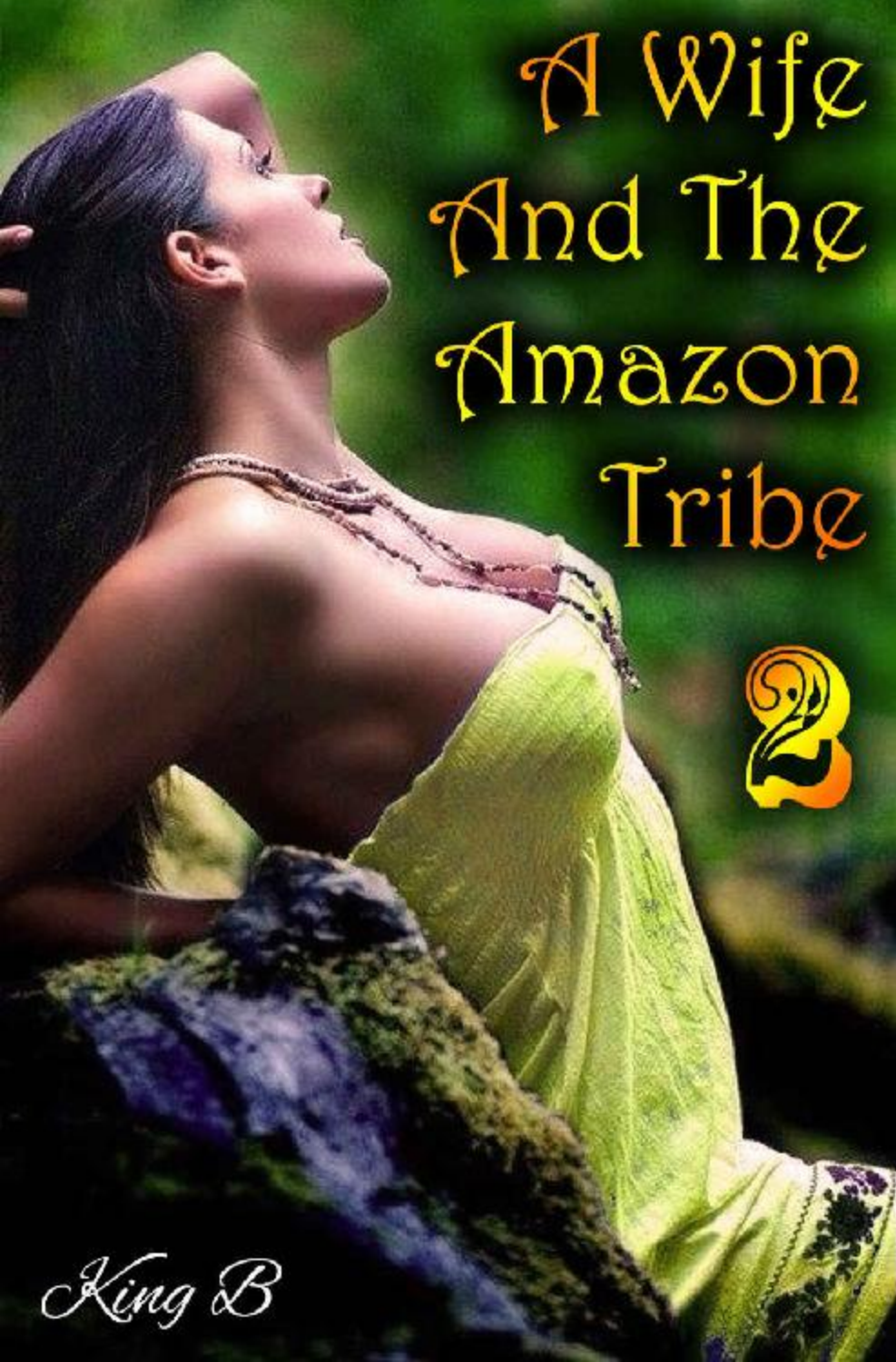
A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant green dress with a beaded necklace, is shown in profile, looking upwards with her hands behind her head. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green. The title text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

A Wife
And The
Amazon
Tribe

B

King B

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant green dress and a beaded necklace, is shown in profile, looking upwards. She is standing in a lush, green forest. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting a dense jungle or forest setting. The overall mood is serene and natural.

A Wife
And The
Amazon
Tribe



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A Wife and The Amazon Tribe

Part 2

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Description

Falling victim to the tribal chief's vile tricks, Julie ends up becoming his primary mate. Sam falls into despair by witnessing his lovely wife being stolen and enjoyed by the old man and unable to do anything. Jack refuses to give up on the young couple and works hard behind the scene to encourage Sam and rescue Julie.

How will the outsiders defy and overcome the almighty tribal chief's authority and the shaman's jealousy?

Join Sam and Julie's struggle for salvation and witness the conclusion of this story.

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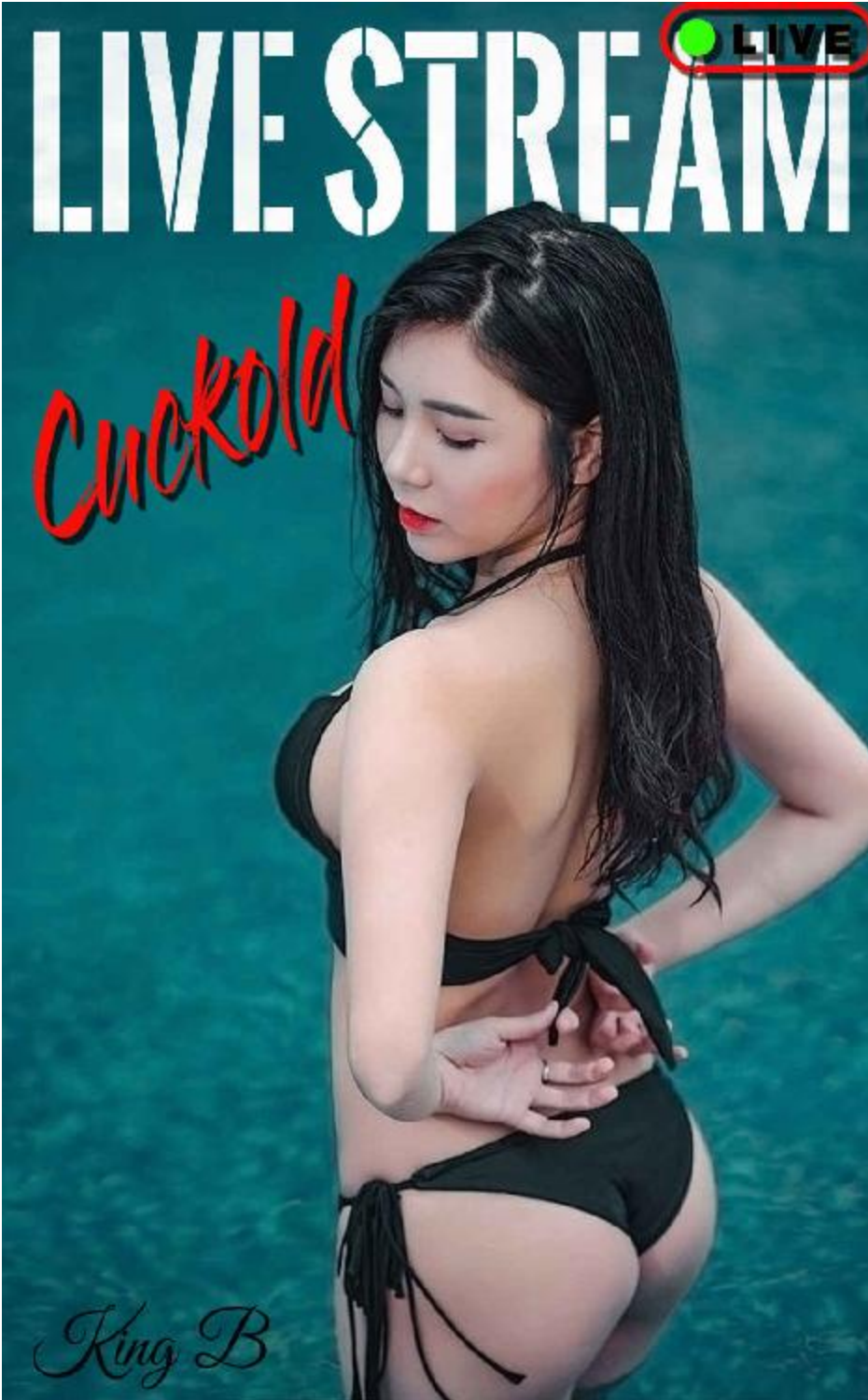
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[Live Stream Cuckold](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08PT6WXV7)

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08PT6WXV7>



Erik and Jenny are a young Asian couple who live-stream and create videos as their primary income source. Facing financial difficulties and declining popularity, they try live streaming on a new, controversial, but highly profitable streaming platform. They choose to go on a Caribbean vacation

and do their debut live stream at a resort to make a big impression. With the tropical climate and the beautiful beaches full of honeymooning tourists and prowling handsome local men, the young couple finds themselves in an unexpectedly erotic setting. In their efforts to entertain a different kind of viewers and make their debut into the platform a success, Erik and Jenny are slowly corrupted and pushed towards the world of cuckolding.

[A wife and the savages](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07CKBTXLG)

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07CKBTXLG>



In hopes of finding a rumored gold source deep in the jungles of Papua new guinea, a businessman takes his beautiful anthropologist wife to visit an isolated tribe. When the tribe refuses to give up the secret, the husband makes a dangerous gamble using his wife as a wager.

This is the tale of Kelly, a loving wife and an anthropologist, overcoming the challenges she faces as a tribal wife and protects the people she loves.

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Growing Cold

Sam was genuinely surprised when Julie suddenly stopped crying and stood up with her wobbly feet. Her whole body was covered in sweat, her sexual fluids, and the chief's vile seed. In a room that reeked of sex, she stood a symbol of uninhibited fucking. After readjusting the sweat and cum soaked dress in an attempt to recover her modesty, Julie started to walk toward the entrance slowly. Due to the extensive work out her whole body had received, she was barely maintaining her balance. Sam noticed her distress and quickly stood up to support her.

"Sam, I need to be alone for a while, please. Don't worry. I can manage." Julie said while gently putting her hand on Sam to stop his assistance.

Sam followed Julie outside to find Jack had already left and felt glad about it; he had no idea how he would face Jack right after what had happened inside the hut. He sat on the ground while watching Julie slowly proceed towards the river. It was almost impossible to avoid the wet trail of droplets she left behind on the sand as two trails of cum reached the ground along her inner thighs.

Sam tried to make sense of what had just happened and relate it to reality. He was overwhelmed with sadness, anger, guilt, and mostly an uncomfortable new feel of jealousy. As his mind came out of the fog of shock, things started to piece together and make sense. The sting of jealousy intensified as he pieced together the pool of liquid on the floor and Julie's moans and screams. The chief had made Julie squirt in orgasm. He had never seen her go beyond loud moans during sex, let alone squirt.

It was almost dark when Julie came back to the hut. Sam was still sitting on the ground in front of the hut while blankly looking at the dark forest. She wanted to run to him, hug him and cry out her heart, but a flash of guilt and embarrassment stopped her from doing that. It wasn't clear why she felt that way, and she felt exhausted enough to pass out at any moment to wreck

her mind about such things; all she wanted was to sleep. Silently, she went into the hut and lay down on the straw mat. The room still smelled like sex, and it brought back the memories of what had happened in the evening. She felt a sudden spark in her privates as her mind replayed each stroke of Six bumps squeezing into her. She wanted to be repulsed by the memories, but her hazed mind somehow found it quite comforting. Despite her efforts to divert the thoughts, illicit images flooded in as she unknowingly drifted into a deep sleep and turned into a dream that would keep her loins wet for most of the night.

Sam's thoughts were now mostly focused on rage and despair. He felt responsible for all the misery that had come to Julie, his innocent wife. He didn't understand what had precisely happened since he didn't get any chance to ask Jack anything, but the fact that an old savage defiled his wife was the irrefutable truth. He was contemplating going on a suicide mission to kill the bastard to avenge his wife's honor. Then he remembered Jack's words that burned his courage and masculinity away.

Despite Sam's attempts to ignore the elephant in the room, he had to admit it finally. Jack had given all the explanation he needed to piece together what had happened. Julie had paid the ultimate price to save his life. The Julie he knew would have preferred death rather than going through that kind of humiliation, but for the sake of his life, she had done it.

Sam felt useless as a husband or a man. The humiliation was burning a hole through his heart as he had failed as a man or a husband. Some disgusting old man had fucked his wife and walked away laughing at him, and he wasn't even a man enough to avenge his wife's honor. He felt emasculated by that short and ugly old man.

As Sam questioned his masculinity, suddenly he remembered the sounds of Julie's orgasm and the scene he saw right in front of his eyes. Even through all that humiliation and abuse, she had orgasmed harder than she had ever orgasmed with him. That fact kept nagging him in a strange way that he couldn't pinpoint. There was another factor that contributed to the feeling of emasculation he was feeling. No matter how unbelievable it was, he had seen that monstrosity of a cock that old man used against his wife.

“After all, is it the size that matters?” Sam wondered in his weakened state of mind. “Am I a failure as a man in sex too?”

Sam felt that Julie’s orgasms with her rapist were proof of his physical inferiority and inability. This was igniting a flame of jealousy and angst within him, and he visibly started to shake as the flame engulfed all of his thoughts.

Sam’s body was already in a weakened state right after recovering from a near-death situation. Now his mind was also in the same state as his body. He felt exhausted and fumbled his way back into the hut and passed out near his already sleeping wife.

Sam woke up to the sound of the morning birds, and he was glad to wake up from the nightmare he was having. He was glad to see his wife sleeping beside him, fine and safe. He knew he had to prepare early to make new traps and check the old ones.

As Sam stood up, he saw some small colorful things on the floor and fell back on the floor as his legs gave out. He hyperventilated while looking at the small colorful pebbles. It wasn’t a dream. The image of those pebbles in a puddle of sexual discharge right below where the chief’s huge cock was pushing into Julie was something he couldn’t forget or mistake.

With that, all of the despair, anguish, and jealousy from last night flooded back to Sam. The feeling of not being able to do anything about it or take revenge made it feel like the chief had won. In his unstable mind, Sam came up with a way he can at least try to salvage his masculinity.

Julie woke up from her sleep when she felt a hand kneading her breasts. They were still sore from the rough treatment they received from the chief. When she directed her attention to her body, she realized that the hem of her dress had been pulled up halfway to her round ass. She was lying on her side, and somebody was spooning her, and she was feeling an unmistakable feeling of a hard penis probing at her mound. When she fully came out of her sleep, the penis head found its goal and eased in. It went in without any resistance, and just as Julie started to feel it entering her, the base of the penis pressed against her mound. As she realized how small the penis was,

the penis started to draw back and thrust in again and again. In a daze of sleepiness, Julie panicked for a second, thinking someone must have snuck into the hut and was having his way with her. Then with a familiar grunt, the person behind her started to thrust in frantically.

“It’s Sam.” Julie thought as she realized it was the same grunt Sam emits as he has sex.

Sam used to fill her vagina pretty nicely. Sometimes she even felt he was too big, but now he felt too small. Her walls were around it, but they were barely stretched and weren’t experiencing any pleasure. Her body shook violently as Sam’s pelvis slapped onto her ass with his fast thrusting, but she wasn’t even breathing hard. She wondered how Sam’s penis became so small. After the wonderful dream she had been having, this felt underwhelming, and she was searching for something that could come even close to the pleasure she had felt with Six bumps.

After her ordeal last evening, her whole body felt sore and bruised. So each time Sam’s thrusts made her body shake, she felt pain, and Sam was unusually rough with the thrusting. Suddenly she felt as if she was being used by her husband for sex just like the chief had done and treated like a piece of meat. This was just Sam wanting to get his rocks off of her. She was getting neither physical nor mental pleasure from it. She wanted to ask him to stop.

