was filling the big clay pot with water, she looked at herself and realized she was in need of a proper bath and her short sundress badly needed a wash; not being used to having a bath in such an open, unsecured place, she's been having her baths while still wearing her dress, but this had prevented either her body or the dress from getting a proper cleaning.

From Jack, she had gotten to know that after the morning, villagers were normally busy with their other work and rarely come to the river; so Julie always picked that time to come to the river. After double checking the surrounding, she quickly peeled off her dress and got in the flowing water. It felt refreshing to feel the coolness of the water without the dress on her body. Jack had shown her a type of leaves that grows near the river that when crushed, could be used as an effective substitute for soap. Having gained enough confidence to be relaxed in her open bath-house, Julie proceeded to gather some soap leaves and wash her clothes and body.

In that morning, the chief was going on his usual patrol along the edge of the village when he saw the pale female walking in the path that leads to the

river. After the previous day's encounter with her, his curiosity about her had only increased even more. He thought maybe at the river, he could finally get his curiosity fully satisfied and stop the thoughts that keep him awake at night; he needed to see and convince himself that nothing special laid hidden behind the pale woman's clothes.

The chief dismissed his two guards and continued on his own, toward the path that lead to the river.

The six bumps on the chief's penis weren't only for the show; only a chief could boast about carrying six bumps: the fifth bump symbolized the complete mastery of hunting skills by the owner and the sixth one could only be earned by defeating a chief. He was such a skilled and feared chief, for the last five years, no had even dared to challenge him for the sixth bump. So, stalking someone like Julie was as easy as breathing for him.

While concealed behind a bush, the chief's hawk-eyes observed Julie's every movement. The sway of her hips as she walked, the way she so modestly bent down to the water and the way her hands moved, everything had some gentle erotic aura to them; it was as if her every movement was femininely refined .

As the chief marveled at the view and wondered how such a large woman could be so elegant, Julie suddenly stood up, looked around very carefully as if she has sensed someone spying on her. He suppressed even his breath and erased his presence while wondering may the pale woman was quite sharp in her senses after all. Then, she relaxed, but a little bit hesitantly peeled off the thin fabric she had been wearing all the time; the layer that had been hiding her womanly assets from the chief's eyes.

An electric shock went from the chief's heart to the tip of his penis as his eyes feasted on the glorious sight it was presented. Her pale skin glowed against the bright light of the sun as if she was the moon itself. Then, he was mesmerized by how her ample breasts seemed to defy the gravity as they reacted to her every movement; they were full, round and held their perfect shape while bouncing with every step. Her pink colored nipples were pointing to the sky as if they were trying to point at the morning sun;

he had though every woman has brown colored nipples, but the pink color gave those little flower buds a whole new level of attractiveness. Her blue eyes reminded him of the rare gemstone he wears on his braided pubic hair. Her narrow waist and wide hips rivaled the goddess of fertility. Her slender and well shaped long legs were inviting him to get in between them and bury each of his six bumps into her awaiting depths.

As Julie dipped in the water and came up, water grabbed onto her body as if it didn't want to let go, and highlighting her fertility to the chief's hungry eyes, flowed down along her contours. At that moment, he felt jealousy towards even the water that dripped down her body; her skin was so smooth, the water seemed to run down effortlessly as it rejoined the river.

The chief was at a loss for words on how erotic and sensual the pale woman was. He had come to lay rest to the attraction he felt towards this strange woman, but instead, he ended up being enchanted by her other-worldly beauty. Her sexual allure was strong enough to redefine his standards for a beautiful woman. She was the avatar of the goddess of fertility. She was the finest vassal to carry a man's legacy: his legacy.

At that moment, the chief realized if he was to feast his eyes upon this exquisite female any longer, his desire to breed her would make him go feral; as the chief, he had his pride to protect. The pale woman was already mated with the pale man she had come with and if he tries to have sex without a proper reason, he doubted she would consent. His immense pride wanted the pale woman to offer herself and beg him to breed her, just like all the women he had bred. For that, he needed to at least let her know his intentions and the benefits that would come with his seed . So, just as quietly as he had come to the river, he left and walked back to the village.

Blossoming Love

That evening, by the time Sam returned, Julie was cooking dinner with what they had in the hut. Given the simplicity of the ingredients and the cooking methods, despite not having any experience doing house chores in her life, she was managing well. After a long and lonely day, she was happy to see her husband. Even though she had a visit from her little friends from the village on that day, nothing could make her happier than seeing her husband at the end of the day; having to go through such hard times together was starting to bond them emotionally.

After the dinner, the couple got ready to sleep since, after the dark, there wasn't much to do. Even if they weren't exhausted from the chores by the night time, there were no televisions or entertainments in the middle of a jungle. So they always preferred to sleep as soon as the darkness overwhelms the surrounding.

As they both lay together on the straw mat, Sam's hand slowly crept on to Julie and while kissing her neck and whispering his need to be in her, started massaging her succulent breasts through the dress ; after all, this was supposed to be their honeymoon. They have had sex many times after the wedding, but Julie found that the newly experienced sex wasn't something go crazy about as her friends had told; her real sexual experience had been zero before the wedding, and even after experiencing the real thing, she couldn't grasp what was so special about it. She enjoyed the developing love between her and her new partner more than the sex. For Julie, she found sex a pleasant experience that aided to improve their relationship as a married couple, and mostly regarded it as a duty of a wife. So unlike Sam, she had a clear head through all the stimulation and remembered something very important.

“Sam, we can’t do it now. With that plane, we lost my birth control pills and your condoms. I don’t want to risk a pregnancy now; not while we are in the middle of a jungle. I’m sorry.” Julie whispered while stopping Sam’s hand that was going down toward her loins.

With a frustrated grunt, Sam removed his hand . Most of his frustration was due to realizing she was right; her getting pregnant in the middle of the jungle where there was no available medical help was a worst case scenario for both Julie and him.

Sensing Sam’s frustration, Julie said again, “I’m really sorry, honey. I wish we could do it...this was supposed to be our honeymoon too, but you understand the situation, don’t you?”

“Yes, I understand, Julie. You don’t have to apologize for anything. I’m sorry forgetting about the situation. It’s just you are so beautiful and it’s impossible for a man to not get tempted while he has such a doll in his arms,” Sam replied and ended with a playful tickle.

Julie laughed and struggled playfully with her husband. Then she kissed him and said, “You know, honey? Maybe I could one day really try that ‘blowjob’ thing you wanted. I still find the idea kind of too dirty, but I really want to make you happy.”

“You wanna give it a try now?” Sam had hope in his tone.

“Hm....I don’t know....I don’t think I’m still mentally prepared for that. Maybe not tonight, but I promise I won’t leave you hanging too long. It’s just, I’m not that used to this sex thing. I’m sorry,” Julie said apologetically.

Sam Kissed her forehead and said, “It’s ok, baby. Take all the time you need. It’s not something to be sorry about. It’s one of the things I love about you. Tonight, I’ll take a rain cheque for that blowjob, but when cashing it, I’ll take it back with added interest.”

“Ooh, you dirty old man,” Julie said in a naughty tone, but embarrassed.

Sam laughed. It was a name she normally called him whenever he made a lecherous tease and she wants to get back at him for that. He loved it and she knew it.

“Now, please hold me while I fall asleep. It makes me feel safe,” Julie said while moving close to Sam and added, “Good thing I have this dress; with you naked, I’m sure you’ll do some naughty things to me if I don’t have this.”

Sam laughed and said, “Even with that thing on, you are still giving me a ‘hard’ time.”

This time, both of them laughed.

After some time, Sam realized he couldn’t fall asleep due to the raging erection he has. It has been about a week after the last time he has had sex with Julie. He wasn’t a big fan of masturbating and due to being a wealthy guy, in the recent years, he never needed to masturbate because there was no lack of women who were eager to impress him. He had vowed himself to let go of that part of him and be faithful to Julie till he dies, and it wasn’t a vow he had to force himself; the love he has for her made him unable to be unfaithful to her.

After making sure that Julie was asleep, Sam carefully got up from the mat while making sure to not disturb her and went outside. His innocent and very conservative wife was willing to give a try at oral sex for his sake, and he thought the least he could do was, like an unspoiled man, to masturbate when he has to and not trouble his already distressed and tired wife.

In contrast to the hot, humid weather during the day, the night air felt cold and refreshing. Since Sam wasn’t wearing any clothes, there wasn’t any fumbling around with clothes. He grabbed his now erect and very hard manhood and started masturbating. Despite being a little nervous about the dark jungle that was just a few steps away, he closed his eyes and concentrated on some erotic images. For him, thoughts about his beautiful wife were enough to bring him over the edge and finish the business.

As Sam's seed left his body, all the tensions also went out and hit the dirt.

Next day, as usual, Sam followed Jack into the jungle. He was getting used to the hard trekking through the jungle and avoiding poisonous plants. He was even starting to get a hang of setting traps and using the spear. Trapping suited him because it didn't require good physical skills.

As Sam and Jack walked on the path that leads to their usual hunting ground, Jack said, "even if you had enough bad luck to end up in this place, you are a very lucky guy to have a woman like Julie as your wife."

Sam replied smiling, "Yes, I am."

"Pardon me for asking this: despite being married, you two don't strike me as a couple who has known each other for a long time," Jack asked cautiously; he didn't want to sound rude.

"Wow, you are really sharp, Jack," Sam said with a surprised expression.

"I'm sorry, man. It was rude of me, and I shouldn't have asked such a thing," Jack said apologetically.

"Don't be crazy, Jack. You are my only buddy here," Sam said laughing, "Actually, you are right. We met only about a month ago and got married through a proposal. I'm doing things in reverse; I marry the girl first, then try to make her fall in love with me."

"Haha, you are an interesting man," Jack said.

"I don't know if Julie has already fallen in love with you or not, but I'm positive that she respects and care about you a great deal. She's a rare woman, Sam. No matter what, don't ever let go of her," Jack said with a little seriousness.

"Uhm...ok, thanks," Sam replied while being a little confused about Jack's serious tone, but felt proud of his wife at the same time.

“As a little hint from a veteran, bring some flowers to your new wife when you go home today,” Jack said with a wink as he led Sam into the jungle.

In the evening, Jack and Sam were returning to the village. It had been a good day for them. Sam had made his first successful hunt using traps and he was carrying a small dead monkey. He couldn't wait to show his achievement to Julie with the flowers he had picked for her.

Julie had been waiting for him outside the hut and noticed what he was carrying.

“Oh my god, you finally did it!” Julie said excitedly.

Sam smiled and offered her the bunch of flowers. They weren't as elegant and impressive as roses, but they were the best he could find.

“For me? Oh, they are beautiful. thank you so much, dear,” Julie said overjoyed and hugged him while giving him a kiss. Sam remembered she never got this happy and excited when he had given her a diamond necklace.

Suddenly, Julie pulled away, remembering about the dead monkey Sam still had in his hand.

“Is...is it really dead?” Julie asked, giving it a doubtful look.

“Oh no, it's still alive, it's coming to get you,” Sam said in a mischievous tone and pretended to throw the carcass at her. She screamed and started playfully, but kind of seriously running around the hut while Sam chased after her with a dead monkey.

Jack kept watching the young couple for a while; they have totally forgotten about him. Their presence brought Jack an immense joy and hope to his stagnating. He smiled to himself and started toward his hut, leaving the couple for their playing.

Cleaning and prepping the monkey had been horrifying and laborious, but at the dinner time, their efforts paid off. The food they would have normally found as repulsive and inedible, tasted like the best food they have eaten.

While getting ready to sleep, Sam felt the satisfying dinner and the playful time he had shared with his wife have rekindled the fire in his loins. He looked at how beautiful and inviting Julie looked as she lies on her back beside him. There was enough moonlight seeping in through the small window and the doorway to see her beautiful womanly assets. He thought what Jack had said that day was right: he indeed was a lucky man to have a wife like Julie.

Sam sent his hand caressingly atop her body, from her slender neck, the rise of her soft breast, the flatness of her midriff, and the firmness of her thighs. Julie let out a soft sigh, enjoying the light and almost tickling caress.

“Hmmm....look who’s in the mood today,” Julie purred, giving Sam the green light.

He leaned in and passionately kissed her soft lips while letting his hand explore more of her curves. While accepting his tongue into her mouth, she giggled sometimes when his sensual touches found some of her ticklish spots.

Finally, Sam broke the kiss and looked into Julie beautiful blue eyes and saw traces of arousal in them.

“You know you can’t get too naughty, right?” Julie asked in a playful but serious manner.

“I know, sweetie. Tonight, I want things to be about you, not about me. So relax and enjoy. You deserve this,” Sam said while pulling down the top of her dress to expose her now stiffening nipples.

Julie let out a soft moan as Sam's warm and wet mouth descended on one of her sensitive nipples. He listened to her soft, sweet and musical moans and sighs as she paid homage to his wife's breasts that would one day nourish their child. Even though she was too shy to admit it, he knew Julie's nipples were one of her main weak points.

When Julie's soft skin got covered in goosebumps and her thighs started rubbing together, Sam knew it was time for the main course. He gently let go of her breasts and started sliding down her body. While going down, he reached inside her dress and pulled on her underwear. She slightly raised her hips so he could pull them down and completely off legs. She parted her knees a little as he laid his chest on her thighs and chin on her lower abdomen while looking up at her face.

"You want it, don't you, you naughty girl?" Sam asked knowing she absolutely loved getting eaten out. On their wedding night, it actually scared her to find out how much her body loved such a non-conventional way of making love. He had had to convince her that she wasn't a freak and almost every woman enjoy such things, but when he finally had her sex at the tip of his tongue, she sang a different song and became an instant fan.

Even after experiencing it about dozen times, Julie still blushed bright red whenever Sam was about to go down on her. It felt and looked so dirty, but she loved the fact that she craved for Sam to do that naughty thing to her. With her sex open to his mouth, She felt so open and vulnerable than even having actual sex, and she hated and love the fact that every time, know she likes such a dirty thing, before going down on her, Sam forced her to accept that she loves it.

This time, Julie felt even more hesitant since she knew she always loses control when Sam did it to her. Losing control meant they might do something that would lead to bad consequences in the long run.

Seeing the hesitance on her face, Sam said, "Don't worry. You know I wouldn't do anything you don't want."

“That’s exactly what I’m worried about,” Julie said while embarrassingly smiling and started opening her legs for her loving husband.

Sam pushed up her dress over her wide hips, put the undersides of her thighs over his shoulders and lightly wrapped his arms around them. Now, as she held herself open with raised knees while lying on his stomach, like a bee hovering over a flower, he hovered his head close above her, breathing warm air onto her excited sex.

Julie looked down at him while lightly biting her lower lip, expecting him to pounce on her opened sex at any moment.

Giving a mischievous look at his wife, Sam dove down and heard her moan out, “Oh my god, Sam,” while feeling her strong thighs clamp on his head, locking him in place. He knew she wasn’t going to let him free until he satisfies her. Years of horse riding has given her strong, lean pair of legs that could seduce and crush any man.

At first, Sam gently ran his flexible tongue along and in between her womanly folds, feeling and hearing her thigh muscles shiver every time he did it. When she started releasing her sweet nectar, he greedily sucked on her dripping flower, forcing it to produce even more.

With both her hands, she held Sam’s head and pushed his mouth onto her sex as she kept feeding him what he longed. She felt her mind becoming blurred with strong emotions as her husband pleased her while emitting such vulgar sucking and slurping sounds. The view of his head buried between her legs: in the dirty place, her legs wrapping around his neck, and her thighs clamping oh his ears, and her hips obscenely flexing up to feed him her sex, was too indecent to even look at. Her mother would have definitely shamed her for being such a naughty, dirty girl, but the fact the whole thing was so obscene, was the main thing that made it that much arousing and exciting for her.

When Sam’s strong and flexible tongue, in search of more of that sweet, sweet nectar, slithered into her tight opening, he heard her yelp and her moans turn into soft whines. Her little hands clutched his hair as if she was

clutching the reins of a horse, just before a jump. Her soft heels dug into his back urging him to sink deeper into her.

Feeling the perfect moment arriving, Sam reached up, grabbed her breasts and pinched her nipples, Making Julie suddenly say, “Oh no!”

It was the cue. Sam pulled his tongue out from her honey pot, then sucked in her whole erect clitoris and started flicking it with his tongue.

A feminine squeal filled the night air.

Sam felt Julie’s long legs strangle him and his head being vibrated with spamming, shuddering and twitching muscles wrapped around it. Since he had triggered her orgasm, he went back to the core of her now pulsing sex and continued feasting on the flood nectar, prolonging the climax, sending his wife to heaven.

Even though short, the climax lasted an eternity for Julie. Coming down from it, she freed Sam’s head and let her legs fall as her body went limp. Even though it was over, her body was still twitching from time to time as he soothingly ran his tongue over her still twitching and burning sex while his hands soothingly caressed her abdomen, calming her rampaging body.

Julie cooed and whimpered softly as her loving husband gently guided her down from the height of pleasure she had experienced.

After her twitches faded away, Sam finally raised his face and looked up at Julie. Due to the hot and humid weather, she was covered in sheen was sweat and her hair had tangled around her face, catching and dragging through the sweat as they were whipped around during her orgasm.

Finally, Julie was able to open her eyes and look down at the man who had just sent her to heavens. Sam had a victorious smile as he looked up from between her legs, and his whole face was covered in wetness; her wetness.

“Oh my god, I’m sorry,” Julie said embarrassingly and tried to wipe his face.

“No, it’s alright. I love your smell on me,” Sam said, making Julie turn bright pink.

Sam moved up and kissed Julie. She could taste her own arousal in his mouth, but didn’t mind it. Her husband has done such a selfless thing to please her, the least she could do was not be bothered about such small details.

They broke the kiss and looked into each other's’ eyes. Julie wanted to put into words and tell him what she suspects the tingling in her chest was, but didn’t find the courage because if it was said, it would change her life. Instead, she kissed him again, this time, leading the kiss pushing her tongue into his mouth.

“Wow, that’s a first,” Sam said when the broke the kiss to get some air. It was the first time his shy wife had led kiss and go as far as to reach in with her tongue.

“You made me feel so good, so I thought should try to do better as your wife,” Julie said with an innocent smile.

Then she shyly avoided his stare.

“For you...I...” she swallowed as if trying to clear a block in her throat and finally said, “I want to try doing that thing you want.”

Sam’s face lit up.

“Really?...oh my god, are you sure?” Sam couldn’t believe his shy wife has just asked to give him fellatio.

Julie looked into his eyes and said, “Yes, I want to. I want to make you feel happy. It’s not fair if I’m the only one who gets it.”

Sam felt so happy, he felt he could cry. He felt Julie has become closer to him.

Sam lied down, and his already erect manhood stood proudly as Julie knelt beside him and looked confused about how to proceed. She took it into her small hand stroked it a few time to get used to the feel. He sighed, looking at how her small hand made his average manhood look large.

Despite having had sex with Sam, It was the first time Julie had touched it with her hands. So it made her heart race to feel the shaft reacting to her touch and grow stiffer. She couldn't believe such a strange thing has already been inside her.

“Try kissing it,” Sam said, seeing she was lost at the sight of her hand on his penis.

Julie looked at Sam and he saw some fear in her eyes, but she slowly lowered her head toward it and gave a little peck on its head and it jumped a little.

With surprise and giggle, Julie raised her head.

“Looks like he liked it,” Sam said laughing a little.

Suddenly, Julie’s face started looking like a girl who had found a new favorite toy.

“Let see if he likes if I pet him like this,” Julie said excited and gave the head a proper kiss that sucked on his urethra a little.

In an instant, Sam thought to himself, “Did she say ‘pet’?”, but got distracted and moaned from feeling the kiss.

She giggled and sucked in about two inches of his manhood into her hot wet mouth.

“Oh god, Julie,” Sam moaned as he saw about half of his penis disappear between her soft lips.

As her cheeks sank in and felt his very soul was about to be sucked out from him, her hair fell down from the side and blocked his view. When he was about to reach down and move her hair away, he felt her tongue licking at the head.

“Ooohhhhhh...” Sam groaned in pleasure as Julie’s tongue, inside negative pressure created in her mouth, licked the head as if she was trying melt a lollipop.

Sam had had many blowjobs from many women; even from women who earned a living by giving wealthy men amazing blowjobs, but none came close to the pleasure he felt now. She barely had half of his penis in her mouth and was sucking only for few seconds, but he was already about to orgasm. He realized that, after all, it wasn’t the skill of a woman or her beauty that could make a man go crazy, it was the emotional bond that they share. Right now, his shy, inexperienced wife was outperforming the popular escort who had once charged him a thousand dollars to give the supposedly the best blowjob in his life; until now, he had always thought it was a well spent thousand dollars, but now Julie was proving it a waste.

Sam knew it was too quick to cum and end this bliss. She hadn’t even properly started. He absolutely needed to feel more of his shy wife’s hot mouth on his shaft, but when he felt her mouth slide down and envelop his whole manhood in a warm and moist sleeve, he lost control.

“Oooh shit, baby, I’m gonna cum,” Sam croaked.

Julie was surprised but managed to quickly pull her head away before Sam’s penis started shooting strings of thick semen.

“Ooooh! Ooooh! Aaaargh!” Sam moaned and groaned with each spurt.

Julie watched in fascination as his member pulsed and spurted thick cream onto his stomach.

“My god, Julie. You are a natural at this,” Sam said and let out a sigh of satisfaction.