Then Julie remembered how Six bumps power washed the insides of her womb with thick cum. Her womb still should be filled with that potent cum. Even though remembering it brought a tingle in her privates, she didn’t wish to get pregnant by a native. No matter how slim the chances were for Sam’s semen reaching her womb and competing with the massive amount of chief’s cum in her womb, she wanted to have a chance of getting pregnant by Sam and at least avoid pregnancy by the chief. So Julie closed her eyes and waited for him to cum.

Sam’s heart fell when his cock head had entered Julie. Her velvet walls used to hold his penis so tight as if she didn’t want to let it go. But now, before he even realized that he had entered his wife, he was balls deep in her. Her walls were barely holding his penis as if they didn’t want it there

but had no choice. With this critical blow to his pride, he started to thrust violently into Julie as a last-ditch effort. He wanted her to cry out with pleasure as she had done with the chief. He wanted her to orgasm on his cock like with the chief, and he wanted her to shower his cock with her squirting like with the chief. But not even her breathing was changing, and not even her usual low moans were there to soothe his wounded pride. With a feeling of total defeat, Sam thrust in faster, and with a painful cry, he let his semen flow into Julie. He cried painfully, not because it was physically painful; he cried because he felt his pride as a man leave him at the same time his cum poured into his wife's unwelcoming depths.

For the next few days, Sam and Julie exchanged very few words between them. Jack and Sam went into the jungle as usual for trapping. They never talked about what had happened and pretended as if nothing happened. Jack understood what Sam and Julie might be going through but thought it would be too awkward to bring up the topic himself.

Jack also noticed a big change in Julie. She didn't talk with him at all. It was normal for a girl who got raped to avoid men for some time, but what concerned Jack was that Julie didn't seem bothered by the rape. She walked around the village, interacting with the tribe more than usual. She had a look of confidence about her, and even the innocent look in her eyes was changing into something else. But at the same time, he felt as if a significant distance was starting to grow between the husband and wife. Sam had a look of defeat in his eyes and was having major mood swings. Jack could piece together what might be causing Sam to be like this. He wanted to talk to Sam about it, but he wanted to wait for Sam to decide whether it should be ok to talk with him about this.

During these days, the relationship started to grow colder between Sam and Julie. There were no smiles or kisses. Words were spoken only when it was necessary. At night, Sam was pounding into Julie. He usually was gentle when it came to lovemaking, but now he was just fucking. He was waging a losing war to bring out a reaction of pleasure from Julie, but every night he was having sex with a lifeless doll. Apart from the protesting grunt at the beginning and the sigh of disappointment at the end, no reactions came from Julie.

During every night, Sam fucked unenthusiastic Julie, and she was gradually becoming cold towards him. For some reason, Julie found herself being both tormented and excited by the memories of Six bumps and the pleasures it gave her. Despite her trying to cleanse her mind and forget about it, at night, Sam's one way fucking brought her back to a bland reality. She even started to resent Sam for his shortcomings as a man and making her desire Six bumps even more.

Despite the growing thirst becoming harder to bear, her pride didn't allow her even to entertain the thought of seeking the chief to satisfy her hunger. But Sam was adding fuel to the fire every night, making her miss Six bumps more and more. On the fourth night, when Sam desperately tried to initiate some kind of foreplay, she started to feel disgusted. She looked at the pathetic man trying to satisfy himself on her body. A voice whispered to her that Julie, the woman, deserves more than this. When he was about to enter her, she felt so disgusted about his small penis entering her, and she almost retched. Overwhelmed by disgust, she pushed Sam off of her body and turned on to her side to be lost in the dreams of Six bumps plunging into her depths.

With Sam's advances brought to an end in such a strong and humiliating manner, he looked at Julie's back with a shocked and hurt look as she slept while turning her back to him. This was the first time his wife had physically rejected his affections. He felt that this signified a significant shift in their relationship.

Submitting to Temptations

On the seventh day, Sam returned to the hut after the sun had gone down the horizon. After the incident on the fourth day, Sam tried his best to avoid interaction with Julie. Usually, there would be a cooking fire in the hut where Julie prepared dinner by this time. But on this day, the hut was dark, and no sounds came from within. Puzzled, Sam entered the hut parting the straw curtain that covered the entrance. Moonlight seeped into the hut through the parted curtain, outlining Julie's silhouette sleeping on the mat on her side, showing her back. This position beautifully outlined the contours of her narrow waist and wide hip. No matter how low the lighting was, her round full white buttocks highlighted her hips' wide contour. This scene sparked life in Sam's penis. Right then, Sam realized something was missing. The bright yellow sundress was not covering her body, and she was sleeping nude; she wasn't in the habit of being naked even inside the limited privacy of the hut. Feeling something out of the ordinary, Sam entered the hut.

As soon as he entered the hut, he noticed the unmistakable smell of sex: the same dreading smell he experienced on that fateful day. As the realization hit Sam, he stepped on a large wet patch on the clay floor. It was cold and still had enough moisture in it to make his heel wet. Sam felt anger start to boil within him and burn his insides. He went to Julie and turned her on the mat to lie face down, and her whole body felt sticky when he touched her. She was in a deep sleep and didn't even make a sound as she was turned. For some reason, his cock was hard and was at full length by this time, and he entered Julie from behind.

Sam had a hard time clarifying whether he had actually entered his wife. It felt like his penis had dipped into a pool of warm goo. His sensitive penis could hardly feel her walls, and due to the external disturbance, the goo was now running out of her vagina and dripped down his balls before falling onto the mat. Suddenly he felt sick in realizing what was sloshing around his penis and dripping down his balls. His cock instantly went limp, and he

tasted bile in his throat. Sam had to pull out and run outside to empty the contents of his stomach.

Back in the morning of the same day, Julie woke up after Sam left the hut early in the morning. For the last few days, she has been suffering from constant horniness. Every time she remembered Six bumps, her loins started to burn and get wet, and there were only a few moments of the day that she wasn't thinking about it. The strange voice in her mind was always tempting her to run to the chief and quench her overwhelming thirst for Six bumps. Still, as a proud woman, she did her best to control and avoid giving in to the temptations.

In the morning time, Julie prepared something to eat and did some small chores around the hut. By afternoon, inside the hut was getting hot, and she felt the need to take a bath in the river. Being in a constant state of horniness kept her loins always wet, and after some time, she would start feeling sticky between her legs.

The chief was going on his usual border walk. He was also feeling uneasy. He felt a bit awkward about having sex with a woman by force. So he was avoiding Julie's hut for a few days. But after tasting the forbidden fruit of the pale woman, he couldn't get the taste out of his head even for a moment. Having constant sex with other women in the tribe also didn't satisfy his hunger, and now he was always walking around with a constant hard-on. He felt frustrated that the pale woman hadn't come begging for his cock even after a few days. He wondered if the shaman had made a mistake, and the binding spell failed to work on the pale woman; it should have driven her mad with lust for him within a full day.

When the chief thought it was about time to pay a visit and check about the pale woman, he got caught off guard by something that appeared in front of him. He was genuinely shocked when he saw the beautiful pale woman appeared in front of him; she looked even more delicious now for some reason. He expected her to turn around and run for her life, but she didn't.

Julie hadn't expected to see the chief on her trip to the river. When she took a turn from the path she was taking, the chief was right in front of her.

Julie didn't see his facial expression of surprise as her eyes went straight to Six bumps. She had been dreaming about it for the past week non-stop. Immediately, her whole body started to heat up. Her nipples stood out proud through her dress's stretched material, and her sex started to moisten up, expecting a long lost lover. She wanted it. She wanted it firmly lodged up in her. At that moment, all the restraints she had put to keep the horny woman in check broke off. She decided that she would have that beast inside her, even if she had to beg for it. She looked into his eyes with lust as if sending a message. In that glance, she submitted her pride and body to the old short chief in exchange for the monster between his legs.

The chief noticed that Julie was frozen on the spot while looking at his hard cock. After a moment, Julie raised her gaze to meet his eyes, and her blue eyes were full of lust, and they spoke a thousand words from that glance. The chief smiled, realizing that the binding spell hadn't been as useless as he had suspected.

The chief changed his course and started walking towards Julie's hut. She silently followed him closely as if she was hypnotized. She had her head hung down and was keeping her hands together in front of her as if she was trying to cover her sex. That self-submission had turned a switch inside her. She was blushing like a teenage girl while following the chief. She felt like a virgin bride going to the marriage bed.

At the hut entrance, the chief stopped and motioned Julie to enter first as a courtesy. She stopped at the entrance for a moment and thought that she would belong to the chief once she entered. She would eventually end up bearing his child in her womb. She would be destroying her marriage to Sam and be a plaything for a man old enough to be her father. She looked at Six bumps as moral support in this dilemma.

"It's all worth it." Julie heard the voice inside her whisper, and she shyly entered the hut.

Once in the hut, Julie hooked her thumbs into her dress's top edge and slid it down. The bright yellow dress peeled away from her luscious body and bunched up around her feet on the ground. She stood there biting the corner of her lower lip, presenting her naked glory to the chief. Her whole

body seemed to glow in the ambient light in the hut. After several weeks of not shaving, there was a brown triangle above her sex as if it was pointing to her sacred place. Her pink nipples were standing proud on top of full white breasts, and a hint of moisture was visible on her vagina lips as they parted a little in expectation.

The chief was mesmerized by the beauty his eyes were presented with. With his monster cock in full attention, he reached Julie and started to pay his homage to her most wonderful breasts. As the chief hungrily sucked on a nipple while biting it once in a while, he massaged the other one with his hand. Julie had one of her arms wrapped around the chief while the other hand pressed his head against her breasts, urging him to suck harder. Soft moans escaped from her opened lips as she concentrated on the feelings with her closed eyes.

This time the chief was much gentler than the previous encounter, and after fifteen minutes, he let go of her breasts without leaving any marks. To him, they were too perfect to bear any marks. When he looked up to find her blue eyes looking at him with intent, he felt he craved something more than sex from this beautiful creature. He gently eased her onto the floor to lay on her back.

There wasn't a hint of resistance from Julie. He knew from his past experience, overpowering her was something easier said than done. This woman could give him a run for his money if she wished to resist. But the opposite happened. He couldn't believe his eyes when Julie spread her long legs with bent knees, presenting him with her now dripping wet sex. He wasn't a man of foreplay. The only foreplay he knew was playing with breasts before plunging his cock into women. So he got on top of her and positioned the large head against her opening. He knew he has to be a little gentle this time as he wasn't producing the medicinal precum.

Julie closed her eyes, bit her lower lip, and put her hands on the chief's shoulders, expecting the arrival of her beloved Six bumps. As the impossibly large head pressed on her sex, she concentrated on relaxing her opening to ease the entry. As the pressure increased, thanks to being pre-stretched and Julie's co-operation, her opening started to widen and welcome the first half of the head. With a little encouraging jab from the

chief's hips, the head popped into Julie. After a yelp, she released a sigh of relief with a smile. She was reconnected with Six bumps. She missed it so much; she wished if she could stay connected like this forever.

As Julie's walls welcomingly massaged the head, the chief couldn't contain himself anymore and began thrusting. They were not as brutal as the previous encounter, but they were still hard. Each thrust drilled the cock into her easier than the last time, and she was moaning loud with each thrust. Soon the first bump of the cock was knocking on Julie's engorged clit as if requesting permission to enter her body. Julie's moans intensified, expecting the bump to squeeze into her at any moment. Then with a hard thrust, the first bump entered her passage while flicking her clit unmercifully.

Julie had an instant orgasm from the overload of sensations. As a tremor rocked her body top to bottom, she groaned like a wild animal clenching her teeth together. Her blue eyes rolled back and hid underneath her fluttering upper eyelids. She was lost in a place where time and space didn't exist. The only thing that existed there was herself, and wave after wave of pleasure that tossed and tumbled her around with force.

After an infinite amount of time, the waves started to recede, and Julie started to return to reality. The chief had stopped his thrusting and was waiting for Julie to come back. When she lifted her head and looked, she had a vise grip around the chief's arms, and her legs were wrapped around his back. Nearest to her face was the chief's ugly face with a grin like he had won a lottery. She could see from above his shoulders that one of her legs still involuntarily twitched in post-orgasmic pleasure. Suddenly she realized that her ass was resting on a puddle of water. And everything that touched between their loins was dripping wet. It wasn't just an orgasm; it was a squirting orgasm. Julie felt relieved and at peace. This was it; this was what she was dreaming for. This was what she craved. This was what she was made for. As intoxicating revelation after revelation hit Julie's clear mind, she looked at the chief's face and thought that she could almost fall for this short ugly guy for what he was making her experience.

Then to the puzzlement of the chief, Julie began to giggle loud like a schoolgirl. After that, she wrapped her arms around the back of his neck,

and she raised her head to look straight into his eyes.

"Ok big man, let's work together to get the rest of that monster in meeeee...uuugh," Julie said as she lifted her pelvis using her legs and buried herself until the second bump kissed her clit.

For the next half an hour, the small hut was filled with Julie's throes of passion. They were both now covered in sweat, and their loins were dripping with Julies ejaculates. Julie had lost count of how many times she had orgasmed. The chief was thrusting hard between her thighs, and she was receiving each one enthusiastically with her own thrust backs. The chief realized that her cervix wasn't going to open without the medicinal precum like the last time. It had been the first time even for the chief that he had entered a woman's womb. So he would follow his usual routine and keep pushing at the cervix until the womb moves up and the vaginal canal extends to receive his full size.

Lost in a fog of ecstasy, Julie also noticed that even though the chief was pounding into her balls deep, her cervix didn't open up like the last time. Instead of pushing at the back of the womb, now the head was pushing on the cervix each time. This was a different sensation than the previous one, and she felt that her cervix was more sensitive than the back of her womb. She felt every bump enter, glide through and leave her passage, and saw stars every time the cock head battered her cervix. She loved the feeling of the blue gem that the chief had hung at the base of his penis, pressing on her clit, and the large scrotum that slapped her ass. They announced to her that she had taken the full glory of Six bumps. She felt that it was her duty to receive all of it as a form of worshipping. As quickly as she came out of the fog, she was thrown back into it as another orgasm came boiling from her loins. Once again, screams of pleasure escaped the small hut and announced her orgasm to other nearby huts.

A nearby youth was too curious to ignore the screams without an investigation. As he neared the hut, it was evident that someone was having sex. Knowing that the hut belongs to the outsiders, he felt that it would be amusing to witness these strange tall humans' breeding activity. The curiosity got the better of the youth, and he crawled near the entrance and peeped in. He got the shock of his life when he saw their chief on top of the

outsider woman, pumping away between her long shapely legs with all his might. He was impressed by her shaking soft mounds of breasts, but the outsider wasn't according to his taste. He preferred the features of native women. But it didn't matter anymore; the chief had deemed her worthy of his seed, and from the look of his face, he seemed to be enjoying every moment of it. This would elevate the status of the outsider woman by many folds. Even though he loved to keep watching the breeding, he didn't want to risk getting caught. But most importantly, he had a piece of important news to spread. He crawled away to run into the village.

In a matter of minutes, a large group of people was hiding around the hut to confirm the news they had heard. They could undoubtedly hear the throes of pleasure of the outsider woman. Still, many doubted the news the youth had brought in, and they assumed the outsider woman was breeding with her mate.

Julie felt the chief's thrusting become erratic, and his cock was starting to get bigger. She knew what was about to happen. The chief was going to unleash torrents of potent cum into her unprotected womb. She remembered that she accepted the possibility of becoming the mother of this man's children when she had entered the hut. And then she heard her inner voice whispering that she would gladly bear the fruits of this orgasmic union in her womb. When the realization hit her, she went into another squirting orgasm while howling. Right then, the chief pushed in as far as he could into Julie and started to release his seed with a roar. Julie's ejaculate washed his groin and large scrotum while her walls pulsed deliciously around the monster cock that was inseminating her.

The doubts the villagers gathered around the hut were cleared when they heard their chief groan loud accompanied by a guttural female scream. At that moment, in front of a dozen witnesses, Julie was elevated to become a high caste woman.

Each time the chief pumped a new batch of cum into Julie, her walls milked the cock as if they were milking it for more cum. He was emptying his huge balls into Julie, and he was filling her with seeds on and on. Julie had come down from her orgasm and now was feeling the giant scrotum that rested on her ass contracted and relaxed each time the chief pumped

more and more cum into her. She could feel the hot thick liquid spraying against her cervix, which brought a moan from Julie each time. As the chief grunted with each filling, Julie felt the excess was now escaping from the tight seal she had around the base of his cock and running down the divide of her ass, onto the floor. As Julie basked in the post-orgasmic bliss and the feeling of being inseminated, she wondered how a man could produce this much cum. And how unlikely it was to not get pregnant from something like this. There was a primal, untamed pleasure about realizing that this old man was breeding her.

After more than five minutes of pumping seed into Julie, the chief was starting to become soft, and he pulled out the deflating monster from her well-stretched walls. Julie let out a moan of disappointment as the cock head pulled out of her opening with a 'plop' sound. Her opening remained opened as if it didn't want to let go of the memories of her lover.

Chief was a happy man. This pale woman was the best thing that had ever happened to him after his coronation. There wasn't a hint of disobedience from her, and she fully submitted herself to him. She deserved every bit of seed he had pumped into her. She looked like a goddess as she lay beneath him. Her whole body glowed with perspiration, and her beautiful breasts heaved up and down with her hard breathing. Her sex had become deep red, and his seeds were leaking from her still gaping opening. The most beautiful thing was the way she was looking at him with her bright blue eyes while having a soft smile decorating her lips. He decided that he'd take her into his hut as his first mate no matter what he has to go through. His precious blue gem paled in comparison to this beauty. Something this beautiful should belong only to him.

With this thought, the chief stood up and walked out of the hut with his cock still covered in his cum and Julie's wetness. Julie watched as he left the hut and realized she was dying of thirst. She was lying in a puddle of liquids, and most of it had come out of her body. All the mind shattering orgasms had drained all the strength from her body, and she had to drag herself to the water pot to rehydrate. After that, all she could do was drag herself onto the straw mat before falling into a deep, peaceful sleep.

A Broken Husband

When Julie woke up in the morning, she realized that she had fallen asleep naked while leaking cum from her sex. She turned to find Sam sitting inside the hut while looking at her. She realized there were no hiding things, and it was better to get things clear before problems arise. He looked broken, and his eyes had defeat written all over them. She sat down on the mat facing Sam and waited for him to say something.

“Did he rape you again?” Sam asked his wife, hoping for her to say ‘yes.’

Julie sighed. She felt that she should be honest and be done with it.

“No, Sam. He didn’t rape me again. We had sex.” Julie said, looking into his eyes.

“Why do you do this, Julie? I love you, and we are married. Doesn’t that mean anything?” Sam voiced out, almost pleading.

“Things that meant in the outside world do not mean anything here, Sam. I’m not the naïve girl you married anymore. I have needs that you cannot satisfy, and I found someone who can.” Julie answered, meaning it to be the final blow.

It really was the final blow, and it broke away any shred of pride Sam had as a man. Sam tried to say something, but his words got stuck in his throat, and nothing came out as he kept staring at his former loving wife. Julie got up from the mat, put on her dress that she found lying in one corner of the hut, and left to take a bath in the river.

Sam cried in the hut cursing god for everything that had happened to him. After crying for a long time, he left the hut and went to see Jack and explained everything to him.

Jack realized that Sam had become a completely broken man. He thought maybe it was for the better. If Sam had an unbreakable pride, he would have easily gotten killed while trying to confront the chief. As things are now, the best he could do was to keep Sam alive and keep him from going into the poison forest in an attempt to escape all this. And Jack was stunned by Julie's sudden change too.

“Try not to think much about it, Sam. This is a different world from ours. The main thing is that both of you are alive. You have to let go of her. If you really love Julie, then you can be happy that she's going to live a comfortable life in this cursed place. You'll understand what I mean later. If you don't do anything irrational, you'll also survive this, Sam. You have my full support from now on.” Jack put an arm of encouragement on Sam's shoulder.

“Come. Let's go do some hunting till we forget all about this.” Jack said as he gathered his hunting tools.

Sam came back early from hunting. When he entered the hut, Julie was preparing some food in the cooking fire. She didn't even look at him and carried on her cooking. He took a seat in the corner of the hut and did nothing. When it was starting to get dark, he heard a noise in front of the hut. Julie quickly got up and went out to check the noise. After about two minutes, she entered the hut.

“Sam... I think you should leave the hut for some time.” Julie said without looking him in the eye and with a hint of unease.

Sam stared at Julie, trying to comprehend the reason for that strange request.

Then suddenly, the chief entered the hut through the entrance. His cock was already hard, and he looked at Sam with a hint of threat.

“Sam, you really should leave the hut for some time.” Julie said with a stern voice looking straight at him.

Sam thought if this was going to be his life from now on. Some stranger has come to claim his wife in front of him, and he was forced to leave them alone to fuck each other. Was he going to hand over his wife on a plate to this old man by acknowledging his authority? He remembered what Jack said. While looking down, he stood up and left the hut to walk into the darkness.

After about fifteen minutes of walking around, his legs brought him back to the direction of the hut. He had to see or at least hear what was going on. When he neared the hut, he heard Julie’s giggles and chief’s deep laughs. He was curious and went in front of the hut. The cooking fire was still lit, and it illuminated the interior of the hut very well. He could see what was happening inside through the spaces between the straw curtains.

The chief was standing in the middle of the hut showing Sam his side view. Julie was kneeling in front of him with her dress still on. She was sitting kneeling and was busy licking the underneath of the chief’s monster cock. With one hand, she was holding the cock, and with the other hand, she was caressing his huge balls. The chief had his hands resting on his hips and kept watching in amazement as the pale woman did wondrous things to his cock using her mouth. She always kept eye contact with him with her blue eyes and giggled every time she managed to make him moan. His wife was teaching the old dog a new trick: a trick she had used only once on him.

After some time, the whole cock was covered with Julie’s saliva, and it was rock hard. Feeling too excited, the chief put a hand on Julie’s cheek, stopping her. She stood up laughing excitedly and started to peel away her dress like a professional stripper. After she threw away her dress in a dancing move, the chief positioned her to be on all fours on the mat. On the mat, Sam could only see the upper body of Julie; her lower body and the chief were hidden behind the wall.

Julie put all her long hair to one side, showing the side of her face to Sam. And suddenly, her body went stiff for a moment, and she shut her eyes. Then her body rocked a bit, and she moaned loud and opened her eyes

big. Sam guessed the chief must have pushed the huge head into Julie. Then came the continuous rocking of her body and continuous moaning from her opened mouth. Sam could well imagine what the chief was doing to Julie's lower body behind the wall. The rocking swayed her beautiful hanging breasts back and forth and sent waves down her long hanging hair. Suddenly her moans changed to squeals, and right after her body jerked hard, her body became stiff, and she bent her neck back, looking at the roof, and started shaking while screaming in pleasure. The rocking stopped, and Sam could hear the sound of water splashing. He knew Julie was orgasming and squirting on the chief's giant cock. When she came down from the orgasm, her body went limp, and she fell on her hands. From the angle of her body, Sam could tell that she was still kneeling and her hips were at the same level as before, sticking her ass up. She was breathing hard, and she had a satisfied smile on her face. Her body was starting to glisten with perspiration in the orange light. While she was still having post-orgasm twitches, her body started to rock hard again, bringing out more feminine moans.

Sam couldn't take it anymore. He had confirmed what Julie said she needed, and she looked the happiest while getting it from the old chief. He realized that he wouldn't ever satisfy her needs with the small organ he has. He turned away and lay down on the ground listening to his wife reach heaven again and again.

After some time, Sam woke up to the sound of flesh slapping with Julies grunts. Sam turned to see the chief was balls deep in his wife with that giant cock. There was a glaze in Julie's eyes as if she didn't see anything even though her eyes were open; she was lost in a world of pleasure.

After some time and a couple more orgasms, her body started to rock hard with her screams, and he heard the chief's groans. After one hard jerk, her body went still, and her screams turned to soft moans, and the chief's groans turned in to grunt with uniform intervals; the chief was once again breeding his wife. Sam could only imagine how deep he was squirting his sperm inside Julie and how much sperm he was shooting into her.

The seeding went for a while, and Sam couldn't believe his ears that a man could cum this long. Even though he had witnessed it before, it was still hard to believe. Julie let out a groan of disappointment, and her body fell onto the mat as if she was exhausted. She was covered in sweat and looked like she passed out with a smile. The chief came out of the hut to see Sam on the ground. He laughed at the poor excuse of a man and walked towards the village.

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Blooming New Affections

The next morning, there was heated discussion in the chief's hut. The hut was occupied by the five main elders and the chief on his throne. He had summoned them to discuss bringing the outsider women into his harem. If that had been the only concern, the elders might have agreed reluctantly to change the customs to allow it. But the chief desired to name her as the first mate: the highest rank a female could reach in the tribe. Although the chief already had many women who were and had been in his harem, he had never made any of those women his first mate before; he looked down on women and had the mindset that no woman deserves the honor and power of being his first mate. Other than being second only to the chief in status, male offspring sired by first mates receive two bumps by default when they reach adulthood. This would give them a good shot at being the chief once they reached maturity. The elders didn't want the chief bloodline to be tainted and see an outsider woman to hold a status higher than them.

After many arguments, the elders left the hut with unpleasant faces, and the chief was sitting on his throne with a huge smile. The elders had to give in to the fear of the chief's wrath. Among the elders' unpleasant faces, the most unpleasant one belonged to the medicinal woman. She was still ready to oppose the chief but had to give in once the other four consented. Somehow, she managed to postpone the bonding ceremony by a week. She thought maybe he'd get tired of the pale woman after breeding her a few times.

Julie was getting all she needed from the chief now. Early in the morning, some village women even brought water from the river for Julie and even helped prepare a meal. When she visited the village, everyone was super friendly to her, and some even gave her gifts. When she came back to the hut with a hand full of gifts, she was confused and curious at the same time about the sudden change. Little did she know that she had become a high-cast in front of many witnesses while cumming on chief's cock.

In the evening, Julie was weaving a basket the way an old lady in the village showed. She was singing to herself while doing this in the hut; she was a happy woman. She rarely thought about the outside world now; she had everything she wanted in this small village. In the afternoon, two women even boiled water to have a hot bath; she felt like a princess.

Julie heard Jack calling to her from outside the hut. She was still reluctant to face Jack, but she had to answer his call. She was surprised to find chief with Jack outside. Usually, the chief would make a sound of clearing his throat from outside to inform her that he had come for some breeding. So this was something new for Julie.

“The chief has something important to announce,” Jack said, trying to be formal about it.

“He wishes to claim you as his first mate. In other words, he wants to marry you, Julie.”

Julie had a flashback of Sam for a second. For some reason, the feelings she had for him felt like ancient history. She knew and remembered that she had been in love with Sam only like a week ago, but for Julie, she felt as if her life and memories until the moment she first had sex with the chief belonged to a different person.

Julie answered, looking at the chief instead of Jack, “Please tell him that I accept the proposal.”

“I’m afraid this is not a proposal, Julie. He just wanted to let you know of his decision... Still, are you really sure about this? You would just happily leave Sam?” Jack asked in a pleading tone.

“It’s none of your concerns, Jack. I changed. I hope you understand,” Julie answered, looking at Jack.

“The ceremony will be in one week,” Jack said, wanting to end the awkward discussion and informed the chief that he had delivered the message, and she happily consented to the bonding.

The chief smiled, looking at Julie, and she smiled back at him. Then the chief looked at Jack as if telling him to get lost. Jack got the message and walked away from the hut. After about thirty feet, he looked back to see Julie and the chief entering the hut holding hands.

Jack felt a deep sadness for Sam. Sam had started to sleep in Jack's hut after realizing the chief would visit Julie every afternoon to fuck her. He has had enough of watching another man enjoying his wife and being humiliated. Still, he would check on her every morning and afternoon. On his way back, Jack was glad to find Sam walking slowly towards the hut where his wife should be receiving the chief's blessings. Jack quickly called out to Sam and took him to Jack's hut, saying that he needed some help in sharpening some tools for the building job he was still doing.

After Julie's submission, the chief had stopped his temper tantrum and allowed Jack to do as he wanted during the build, and even provided him with enough food to feed Sam too; it seemed the chief was keeping dibs on what Sam was doing and showing some pity. But Sam refused to eat any food sent by the chief and worked hard to find his food. It seemed Sam was blaming himself more than anyone else for how things turned. So as if trying to repent for his mistakes that forced Jenny towards the chief, he worked hard to learn and improve his hunting and survival skills.

Life for Julie was getting better and better. She was being treated like royalty in the village. As she anxiously waited for the bonding ceremony, the chief visited the hut every day. He loved getting his cock licked by Julie before burying it into her ever welcoming depths. She was starting to get used to her beloved Six bumps too. Her stamina improved significantly, so she wasn't dead tired after every breeding. And she was now stretched enough for the chief to bury his entire monster cock into her in four hard thrusts. So on some days, they fucked for 5 hours non-stop. Julie couldn't get enough of Six bumps, and the chief couldn't get enough of Julie. The more they fucked, the more they desired each other. The medicine woman's assumptions were dead wrong.

The day before the bonding ceremony, the hut was filled with Julie's animal-like groans again. She was kneeling and straddling the kneeling chief. She was facing him with her knees spread, and her ass was resting on

his lap. She was hugging him close to her body while he had his arms around her hips and grabbed her full round ass to lift her body. Using the gap created, he pistoned his tool into Julie while kneeling between her spread knees. They were completely drenched in sweat. Recent evidence of Julie's orgasms were still dripping or splashing around their connected genitals as the chief pounded into her with wet slaps. As the thrusts moved her body up and down, their bodies rubbed and glided against each other thanks to the thick layer of sweat. His head slid between her sweaty full breasts as they rested on his shoulders on each side, sandwiching his head. Her wet strands of hair were hanging loosely behind her as she had thrown back in pleasure as the chief pounded her core. The chief had retaken the birthing medicine, and to Julie's delight, he was fucking right into her womb. She had missed the feeling of having her cervix stretched around Six bumps and was savoring every inch that slid through it.

The chief started to speed up his thrusting, and Julie felt his cock start to swell. Her heart sped up even more as she waited for the feeling of the chief exploding straight in her womb and filled it up. Right after he rooted his cock deep into Julie's womb, he groaned loudly.

“aaaaarrghh...Ju...lieee...”

Julie's heart skipped a few beats. It was the first time the chief had said her name. And he chose to say it for the first time while filling her womb with cum and potentially creating their child. Julie felt so happy; while crying, she put her face down and gave him a deep kiss. The chief was surprised by this sudden and new form of affection. The pale woman was always full of surprises when it came to sex. Even if it was strange to suck on another person's mouth, he loved the feeling it made him feel. It was like they were connected from the bottom and top at the same time. As their tongues danced a love dance inside their connected mouths, the chief filled her womb with seed until it leaked out of their bond and dripped onto the floor.

The Marriage Ceremony

In the morning, when Julie woke up to the sound of someone entering the hut, she realized that she was still naked after the passionate evening with the chief. As she tried to find something to cover herself, three village women grabbed her by the arms and took her outside. There, they made her sit on a log and bathe her with warm water. When the water started to flow down her body, she remembered that it was the day of the bonding ceremony. It was her wedding day. She should be feeling happy, but something deep inside her was gnawing at her heart.

As one woman poured water onto Julie's head, the other two got busy scrubbing every part of her body. Her different features amused them, and they took time feeling her full breasts, soft white skin, and long brown hair. As far as the scrubbing went, they didn't miss a spot. Julie had to stop a moan from escaping her mouth when they started washing even her privates.

After drying Julie up, the women dressed her in a straw skirt and started to braid half of her long hair while fixing flowers and colorful pebbles onto it. Julie realized they must have made a new skirt just for her because even though she was much taller than an average village woman, the skirt reached down to her knees just as other women wore them. Then they started to draw designs on her skin with red paint. They painted lines in a way that highlighted a woman's curves. Julie laughed when she realized that they had painted her breasts with rings that made her breasts look like two bulls-eye targets with her nipples at the centers.