“I just did what I thought was right,” Julie said.

“Well, whatever you did, never stop doing it,” Sam said happily. After releasing the seed, his penis started to lose its size and firmness.

“Aww, little Sam is going to sleep. I guess we should sleep too,” Julie said while lying down.

“Little Sam?...my penis has a name now?” Sam asked teasingly.

Julie giggled and said, “It looks cute and makes me feel good too. I think it deserves a name.”

Both of them laughed and Sam said, “If my wife is cheating with little Sam, I could live with that.”

“But be careful, I might run away with little Sam,” Julie said mockingly.

“Do you realize how terrifying what you said could sound?” Sam asked.

Both of them laughed and shared a kiss again.

“I’ll go clean myself. don’t want to get it all over you too,” Jack said while getting up.

“Well, thank’s to someone, I feel squeaky clean,” Julie said as she watched Sam going out with the water pot in his hand.

Sam laughed and thought he still finds it hard to get used to the talkative and daring version of Julie. When normal, she was very reserved and extremely shy, but when she gets aroused, a different personality comes out; she becomes talkative and less inhibited. He knew with some work, she would become the ideal wife a man could hope for; a shy housewife in public and a vixen on the bed. He knew he had scored big.

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The indecent proposal

Next day, early in the morning, Chief Magoya sent a message summoning Jack to his hut. He had finally come up with an idea that could make his new dream come true. He was so turned on by the images that were burned into his eyes at the river, he had been keeping all his wives busy.

Having had to go back home while sporting a monster erection had reaffirmed his status in the village. It was a rare sight for the chief to display his full erection in public. Having enough status to have any woman in the tribe to willingly mate with him had made sex kind of a boring everyday task for the chief; If he signaled, any woman felt honored and gladly accepted his seed. Even the husbands felt proud to have their wives being chosen to mate with the chief; a child from the chief's seeds brought elevated status to the whole family. There was even a heated competition among village women to receive his seed. So, without any direct physical attention, he very rarely sported an erection.

The chief felt a long lost flame being reignited in him after he had seen the pale female in her full glory. That amazing creature made the fifty-year-old man feel like a hormone raged teenager once again. An insatiable fire of lust was coursing through his body, and he knew the only way to quench it.

Few hours after the sunrise, Jack entered the chief's hut to heed the summoning. Without any side stepping, being the confident and powerful man he was, the chief expressed his desire to mate with pale female and his intention to use Jack as an interpreter. Since he wasn't used to or ever had had to force a woman to mate with him, he preferred to have her proper consent for this coupling. Being the bridge between the outsiders and the villagers, it was Jake's duty to mediate and formally announce this to Julie.

Jake felt shocked to hear the chief's intentions. Despite his suspicions that the young males in the tribe would be adventurous enough to lust after a pale and physically much larger outsider-woman, he never expected the chief: the man who has no lack of woman and had come to an age where sex had become a chore, to lust after Julie. He had planned on leaning against the chief's authority to ward-off any over-adventurous males that might come after her. He felt sorry for the girl. Their efforts to avoid unwanted attentions have gone futile. Worst of all, she had attracted the eyes that she should have avoided at all cost. Chief Magoya's will was the iron rule of the village, and he never hesitated to enforce it; sometimes violently. Most of the time, he was happily and easily given what he desired, but when he was prevented from having something he really desires, he outright became stubborn as a child and ruthless as a Jaguar.

Jake had grown fond of Julie in the past few days. She reminded him of his kid sister who used to pull pranks on him, and she was a better conversation partner than Sam. After a decade in the secluded village, he almost cried in happiness when she complained about a branded, custom made handbag she had lost on the plane; he never knew he would miss those pointless girly talks his sister used to force him to listen at home so much. She was starting substitute his sister in his heart.

As a last ditch effort to save Julie from this horrible situation, Jake started to explain the chief that the outsider's customs were different. That they have a strictly monogamous family structure and have a tight bond with their chosen mate. Most importantly the fact that despite having large bodies, how outsider female's genitals are physically inferior to receive such a bountiful and mighty penis the chief carries. That he would permanently damage or kill the woman if he attempts an intercourse.

A fire of anger burned in chief's eyes upon hearing this. He gave Jack a stern warning, reminding him that it was none of his business, and he needed to act according to his status and just follow orders.

While Jack held his head low, accepting the chief's commands, Magoya contemplated for some time about what Jack had said. He knew he might need a backup plan. Just to make sure that the pale woman would come to

him willingly, he pulled out his valued blue gem from of his braided pubic hair and handed it to Jack to use as a present to sway the pale female.

The moment the chief handed Jack the blue gem, he knew the chief was dead serious about fucking Julie. If he was willing to part away from his precious blue gem to have Julie, nothing would prevent him from fucking her. The happy couple will no longer have the sanction of tribe customs to protect them. After all, rulers made customs and a powerful ruler like Magoya could break them too.

Since Jack was summoned by the chief, Sam had to go alone in order to check the traps. So Jack knew Julie would be alone at the hut; he preferred to talk to Julie about the chief, alone. When he got near to the couple's hut, he saw Julie, outside, surrounded by children from the village. Even though the villagers avoided Julie and Sam, Julie has become very popular among the kids. She was kneeling on the ground, drawing pictures of animals on the sand to entertain the kids. Three girls were standing behind her, weaving few long thin braids from her smooth, long hair while others joined her drawing lessons. She had a beautiful and innocent smile on her as she played with the kids. Jack thought she'll become a good mother one day, but remembered what the chief had said and wondered if he would ever see that smile again after she goes through this oncoming storm.

With a bright smile, Julie greeted Jack when she saw him coming. After standing up and wiping away the sand that was stuck to her knees, she motioned the kids to go back to their homes.

“Jack, I thought you were with Sam,” Julie said while readjusting the dress that easily tends rides up her smooth thighs.

“No, he went alone today. I had to meet the chief in the morning. I told him to just check the traps at the edge of the jungle. So, he should be alright and will be back early,” Jack said as he stopped near the door of the hut.

“Oh, ok. I'm sure Sam can manage alone. Hope everything is alright with you and the chief.” she was feeling a braid on her hair the girls did .

“As a matter of fact, I’m actually here to give a message to you from him, and I would prefer to talk about it in the hut,” Jack said while entering the hut.

Julie’s happy face turned into one of confusion and concern while following Jack inside.

When Julie went inside, Jack handed her the blue gem the chief had given him and said, “It’s a gift from the chief.”

“It’s beautiful,” Julie said while admiring bright stone. It was a professionally cut blue sapphire that should worth a fortune. She wondered how such a gem ended up in that village.

“I...I can’t accept this Jack. This is too valuable to be given as a normal gift. I don’t understand why he would want to give me something like this,” Julie said while extending her hand to give it back.

Jack sighed loud and didn’t take the gem back.

“The thing is, I have already told you about the quite open marriage system in this village. It’s not abnormal for adult women to sleep with men other than their husbands. Low-caste women rarely let go of a chance to be with a high-caste man; it elevates a woman’s standing. So, as you can imagine, the chief has a high demand. Just to show his generosity, not only he has given you the opportunity, he has gifted you his treasure in order to....” Jack struggled to say the important part. He tried to make it sound like an official statement, thinking it would make things easy for him, but he still couldn’t say it with a straight face to Julie .

“What? What do you mean?...Please get to the point, Jake,” Julie said impatiently.

“Ahh! To hell with it...bluntly saying... the chief wants to have sex with you,” Jake said, expecting a storm.

Julie’s jaw dropped and eyes opened wide as she froze in shock.

“But... but... but... I’m married... And he’s old enough to be my father. Why would he think of such a terrible thing?” Julie finally managed to put together some words.

“He said if you agree, he’ll provide you with everything you and Sam need, and would even elevate your status,” Jack said as if he was ashamed of the words that were coming out of his mouth.

“WHAT?” Julie exclaimed, still refusing to believe what she was hearing and clearly showing her anger.

“I’m just saying what he asked me to tell you, Julie. The truth is I’m worried about you and Sam. The chief can be ruthless, and from the look of it, I don’t think he’s going to change his mind about you.”

“Well, I’m not going to prostitute myself, and I’m definitely not going to change my mind too! So, why don’t you give this piece of garbage back to that pervert and kindly ask him to go fuck himself!” Julie was furious. She threw the gem at Jack’s feet.

“I understand your anger, Julie. Unfortunately, this is not the outside world. It pains me to see you have to go through this, but the chief is a dangerous man. I’ll go tell him that you humbly rejected the offer. So, please, for the sake of both you and Sam, don’t do anything irrational,” Jack said while picking up the gem from the clay floor.

“Please go, Jack. I don’t want to talk to you right now.” Julie said while turning away and holding back tears in her blue eyes.

The chief's wrath

Some time later, back at the main hut, the chief was furious. No women had ever rejected him. He had even offered his blue gem: his most valuable possession. Who was this woman to deny his gift and humiliate him?

“I’ll take what I desire, with or without consent. Just like how I took this from that outsider.” He thought while rolling the blue gem between his fingers.

“Tell the outsiders that they will no longer receive free food from this village. If they are brave enough to insult me, surely they are able enough to feed for themselves,” the chief announced, still furious about Julie’s rejection.

Jack already knew the chief was going to do that. He knew Julie also knew it when she rejected the chief’s proposal. He was planning on providing Sam and Julie with some food until Sam could learn to provide for themselves.

“Yes, I will let them know, chief,” Jack said.

Without saying anything, the chief kept looking at Jack and after thinking for a while, with a little smile, the chief told, “Our shaman is in need of another hut to house patients. Since you show some promise in building, I’m appointing you as the builder. During the build, you will get your meals from my family. So, starting from tomorrow, start building the hut. The shaman will show you how it needs to be built.”

Jack winced, realizing the old cunning fox had seen through his plan to feed the outsiders.

“Chief, right now, I’m still in the middle of teaching the pale man about hunting. He’s still not capable enough to survive alone in the jungle and provide for his family. I will need at least two more weeks to teach him the basics,” Jack said.

“Didn’t you understand me? The hut needs to be built as quickly as possible. Do I need to repeat myself?” the chief countered with a threatening voice.

“Yes, chief. I’ll start building the hut from tomorrow,” Jack said while leaving. Given how furious the chief seemed, arguing anymore with him would have ended bad.

Jack realized the chief was planning on starving Sam and Julie till they accept his proposal, but he also knew people like Sam and Julie would rather starve to death than accept something like that. Since he had no stored food, if his meals were going to be provided from the chief’s hut, there was no way he could give some for Julie and Sam. It was the custom for the chief to provide food for people who do community work, so he couldn’t refuse it.

By the time Jack reached the couple’s hut, Sam was already back and was waiting outside. From the look of horror on his face, Jack knew Julie had told him about the chief’s indecent proposal.

“Jack, what the fuck is happening?” Sam demanded from Jack.