When they started to usher Julie towards the village, she panicked for a second realizing that she was topless. Then she remembered, village women didn't wear anything to cover their breasts, and it was something she would have to get used to after getting married to the chief. When she reached the chief's big hut, she was being followed by a parade of celebrating villagers. Everything at the center of the village was decorated, and they had made something like a stage in front of the chief's hut, decorated with plants and

flowers. Surrounding it, on many stands, there were various kinds of food for the celebration. When she saw the crowd gathered, she thought that the whole village must be attending the ceremony. After all, it was the occasion their leader finally chose a first mate to be at his side. The chief's Other mates didn't have a status above village elders, but a first mate was below only to the chief.

A group of drummers played drums while young girls danced their traditional dance in rhythm to the beat. Everyone was eating, laughing, and merrymaking.

When Julie reached the hut, the chief came out of the entrance. His body was also painted with redlines. He donned a ring of long feathers on his head, and his privates were the most decorated part of him. The penis seemed to be shining with some type of oil, and the huge scrotum was meticulously painted with fine designs in gold color. The braided pubes were decorated with numerous colorful gems and as always, the large blue gem hung above the penis as the crown jewel.

The chief took Julie's hand and led her onto the stage. She looked like an angel on the stage. Her body, especially her full breasts, glowed like marble due to the rare exposure to bright sunlight. He was very gentle with her, and she had to force down a smile when she noticed that the chief was trying his best to look tall beside her. She thought that it must be something all men had in common; to be taller than their mate. Despite his best efforts, he was barely passing her shoulders. An elder arrived to face them with a cup in his hand and started to pray while holding the cup up towards the sky. All the villagers around them went silent and closed their eyes to pray silently with the elder. After about half an hour of praying, Julie started to get tired of standing still for a long time. Bringing relief to her, the elder finally stopped the praying, and amidst the villagers' cheers, he offered the cup to the chief. He drank half of the cup in two gulps and offered it to Julie. She slowly took the cup in her hands, uncertain of what to do with it, and the chief gave a motion of drinking, and she knew she had to drink from it. It smelled awful, and she took a small sip of it and realized it tasted worse than the smell. With an expression of disgust, she quickly offered the cup back to the chief. This brought loud laughter from the villagers, and the

chief signed her to finish the whole cup. Seeing no other way of escaping, Julie pinched her nose close with one hand and gulped down the rest in three gulps. She felt sick drinking the foul drink and cursed the person who had the bright idea of making a bride drink nasty things at her wedding.

Soon Julie started to feel something hot in her stomach. In a few moments, heat started to spread through her whole body. In a minute, her breathing started to get heavy, and her nipple started to stand out. Julie gasped when she realized that she was starting to get wet between her legs and her mind was getting overwhelmed with carnal desires. She guessed that the foul drink must have been an aphrodisiac. She welcomed the pleasure and the idea of being horny when going to the marriage bed, but it was too early in the celebration to get horny, and the chief or the villagers didn't appear to have the desire to leave the place anytime soon. While Julie concentrated on keeping her horniness at bay till the celebrations finished, the chief's hands started to push her down to all four position on the stage. Then she realized what was about to happen. She was going to have sex in front of a whole village while being high on an aphrodisiac.

The main event of the celebration was to witness the consummation of the bonding. It was a show of the groom's strength and virility, and the bride's femininity and fertility. This was the reason the children were not allowed to attend the ceremony. So everyone present raised whatever they were drinking or eating and cheered for the initiation of the bonding act.

After successfully manipulating Julie into the desired position, the chief knelt behind her while holding his now oily, fully erected penis in hand. With the other hand, he undid the string that held her straw skirt onto her body. The bunch of straws dropped to the floor between her knees, exposing her round, full ass and her flower-like pussy with pink lips dripping with excitement. While grabbing her hip with his arm, he pointed the large head of his cock at her dripping entrance to commence the bonding ritual.

Julie kept looking at the floor, breathing heavily while she waited for the inevitable intrusion of Six bumps. Her mind was a sexual blur. The aphrodisiac, the exposure of her nudity, and the public sex act, had her already excited close to an orgasm. Then she felt the big head part her inner lips and penetrate her already pulsating opening. The chief grabbed hard

onto her wide hips with both his arms and thrust into her hard. Julie raised her head and let out a very womanly shuddering moan. When the second thrust came, she looked up with her now glazed blue eyes and let out a loud moan in a higher pitch. When the third thrust came, after much practice with the chief, she instinctively got the perfect timing and pushed back to meet his thrust. The blue gem pressed hard against her anus, and Julie let out a hybrid of a moan and a scream while her whole body shuddered. Her eyes rolled back, and she gurgled something incomprehensible as a splashing sound came with clear liquids flowing down from the junction the chief and Julie were connected.

The crowd was going mad with cheering and clapping; they had come for a show and were getting even extra within the first minute of the show. It was rare to find a woman that could orgasm just by having a cock inside her, and it was rarer to find a woman who could squirt with orgasms. The chief had indeed found one of the rarest gems, and he was capable enough to fully utilize her potentials. For the few people who had doubts about the outsider woman, this was more than enough show of ability and worth to accept her eligibility as the chief's first mate. The village women and the chief's other mates, who had been coveting the first mate position, turned their initial towards Julie into jealousy. Silently, they accepted their defeat as they couldn't compete with a performance like that.

With that single orgasm, instead of Julie becoming the village's luckiest woman, the chief became the luckiest man. She became the idol of all the women and the most desired woman among the men. Girls would look up to her, and all the boys would secretly crush on her. She would become the standard for beauty and fertility. She would become the rare gem of the village.

After the orgasm, Julie didn't fully come back to reality. She felt as if she was in a constant half orgasm state and was possessed by a sex demon. From then on, the ceremonial bonding became a fucking competition between chief and Julie. She bucked like a mare and fucked back the chief vigorously. In an effort not to get pushed off or not to be out fucked by his first mate, he grabbed on to her long hair with one hand like a cowboy grabbing onto the reins during a rodeo. While pulling on her hair to show

her long smooth neck, he pounded into Julie, sending ripples of shock waves along her body from where his pelvis slapped against her full soft ass. Mesmerizing the eyes of the spectators, her firm, ample breasts defied gravity even when they were hung down and rocked back and forth in their own rhythm.

Julie wasn't stopping fucking back even when she orgasmed and squirted. Each time she orgasmed, her moans changed to animalistic groans while signs of muscles quivering and visible splashing of clear liquids around where her vagina and chief's cock battled for dominance. And during all that, she didn't miss a beat and thrust back to meet his thrusts. Their bodies started to drench with perspiration due to the heavy workout they were engaged in, and the chief himself was now breathing hard to catch his breath.

The villagers were taken aback by Julie's performance. Not only her beauty, but her vigor and spirit seemed second to none too. She was giving the chief, who was famed to be able to fuck women into being bedridden for a few days, a run for his money. A newfound respect for Julie was starting to manifest in the hearts of the villagers. Among the pouring of cheers, a new chanting was beginning to grow. Soon the chanting became clear and loud.

“Aka una, aka una, aka una, aka una.”

The chanting went on and on as they cheered the strong white woman. The chanting meant 'White spirit.' For the tribe, the holiest beings that governed the forest were spirits. In the half-hour prayer of the bonding ceremony, they prayed to the spirits to give their blessings to the bonding and the village. So being called a spirit was an honor even a few chiefs get to experience.

For the villagers, it was the perfect bonding. The chief who was hailed as the 'Tiger spirit' for his ferociousness was now bonding with the 'White spirit.' The bonding of two spirits to guide the tribe was a blessing that came straight from the spirit land.

Hearing the villagers call his first mate the 'White spirit' made the chief's heart fill with pride. He thought it must be true as nothing from the mortal world could be this beautiful and lustful. The idea of getting to breed a spirit turned him on so much that he pushed hard into Julie and started to orgasm. Feeling him shooting his molten hot cum into her, Julie let out her last guttural scream and orgasmed while massaging the spurting cock within her walls. The chanting stopped, and a loud cheer rang across the village as the two spirits' bonding came to a completion.

The excess of cum, dripped down onto Julie's discarded straw skirt as the chief kept pumping his seed into her. The fine designs on the scrotum and lines in his pelvis were washed away thanks to Julie's spray washing of love. When he pulled his cock out, she let her body fall on the floor of the stage. As the chief stood up with effort while breathing hard, three women carried Julie into the hut. As they carried her, the chief's cum poured out of her open sex and left a trail behind them to show where the white spirit had gone.

A Husband's Tears

A few days ago, Jack stopped Sam when he was about to visit Julie before going out to set traps. Jack informed him that Julie had accepted the chief's proposal to marry him, and it wasn't appropriate for Sam to keep seeing Julie.

After hearing this, Sam lost his mind and started to run towards the forest. Even though it should take about one day to reach the poison forest, he was determined to run non-stop till he reaches there and escape this nightmare or die trying.

Surviving in the forest for ten years had granted Jack a strong and nimble body, so Jack easily stopped Sam before he could leave the village. Jack was trying his best to keep Julie and Sam alive in this ordeal. For Jack, Sam and Julie were more than friends. After a decade of isolation from the outside world, he immediately opened his heart to the young couple. Julie looked and behaved so much like his little sister back at home, and he immediately started to love her as his own sister. Soon he started to love Sam as a younger brother that he never had. They were his family. And he wasn't planning on letting a family member die a useless death.

After Jack tackled Sam to the ground, Sam tried to wrestle Jack off of him. Jack knew talking wouldn't calm Sam down and delivered a powerful punch to his chin. After seeing stars for a few minutes, he calmed down enough to listen to reason. He sat on the ground and screamed while crying,

“That whore took vows with me only a month ago, and now she can't get enough of that old monkey's dick. She was a slut enough to fuck another in front of me, but I never thought a woman could stoop low enough to marry again while being married to me.”

Jack let out a sigh and sat on the ground in front of Sam.

“Sam, if you are done letting it out, please listen to what I have to say. I completely understand how you feel, and I personally think you did well not to get too emotional and get killed in this whole mess. But let me tell you that woman who is getting married is not the same Julie you loved or married,” Jack said, looking into Sam’s eyes.

Sam stared at Jack with big eyes that had a look of bewilderment and confusion before replying, “What do you mean she’s not the ‘same’ Julie?”

After clearing his throat, Jack started talking.

“Alright, this might sound strange, so try to bear with me. You know I’m building another treatment hut for the village shaman. And one day, I eavesdrop on the shaman's apprentice complaining to the shaman about keeping the details about that potion called 'binding spell' a secret from her even though she’s already good enough to become another shaman. The apprentice girl was making a fuss because she had found out the shaman recently made this potion without showing her. And the shaman had made this potion and gave it to the chief while you were being treated for poison. That made me curious about this potion.”

“Do you think this potion is related to Julie’s change?” Sam asked impatiently.

Jack said, “Let me finish first,” and Sam became quiet.

Jack continued, “The apprentice girl called Meya, was already getting friendly with me due to working together on the build. And we even secretly fooled around a little since the chief had me sleeping there.”

Hearing this, Sam gave Jack a look of surprise and shock.

Jack asked with a little embarrassment, “Why do you have to look so shocked?”

Sam said apologetically, “Sorry, I was just a little surprised because you always look very calm and in control.”

Jack said a chuckle, "I'm still a man in his forties with needs, Sam. And I have to take any chances to get some sex. Most of these native women don't find me appealing, but if I get the chance to talk with one for sometime, I have a good chance at seducing them with words."

Sam nodded his head, understanding.

Jack smiled a little, seeing that Sam had calmed down a little from the diversion of the topic.

Jack continued, "So, by using Meya's displeasure with the shaman for keeping secrets and making her feel like inadequate for the job, I managed to create some friction between them and encourage her to keep pushing the shaman to get more details about that binding spell potion."

"Did it work?" Sam asked.

Jack nodded his head with a smile and said, "Yes. After a few arguments, the shaman finally gave in and explained to Meya about the potion. From her, I learned that this potion was something similar to a truth serum that could affect the brain and mind, but with something of an opposite effect. This binding spell potion affects the brain and allows the mind to be convinced that something is the truth. So it's basically a brainwash serum," and stared at Sam, waiting for him to connect the dots.

Sam had an astonished look on his face and asked, "You think this magic potion actually works, and the chief used it on Julie?"

Jack said, "I came to this jungle looking for this tribe because of the amazing legends about their healing abilities. And after being here for a decade, let me tell you, this is in the realm of possibilities here."

Sam's eyes and mouth opened in shock when he finally made the connections and came to a possible conclusion.

"Do you mean the chief used this potion to brainwash Julie?" Sam asked in disbelief.

“Yes, I think so. You must have realized it wasn't impossible for Julie to change like that in one day. The Julie we know and love would die rather than falling for a guy like him. She sacrificed her honor to save you, but that old bastard used a trick to brainwash her and take her for himself.” Jack said.

Sam said, "No matter how much I tried, I couldn't make sense of why or how Julie was behaving like that. But, as much as it sounds like a fantasy, your explanation makes sense."

Jack looked at Sam with a raised eyebrow and asked, “Do you still want to throw your life away and just give up?”

Sam put his head in his arms and said, “Oh my god, I’m such a fool. I knew so much about Julie to know her behavior, and change wasn't natural. Instead of rationally thinking about it, I blamed my lack of manliness and Julie’s unfaithfulness.”

“Without the knowledge of this binding spell potion, it's understandable for you to try to make sense of things with what you have, Sam,” Jack said in a consoling manner while putting an arm on his shoulder, "Now what matters is what we can do with this knowledge."

"Is there any way to reverse the effects of that potion and brainwashing?" Sam asked Jack with a hopeful look.

Jack shook his head with a resigned expression and said, "The shaman had said that there's no potion or method to reverse the effects, and that's why it's considered a forbidden potion. At Least there’s no method she knows of or wants to keep that part a secret. I doubt Meya can dig anymore out of that old hag."

"So there's no hope?" Sam asked desperately, "But how can I let things go when I know how that old fucker stole Julie?"

Jack let out a sigh and said, "Sam, there's no doubt that Julie loved you more than herself. Otherwise, she wouldn't have made that deal with the chief to save you, which is something worse than death for her. Julie might

have a different personality now, but deep inside, she's still the loving wife that saved your life. So respect her last wish and don't throw away the life she had sacrificed so much to save. With patience, we might find a way to save her."

Hearing those words, Sam's old personality and confidence came back to him. It wasn't the Julie he loved that rejected him or found him inadequate; it was her new personality after the chief had changed her. The real Julie loved him enough to sacrifice herself for him. It was he who lacked love or trust and blamed her.

While standing up, Sam promised to himself that he would never again give up on his wife. Like a phoenix rising stronger from the ash, Sam rose to his feet with a stronger conviction.

Sam entered the hut where he and his wife used to live. It had only been about a month since they had taken vows to be together forever, and now he could hear the celebrations of his beautiful wife getting married to someone else, twice her age. On the mat was Julie's neatly folded yellow sundress. Leaving her dress was the symbol of leaving her past world behind and entering a new world. She refused to take any mementos from the old world into the new world. On the dress, sparkling, was the diamond wedding ring he had put on her finger. The message Julie had left to Sam was crystal clear. Sam knelt in front of it and held the dress with the ring on it with his two arms. Dark spots started to appear on the dress as tears fell on it. He loved her and still did. Those were the mementos Julie had left for him. The mementos from his long-lost lovely Julie before she had changed into someone he couldn't recognize. These were the memories from Julie before the chief had used his vile methods to change her.

The tears that fell on the yellow dress weren't tears of sorrow. Those tears were a tribute to the old Julie, who loved him. Even if it was another personality that was getting married, it was still a part of Julie, and the real Julie was also still sleeping in that beautiful body. Realizing that, all the sorrow and hatred washed away from Sam's mind. If the new Julie were going to be happy by entering a new life with the chief, he would give his blessings. He felt in a way that the new personality is the sister of Julie he loves. There was no reason to be upset about his sister-in-law marrying

someone. Still, there was a chance that he could find a way to reverse the effect of the potion, or the old self of Julie might come back on her own. Sam determined himself to be alive and be close to Julie while trying to find a way to save her. In case she came back to her old self on her own, he didn't want her to find herself alone.

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Life as The First Mate

When Julie woke up, she found herself lying on fur instead of a straw mat. It felt good to be lying on something soft after a long time. When she surveyed the hut, it was a heavily decorated small room. Light seeped into the room through a window slit, and she knew that she didn't sleep through her wedding day. Her whole body blushed when she thought back to how she had behaved in front of the whole village. She also noticed that her body had been cleaned, and a new straw skirt was placed right beside the pile of fur she was lying on.

Julie put on the skirt and slowly walked out of the entrance and was surprised to find herself in a big hut that resembled a meeting hall. There were three more entrances to other adjacent room-like huts and a big entrance as the exit. The chief's hut was the only hut in the village with room-like small huts connected to it. One as chief's bedroom, one for his mates, one as the kitchen, one as storage, and in the middle, connecting all, the big meeting hut for his official use.

Suddenly, one of the chief's mates came to Julie and led her into the kitchen to give her something to eat. Only then she realized she hadn't eaten anything for the day and was starving. In the kitchen, Julie got to know the other two mates of the chief and his young daughter. They were very friendly and respectful towards Julie. To them, other than Julie being the first mate of the chief, the white spirit deserved the utmost respect. One of them seemed to be around forty with very saggy breasts and had started to gain weight. The other one seemed to be around thirty and had an average body with a charming face. The young girl seemed to be around twelve. All of them were around four feet, and Julie felt like a giant among them. They tried to communicate with each other while eating. The eldest mate was trying to teach Julie their language, and the younger one was innocently smiling while admiring her beauty. The girl was very playful and was obsessed with Julie's hair. Julie and the girl immediately bonded with each other. She felt that the elder mate played the mother role, and the younger one was like an innocent elder sister. When it got dark, they lit up a fire in

the middle of the big hut and gathered around it. The girl, whose name Julie found out to be Maali, was leaning onto her while hugging her hand. She seemed to love Julie and was always around her the whole day.

When the night time came, the chief entered the hut after completing his official duties. The other mates brought dinner to the middle hut and served the chief and Julie. During the dinner, there was a lot of eye contact between the chief and Julie. She blushed, knowing what was to come after dinner. When the sleeping time came, Maali insisted that she sleep with the white spirit and refused to let Julie go. Julie laughed when her mother, the elder mate, said something sternly to her and dragged her away into the mates' hut. As the younger mate started to put off the fire, the chief stood up and offered his hand to Julie. Julie looked up at him with her blue eyes and gave her hand to him while lowering her gaze to let him lead her to their marriage bed.

In the bedroom hut, Julie let go of the chief's hand and untied her straw skirt. Then to the chief's surprise, she pushed him onto the fur and made him lay down on his back. It was the first time a woman had taken control, or he had let one take control during breeding. But knowing the white spirit always had sweet tricks to surprise him, he followed her lead. It was her wedding night, and Julie wanted to give the chief something special. So first, she knelt between his legs and started to stimulate the giant cock with her mouth. The moonlight was seeping into the hut through the window slit, and the chief could see her skillfully licking all of his cock and scrotum. Julie wanted to take the cock into her mouth, but it was too big to fit in her mouth without having her teeth biting it. After a while, his cock was dripping with her saliva and was pulsating with excitement. Then she crawled up his body like a cat, rubbing her full breasts along his thighs, penis, and stomach, and to the chest before giving him a deep kiss in the mouth. Their tongues danced together while chief ground his penis against her flat stomach in desperation.

Julie also felt his need, and her vagina was also now itching for Six bumps. With a wicked smile, she knelt up while straddling the chief's hips and positioned herself in a way that her vagina was directly on top of his penis base. Then she raised her body a bit, grabbed the huge cock, placed

the head right at her opening, and smiled, looking straight into his eyes. The chief was at a loss of words as this was something he had never imagined as a way of breeding, but the idea itself was enough to turn him on like he never had.

Holding the penis from the base, Julie relaxed her legs to let the gravity take over and impale herself with his big cock. She let out a long moan while looking up as his cock slid into her depths with bump after bump, stroking her clit as they slid into her. It was a slow, continuous, and fluid motion as she surrendered her love canal to gravity and the giant cock.

After a minute and a half of sliding down his cock while continuously moaning, Julie's vaginal lips kissed the base of the cock as the blue gem kissed her clitoris. Then Julie had her first orgasm of the night. Her whole body shook with a deep, loud moan, and her wetness started to drip down the chief's pelvis. She quickly recovered from the orgasm and smiled at the big-eyed chief. He had never seen such an erotic scene. He had to try hard not to cum when Julie had orgasmed.

“Ok big guy, why don't we start the ride?”

Julie said as she started to send ripples down her body. The ripples started with her rocking shoulders, and her spine transferred the ripple down to her hips. Her hips and thighs then moved her pelvis in a circular thrusting motion. It was a slow sensual moment that made the iron-made chief roll his eyes and moan in pleasure from witnessing and experiencing her dance of seduction.

Julie moaned and brought her arms up seductively while touching her body along her thighs, up her flat stomach, around her dancing breasts, along her neck, and then pushed her fingers into the strands of her hair. With her hands clutching the roots of her hair and moaning, she sped up her dancing. As wave after wave of movements went down her body to fuck the giant cock with her pussy, the chief extended his arms and started to play with her dancing breasts. After a shrieking scream, she came another time and fell onto the chief while breathing hard to catch her breath and still impaled on his cock. The chief also was breathing hard after his hard battle not to cum during the erotic display she had put on for him. After catching

their breaths, they looked into each other's eyes and smiled, sharing a thousand words in that glance. Once again, the lovers were sharing a deep kiss to reaffirm their bond.

After the kiss, Julie had one more trick up her sleeve that she wanted to show off that night. Again, with an evil smile, she raised her torso, and while still impaled on the chief's cock, she placed her feet flat on the fur and squatted on him. To take things one step further, she put each arm on her knees and spread them apart until her thighs were perpendicular to his body. Her stance was like a sumo wrestling stance, and she was still impaled on his cock.

The chief was at a loss of words after seeing the position Julie had taken. It completely opened up her sex and displayed the way his cock impaling her. It looked so vulgar and so erotic at the same time. Julie stayed still like that, looked at the chief with her lusty eyes, and started rocking her pelvis back and forth. The chief felt that he was getting very close to cumming and started to thrust up. She was moaning loud and was having difficulty keeping her balance in the new position while being hammered by a giant cock. But the un-ladylike position and way it left her so exposed turned her on massively. Within minutes, she was cumming and fell on the chief. She shook on top of him while groaning loud in pleasure. The chief also lost his control and started cumming while she laid on him.

When Julie came down from her orgasm, the chief was still cumming inside her. She loved the feeling of cum shooting within her. She raised her head and once again and kissed him deeply. He grunted, and she moaned within their locked lips every time he shot cum into her.

After some time, the insemination stopped. Julie broke the kiss and looked deep into the chief with her blue eyes and said, "I love you," before resting her head beside his and falling asleep while still impaled by his cock.

When the chief woke up in the morning, Julie was still sleeping on him with his soft cock lodged in her sex. Her soft breasts were deliciously pressing onto his chest, and he could feel her soft breathing and calm heartbeat. He turned his head to find her angelic face, eyes closed, and with

a faint smile decorating her lips. Just remembering the erotic events that had happened the previous night made his cock swell to full erection within her walls. Feeling her walls start to stretch from inside, Julie let out a faint moan while still sleeping. He still couldn't believe a woman could be so alluring, beautiful, and innocent but turn into a sex goddess when it came to fucking. She had gone over and beyond to pleasure him, and he felt lucky to have experienced something like that in his life.

The chief moved his now swelled cock a bit inside Julie and realized the load of cum he had pumped into Julie last night was still in her and was acting as an excellent lubricant. She had shown him a great collection of wonderful tricks last night, and he thought it was about time he repaid her with one of his tricks.

The chief rolled Julie onto her right side and rotated himself till he was kneeling, straddling her long right leg while holding her left leg up, pointing it towards the roof. All this happened in one quick swift move, and apart from a groan, Julie was still in her dreams. Then he hugged her toned left thigh against his chest and started jackhammering his cock into Julie. There was no foreplay or slow initiation. His large scrotum was resting on Julie's right inner thigh, and his pelvis was a blur, pumping into Julie at breakneck speed.

"uugh? WHAT? WHAT?" was Julie's first response at the sudden attack into her most sensitive place. When she looked down in panic to see what was happening between her legs, she found chief's pelvis a blur as he jackhammered her like a horny bunny. It was too much sensation at once, and she was still very sensitive from last night's adventure. It felt good and but was overwhelming enough to make it some kind of sweet pain. The relentless attack on her over sensitive walls was too much bear, and she wanted to crawl away from the onslaught.

"No.uugh!please.ah!stop for.eh!moment.mgh!ai!fuckyou.ah!" Julie muttered as she tried to use her arm to crawl away and give her pussy a little break. But the chief was holding her left thigh very tight, and soon her whole body started to go rigid with an oncoming forced orgasm. This was very different from any orgasms she had ever felt. It felt like her walls, her clit, and whole body was being pricked by thousands of needles. Fireworks

started to show in her vision, and her whole body started to writhe in a mix of pain, lust, and uninhibited passion. Her left leg extended rigidly, and her toes pointed up painfully like a ballerina. Finally, her fingers grabbed onto the fur with a vise grip, and she let out a murderous scream while her body and limbs writhed uncontrollably with inhuman strength. The chief got kicked hard enough in the chest to send him flying off the pile of fur and landed on the floor.

Julie was still twitching and rolling around while groaning when the two other mates and Maali came running to the room to see who had gotten hurt. Maali was the first to burst up laughing, seeing the scene, and the other two also followed with laughing. The chief felt so embarrassed that he gave an angry look to the laughing crowd, and they quickly dispersed into other rooms.

When Julie came down from her orgasm, the chief was still on the floor, looking at her with amazement.

“Serves you right, bastard,” She said while laughing,
“But thanks.” Julie’s blue eyes were now burning lust.

She felt weak after the mind-boggling orgasm but wanted to do something nice to him for giving her that unwanted sweet orgasm as her wake up call. She crawled down from the fur pile to where the chief was still sitting with his legs spread, showing the rock hard cock. She grabbed the shaft with her two hands, put her opened lips on the head, and started to suck and lick the opening while stroking the cock with her hands.

The chief admitted defeat. There was no beating the white spirit on the bed. He felt like Julie was sucking the very soul out of him. He leaned back on his arms and let the pleasure take over, and instead of the usual groaning, he moaned loudly when he started to shoot out his seed.

What happened next blew the chief's mind. Julie didn't take her mouth off as he had expected when he started cumming. Her hands still stroked the shaft, encouraging the ejaculation while keeping her lips tightly around the head. At first, he could see her cheeks start to stretch with the huge amount of cum he was pumping and then making the chief skip a heartbeat, he

watched her throat move as she swallowed with a loud gulp, again and again, until her cheeks deflated. She was drinking his seed. He never imagined that something like this was even possible, and it was the most arousing thing he had ever seen. The village women usually looked at seed with disgust, but Julie was moaning while gulping down his thick seed one load after the other while looking at him with her bright blue eyes. The chief threw his head up and moaned louder in pleasure while cumming even harder.

Julie knew the chief was going to cum for a long time and was going to cum a lot. She was getting tired of being on her elbows, so she lay down on her side and rested her head on the side of his thigh while still keeping her mouth on his cock. The chief kept pumping, and Julie kept gulping down each load like a suckling baby.

Julie loved the taste of chief's cum and moaned while savoring the flavor and texture. She used one hand to keep the pulsating monster pointed to her mouth and used the other to gently massage the large pulsating scrotum, encouraging him to feed her more.

When Julie started feeling full, the cock stopped pumping seed and started to go soft. She disengaged her lips from the cock while letting out a burp and gave the chief an embarrassed smile.

The chief still couldn't believe it. Julie drank all of his cum without spilling one drop and seemed to really enjoy it. While smiling wide, she knelt up facing him, and kissed him. He tasted a little of his own semen in her mouth but didn't mind it. While they exchanged their kiss, the chief felt a trace of some unfamiliar feelings in his heart. He stopped thinking and redirected his mind towards kissing back the sex goddess.

After the chief left the hut for his duties, Julie had to sleep in for at least two more hours. After she woke up, she put on one of her straw skirts and went to the kitchen searching for other family members. About five women were in the kitchen, and she entered among cheers and clapped from the women. It looked like the chief's mates weren't good at keeping family matters to themselves and had spread the news of what had happened. Julie's white skin turned pink as she blushed in embarrassment. Still, it

elevated Julie's position among women as the only one who had been able to out fuck the Tiger spirit. When they offered her breakfast, she had to pass on it as she was full with a healthy portion of cum in her belly.

Julie's life started to revolve around meeting with other women during the day and mind-blowing carnal lovemaking with the chief at night. Every morning, she received a healthy dosage of seed to drink from the chief after the regular blowjob. He couldn't get enough of Julie's mouth loving, and Julie couldn't get enough of the taste and the submission she felt while she drank his seed like a suckling baby.

The other mates were starting to get confused by Julie's constant refusal to eat breakfast. They knew the chief was focusing on breeding Julie, so the eldest mate was keen on keeping Julie healthy and nurtured. In the tribe, the birth rate was so low that a woman was considered lucky to conceive even after six months of breeding. After giving birth once, it became even harder to get pregnant for the tribal women.

The chief was known as the most virile male in the whole tribe. He was able to breed a woman who hadn't given birth before, usually within four months. As he bred other high-cast women, the chief gifted his children to high-cast couples that had trouble conceiving. Maali was the only child he had decided to keep with him as she was the first child born from one of his mates.

Everyone in the tribe wanted to witness a child conceived by the two spirits. So, the eldest mate was adding fertility medicine to Julie's food. Hence, Julie's refusal to eat breakfast was starting to bother her.

One day, the mystery was solved when the curious second mate decided to peek in and saw what the chief and the white spirit were up to every morning. She was shocked to see Julie greedily gulping down the chief's seed. Soon, all the village's women got to know about this, and all were intrigued by the idea instead of disgust.

From then on, the two mates started to spy as Julie and the chief fucked each other in different ways and manners every night. Through them, the village women were learning about bizarre ways the white spirit bred.

Whatever erotic or perverted thing Julie came up with while she and chief fucked, the village women started to worship them as the proper ways of spirit breeding. Soon, more and more village women were gulping down their men's seed and were riding their big cocks. And the men were blessing the white spirit for teaching their women the hidden ways of breeding pleasures.

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Assassination Attempt

Without knowing, Julie was beginning to change the tribe's social structure from inside. Her reputation grew day by day, and the only person unhappy with Julie in the tribe was the shaman. The shaman was starting to feel as if her influence and power over the tribe was starting to weaken as Julie's influence took over. She was no longer the highest woman in the tribe.

The shaman failed to stop the chief from making Julie the first mate. So she made sure that Julie wouldn't get pregnant by sending the chief's hut fertility medicines that would make her infertile as long as she took them every three days. Since she had to account for the chief's other mates might take the medicine, she couldn't use permanent infertility medicines. So until she gets a good opportunity to render the pale women permanently infertile, she had to resort to these mild, temporary methods. The old woman predicted that as long as Julie doesn't give birth to the chief's child, she wouldn't gain a proper position in the tribe. But it seemed Julie was already rising above her.

As the medicine woman trembled with anger and jealousy, she remembered the new order from the chief's mate asking for fertility medicine. With her old hands, she replaced the medicine with a secret poison that could slowly kill a human over a period of a week. She could explain to the tribe that the white spirit came down with a disease from the spirit world. Blinded by hatred, she no longer cared even if someone other than Julie could die from this plan.

The medicine woman had the perfect plan for the perfect crime, but there was a small hole in her plan. She didn't account for her apprentice to see her switching the medicine for Julie with something she took out from her secret poison box.