Jack explained to Sam how, in the chief’s mind, the proposal was a normal one and panicking about it wasn’t going to solve anything. After listening to his reasoning, Julie came out from the hut.

“Jack, I’m sorry I yelled at you. It wasn’t your fault. I know you did what you had to,” Julie apologized.

“No, you don’t have to apologize, Julie. I deserved it. I am ashamed of what I had to say to you,” Jack said, head hung with shame.

“So how did the old pervert react to Julie’s refusal?” Sam asked, obviously angry with the chief, like any husband should be.

Jack had to tell how the chief took it as an insult and about the scheme he’s putting together to force Julie to accept.

“I’ll rather die from starvation than letting Julie go through that,” Sam shouted, failing to contain his anger.

Julie stayed quiet and in deep thinking. Jack knew an elegant, high-class, conservative girl like her would rather die than going through such a disgrace.

“Who does that pervert think he is? Out there, I wouldn’t hire a man like him to even polish my shoes,” Sam said.

“This is not out there, Sam. The chief is essentially the god in this village. We have to be very careful. Not only strong and powerful, he’s a very cunning man too. A single mistake could cost all three of our lives,” Jack said worriedly.

“Anyway, Jack, what are we supposed to do now?” Sam asked Jack.

“Until the chief’s anger wear off, you two will have to somehow survive the next few weeks. He’s going to try his best to prevent me from meeting you guys, but I’ll at least try to come see you at night. The chief has given a command to seclude you two, so don’t count on any villager to feel pity and help you out. You two are going to be on your own,” Jack said in a serious tone.

“We’ll survive, Jack. Don’t put yourself in danger for us,” Julie said.

“You don’t have time to worry about me, Julie. Put all your energy into surviving this. I have faith in you two,” Jack said.

The couple nodded.

“Sam, you can try to hunt at the edge of the jungle, but never try to go into the thick jungle. Julie can try to forage around the village. This evening, I’ll show you some plants you can forage. It’s not going to be enough, but it’s something. I’ll try my best to find a way to get you out of this bind. I’m sure you two can overcome this,” Jack said in an encouraging manner.

That evening, Jack tutored both Sam and Julie about some basic things they needed to do to survive. At the end of the day, he gave them few more encouraging words before leaving.

That night, before going to bed, for the first time in five years, Jack prayed to the gods to protect the couple.

From the next day, Jack started building the new hut, and as he expected, the chief made sure to keep him busy even through nights. Since he had to acquire the raw materials all by himself, the project was going to take few weeks to finish.

Sam tried his best to use what little he had learned from Jack and be successful in finding some food. All the good games were in the jungle and at the edge of it, so even when he was lucky, the best he could get from the traps were one or two small rodents which weren’t enough to keep two people happy, but it was enough to avoid starvation.

Even from Julie’s foraging, all she could find were some edible leaves and berries. She had to rely on her memory to find trees Jack had shown as safe for consumption. He had strictly advised her against trying to eat anything from unknown plants even if they were starving.

Through the first week, one or two times, Jack managed to sneak in at night and visit Sam and Julie to see how they were fairing. To make sure the outsiders become helpless, the chief had gone as far as to force Jack sleep at the shaman’s place.

From how weak and exhausted the couple looked, Jack knew they weren't getting enough to eat. He knew what little food he sneaked in with him weren't going to do much. All he could do was give them some more tips and encouraging words. He knew if they give the chief what he wants, they would never have to go hungry again, but it wasn't something he could take a decision on, and he could never suggest them that option; in this situation, it would be cruel to even mention it to them. For now, all he could do was to have faith in them. While working at the shaman's place, he had found a glimmer of hope and was working on a plan. He needed time and hoped the couple could last that long.

Never having had to go hungry in her life, Julie found the constant burning in her belly a living hell. Both she and Sam were getting weak by the hunger they weren't accustomed to. Which in return, dampened their efforts to find more food. It was a vicious circle, and she was starting to see death as a real possible outcome of this. When Jack had warned them about it, having never gone through hunger, she never gave it a serious thought at that time, but now, she was being painfully reminded of it whenever her belly growled and cramped in hunger.

In their second week of attrition, Julie and Sam were lying on their mat, weak from hunger and exhausted from their efforts. Once again, Sam had failed to catch anything, and they had to eat some berries Julie had found and fill their stomachs with water. It was a living hell for both of them.

In each other's arms, they tried to find some comfort and tried to fall asleep. It had been more than a week since Sam had reached an orgasm, but even with his beautiful wife in his hands and intimately close, he didn't feel the need of a sexual release. The hunger was dictating every aspect of their life now. Sex had become an afterthought as they struggled to survive.

Sam's belly gave a loud groan and was quickly followed by a one from Julie too. It was a sound they both have come to get used to during the past week.

“Sam?” Julie asked.

“Hmm?” Sam replied.

“Are we going to die?” Julie asked in a defeated tone.

“Of course no, honey. We are going to get through this,” Sam tried to encourage her, but he also was starting to doubt their survival. It has been four days since the last time Jack had come to pay them a short visit. Trapping was a game of probability and with his limited knowledge about animals and the low number of them at the edge of the jungle, his chances of getting a kill had come near to zero. They needed much more than few berries and leaves to live on.

Julie remained silent for a moment and said, “Sam, I know you are trying to encourage me, but I can see that the things are pretty bad. If we are going to die, I was thinking maybe I should make a sacrifice to keep us alive.”

Sam understood what Julie was meaning; In order to save their lives, his wife was considering letting an ugly, old man have sex with her. He doubted if that was even possible with the unnatural size of that man’s penis. He felt a sharp pain in his heart and cursed himself for being such helpless husband; his wife was considering sacrificing her dignity in order to keep them alive.

“No! Never!” Sam said, “I would rather be dead than letting you go through something like that. Please don’t even think about it, Julie. I’ll do something. Jack also said he has a plan. So don’t let that old pervert win.”

Julie remained silent, but hugged Sam tight and softly cried into his chest.

Devil's bargain

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Falling pray to the beast

Julie woke up to the sound of footsteps outside the hut. She got up and cautiously pushed her head through the straw curtain that covered the entrance. To her horror, in front of her, she found the chief and two guards with their spears.

Without an invitation, the chief stepped into the hut, forcing Julie to move into the hut in order to make way for him. The two guards took their positions in front of the door to stand guard, facing away from the hut.

The chief said something in the native language, and his tone had a hint of authority and impatience mixed in it. Due to his short stature, when he stood in front of Julie, his face was at her breast level which made her feel uncomfortable, but at the same time, she was a little relieved that he wasn't intimidatingly big.

In the close proximity, for the first time, Julie was able to observe her most hated man's appearance up close. Even though his face showed his mature age, his body was surprisingly toned and ripped with muscles, rivaling even young athletes back at home. She looked at his skin tone, straight black hair, and wrinkles on his face, but avoided the part she desperately refused to acknowledge about. She had seen that part of him before, but not in detail or in such a close proximity. Last night, scared for her husband's life, she hadn't even thought about it when she accepted the deal, but understanding the need to accept the reality, she slowly lowered her gaze.

It was monstrous and abnormal enough to make Julie suspect if he was even human. The soft eight-inch penis with six bumps protruding from it,

and the large scrotum that looked as if it contained two tennis balls, transcended reality to the point of being repulsive. They were surrounded by braided, long pubic hair locks that were decorated with numerous colorful feathers and stones that enhanced the whole view's bizarreness. It was then, she noticed a blue gem hanging on the top, touching the base of his penis; it was the same blue sapphire he had sent to her.

While looking at the gem, Julie felt disgusted by the fact that she had actually touched that stone: a stone that had been in constant touch with such a vulgar thing; she felt the precious stone has lost its value due to this ill treatment.

While being lost in disgust, Julie failed to notice her glance had turned into a stare. What she did notice was the rapid growth of the chief's already huge penis. Within few seconds, it grew into an unbelievable ten inches.

With a shocked expression, Julie looked back at the chief's face to find a smirk on it and immediately realized her mistake of being lost in the thoughts while looking at the gem; he must have thought she was looking at his penis, which could be misinterpreted as show of interest.

“How could it be ten inches? Can a woman even take that thing without going through agony?” Julie thought and fearfully looked it again.

It was now more than twelve inches.

No matter how composed Julie tried to be, once she saw the erecting monstrous penis, she panicked.

“How the hell am I going to even begin to take that thing into me? It's as big as my arm. I got tricked. He can't expect me to take that. It would split me alive,” she thought, shaking in fear.

Julie knew the impatient, old man had come to collect his payment before her husband could get well enough to talk to her and change her mind which has become a big possibility after her personally seeing the terrifying true nature of the old man's manhood. Suddenly, like a sudden flash, in a second thought, a more sinister possible reason crossed her mind; he had

come to collect his prize before the news of Sam's death could reach her. In the morning when she had left the shaman's hut, Sam seemed to be in a stable condition and out of danger, but anything was possible in this place where this wretched man had total control of.

"I want to see my husband first," Julie said and tried to exit the hut, but the chief quickly blocked her way.

Julie's suspicion got stronger and started to truly worry about Sam's wellbeing.

"Let me go. I want to see him," Julie said in a firmer tone and tried to use signs to get the words through to the chief who refused to let her leave.

"Look here old man, either you let me see him, or you are getting nothing," Julie said while showing her index finger, panicked and angered.

In her panicked moment, the chief reached in and boldly grabbed one of her soft breasts which had been teasing his all this time. Julie gasped and recoiled by the sudden groping of her breast, and acting in an anger-fueled instinct, slapped his face hard.

The chief couldn't believe that Julie had struck his body. It was the first time in his life he had to go through the humiliation of being struck by a woman. While holding his offended cheek, he gave Julie a death stare.

Julie didn't regret hitting the chief; honestly, she thought he deserved more for doing such a thing when she was genuinely worried about Sam. She knew the time for words have ended, and she might have to physically fend off the old pervert. Being deceived by his short stature, Julie actually thought she might have a chance at fending him off through physical power and run away to where Sam was.

With his pride wounded, the chief attacked once again grabbing Julie's breast, with enough force to make her gasp in pain. He looked into her eyes, daring her to slap him again, and she made the mistake of accepting his

challenge. Having expected it, he easily caught her arm with a vice-like grip that made Julie realize she had underestimated his strength.

The chief was now determined to humiliate and make Julie suffer for her mistake. He had been planning on being gentle with her, but now she was going to learn the hard way about the punishment for disobeying and striking him.

With a swift move, the chief tackled Julie to the ground and fell with her. The fall took her breath away for a few seconds and she realized the chief was already on top of her. In a panic, she struggled to throw him off of her but found him quite hard to move.

“Get off! Get off you bastard! Get your dirty hands off me!” Julie screamed in anger as the chief, without much effort, hung onto her.