The apprentice, Meya, was one of the girls who worshipped the white spirit and her beauty. Julie was always kind to her when she delivered medicines. The white spirit was very humble despite her status being the highest in the tribe among women. Due to the distrust Jack had already planted in her heart about the shaman, Meya didn't have a hard time making a decision.

When the shaman handed Meya the poison to deliver to the chief's hut, she went straight to the chief and explained what had happened, including how the shaman had been sending infertility medicines disguised as fertility medicine.

The chief was furious and went with his soldiers to capture the medicine woman. Sensing danger, the shaman had been keeping her eyes on the village, and when she saw the furious chief and his men coming towards her hut, she grabbed some of her secret potions and fled into the Jungle.

The chief sent men pursuing after her and returned to the village. But the medicine woman was very fast for her old age and managed to elude the pursuing guards and disappear into the poison jungle. When they returned to the village and reported what had happened, The chief assumed that the shaman must have drunk one of her secret potions to run like the wind. He wasn't that furious about his men failing to catch the shaman because he knew that even with all the medicinal knowledge, the old hag wouldn't survive that long alone in the jungle.

The next shaman was quickly appointed as there were three more women in the tribe with enough medicinal knowledge and experience. But still, the previous one was considered as one of the best in the past few generations.

Julie also learned what had happened, and she felt a little disappointed that all the fantastic sex she has had with the chief wasn't going to make her pregnant but glad that it wasn't permanent; after three days, things were going to go back to normal, and the chief would start the real breeding of Julie. Soon, as Julie counted her three days with excitement, the village went back to its everyday slow existence.

Two days after the big incident, Sam was walking into the village with Jack. Sam preferred not to go into the village since he never felt welcomed there. But this time, as he walked among huts and tribe people, he noticed that they didn't look at his penis and gave him looks of contempt. Julie had given the tribe a good impression of white outsiders. They didn't respect Sam, but since he had come to the village together with their beloved white spirit, they didn't look at him with disgust anymore. The reason Sam followed Jack into the village was to get a glimpse of Julie. He was missing his wife. He wanted to see her blue eyes and check if there were any traces of his wife in them. It was the purpose of his life now. Be close to Julie's body and be sure that he's there for her when his wife returns as the primary personality.

Before long, Sam got his wish granted. At the village center, Julie was talking with some women in a mix of native and sign language. A few feet away, the chief was there with two of his men. A young girl was hanging onto Julie's arm and was surrounded by many more girls. It looked funny as some girls had their whole bodies painted white as if they were trying to look like Julie. Still among them, Julie stood tall like a goddess. The golden rays from the evening sun made her white skin glow like gold, and her full breasts were standing proud on her exposed chest. There was a primal beauty about her with all the native wear she had on.

As Julie was talking, her eyes turned to Sam, looking at her from about ten feet away. Their eyes met for a second before she looked away as if wanting to avoid his gaze. In that second, Sam saw a fraction of his wife deep in her blue eyes. It was as if she was trying to reach for him but couldn't. That was all he wanted to know. He couldn't help but hang on to the belief that his beloved wife was still living in the corner of Julie's mind.

While wiping a tear from his eye, Sam turned to go back to his hut. As he turned, he noticed something unusual within the crowd: an old woman with her face painted and a straw coat covering her whole body. A blowpipe slowly emerged from within straws and started to point toward Julie that was towering over the short women and girls. As the woman took a deep breath, Sam stopped thinking and started to run toward Julie. The woman exhaled her breath fast, and a poison dart was flying toward Julie.

The sudden blow sound attracted everyone's attention to the woman. As Julie, the chief, Jack, and everyone around watched, the poison dart approached Julie. Suddenly Sam's body came into Julie's view, blocking the approaching dart.

The moment the dart hit Sam's back, his eyes met Julie's. In Sam's eyes, Julie saw nothing more than love. Sam's body hit the ground, and he tried to get up; he felt his whole body starting to go numb. It was much faster than the poison dart he had experienced before. A dark ring was soon darkening his vision, and it completely got dark as he went unconscious.

The woman was the shaman who had come to take revenge on Julie for stealing everything she had from her. She also knew that with her old age, she wouldn't last long in the jungle alone. Her plan was to kill Julie and commit suicide instead of dying in the jungle. As she tried to reload the blowpipe while cursing Sam for interfering with her revenge, she felt a spear go through her arm, making her drop the pipe and a bunch of poison darts. Before she could stab herself with one of the fallen darts, she was surrounded by soldiers and apprehended.

As Julie witnessed Sam go down defending her, she felt a sharp pain in her head. The look in his eyes as he jumped in front of her burned all the way into her soul. Deep in her soul, the old Julie witnessed her love of life, giving his life to protect her. As she looked at the motionless body of Sam, his wife screamed in sorrow deep in her heart. Julie suddenly grabbed her head, and while screaming, she fell unconscious.

A Ray of Hope

After the dramatic incident of capturing the former medicine woman, Sam dying on the ground and Julie suddenly falling unconscious, everyone was confused about what to do. The chief took his charge as the ruler and instructed people to take Julie into the hut and take Sam to Meya, who had become a shaman and inherited the old shamans' belongings. He could have easily ignored Sam and let him die, but the chief felt in debt to Sam for sacrificing himself to protect the white spirit.

The chief looked at the old woman with his eyes burning with anger and ordered his soldiers to tie her to a big poll in the village center. He was going to grant the old shaman her death wish, but it would be a painfully slow one.

MeYa, the new shaman, struggled to detoxify the poison in Sam's body. The former medicine woman was the real deal, and it wasn't going to be easy to negate her secret poison completely. MeYa was the old shaman's student, and she took it personally to show her capability as the new shaman by overcoming her mentor's poison. As the other medicine women in the village labored to revive Julie from her sleep, with Jack working as her helper, MeYa labored beside Sam for hours before she finally stabilized his condition. It wasn't a perfect treatment, and Sam's will to live was put to the real test.

Sam opened his eyes and surveyed the hut he was in. It wasn't his hut. It was filled with dried plants and a lot of clay pots. The smell of herb overpowered his sense of smell. He was still feeling very groggy, sleepy and felt like his body didn't have any strength left in it. When he slowly turned his head, Jack was sitting beside him, smiling wide while letting out a sigh of relief.

“Man, you are something else. You risked your life to save Julie without a hint of hesitation and escaped certain death. It looks like there's much

more to you than I thought,” Jack said while putting a hand on Sam’s shoulder. He was genuinely glad that Sam survived.

“How long have I been out?” Sam asked while clearing his dry throat.

“You have been out for about two days. You were fighting with death. Meya said that your will to live was the main reason she had enough time to give you potions to fight the poison,” Jack answered as he put a bowl of water to Sam’s lips to drink.

“How’s Julie? Is she ok?” Sam asked after drinking the whole water bowl like it was his last drink.

“You saved her life for sure. But, after seeing you go down, she screamed and fell unconscious. She’s still in a deep sleep in the chief's hut. Don't worry, she’s not in any danger. They are taking good care of her, and I’m sure she would wake up at any moment. For now, you drink this porridge and focus on regaining your strength,” Jack said while putting a bowl of porridge to Sam’s lips.

Sam drank the porridge and closed his eyes to fall asleep. He needed to regain his life force after the intense battle with the grim reaper.

Jack's Plan

Later that night, Jack arrived at the village center. There was no bonfire, and the area remained dark. As he quietly approached the area where they had erected poles used for many purposes, he heard the faint sound of pained groans.

Jack took a mental gasp when he finally saw the old shaman tied standing to a pole. Through the sliver of moon in the dark sky, he was about to see the details when he got near to her.

The chief seemed determined to make the old shaman suffer a great deal for her transgressions against his authority and make her an example for other would-be rebels. The chief had her stripped naked, leg tendons cut, and slathered in some type of sap that attracted all types of insects, especially ones that appreciate some protein in their diet. Ants had already stripped her feet almost to the bones while more covered her body in the process of slowly eating away her skin, one tiny bite at a time.

The chief had people force-feeding her honey and water to keep her alive and prolong her suffering. On the first two days, she had been screaming and begging for anyone to kill her and end her suffering, but no one dared disobey the chief, especially after seeing the fate of the old shaman. Jack couldn't help but sigh at the misfortune of this once high and mighty shaman of the village.

"Have you come to laugh at me too?" the old woman asked in a hoarse voice, filled with defeat and head hung.

"I have come to grant your release, old woman," Jack calmly said.

The old woman raised her head as if trying to look at Hack, but her eyes were already too damaged by insects to open.

"Outsider?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes," Jack said, "If you honestly answer my questions, I will grant you your release from all this suffering."

"What do you want to know?" Old shaman asked, with a hint of her previous arrogance.

"I know you gave the chief 'the binding spell' potions to use it on the pale woman. I want to know how to undo the binding," Jack said.

The old woman at first seemed surprised by the fact that Jack knew of this. Then she chuckled and said, "Once it's taken root, even I can't undo it. Only before it's taken root or at a stage the effect is not stable can a potion be used to counter the binding spell. If I had the ability, I would have already done it before our stupid chief made that woman the first mate."

Jack thought for a moment and asked, "The pale woman is right now unconscious for three days after witnessing the pale man blocking your poison dart and going down. Is this a moment of instability for the binding spell?"

"She is burning with fever?" Old shaman asked.

"Yes," Jack replied.

"Hmm? So the despicable woman has a powerful will. This is the first time I've heard anyone making the binding spell unstable through sheer will," The old woman said and added with a chuckle, "She's going to die like that, so why should I do anything to save her? She's the reason why I'm like this now."

Jack said, "You are suffering the consequences of your own actions. But if you tell me how to save her and a way for outsiders to cross the poison jungle, I'll help you end your life. Otherwise, I'm pretty sure the chief will keep you alive as long as he could like this, having an inch of your body eaten alive every day."

Jack's last few words made the old shaman visibly shake.

After a moment of thinking, the old woman's lips started to move and tell Jack what he wanted to know.

After listening intently and memorizing all the details, Jack said, "give me a couple of days to confirm you are telling the truth, till then, take this to numb your body for a few days," and put a small clay bottle on her lips.

The old shaman immediately identified the contents from the smell, and greedily drank every drop of it as if it were god's elixir.

"Still, be sure to appear to be in pain, or the chief will find out and put guards around you," Jack said before he walked away.

Jack went to Meya and informed her about what the old shaman had told about a potion that could save the white spirit. Jack left out any details about the medicine being a potion to get rid of the binding spell. Hearing that it was a secret recipe from her former mentor, Meya was very eager to show off to other shamans and cure the first mate.

While Meya hurried and got busy brewing the potion, Jack silently slipped into the medicine storage and found a cleverly hidden small pot of potion the old shaman had told him about. If she had told the truth, this potion should allow even an outsider to gain temporary immunity for most poisons in the poison jungle for about a month. To ensure that the old hag wouldn't lie, Jack had informed her that he would take the potion and try out a few poisons. If she had lied, he would die, and she would die a slow, agonizing death at the hands of the chief.

Jack secretly took the pot of potion to his hut and drank some of it, planning to test its effects in the morning.

Reunited

While unconscious, Julie was waging her own battle inside her head. Enraged by her husband's fall, unconscious and burning with fever, the old Julie fought hard against the binding spell.

Early in the morning, Meya showed up at the chief's hut with the completed potion, claiming she could cure the first mate. Since it was Meya that betrayed her mentor and stopped the poisoning of Julie before, the chief was delighted and happy to let her treat Julie.

When Sam regained enough strength to walk, before leaving to the jungle to test the poison immunity potion, Jack took Sam to his hut and advised Sam to rest and regain his strength as fast as he could. Sam was puzzled by his advice but followed it, knowing Jack always had a reason behind everything he said.

Few hours after administering the new potion, Julie opened her eyes to find the chief's two other mates and Meya beside her, looking worried. She turned to the younger mate and inquired about the white male and how long she had been unconscious. Giving the best good news she ever had in her lifetime, Meya answered that Julie had been unconscious for three days, and she had treated the white male, and he was doing fine.

Tears flowed from Julie's eyes from the happiness of learning that Sam was okay, and also from the horror of remembering what she had done with the chief in the recent past. She remembered her days under the effect of the binding spell as a vivid dream with great detail. If it weren't for Sam in her life, the anger and shame would have been enough for her to desire death.

Julie then remembered about the medicines. After discovering that the old medicine woman had been secretly giving her birth control medicines, she had taken fertility medicines from a new shaman. Since Julie had been unconscious for three days, the old medicine should have already worn off, and the new fertility medicine should have taken effect, making her

extremely fertile. The chief should be very eager to impregnate her now, and even if she managed to fake illness now, it was only a matter of time he breeds her.

Julie told herself that if she were to get pregnant, she should carry the child of the man she loves, and not the child of an old native rapist. Julie knew she had to do something and do it quickly.

In a hurry, she tried to get up only to be stopped by the two mates. They told her that she must rest, and the chief was currently on his patrol, and they would send a messenger to him with good news. Julie looked at the eldest mate and told her that she must go. Tears were flowing non-stop across her cheeks as she pleaded with the woman. As a woman, the elder mate understood the desperation in Julie's eyes and let go of her while instructing the younger one to do the same.

With Meya watching confused and unable to refute the chief's mates' orders, Julie thanked while sobbing and started running toward Sam's hut.

Sam was sleeping in the hut when Julie suddenly barged in through the entrance. She tried to catch her breath after running so fast. Sam got up and looked at her with eyes and mouth opened big, and when Julie's searching eyes met Sam's, right then Sam understood that his dear Julie had come back. Tears started pouring from both their eyes as they kept looking at each other, and then Julie jumped on to Sam, who was now sitting on the mat, and hugged him tightly.

"Sam! Oh my god, tell me I'm not dreaming. Please tell me I'm not dreaming," Julie cried while hugging her long lost husband.

"You are not dreaming, Julie," Sam whispered as he wrapped his right hand around her to hug her tight and his left hand to cradle her head against his shoulder in a caring manner. Julie raised her head to look at Sam's eyes and leaned in to kiss him deep to make sure that he was real and not a part of a dream.

Julie and Sam shared a deep, soul reaching kiss for about five minutes before they separated. While looking back at Sam with her blue eyes, Julie

started to remember all the things she had done with the chief and how cruel her other self had been to Sam. She remembered how broken Sam's eyes had looked at that time, but when she looked at him now, they looked much brighter and stronger than they had ever been. Julie was overwhelmed with shame and guilt for what she had done to Sam and what kind of unfaithful things she had done with the chief. She even married that old crook, and she didn't know how she could even begin to explain to Sam that what she had done was done without her control.

"I know I did things to you that cannot ever be forgiven. I'm so sorry, Sam. I didn't wish for things to happen like this. I had no control. I let that old pervert ruin me. But I don't know how to explain it to you," Julie said while looking down in shame and new tears fell from her eyes.

"Shhhhh...you don't have to say anymore, Julie. I know what happened. Jack found out about the trick the old bastard pulled to steal you," Sam said and explained everything to Julie, who had a shocked expression on her face through the whole thing.

After hearing everything, Julie had to take some time to process everything before saying sorrow, "But still, I'm spoiled now. That monster ruined my body. A wonderful person like you does not deserve something dirty like me. He destroyed my...", Julie got silenced by another kiss from Sam.

"All that matters is that we love each other. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met. But, it was your beautiful mind that made me fall in love with you. So what your body did with that monster, do not lessen the love I have for you by even a fraction. In the past few days, I came to love you even more than I ever did," Sam said while looking deep into Julie's eyes.

By looking at his eyes, Julie understood that he meant every word he said. She wiped the tears off her face and said with overflowing love, "I'm so lucky to have met a person like you, Sam."

"I love you," Sam said.

"I love you too, Sam," Julie said this time without a hint of hesitation.

Julie and Sam kissed, and this one wasn't as gentle as the previous ones; It was full of lust.

Julie remembered the main reason she escaped to meet Sam. She wanted him to plant his seeds in her before that old crook got the chance to get in between her legs. Julie also feared the possibility of going back to being under the control of the potion since neither Sam nor Julie understood how she ended up regaining full control of her mind.

Julie's face turned serious as she explained to Sam about the fertility medicines and that she was as ripe as a woman could get at that moment.

"Sam, please make love to me and give me your baby. If I'm going to get pregnant, I want it to be the child of my husband. I don't want to be bred by that monster," Julie said while crying.

Sam understood the situation, and he was thankful to Julie for taking a significant risk to come and present him the honor of giving her first baby. He held her face with both hands and gave her a deep, loving kiss. Julie loved to engage in that moment of love and foreplay forever, but she knew that the chief would find out that she was gone and come looking for her anytime. They were short on time to make sweet love.

While kissing, Julie undid her straw skirt and lay down on the mat. On the mat, she spread her legs wide, inviting Sam to get in between her legs and perform his husbandly duties. It was the most erotic and beautiful thing Sam had ever seen. The most beautiful woman he had ever seen was lovingly inviting him to give her a child. He was enjoying the view he was presented for a moment.

"Sam, I'm sorry, but I don't think we have much time. We have to make this quick, my love," Julie said with a hint of worry.

Sam quickly got on top of Julie's beautiful body and humped his hip forward to find her opening with his penis. It wasn't hard to find his wife's opening as he has had sex with her so many times before. But unexpectedly,

his penis went into her depths unopposed, and his whole penis was in her in one small thrust. After having a monster cock at least once a day for weeks, Julie's sex was ruined for Sam by the old chief. He didn't want to let Julie sense it and started to thrust as usual. Julie also realized that she wasn't feeling much of her husband's penis in her. It used to fill her so much, even to the point of hurting, but she didn't mind not feeling any physical pleasure. The fact that she was reunited again with her husband was enough to satisfy her, and all she hoped for was that Sam would be able to salvage something out of her ruined vagina and give her his precious semen.

As time went, Sam was thrusting into Julie fast and desperately. Both were starting to realize that there wasn't enough resistance inside Julie's vagina for him to achieve orgasm. It was a painful truth the partners had to accept woefully. Sam was trying hard cum as he didn't want to hurt Julie's feelings. Accepting the facts, Julie put a hand on Sam's shoulders to stop his thrusting.

"I'm sorry, Sam. I'm ruined," Julie said with a sob as tears fell from her eyes.

"No, please don't say that, honey. It's just... I'm too stressed to cum. It's my fault," Sam said while wiping Julie's tears.

Julie started to cry harder as she realized that Sam was trying to take the blame to make her feel good. Then she had an idea.

"Sam, there's another place that's still not ruined. As an apology, I'll give you my anal virginity. You have every right to claim it," Julie said after she stopped crying.

Sam couldn't believe his ears; after all the times he had been trying to convince Julie, she was offering her anal cherry to him. He would enjoy Julie's virgin ass until he was ready to cum and then cum inside her vagina. Julie had come up with a good plan in this disaster of a situation.

"Thank you. You are the best wife," Sam said after giving her an appreciative kiss.

“Just make sure you cum in my vagina,” Julie said, reminding him of the real objective and got ready to lose her anal virginity.

Sam pulled out of Julie’s loose enclosure and put his head between her legs. Julie expected him to take her anal virginity right away and was confused about what he was doing.

“Sam, we don’t have much time to play around,” Julie said while lifting her head to see what he was up to.

“You can’t take me in there before you loosen up or without any lubrication. I don’t want to hurt you,” Sam said while looking into Julie’s blue eyes.

As if giving her approval, Julie put her head down and waited for something new. When Sam looked at his gift up and close, he noticed that Julie’s brown star that was right under her pink sex was throbbing in anticipation of his tongue. When Sam gave the first lick that ran his tongue over her rectum, Julie breathed in loud and hard from the new sensation. Hearing Julie’s reaction and how her small star clenched, he got encouraged and started his relentless licking attack on Julie’s rectum.

This wasn’t something Julie had ever felt. As Sam’s red hot tongue ran over her sensitive opening, she started to moan loud. She even loved the way his nose was continually teasing her pussy as he thoroughly lubricated her anal opening. As the tongue kept teasing, the pleasure started to loosen her tight opening, and soon the tip of his tongue was slipping in, making Julie see stars. Sam took full use of the opportunity and started to feed in his tongue into her virgin hole. It was a pleasure she had never experienced, and soon Julie was climaxing while squeezing Sam’s head between her strong legs.

After going through a shuddering climax while moaning hard, Julie’s legs slowly let go of Sam’s head. Sam knew Julie’s anal opening was well lubricated and was relaxed enough to lose its virginity. He knelt between her spread legs, and while holding his penis with his hand, he looked at Julie after placing his penis head on top of her brown star. While smiling, Julie nodded to give him the approval to take her anal virginity. With that,

he started to put pressure as Julie squeezed her eyes shut with pain and focused on relaxing her sphincter to allow access into her untouched territory.

Sam looked in amazement as the once tiny star-like opening started to widen around his penis head and reluctantly opened the passage. As her tight opening started to widen, Julie was breathing hard as if she was giving birth. Then with a small jab from Sam, the head slipped in, and Julie gave out a painful yelp. He kept the head inside her without moving and enjoyed the incredible tightness around his shaft as the newly opened passage tried to strangle the intruder. When he felt her anal passage loosen its grip a bit, he thrust in a little again, burring about half an inch more into her. Julie would give out a painful gasp and tighten her death grip around his penis again. Every small thrust was like claiming her anal virginity again and again. It was all Sam could do not to lose control and bury his penis into Julie's ass in one brutal thrust. But his desire to avoid hurting Julie kept him in check.

After about ten minutes of claiming Julie's ass, Sam was finally balls deep in her ass. He kept it buried in her as Julie struggled to get used to the new invader while breathing hard. Soon, she started to relax, and the pleasure started to seep in. feeling Julie's ass staring to relax around his penis, Sam pulled his cock out about an inch and thrust in again. This time, instead of a painful gasp, a moan escaped her mouth. Feeling encouraged, he started to increase the intensity of his thrust. Soon Julie was moaning and writhing in pleasure as her body experienced a new form of pleasure.

Sam lowered his torso on to Julie's and started hammering into Julie's ass while he kissed her. She wrapped her arm and legs around him tightly as if she didn't ever want to let him go. Soon her moans turned very loud, and Sam had to kiss her to muffle her moans between their locked lips. Julie let out a scream of pleasure into Sam's mouth and started to shake and shudder as her anal passage massaged his penis with a death grip. Sam suddenly felt a warm spray of liquid starting to drench his pelvis. Julie was orgasming hard and was ejaculating. Sam felt so proud about being able to make Julie ejaculate. It was the first time he had managed to do that to Julie.

After the orgasm, Julie was kissing Sam all around his face while thanking him. This was what she wanted, sex with a person she actually loved and loved her back. That orgasm felt more satisfying than the numerous ones she had in the past weeks. She felt her legs become weak and had to put them down on the mat to give them a rest.

Sam felt cum boiling in his balls and the need to cum. He had to struggle to pull his penis out of her still throbbing and gripping anal passage. After pulling out with a plop sound, he quickly washed his dick using the nearby water pot and buried it into Julie's vagina before resuming thrusting to achieve orgasm.

Right when Sam felt cum churn in his balls traveling up through the shaft, he felt strong hands on his shoulders, pulling him away from Julie. He heard Julie's wailing 'No!' and his cum started to shoot into the open-air instead of inside his wife's fertile depths. His head received a hard blow, and the world went dark as he looked at Julie's eyes that were filled with fear.

Bred Against Will

The chief was furious to find the outsider pounding into his first mate. He caught Sam from his shoulders and threw him away from Julie's body. The chief was glad that he made it in time to find his first mate in the old hut she used to share with her pathetic former partner because right after the chief had pulled the pale man out of white spirit, he started to release his seed. A second later, the lowly man could have spoiled his plan to breed the pale woman.

The chief couldn't tolerate that Julie undermined his right to breed her. She belonged to him, and he had the exclusive right to her beautiful body and the fertile womb. He came with two of his men with spears, and Julie was screaming when the outsider went down from the hit he took to his head. She tried to run in and attack the man who hit Sam, but the chief easily caught her by her midriff and threw her back down to the mat. He was going to breed her right then and there to teach her a lesson of obedience.

Knowing that there was a good chance she would get pregnant if the chief managed to flood her womb with his torrents of cum, Julie fought hard. The chief couldn't believe the woman that let him breed her enthusiastically until now was fighting against him so hard. It was as if the effects of the binding spell had disappeared.

The chief had the sudden realization that maybe it was the case, but the potion's effect should be permanent as he knew. He cursed the old shaman under his breath for this blunder and made a mental note to add more torture to her punishment.

Julie was doing a good job of keeping her long legs closed while lying on the mat. She was using her long legs to keep the chief's monster cock from reaching her sex, which only fueled his anger more and more. Getting frustrated by failing to get his penis into her opening, the chief signaled one of his men, and the man pointed the sharp point to the neck of unconscious

Sam. Julie saw this and got the message. She had to offer her womb and dignity in exchange for the life of her husband. New tears started to pour down from her eyes as she decided to give up her womb. While giving her murderous stare at the chief with her eyes, she opened up her long legs.

“Here, take it. You’ll go to hell for what you are doing to us,” Julie said as she cursed the old man with her whole heart.

After a while, when Sam woke up, there was intense pain in his head, and he was still half unconscious. He faintly heard Julie’s cries and groans mixed with the familiar slapping sound. He used all his strength to open his heavy eyelids to see what was happening. When he finally managed to half-open his right eyelid, his vision was full of swinging giant balls of a man. Above the giant scrotum was a dark ass going up and down between two white legs. The two white legs were struggling around as if they were trying to push off the thrusting hips while twitching every time the dark ass fell hard. They were the long toned legs of Julie he loved so much. He wanted to help her. He wanted to stop her rape. But as he struggled to summon his strength, his vision started to go dark again.

The chief was ruthless and was hammering his giant cock into Julie’s depths without mercy. She was crying loud with sorrow and screaming in anger. She didn’t feel the pleasures she used to feel from the monster cock before. There was a physical pleasure, but the overwhelming mental distress turned the whole ordeal into a torture session for Julie. She was not only being raped; she was also about to be forcefully impregnated by this old monster.

The chief’s eyes were still filled with anger as he sawed his tool in and out of Julie’s reluctant body. He angled his cock in a way that, when he slammed into her, the cock head would hit her cervix directly. He watched as her whole body Jerked with pain when he did that, and he wanted to punish her for her disobedience. He pinned her long legs to his shoulder and started to wreak havoc in her sensitive depths.

As the chief Jackhammered her with malice, Julie screamed in pleasure mixed with pain. Then to her horror, Julie felt the vile tool in her start to expand a bit. The old crook was about to cum deep inside her fertile belly,

and her young body was about to be hijacked by a bastard child of the savage. Julie started crying hysterically and started punching his face telling him to get off. The chief caught her hands with his and rooted his monster cock deep, and held it firm.

“Noooooooooooo, curse you old fuck,” Julie screamed while crying out loud as she felt the first batch of hot, thick, and potent cum spray against her cervix.

When Sam woke up again, there was no slapping sound. But he clearly heard Julie’s crying and whimpers accompanied by male grunts. She was cursing, “Fuck you, bastard. Stop shooting your filth into me. Nooo...stop it!”

Sam half-opened his eyes to see the giant scrotum now pulsating, and a thick white liquid was gathering on the mat. The man had his wife’s long legs pinned to her shoulders and cumming deep inside her upturned pussy. His heart fell as he realized that someone was cumming into Julie’s fertile womb. Someone was forcing her to carry his child as her first pregnancy. The thick white liquid in that big pulsating scrotum was ruining the innocent dreams he and his wife had. His beautiful wife was being bred. His vision started to go dark again as he thought that he had failed again as a husband.

After getting thoroughly bred by the chief, Julie was carried back to the chief’s hut. Julie gave up and lay on the fur, looking blankly at the roof; the chief had given orders to keep her under house arrest. She heard construction noises next to the bedroom hut outside but wasn’t interested in checking it. She thought that her actions had ruined both her and Sam’s lives, but she was glad that she could come into a deal with the chief to let Sam live, and she would accept her position as the chief’s first mate and willingly breed with him. The chief had agreed to it while wiping the blood from his nose. He didn’t want to risk getting hit like that every time he bred this woman. No matter how strong a man was, he was at his weakest when he was seeding a woman. There was another reason the chief didn’t kill Sam immediately; He wanted the man to suffer. That’s why he gave new orders to build a big bamboo cage right next to his bedroom hut. He

wanted to keep Sam imprisoned and hear the breeding of his woman every night and morning.

Sam woke up to the sound of Julie's grunts, accompanied by slapping noises. It had become night, and he felt some strength in his body. He quickly got up to help his wife but found himself trapped in a cage made with bamboo. Julie's voice was coming from a hut that was about ten feet away from his cage. He tried to break through the bamboo and found it to be much stronger than he had thought. He was helpless again. He knew the chief was breeding his wife. From the sound of grunts, moans, and frequent protesting noises and curses, he knew Julie was being taken against her will. It wasn't another personality anymore, and it was his real wife in mind and body that was being raped in that hut. He cursed everyone and kept looking with eyes full of tears at the hut his.

The chief had taken some medicine himself to last long and was pounding into Julie nonstop. After receiving a good beating into her vagina for nearly an hour, Julie's protests were fading into a constant whimper. Even if she didn't want any pleasure from this breeding, her body was helpless against the nonstop fucking. The chief knew the outsider must be awake by then, and he wanted to make Julie scream before he planted his seed in her womb. He pushed his cock deep in as much as he could go and started to gyrate his hip while keeping his cock buried inside her. This made his cock gyrate inside Julie's body and stir her inside. Her flat belly bulged and distended as the gyrating cock moved her womb around inside her. Julie was trying her best not to orgasm, but her body was listening to none of it.

Feeling her womb getting stirred around by the chief's cock, Julie finally lost the fight and orgasmed hard.

"Oh my god, what are you doing? Stop it! You'll hurt something. Nononononono.....aaaaarrrrrgh..fuck youuuuuuuu!" Julie screamed as she was rudely forced to orgasm.

Sam heard as Julie was forced to orgasm and soon heard the chief's familiar grunts as the old man inseminated his beautiful young wife. The hut went quiet for a few hours, and in the middle of the night, Sam woke up

again to Julie's protests that later turned into grunts, whimpers, and slapping noise that would eventually lead to another orgasm. Sam kept listening to Julie as she got bred by the chief once again that night.

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The Escape

In the early morning, when it was still dark, Sam was awakened by Jack. He had sneaked near his cage when everyone in the village was asleep. The chief had given a direct command forbidding anyone to interact with Sam without the chief's permission. After hearing from Sam what had happened, Jack was delighted to hear that Julie had come back to her original self but dismayed at how things had turned to the worse for Sam and Julie when he was at the cusps of saving them.

When Jack told Sam about the deal with the old shaman and how Julie had received the medicine to negate the binding spell, Sam felt immense gratitude towards Jack.

"Jack, my brother, I have no words to tell how thankful I am for your help in saving Julie. But we did such a rash thing and put all your hard work to waste," Sam said apologetically.

"No need to think like that, Sam. If I were in your case, I would have done the same as you and Julie. I should have told you about the medicine, but I didn't expect Meya to finish brewing it by the morning and give it to Julie," Jack said and added, "And all hope is not lost yet. Today I went to the jungle and tested out that antidote potion, and it works," with delight on his face.

Hearing this, Sam also got a hopeful look on his face and asked, "You mean we can escape this village?"

Jack said, "Yes, but don't be in a hurry. With what had happened with Julie, the chief would be quick to notice if she goes missing, and he'll be pursuing us with all his might."

"Jack, you have to help Julie. She is suffering. I'm more than willing to give my life if it comes to it to make sure she safely escapes," Sam pleaded

to Jack.

Jack was impressed by Sam's look of conviction; he truly has reborn stronger and looked much more dependable.

“Don't be silly, Sam. None of us are dying. I have a plan,” Jack said, looking into Sam's eyes with a serious look.

Jack continued, " I have the antidote ready for you and Julie to take the day before we escape. Also, I have to make other preparations to deal with the chief's men coming after us. If my guess is right, he values Julie so much that he might personally come after us. So give me some time to secure a path of escape and lay some surprises for our would-be pursuers."