After about fifteen minutes of continuous struggling, Julie was starting to lose both her breath and strength. She was starting to taste the defeat and realized what could happen if she gives up; she would be going through a hell of shame and pain while not knowing whether her sacrifice was in vain or not.

“Let me go! I don’t want to!” Julie protested once again, and using the last reserve of energy, renewed her struggle. Even the chief was surprised by her tenacity and strength. Being such a weak looking woman, he had fully expected her to give up and surrender to him by now, but she was proving to be more stubborn than a wild-boar.

After another five minutes of desperate struggling, Julie was starting to lose steam. She was angrier at the fact that, even through all the struggling, the chief had managed to pull her top down to expose her breasts and was happily groping her soft mounds. The struggling had even ridden up the hem of the dress until her white panties were showing. She didn’t have enough strength to even lift her hands up to grab his head when he lowered his mouth onto one of her pink nipples. As her nipple disappeared between his lips, with a frustration filled groan, she started sobbing, finally announcing her surrender.

This was what the chief was waiting for; now, without any disturbances, he could sate his carnal hunger at his own pace. Upon sensing her capitulation, he gleefully sucked hard on her nipple, pulling out a noise of discomfort and disgust from her while he loved how her nipple got hard against his teasing tongue. Her breasts felt unbelievably wonderful. He couldn't believe something soft like this could even hold its perfect shape. He felt like a child who had found a new favorite toy.

Feeling the chief's lecherous tongue lapping at her nipple while his mouth sucked on, Julie felt disgusted enough to retch. His rough, calloused fingers on her other breast were intentionally groping hard enough to make her gasp pain. While doing all these, in a lewd motion, he was slowly dry-humping her. She wanted to cuss at him as loud as she could to show her displeasure, but knew she has to save even the smallest amount of her energy; while enduring, she was breathing hard to catch up enough breath to start another struggle.

After few minutes of breast play, Julie's nipples were as hard as erasers. She hated how her body could betray her mind. When the chief looked up to her eyes, she looked at him with her eyes filled with hate and disgust.

Somehow, Julie's defiant stare made the chief pull his mouth off her breast, creating loud and wet 'pop' sound. While she looked in disbelief at her saliva covered nipple, he started sliding down her body. When he slid down towards her legs, she used her recovered strength to keep her legs together while pulling up the dress to cover her breasts once again. When he tried to open her legs, using her remaining strength, she kept them together with enough strength to surprise him.

The struggle and the heat in the hut had caused Julie's body to create a thin layer of sweat which gave the chief some difficulty in getting a decent grip on her smooth skin to pry open her legs. This new layer of sweat also gave her long legs an added sexiness which fueled his carnal fire even more.

The chief did like challenges and this seemed to be a fun game to play; this was the first time a woman had resisted his sexual advances. Smiling

confidently, he rose up and knelt at the end of her feet.

Feeling a glimmer of hope that the chief might have finally grown tired of her, to see what was happening, Julie raised her head a little to look beyond her heaving breasts. It was then, for the first time, she had a proper look at chief's fully-erect penis. In both length and girth, it was almost as big as her hand. From base to the head, the embedded bumps on the shaft had neatly distanced themselves to be about two inches apart from each other. The shaft itself was covered with big and large veins that pulsated slightly in time with his heartbeat. At the end of the shaft, akin to a large, purple plum fruit, was an equally abnormal tip that was already oozing a clear liquid.

Just as any sane woman would, upon seeing such a monstrosity, Julie started to panic; that pulsating, angry looking abomination seemed like it could growl and jump at her.

“There's no way I could take in something like that,” Julie thought.

The penis head was as big as her entire pussy; so big, she almost felt a hint of safety as it might be too big to even enter her.

Using Julie's distraction, the chief put his hands between her ankles and started applying pressure and the great length of her beautiful legs worked against her; with added leverage provided by long legs, he finally felt her legs giving way.

“No, leave me alone!” Julie protested as the old man positioned his waist between her separated ankles.

Keeping her ankles closed was a lost cause now. So Julie redirected her remaining strength to keeping her knees together since that was the last line of defense to her virtue.

Little by little, the chief moved his waist up until her closed knees blocked it. Having to keep her knees together while he pushed his body between her legs, Julie was forced to raise her knees off the floor. Using this, from underneath, he squeezed in a hand from between her thighs. Even

though she had her knees closed tight, her sweat acted as a lubricant on her soft thighs and allowed the invading hand to squeeze in between. When his other hand also followed the first, Julie knew she was dangerously close to losing the battle.

Suddenly, the chief's hands applied inhuman strength, and accompanied by a war cry from the chief and a loud "No!" from Julie, her smooth thighs were pried open, offering him her panty covered crotch.

The chief observed the strange flimsy cloth that stood between him and his goal. With a quick tug and a painful gasp from Julie, the underwear was in pieces.

The chief was treated to an amazing sight. Julie's vulva reminded him of a rare pink flower that grew deep in the forest. It looked like a genitalia of a girl who has never had sex; most of the women in the village had pussies that looked opened up and withering flowers by her age. Plus, she had very little pubic hair since she had clean shaven till the plane crash. The chief had to look close to even locate her tightly closed opening.

Julie desperately tried to cover her shame with her hands but the chief caught them with his. He was too strong, and he needed to use only his left hand to keep both her arms locked by the wrists. Using the right hand, he opened up her pussy lips to fully admire it one more time since after he has gone through it, it was going to lose the beautiful and innocent appearance.

The chief decided that contrary to what he had originally planned, he wasn't going to use any foreplay; he wanted to punish her for insulting him. So while kneeling, with his mighty defiler in the free hand, he reached closer to the target.

As instructed by the witch-doctor, between the girl's efforts to deny him a clear target by moving her hips, the chief made sure to smear enough medicine-infused pre-cum on her tightly clenched opening. Satisfied with the amount of pre-cum covering the spear-head and the target, he placed it on her opening and got ready to commence the attack.

Feeling something big placed against her sensitive opening, out of horror filled desperation, Julie went into fight or flight mode. Thrashing and bucking like a crazed mare, she almost managed to push away the surprised chief. Even the strong chief had to hold on with all his might and ride out this beautiful wild beast's tantrum.

After few minutes, both Julie and the chief were lying on the floor panting. Julie was panting as if she was taking her last dying breath; that was the last ounce of strength she had used on that wild ride. Her breasts were out in the open again, and she was now as limp as a ragdoll. They were lying on their sides, Chief still in between her legs, holding her narrow waist with both his hands.

After the last struggle, the chief was being cautious; he didn't want to give up the position between Julie's thighs. While staying like that, he carefully placed his penis against her opening once again and applied pressure to feel it open up a little. This brought out a surprised but defeated moan from Julie, and the chief knew the medicine was starting to work; from how tight her opening had looked, under the current circumstances, it shouldn't have opened easily.

While staying in the position, with micro thrusts, the chief started to batter her opening. With every pecking motion, he wanted to test the elasticity of her passage and let more and more of his pre-cum permeate into her vagina. With every pre-cum mixed thrust, in millimeters, her opening was widening around the big cock head. It was slow progress, but it was better than nothing. Due to these pecking like small, fast thrusts, both of them were shaking a bit on the ground. Unable to summon enough energy to even move, Julie closed her eyes and was trying to pretend that all that were happening was a bad dream. Still, once in awhile, she couldn't help releasing a gasp or quick whimper when the chief added a little more force into a thrust and opened her up a bit more. Those irregular hard thrusts made her shed a tear every time he conquered a little bit of her innocence.

After about five minutes of the chief's micro thrusts, Julie's stretched opening was almost over his crown. She was breathing hard, and she could feel her opening stretching unnaturally. She has always been tight and

remembered, in her teenage years, the first time she had secretly tried to experiment with a dildo and ended up being discouraged due to her opening being too tight for it. Even on her wedding night, before being able to finally claim her virginity, Sam had to perform cunnilingus on her for nearly half-an-hour. Sam was at about one-third the size of the old man, and due to her tightness, he could never last more than five minutes inside her.

Seeing an opportunity, the chief sent a very hard, short jab to her loosening opening. Clenching her teeth, Julie tried to muffle the scream that came out with a hint of pleasure. Stretched to the limit, like a python engulfing its prey, the tight ring of her opening slid over the wide crown of the penis head and snapped closed tightly behind the corona and around the shaft.

A shudder went through Julie's body and she felt something she had never felt in her life; she had something the size of a fist firmly lodged inside her, and the opening was now closed around something the size of her wrist. There wasn't as much pain she had expected, but Instead, a warm tingly feeling was starting to generate in her lower abdomen and it was starting to rise up her body.

After getting the head slipped inside her, the chief knew, even if she struggles anymore, there was no risk of his cock slipping out of Julie; her tight opening had locked itself onto his manhood. Now, even if he wanted, it wasn't going to be easy to free himself. He has won the first battle and now it was time to win the war.

Holding Julie's thighs, he rolled both of them until he was once again on top of her while she ended up on her back. Being exhausted and shocked, she was unresponsive as the chief positioned her. While moving around, at one point, his cock got pulled out a bit, but Instead of slipping out of her, the crown got trapped behind her tight opening ring and pulled the whole vaginal passage out a bit, forcing her to emit a shuddering moan.

Once positioned, the chief once again looked down at the beautiful woman underneath him. Her nipples were now erect and Goosebumps covered her soft breasts. When he met her blue eyes, he noticed that the pure hatred she had in her eyes before, was heavily tainted with fear and

confusion while her nostrils flared as she struggled to maintain her heavy-breathing.

Julie's gaze still had some fire and defiance, but her body remained immobile. Feeling safe, the chief leaned in while placing his hands on either side of her body, positioned his legs and lustfully looked at eyes once again as if he was announcing his victory.

Another tear escaped from her eyes. She refused to accept the reality that was about to unfold: being raped by a savage, short and ugly old man. With a sob, resigning to the awaiting torture, Julie closed her eyes in hopes of escaping the nightmare and gritted her teeth.

With a triumphant grunt, in a short but hard manner, the chief began thrusting into Julie. Since he had finally managed to subdue the wild tigress, he wanted to take his time and let his special pre-cum soak into her insides.

The sudden barrage of attacks against her sensitive depths made Julie see stars behind her eyelids and was forced to open her eyes. She let out a guttural gasp while arching her body in an unsuccessful effort to ease the force of pounding her resisting passage was receiving. Seeing the space created between her back and the floor when she arched, the chief quickly wrapped his arms around her body and hugged her tightly to him. This prevented her from making any further efforts to ease the attack and also put his face right in between her soft breasts. With his hardness fighting and pushing its way towards her womb, and his face between her soft, pillowy breasts, the chief was a happy man.

Julie was overwhelmed by the sudden load of inputs her brain was receiving from her loins. There was some pain, but there was also something sweet and tingly sensation mixed in with it. Just like dark chocolate, the sensation was bitter but delicious, especially from the one spot where the large head was constantly pressing and rubbing against, that sent shocks throughout her reproductive organ and ended up traveling through her spine and straight into the brain.

Julie had never experienced something like this during the sexual acts she had shared with Sam; compared to the pleasant feelings she was used to having with him, this felt intoxicating. She never knew her body was able to generate such sensations and couldn't even believe she could feel them under such a horrifying circumstances. It was as if her loins had become a stubborn teenage girl that kept refusing to heed her commands to stop enjoying strange things.

With each jab, little by little, Julie's passage was starting open up in surrender. With each passing second, her vagina was becoming more and more welcoming and submissive to the intruder.

Throughout Julie's struggle, unknown to her, a strange feeling of being intoxicated was gradually accumulating in her body and mind. By the time she herself noticed it, the sensation was already shrouding her mind while relaxing all her muscles. With it, she was slowly starting to forget about all the distresses and worries until her dazed mind started focusing only on the pleasure.

Now Julie was clearly grunting with each thrust; this time, with more emphasis on the unwanted pleasure. She knew it wasn't right, but her body was having none of it. Her body was now trying to convince her mind to accept the pleasure.

Then she felt it. With each thrust that threatened to sink in further, sending sparks throughout her whole body, something hard had started to bump against her clitoris.

As if on instinct, Julie sensed something major was about to happen, but didn't have a clear enough mind to think about it. Automatically, her hands went to the chief's shoulders as if they were trying to stop him, and bent her knees and brought them up to dig her heels into the clay floor as if she was bracing for something that was about to happen.

The chief felt his first bump starting to make contact with Julie's stretched and taut opening; he had finally made significant progress. With her unbelievable tightness, he had to work hard to get to this point. He

realized Jack had told the truth about outsider women not being physically equipped to take big cocks. He thanked the witch doctor and the medicine she has given. He kept hitting the embedded stone against her clitoris while making sure to avoid pushing hard enough to push it in; with experience, he knew how important the sliding in of the first bump was important when a woman tastes her first tribal-dick. He wanted to make sure that, with or without the aid of the medicine, the pale woman get hooked on his manliness.

All of Julie's senses were now concentrated on the big cock that was defiling her. As much as she hated it for invading her innocence and pride as a wife, she thanked it for making her feel something she hadn't felt in her whole life. She knew it wasn't right to be grateful to a dick that was raping her, but something was making her feeling it.

Seeing Julie's pale skin taking on a pinkish hue, the chief knew his victim was starting to become properly aroused, and it was time to introduce her the first bump: the one he had earned from a solo boar-hunt.

Julie felt the thrusting pause for a moment and felt relieved for a moment; she was being pushed to an edge she knew she shouldn't fall over. The chief pulled his cock out until the crown was resting against her opening ring from inside and then, with a deep grunt, he speared his cock into her depths. While her still unconditioned walls experienced a sudden expansion as the large cock head speared through them, flicking her now erect clitoris, a bump slid into her body. The sudden invasion stopped only when the second bump pressed firmly against her clit, and the first bump that had invaded her, stopped against one of her sweet spots while deliciously pressing on it.

Right then and there, Julie was pushed over the edge and experienced an orgasm; the first ever one of its kind. Fireworks flashed in her vision as her eyes-rolled-back, and with gritted teeth and a shuddering body, she got lost in a sensory-overload, forgetting every worry in the world and concentrating on savoring the incomparable bliss.

When Julie finally came down from her orgasmic bliss, she realized the thrusting had stopped. Julie lifted her head and assessed the situation. He had invaded her innocence by extra two inches in one big, sudden thrust. During her orgasm, she had involuntarily wrapped her long legs around the chief's waist, and her hands were wrapped around his neck, pressing his head hard onto her breasts.

Smothered between Julie's breasts, the chief was looking at her with a smug smile. It was the first time she had the chance to get a good look at his face; there was nothing attractive about it. His matured age was clearly showing through his wrinkled, flat face and was missing few of his stained teeth. Disgusted by his face, she put her head down and, through the haze of confusion in her mind, wondered why she had such a shameful reaction to being raped by this repulsive man; it didn't make sense.

With growing shame and guilt about having an orgasm with her rapist, Julie started loosening her arms and legs that were wrapped around the chief. When he felt Julie loosening her limbs, he once again started the thrusting, causing her whole body to tense and while moaning loud, tighten her long limbs around him once again.

With the chief resuming his lecherous offense, Julie's mind once again went haywire; it was as if she was being possessed by a sex-crazed, shameless woman. The strange feeling intensified as the cock that was invading her, entered a depth where she herself had no knowledge of; the vaginal walls in that area were being stretched and opened up for the first time. As the thick pole sank deeper into her body, the consciousness of a faithful and proper wife sank deeper.

The chief also noticed the added resistance in the passage as he was trying to sink in further. Through experience, he knew he was now probing at a virgin territory. No man had ever tasted this part of her body; an untouched, unclaimed territory.

Even Sam hadn't experienced this part of her; his tool wasn't long enough for that. Julie felt as if the chief was claiming her virginity all over again.

It was then Julie felt as if someone was whispering inside her mind. In a feminine, husky and tempting voice, It was saying things like she'll never be the same girl again, that she was now about to become a proper woman, that this monster cock was going to make her realize, even after the wedding night, she had always been a girl, and It was going to give her an experience only a woman could experience.

Aided by an unknown force and using the intense pleasure her body was experiencing, the inner-voice was skillfully seducing Julie. It was urging her to let the guilt and conscious sleep down and let the voice guide her through the true initiation of her womanhood.

As Julie's mind felt burdened and tired of guilt, shame and pain, the inner voice's invitation started to become more and more inviting and convincing.

Then, a hard hit on Julie's clitoris from the chief's second bump ended her inner struggle; a clear winner emerged.

Julie tightened her legs around his waist, lift up her hips up and let the inner voice speak up, "Come on, make me come, please make me come again. Make me a woman, make me a woman."

Julie the girl couldn't believe she was saying such vile and unfaithful words, but Julie the woman meant every word of it.

The chief knew he had succeeded in conquering this exotic beauty. When she had her first climax, he felt like a king, but with her second one, he felt like a god; he loved how her long limbs wrapped around him like a vine wrap around a tree. When she tightened her legs to raise her hips, and in pleasure, shouted out something while looking at the roof, he knew he had won the war; It was time to taste the spoils of war and feel like a god many times over.

Suddenly, The chief felt Julie's stubborn and resisting walls starting to welcomingly open up; he realized, at last, the birthing potion was starting to take full effect. He increased the strength of his thrusting and felt her virgin territory being deflowered slowly but steadily. Then, while moaning in lust,

she also started thrusting back with her hips and aided him in spreading open her insides. He looked at her unfocused eyes and wondered if she had succumbed to the binding spell and lost her mind. Now, with his third bump starting to hit against her clitoris, he couldn't care whether he was destroying her mind or not. All he wanted was to breed this rare flower.

For another half an hour, the small hut was filled Julie's lustful moans and gasps as she lost the control both mentally and physically. Once in awhile, a guttural, shaky moan was heard as each new bump went past her opening, pulled out an orgasm from within her. As the carnal fire burned inside her, combined with the high temperature inside the hut, she was pouring out sweat. while leaning on his elbows, The chief was also heavily sweating and was dripping onto the woman he was conquering. Most of it dripped onto her shaking breasts and ran along her curves, ending up on the clay floor beneath them while some got absorbed by the dress that was bunched up around her waist.

A helpless husband

Sam opened his eyes slowly and blinked few times to get used to daylight. When he looked around, he found he was in an unknown hut, and an unknown young native woman and Jack were beside him.

It took some time for Sam to remember what had happened. In his foolish attempt to go deeper into the jungle, he had accidentally fallen onto a poisonous bush and barely remembered how he stumbled back into the hut and told Julie about it.

When Sam remembered his wife, he tried to get up, but Jack prevented it.

“Hey, hey, take it easy, Sam. You are not fit enough to stand yet. It’s best for you to rest now,” Jack said while gently pushing him back onto the sleeping mat.

“Where’s Julie?” Sam groaned, feeling pain all over his body.

“She’s back in your hut. She was here the whole night and wanted to stay, but the shaman sent her back,” Jack said.

“Shaman? But I thought we were excommunicated from the village,” Sam asked questioningly.

“Well, things worked out. It’s nothing for you to worry about now. Concentrate on resting,” Jack said uneasily.

Sam detected Jack’s sudden change in expression. He felt something was amiss.

“I want to see Julie, now,” Sam said firmly.

“She’ll come to see you later, Sam. Now sleep,” Jack said, trying to calm Sam down.

Without a warning, Sam pushed Jack aside and stood up. He was still groggy and his legs felt wobbly, but the feeling of danger to his wife gave him an adrenaline rush.

“Sam, stop!” Jack went after him while Sam ran like a drunk man.

A minute after Julie’s fourth orgasm, the cock head reached the end of her passage. She groaned loud when the hard intruder hit the end and realized there were no more undiscovered places in her; her innocence had been robbed completely. Then, the chief changed the angle he was thrusting, effectively changing the direction he had been invading her. When the penis head bumped her cervix for the first time, her usual moans turned into small squeals. The chief also stopped the thrusting when he felt her cervix.

Julie raised her head to see how much of the six bumps she had taken in. There were two more bumps still visible from outside; she had accepted about ten inches of the monstrous phallus. “Six bumps” was what she used to identify the chief before, but as she experienced orgasm after orgasm, “six bumps” became the name of the hard phallus that was bewitching her. The important thing was, it wasn’t the chief; even under the unnatural arousal, she refused to accept him. Her new naughty friend was the monstrous cock that was turning her into a woman. Like a tumor, the Chief was something that was simply attached to it. She was happy about being able to accommodate as much as ten inches of it before she reached her physical limit. She felt proud as a woman, but at the same, in the back of the head, was thinking why the hell she was thinking about such silly, immoral things.

Julie was a bit confused when the chief knelt while being careful to not change the position of their fused genitals and pushed on her thighs as if he wanted her to release him. As she loosened her legs, the chief unwrapped

her legs and placed them on his shoulders. Since he was short, Julie was able to bend her knees over his shoulders and let the back of her heels rest on his back. Then he wrapped his hands around her full thighs and straightened his thighs while kneeling on the floor. This elevated both his torso and her lower body while pressing the tip of his cock hard against her cervix while extracting a very feminine sob from Julie.

The added pressure on the gate to Julie's womb incited a painful pleasure and a tingling itch was starting to envelop her cervix. She wondered, after completely claiming her innocence, was there anything else left of her virtue to be stolen.

As if answering Julie, the chief tightened his grip around her thighs and started ramming her cervix with his battering ram. He pulled his cock out until only the head was inside her and thrust in until it hit hard against her cervix; this was a whole new level of sensation for Julie. She couldn't tell what was more intense: the sharp, sweet pain that came from her under-attack-cervix or the bumps that were sawing back and forth through her clit and g-spot. It was so intense, her blue eyes-rolled-back to show the white and she started grunting like a wild animal in heat.

When Sam got near to the hut, he heard something like a rhythmic, grunting bark of an animal. He had never heard such an animal and thought it was strange for such a large sounding animal to come into vicinity of the village.

The closer Sam got to the hut, clearer the sound got. When the hut came into view, Sam saw that there were two tribesmen with spears guarding the door to the hut. He kept on running while wondering what was going on. When he got closer, the sounds were getting much clearer and realized the sounds were actually coming from inside the hut.

The original sound was now accompanied by a sound of heavy breathing that went along with the barking sound, and a flesh slapping sound that was in rhythm with a deep, throaty, grunting sound that once in awhile gave way to a high-pitched squeal.

The realization hit Sam on the head like a hammer. That grunting, heavy breathing, and squealing sounded just like coming from Julie if, for some reason, she was being made to make those sounds. Even when they had sex, the most that came from Julie were soft moans and refined feminine sighs. So it was hard to imagine the Julie he knew could even make those unrefined, untamed noises.

Still, Sam was intelligent enough to realize that his wife was being raped inside their hut. The reason he had run here while barely having enough strength to stand was because his instinct told him this could be happening.

Automatically, as any husband would do, in hope of rescuing his wife from the attacker, ignoring the presence of the two men with spears, he desperately ran towards the door. Seeing him charging, the two guards pointed their spears forward and prepared for a confrontation. When he was just about two feet from the spears, Jack managed to catch up, tackle him and stop him before he got killed by the guards; even a scratch from those poisoned spears would have been fatal for weakened Sam.

While on the ground, Sam screamed, "Julie!" while his eyes became blurred with tears as Jack dragged him away to a safe distance.

"Jack, let me go, dammit. It's my wife in there!" Sam shouted at Jack while being dragged away.

"Don't be stupid, Sam. They are waiting for you to give them a reason to kill you. Having two guards at the door only means it's the village chief in there. You know what is happening in there, and you'll only make things worse for Julie by getting yourself killed now. That woman is going through this to save your stupid ass and how do you think she will feel if you get yourself killed like a fool now?" Jack said and knew those words would hurt Sam's pride, but a shock like that was needed to stop him from foolishly killing himself.

As much as it hurt, realizing the truth of Jack's harsh words, all Sam could do was to cry while noticing the slapping sound didn't miss a beat

during all this commotion and was even speeding up little by little.

In the hut, Julie's whole body violently rocked back and forth as the chief let loose a barrage of long, hard thrusts into her most sensitive place. As her mind went off to a place of total bliss, as if in a dream, she had faintly heard Sam calling for her.

As the chief continued his battering on Julie's cervix, his precum got soaked into the hard muscle ring of the cervix and started to loosen up. When the chief felt her cervix was starting to give in, with one brutal thrust, he buried his shaft into Julie until he hit the back of her womb.

As her cervix gave way to the thick meat pole, followed by two bumps, the penis head slid in and hit the back of her womb. At the same time, she felt two more bumps slide in through her vaginal opening. She had thought she has reached her limit as a woman but was proven wrong as the six bumps sank in deeper into her. In the first place, it was unbelievable enough that she was able to accommodate ten inches of such thick man meat into her vagina, but opening up and letting him enter her womb was beyond any explanation. From what she had learned, a cervix wasn't supposed to open up unless during a childbirth, but the impossible was happening, and a man had just entered her most sacred place: a place reserved only for motherhood.

Julie couldn't figure out what was real and what was fake. Now, all she could think was about the unbearable pleasure while being pried open to her very core. Even if she had known that six bumps was secreting a secret chemical that was fooling her reproductive organs to prepare for a childbirth and open her birth canal, in the face of the ultimate pleasure her body was being deceived into as a side effect of the forbidden spell, nothing would have changed what was about to unfold.

Realizing he had gained a foothold into Julie's most delicate and personal place, the chief knew it was about time to completely break the girl; if she hadn't already gone insane, he wanted to make her go insane now.

Being careful not to fully withdraw from Julie's womb, using very short but fast and powerful thrusts, the chief started jack-hammering like a mating rabbit.

With her womb being pushed up by hits to the top of it by a blunt meat head, and being pulled down by the trapped penis crown behind cervix, Julie let out a continuous squeal as her womb got violently shook by the chief's spasming thrust.

After few seconds, the collective sensation became too much for Julie's brain and feeling an impending explosion, her fists clenched until her knuckles turned white, her jaws clenched together and her squeal suddenly stopped as she drew in a big breath, then her head bent back while her toes curled in and legs straightened up, pointing at the roof. That was when Julie felt a fuse going off in her body and everything exploded. Her whole body became rigid and started to shake violently as she experienced her first squirting orgasm.

As she squirted, the chief kept on pounding her non-stop. He could only pull out about four inches out as the large head got trapped behind her cervix. This action pulled on her entire womb every time and the squirting intensified.

The only sounds in the hut during that moment were the slapping sound generated by The chief's body slapping onto Julie's thighs, the watery sounds caused by the liquid splashing around, and the squishing sound made by the large cock and her flooding hole.

Outside the hut, as Sam listened, for about twenty seconds, as the only other sounds that came from inside were the slapping sounds and wet squishing sounds. Then, a deep-toned, gurgling sound started to appear slowly and gradually increased in tone and volume until it transformed into a gurgling, bestial and murderous, shaking scream that could wake up the whole village.

Julie's loud scream startled the chief enough to stop his brutal thrusting. He looked down to find a big puddle of Julie's orgasm's evidence that had

formed right under where they were joined together.

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A conquered wife

The chief knew he had fully conquered the pale woman and knew it was time to hurry things up. He had heard the commotion outside and knew it wasn't wise to waste any more time on breaking the woman. It was about time to feed the whole cock into this goddess of lust and breed her.

He leaned in by straightening his knees while pushing Julie's now limp legs towards her, lifting her whole back off the floor. The only part of the chief that touched the ground was his toes, and her shoulders were the only part of Julie that firmly touched the floor. Since almost both of their weights were being balanced on her shoulders, in fear of losing balance and falling while her while her womb was trapped to another man, she was forced to plant her hands on the floor and stabilize both of them.

Then, with a vicious tug from his hips, the chief pulled out the trapped head from Julie's womb. This tugged on her whole womb and it shook the whole core of her body. In the same fluid motion, he pulled out the whole shaft out from her depths while sawing her g-spot and clitoris with his bumps, and for a moment, pulling on the whole inner lining of her vaginal passage when the cock head got momentarily caught behind her opening. For the first time since he had popped in the massive head into Julie's tight opening, she was cock free. The rough pull out pulled on her whole reproductive system before letting it jerk back into the original place, forcing her to emit a painful grunt.

After the sudden loss of Six bumps, Julie's stretched passage was struggling to close up, but then it came back with a vengeance. Using the leverage from his straightened legs and using gravity as a multiplier, the chief mercilessly plunged the big cock back into Julie's sensitive depths.

Her opening and cervix stood no chance against the powerful thrust that had his whole body weight behind it. Just as the cock head touched the back of her womb, the chief flexed his hip and pushed hard. This pushed her womb further into her body, and she felt the blue gem that he wears above the base of the penis, being pushed hard onto her erect clitoris. Then as the finishing gong, the heavy scrotum swung in and softly slapped her rump.

Julie was now beyond weak after her mind shattering orgasm, but the brutal attack into her most sacred place extracted painful grunts from her coerced throat. After the huge orgasm, she was starting to get too sensitive to enjoy even the pleasurable parts of her abuse. Now, there was more pain in her lower abdomen than pleasure. she shut her eyes closed and tried to cut off her senses.

Unconcerned of Julie or her pain, the chief continued to pull the cock out till the head was and buried it back into her till the blue gem pushed on her clitoris. He grunted with each thrust and she couldn't do anything but grunt painfully.

Outside, Julie's pained grunts broke Sam's heart. After the loud scream, hearing her grunts had made him feel a little relieved to know that she was alright, but still he couldn't bear the pain of knowing his wife was being defiled.

"Julie, I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry," Sam shouted, feeling an unbearable pain in his chest.

Amidst the chaos, Julie clearly heard Sam calling her name and felt as if she had woken up from a dream. Julie's mind started to become clearer and focused and she wasn't amazed to find the chief breeding her like an animal; she clearly remembered each and every thrust and how much pleasure the monster who was raping her had given her and how much she had enjoyed it. Then, she got amazed when she realized the extent of abuse her body was going through, and she was even more amazed when she realized, rather than being drowned in agony like any other normal woman would do under the same circumstances, she was still feeling some pleasure: a sweet and bitter addicting pleasure. Furthermore, She was

supposed to feel a strong hatred towards the man who was treating her like a piece of meat but was surprised find no such feelings.

When Julie's thoughts got clearer, she remembered that She wasn't on birth control. The chief was hammering straight into her womb. It wasn't her peak day but she wasn't on period too. Remembering the large sack that hung beneath Six bumps and that there was a very good chance that she would get pregnant if he came in her. The last thing she wanted was to be impregnated by this old primitive man. The fear gave her enough energy to open her eyes and try to voice her concern even if she knew he wouldn't understand.

“NO NO ungh!!!.PLEA ungh!!!.DON'T oooh!!! OUT SI..fuck!!!

The continuous hammering on her womb was impairing her ability to speak clearly. She checked if she had any strength in her body to stop him. Even if she had any strength, the stabbing on the womb was numbing her whole body. The chief now had a dreamy look in his eye and was thrusting like he was possessed. She felt so helpless. Not only he was raping her body, he was raping her soul too. As the last choice of hope, she started calling god to help her.

“ OH GO..aieee!!! HELP!!!”

Upon hearing Julie shout for help, Sam lost all senses. He pushed off Jack who was holding him down and charged toward the door. The two guards who were still laughing at Julie's inhumane scream got surprised and didn't have enough time to extend their spears. So they tackled him to the ground in front of the door. From this, his head went passed the straw curtain that was hiding the chief's breeding of Julie.

From what Sam witnessed then, his heart sank to the deepest depths, almost giving him a heart attack. There, barely three feet away from his eyes, the old chief laid on top of his young beautiful wife. She was lying on her back with both her legs on the shoulders of her rapist. Thanks to her long legs and the shortness of the chief, by bending her knees over his shoulders, her two heels were resting on his back.

The chief was leaning into her so much with her legs on his shoulders, her butt was raised into the air and only her shoulders were making a solid contact with the floor, and the only part of the chief that touched the ground was his firmly planted toes, giving him the maximum leverage to drive deep into Julie; she had her two arms firmly planted on the ground to balance both of them.

Then, Sam realized his wife's strapless summer dress had transformed into a yellow ring of cloth around her waist. He realized it couldn't have taken much effort to lift up the short skirt part and pull down the strapless top. A torn underwear was lying on the ground near her head.

Julie's whole body was covered in a thick sheen of sweat which made her glorious body glow from the light that seeped into the dark hut. Dripping off the excess sweat to the clay floor had made a dark shadow around her body. Even her hair was soaked and some were matted to her face. It was humid and hot at day time in the jungle, but he thought there was too much sweat for one person. Then he realized the chief himself was sweating profusely and was dripping on to Julie. The dark sweat soaked shadow around her body on the clay floor was the result of both of their combined sweat dripping down her body, then to the ground.

They were lying at an angle relative to Sam and their legs were facing his side. So he was kind of puzzled with the fresh liquid puddle accumulated right beneath their point of union that had few colorful pebbles submerged in it.

Then, as if a punishment for calling for help, the chief started to pull the whole cock out and, with twice more power, thrust in, making Julie almost lose consciousness.

That was when Sam got the third big shock. His brain went into such a big shock, everything was happening in slow motion around him. When he first noticed their point of union, the chief was buried to the hilt in his wife and the view was blocked by a huge ball sack that accommodated two tennis ball sized testicles. They were outlined by braided pubic hair that had

small colorful things weaved into them; he found the source of those colorful pebbles that lay in the liquid puddle. When the first inch of the penis was pulled out, the huge scrotum moved away enough to give him a front row seat view of the main location of the action.

“This is unreal.” Sam thought. The thing that stuffed Julie’s vagina with was as thick as his wrist. The thing that was even more unreal was the fact that her opening was actually stretching around that monstrosity. Julie was a very tight woman. It barely accommodated his average penis. Even then, sometimes she complained. Now, without splitting her in half during the process, this man had managed to fit something like that into his tight wife.

There was so much lack of space in her, the clitoris was jutting out from the enclosure normally it shyly hid in. When the second inch was coming out, there were some weird movements in the area of her clitoris. It looked like that area was being pushed out by something inside her. Then there was clearly some tension between her opening resisting and the cock pulling out, a bump on the penis popped out of the stretched opening. A throaty low moan started from Julie as one bump after another popped out every two inches he pulled out of her. Her stretched to the limit opening pulsed each time as his bumps plucked on the edge of her opening just under the clitoris like a guitar string.

In disbelief, Sam counted the bumps as they came out tormenting Julie’s clit. As six bumps came out of her, amounting to twelve inches worth of cock, followed by two more inches of a purple, angry looking cock head that was thicker than its shaft. This sudden increase of girth got caught behind the tight, elastic ring of her opening for a fraction of a second, and with a quick tug from chief’s hips, it popped out with a wet noise and a gasp from Julie.

Now, Sam was looking at the instrument that was buried to the hilt in his lovely wife only half a second ago. By all means, it was impressive and if it

wasn't the monster that was violating his wife, he would have stayed impressed, but he got worried about Julie as he observed the fourteen-inch monster with bumps and surrounded by a system of thick, pulsing veins. With an attractive hairdo at the base that was soaked in wetness, complete with a purple head at the end the size of Julie's fists, and the huge scrotum only made it look bigger, it looked too strange to belong to a human.

He wondered how Julie had really managed receive something that large inside her. From the disappearance of the girth that had been stretching her to the limit, like castle gates that were trying to close before invaders can get back in, her gaping opening was desperately trying to close back.

As fast as he withdrew, the chief flexed his body and while adding his body weight, did a brutal dive into Julie that was too brutal to even watch. In a fraction of a second, those six bumps on the penis plucked her clitoris six times as his manhood dove into her sensitive depths and, with one more inch left to the hilt, for a few milliseconds, met some formidable resistance from the depths of her vagina, but the chief skillfully timed and pressed his hip down in the same fluid motion while adding his own grunt to the symphony of their sexual throes; for a normal eye, it would have seemed as if he buried his penis in one brutal thrust. Then, with a wet sound, followed by the all so familiar painful grunt from her throat, came the slap of flesh as their loins collided. created by the monster cock head, a distention became visible above Julie's navel.

A powerful shockwave originated from the place their bodies collided and it traveled along her body, initiating a mesmerizing dance of her firm breasts. As her nipples floated on the soft flesh, like a pendulum, the overgrown scrotum swung in and softly slapped her round and firm rump, signaling the end of one thrusting cycle, only to be repeated again.

Even Julie's joints started to ache from absorbing those hard thrusts. She couldn't believe her most sacred part of her body was being violated in this rough manner, and she hated the fact she cannot stop him from mating with her like an animal.

As Julie felt the chief increase the speed, she was nearing the judgment time. She once again made a futile attempt to plead the chief not to inseminate her, but not a proper word came out from her lips.

In the middle of moans, gasps, and grunts, Sam noticed that Julie's eyes were now rolled back to show the white, and she was still trying to mumble something. Her whole body jerked violently as the chief increased the tempo of his unmerciful diving into her innocence. As her most sacred place was being exposed to this brutal violation, she was trying to say something to her attacker, but Sam could only pick up some fractions of words like "don't, out, cu, pre, plea."

Then Sam realized what was happening. Horror struck him anew as he remembered about Julie mentioning about her not being on birth control. She was pleading the chief to cum outside.

Just as he was about to voice out, pulling his cock out from Julie, the chief leaned in a bit more and by pressing on his toes while holding her legs against his shoulders, with a grunt, jumped into the air. While falling, he lifted both his legs up in the air and was free falling towards his wife with his penis pointed at her gaping pussy.

Julie felt the chief's whole lower body leave her from a moment. Then came a brutal thrust that went straight into her womb. She felt the shock wave run throughout her whole body. Due to the added force on them, when her legs got bent close to her body, the chief put his arms under her armpits and locked themselves in that position while his cock was pushed to the deepest reaches of her body. Julie opened her eyes in shock and screamed painfully at the inhumane attack on her reproductive organ. Then the chief let out a loud, animalistic howl that shook everything in the hut. She even felt the vibrations being transmitted down through the thick pole that was bored into her, tickling her sensitive depths.

Sam was frozen in mid-sentence as he watched how Julie's fragile, delicate sex took the full brunt of that aerial attack. A loud scream originated from Julie as the chief locked himself to her by putting his hand

under her armpits while pressing her knees to her shoulders. Julie was literally folded in two and was locked in place with the old man's cock buried deep in her.

With a howl of animal, the chief stopped moving. Then Sam noticed some extra movements at their point of union. Even though the chief had stopped moving, his scrotum went to overtime as the dancing of the testicles began. They were dancing in the loose sack while churning a huge amount of potent cum to be delivered into unprotected depths of his wife.

They remain locked together like for a brief moment while only the hard breathing of the chief and Julie could be heard in the hut. As her heart raced, she felt the Six bumps starting to get even bigger inside her. Then the chief started to grunt and with each grunt, Six bumps started to pulsate within her.

Julie felt her womb being filled with hot lava. Her heart sank when she realized this vile, savage old man was inseminating her, and he was going the extra mile by pumping his hot seed straight into her womb.

Sam watched in dismay at how the large wrinkled scrotum was contracting and relaxing repeatedly as the old pervert grunted gleefully.

Then came the sobbing scream from Julie that tore into Sam's heart.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO....” Julie screamed while sobbing when she realized her dignity was being permanently stained.

When it hit Sam that now it was too late to do anything, and the five foot, monster cocked chief who was old enough to be her father was thoroughly inseminating her while permanently scarring her innocence, he mentally gave up.

The contractions of the scrotum continued and with each contraction came a low sobbing, “no,” from Julie, and a loud grunt from the chief.

As the chief's grunts continued, Julie was being filled with his potent seed and felt a strange pressure starting to rise in her abdomen. After some time, as she started feeling a little uncomfortable with it, suddenly felt some thick liquid shoot down through tight space around the cock and her walls, and with a squirting sound, leave her body .

Sam watched in agony as the tight seal her vaginal opening had around the big cock fail while letting out an obscene flatulent noise. Now, in spurts, thick white semen was shooting out from around the seal as his wife was being bred by another man.

The scrotum and balls were huge for a reason and they were fulfilling their purpose by producing an uncanny amount of sperm to impregnate the sobbing girl.

Julie was dumbfounded that a man could cum this long and in this volume. With each grunt of the chief, thick, white cum oozed out from the edges where their bodies begin to merge. She felt some of it even being poured down through the cleft of her ass and flow down to her back.

The chief felt intoxicated by a sense of achievement. He was now thoroughly breeding this white beauty. The feeling intensified due to the fact that he was doing it in front of her helpless mate. The woman had been most disrespectful, but he had managed to put her in her place by breaking into her most sacred place and showering it with his special seed. "she will never be able to stop being a slave to me from now on," he thought. He had claimed a treasure from these outsiders that was more precious than the blue gem that was pressing onto her clitoris right now.

When Julie started feeling as if she had been pumped with enough seed that soon it would come out of her mouth, the six bumps started to shrink and retreat from her body.

Sam watched as the chief's scrotum do about twenty contractions before the dancing stopped. When the chief, With a satisfied smile, let go of her and, with a 'plop' sound, pulled out his now softening weapon from her

fertile and cum filled depths, Sam once again looked at the whole picture. His wife and the chief were drenched in sweat from head to toe from the rough fuck Julie had received and the rough fuck the chief had delivered. Both of their loins were plastered with thick white cum and there was a new puddle of white goo on the floor, under where she was being penetrated, and a good amount had crept through Julie's butt crack and had made another puddle underneath her back that was now being soaked up by her bunched up sundress.

Julie slowly curled into the fetal position and started sobbing. She felt as if no amount of clothes would be enough to cover her shame. She felt violated in every possible way.

As Julie curled up into a fetal position and continued sobbing, Sam noticed how the vile, thick liquid was still leaking out like a small stream from her gaped, battered and abused opening. The chief looked proudly at his handy work one more time before going out through the door while stepping over Sam.

The guards let go of Sam and followed their chief who was walking away with a smug, satisfied grin.

Sam crawled to Julie and gently took her into his arms as if he was worried that she could crumble in his hands at any moment. She felt so small, soft and fragile in his hand, and he couldn't believe how a girl as delicate as Julie could possibly survive such a brutal ordeal.

Julie got surprised when she felt Sam wrapped his hands around her while crying. Out of happiness, new tears formed in her eyes. Sam was safe and well; she hadn't made such a big sacrifice in vain.

While crying, he said, "I'm sorry baby. I'm sorry.... I wasn't strong enough to save you."

Behind her happiness, Julie felt a new shadow lurking around; troubling and shaming her conscience, the memory of her thoroughly enjoying such illicit sensations while being subjected to such shameful acts, the awakening of a new personality that worshiped another man's vile genitals, and the tingling sensation in her loins that still refused to disappear.

"I'm sorry too, honey," Julie said as she cried into Sam's chest, feeling too ashamed to face him.

"I'm sorry."

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