Sam agreed with Jack and said, “I can't help worrying about Julie. How long would the preparations take?” Sam asked Jack with concern.

Jack said, "I'm also worried about Julie. I'll get things ready as quickly as I can. Don't lose hope, Sam. You both are strong, and your love is strong. You will survive and escape this. In the meantime, I will avoid visiting you to avoid any suspicion; the chief is a cunning man. Julie is a strong woman, and she'll survive through this too. When you see a bunch of flowers hanging on the bush in front of you, that's the signal that you have to be ready to make the escape,” Jack said before vanishing back into the darkness.

The hut was Julie's prison now. The chief had put two guards at the entrance to guard it. When she wanted to go to the outhouse or the river, she was always accompanied by two guards and a fellow mate. The chief would come with a raging hard-on in the evening and would fuck her till late at night, sometimes till the sunrise. She knew he was trying his best to impregnate her, and he was doing an excellent job at it. Every time he fucked her, his monster cock would reach the deepest parts of her and fill her with unbelievable amounts of thick semen. She didn't physically protest her breeding in fear of Sam's life, and the thing she hated the most was when the chief forced her to orgasm. After hours of sexual abuse, the connection between the mind and body starts to fade away, and the body

would orgasm on its own. Julie knew the chief was trying to make her scream loud with pleasure and wanted Sam to hear it.

Julie had never hated a person this much in her whole life, and the fact that this vile person was trying to impregnate her with his child was so repulsive that sometimes Julie even gagged in disgust when she felt his semen splashing against her cervix. She even thought about suicide but decided against it as she knew they would kill Sam the instant she was dead.

The chief was disappointed about Julie's personality change and missed her cooperative wild sex acts. Administering the binding spell twice to a woman was guaranteed to kill the woman or make her go crazy, so it wasn't an option. He felt that the pale man had something to do with Julie breaking out of the binding spell and directed his frustration towards Sam. The chief wanted to breed Julie and force Sam to watch her fertile belly swell with his child before giving Sam the same treatment the old shaman was receiving.

Julie's cooperation wasn't a big problem for The chief. With or without her consent, he loved breeding the beautiful exotic woman. Thanks to the new medicine the new shaman gave, he could cum multiple times and breed much longer. He especially loved when, after hours of protesting, Julie's body betrayed her and orgasm on his monster cock. He forced her to orgasm many times each night and loved the fact that the outsider listened to his sexual prowess as he bred his woman.

One of the major things that annoyed the chief was the sudden change of villagers. Some were signaling their displeasure about keeping the white spirit prisoned and forcing her to breed. But none of them were powerful enough to make it clear or go against the chief. Still, it was enough to annoy him a lot, and he usually let it out of his system by breeding Julie roughly to convince himself that he's above the white spirit.

For three days, Sam listened to Julie's cries, protests, and orgasms, but he never got even a glimpse of her. He was exercising most of the day while looking at the flowerless bush in front of his cage. It was his objective now: get strong and be ready when the flowers appear. He wanted to be strong enough to help Julie and strong enough to take his revenge.

On the third of his imprisonment, when the sunlight chased away the darkness, Sam was treated with something he had been praying for. A small bunch of white flowers was hanging on the bush in front of him. He felt happy enough to cry and looked at the hut, where Julie's cries came from every night.

"Wait for me a bit more, Julie, I'm coming to save you," Sam said with a determined voice.

When the evening approached, just after the chief returned to his hut, Sam smelled smoke in the air. This was when the tribe's people usually returned to their home to eat dinner and retire for the day. So it wasn't strange to smell smoke at this time of the day, but on this day, the smell got stronger with each passing minute. Before long, the village was filled with shouting and screaming while many ran in different directions in a big commotion. Sam stood up to see what was happening and saw smoke rising from five different locations around the village, and just as the darkness crept in, big flames rose in the village. He looked at the bunch of white flowers and, with a smile, excitedly said to himself, "Jack!"

Sam saw the chief running with his men towards the burning huts while giving out instructions. One of the two guards that guarded the hut came near to his cage and stayed there guarding him. Sam cursed the chief's intuition for sensing danger. The flames didn't seem to go down and were spreading. Sam thought that having their primary water source, the river, a bit far from the village, should be making it hard to control the flames. This wasn't a big society, and they never encountered wildfires in this always damp rainforest. So they weren't prepared for a fire breakout like this. He thought that Jack was a genius for choosing this distraction method. Except for the two guards, everyone in the village was either running toward the fires or running away from them. It was the perfect diversion for an escape.

During the commotion, Jack again appeared in front of the old shaman, still being eaten alive by insects.

"You are late," the old woman complained, but there was some delight in her tone.

"Apologies. I got caught up in some things, but now I'm here to fulfill my promise," Jack said and opened a small container while saying, "This is the poison you told me to pick from your secret stash," and held it to the old woman's cracked lips.

The old shaman quickly gulped down the contents and whispered, "Thank you," before her head fell.

Jack took another glance at the old shaman before walking towards the direction of the chief's hut.

The chief must have noticed that it was unusual for fires to start in five places at once in the village and had warned the guard. The guard was not taking his eyes off from Sam as he stood there with a spear in his hand. Sam was watching the guard since he knew at any moment, Jack would appear. Suddenly he saw a tall shadow appear behind the guard, and a hand closed around the guard's mouth while a shiny metal switchblade moved across his throat, slitting it from ear to ear. The gagged guard gave out a gurgling sound as a river of blood flowed down from his slit neck, and his body fell to the ground.

Jack came out from the shadow wearing his old adventure pants and shirt, and he was carrying a backpack too. Jack opened the cage, and Sam embraced him while thanking him.

"It's too early for thanks, my boy. Here, wear this. We are getting out of this cursed place," Jack said while handing Sam's pants and shirt.

Sam quickly put on his clothes, and it felt weird after being naked for more than two months. Sam took another good look at the modern blade in Jack's hand because in this tribe, metal tools didn't exist, and all the weapons were made with different types of sharpened stones.

Seeing the look on Sam's face, Jack said with a chuckle, "When they caught me at first, they didn't find the way to open the switchblade and assumed it was just a wood handle. So I was able to keep this hidden until for a time like this."

Sam gave Jack an impressed look.

“Are you ready, Sam?” Jack asked Sam while handing him a stone spear.

It was the time to go into the hut and rescue Julie.

“Thought you would never ask,” Sam said as he took the lead to go into the hut.

Sam and Jack were greeted by the second guard in the hut. He was in a fighting position and was pointing the poison spear. When Sam was about to jump in and tackle, a big clay pot came crashing onto the guard's head from behind. The guard half unconsciously turned to see what happened, and another pot exploded to bits right on his face. He fell to the ground, and blood was pouring out from his face and head. It was the two mates of the chief. They were looking at their handy work with big eyes, unable to believe they had done it. Julie came into the big hut to see what the commotion was and saw Sam and Jack.

“Sam!” Julie screamed while jumping into Sam's arms and hugged him tight while crying.

Jack looked at the two mates and understood that they were helping Julie escape the chief's clutches. He thanked them for their compassion while the husband and wife shared a moment for themselves with a kiss.

“Okay, you love birds, you'll have enough time for that later. We have to escape now,” Jack said even though he hated to separate the reunited couple.

Sam gave Julie and Sam the antidote potion as Sam gave a quick summary of what had happened and the plan. After hearing this, Julie walked up to Jack and gave him a big hug while saying, "I can't thank you enough for all you have done for us, Jack. Thank you."

Jack caressed Julie's head while having a look of affection in his eyes. Then he took out from the backpack and handed her a neatly folded yellow

cloth; it was Julie's sundress, and on it was her diamond wedding ring. She put on the sundress, gave the ring to Sam, and presented her ring finger. Sam slid the wedding ring onto her finger while looking lovingly at her blue eyes and gave a quick kiss on her lips to seal the deal. They were husband and wife again and were ready to go back to their world.

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The Pursue

It was easy to escape the village undetected during all the commotion and darkness. Jack and Sam both knew the forest near the village well enough to travel at night. Jack planned to cross the jungle they are familiar with through the night and morning and reached the poison forest's edge in midday. Jack carefully guided them through the premarked path with many traps he had set up in the past couple of days.

Unlike Jack and Sam, Julie wasn't used to the jungle at all, and they were barefooted and walking in darkness, making things even harder for her. She was tripping and falling and was bleeding from cuts and scratches on her soft feet; the progress was slow. Sam even gave Julie his pants and shirt to wear since they covered and protected her body better than her thin dress.

When it was a few hours from daylight, Julie appeared too exhausted and battered to walk any further. Despite the plan's deviation, Jack decided to stop and let Julie rest despite never complaining. So they just slept under a big tree for a few hours till the sunrise.

Sam was sitting while supporting his back onto a big tree trunk when the sun rays started to seep into the forest floor. On his lap was Julie's head as she slept like a baby. Sam was admiring his wife's beautiful face while gently caressing her head. It felt so good to feel Julie's warmth after so long. She was exhausted after the last night's travel, and Sam and Jack had decided to let her rest a bit more before they started moving again. They were in a hurry as the chief might be already chasing after them, but they needed Julie strong enough to travel fast and avoid any injuries by tripping and falling; a sprained ankle would be dire in that situation.

When Julie opened her eyes, she was greeted by her husband's smile and his caring hand on her head. It felt so good to feel his warmth after so

long. After all the pain and torture she had gone through the past few weeks, this warmth felt like heaven. She felt safe in his hands.

“Good morning, love,” Sam said as he bent down and greeted his wife with a kiss.

“Ok, people, we have to discuss our strategy a bit now while we have time,” Jack said as he started to take things out from his backpack. He had a compass, dried meat, a journal, and a map in it. He pulled out the map and spread it out on the ground.

“This is the map I had been drawing when I found this part of the forest. I started making the map after I left the nearest town in this region, and I’m sure once we get out from the poison forest, we can easily follow this with the compass to go back to civilization,” Jack said while pointing the path with his finger.

“This is amazing, Jack. Thank you for doing all these for us,” Julie said with veneration and gratitude in her eyes.

“You two are like my family. It was my duty to help you two,” Jack said as Sam also joined the hug. The three share a hug like a family.

Suddenly Julie broke off from the group hug and started to vomit on the ground. Sam was holding her while she threw up and heaved again and again. He was worried that she was falling sick. After Julie stopped vomiting, she felt weak and was resting in Sam’s arms. Jack came to her and, with a concerned look, checked Julie’s pulse from her wrist. He was concentrating on the pulse for a moment and looked at Julie in shock. It took a few moments to read and understand Jack's expression.

“No! Please, no. Why? Oh god, Why me? Nooo,” Julie started crying hysterically and was trying to run away. She realized that the child must have been conceived before she married the chief, and the shaman secretly started giving her birth control medicine. Given how the old man had been power washing her womb with his cum in that period, the probability of his seed growing in her was extremely high. She felt too ashamed to face Sam. She was carrying the child of the old demon in her womb.

Sam held onto her and didn't let her go.

"Please let me go. I'm too ashamed. He destroyed me, Sam; he destroyed me. I'm no worth to you now. Let me go; I want to die," Julie cried while pleading with Sam. She genuinely planned to run away in shame and suicide.

"Don't you dare say that, Julie," Sam said in an angry tone.

Julie was surprised by Sam's sudden rise of voice and stopped her crying.

"I love you more than my life. This doesn't change anything. You are the girl I chose to marry and spend the rest of my life with. I love you. Even if it's not mine, the child growing in you is also a part of the woman I love. That's more than enough reason for me to love that child as my own," Sam's voice was soothing and had a firmness that said he meant every word.

Julie was overwhelmed by the goodness of the man she had married. She couldn't believe that a man like him could ever exist: a man that loved her enough to accept a bastard child as his own. She turned her head to look at him with big teary eyes as if she couldn't believe his words.

"Now I love you even more," Sam said before kissing Julie to brush away whatever doubts she had.

"Sam is right. What matters is that it's your child," Jack said to Julie.

"And Sam, it's an honor to know a real man with a big heart like you," he said while patting Sam's shoulder to let him know that he was proud of him.

The fire was finally put out when the sun was rising; it had destroyed twelve huts. When the tired chief returned to the hut in the morning, he was furious to find a dead guard inside the cage instead of the pale man and the other guard unconscious in the hut. He was puzzled by the bits of broken clay around the guard's head that should amount to at least ten clay plots.

He became truly infuriated when he realized that Julie had run off with the pale man. He quickly summoned his best five hunters for the hunt. This time, he was going to lead the hunting party himself. He grabbed on to his spear and stepped out of the hut with murderous eyes.

By mid-day, the three escapees covered a significant distance, but it was less than Jack had expected. Julie was suffering from hostile terrain and morning sickness. Jack guessed that they would reach the poison forest by nightfall. Sam and Jack both took turns helping Julie walk, and Julie was pleading with them to leave her behind since she was slowing them down. She didn't know that Sam and Jack didn't care about getting themselves out; all they wanted was to get Julie out of this place. So leaving her behind was a meaningless act to them.

Then Jack and Sam heard a familiar bird call, and they looked at each other with concerned eyes. It was a whistling that emulated bird callings the villagers used to communicate when they were on hunts. It didn't scare the animals away, and they were able to communicate through great distances. Sam and Jack understood that the pursuers had found their tracks and closed from the sound of the whistles. Jack cursed, realizing that the pursuers were too fast and within two hours they would catch up.

Julie didn't understand the cause of the sudden panic between Sam and Jack.

“What's the problem, guys?” Julie asked, confused.

“They are too close. We have to hurry,” Sam said as he tried to make Julie walk faster.

“Sam, stop,” Jack suddenly said while stopping.

Both Sam and Julie looked at him with confusion. Jack handed over his backpack and his clothes to Sam.

“At this rate, we are all going to die. I'm going to stay behind and slow them down. You take Julie and go straight for the poison forest, and make sure to follow the map and the compass,” Jack said with a serious look.

“You can’t take on all of them, Jack. I’ll stay with you,” Sam said as he didn’t want to lose Jack.

“You fool, if we both die, who’s going to protect Julie in the jungle? I trained you enough to make the journey through the jungle an easy task for you. So even if I die, you two can survive. And you are worrying too much. I’m a hard man to kill,” Jack said with a smile.

Sam knew and hated the fact that Jack was right. By now, Julie was crying and pleading with Jack not to do it and come with them.

Jack hugged Julie and gave a kiss on Julie's forehead.

“Julie, you are like my own sister. You are the one who gave me hope after ten years of hopelessness. Sam’s a good man. Keep him happy. And when you go back, could you please find my sister and let her know that I love her?” Jack said as he looked into Julie’s eyes. She was crying too hard to speak, and just nodded.

Then he went to Sam, who was also shedding tears, and hugged him.

“Sam, you are like my own brother and a good man. Keep Julie safe. That’s my final wish. If you fail, I’ll come back to haunt you if I don’t make it out of this alive. Follow my teachings, and you’ll easily cross this jungle with Julie. Now hurry, we don’t have time,” Jack said as he pushed Sam toward Julie.

Sam had to drag Julie away as she didn’t want to let Jack go to his death. The last image he saw of Jack was his back with the knife in his hand as he was facing the direction their foes were coming.

After the couple went towards the poison forest, Jack began his plan. Since he had taken the antidote potion, he should be resistant to the poison of the spears. He would use the traps he had already set up and also make new ones to give the pursuers a big surprise. He started to put up fake trails that led to death traps, and at a bottleneck, he waited with his knife to stop anyone who survived his traps.

The chief and the group were caught off guard when strange traps started to claim their lives one after the other. They weren't ready for an attack like this. When the numerous fake trails converged to the real one, only the chief and another hunter had survived the labyrinth of Jack's traps. The chief knew that they were Jack's handy works; he had heard rumors about Jack's strange traps in the jungle that were very successful. Although trapping is considered a cowardly method, Jack was the best trapper in the village, and if he wasn't an outsider, he could have held a very decent status in the tribe. Losing most of his best men for petty traps made the chief's resolve to kill even stronger.

When they reached a narrow path, with his knife, Jack suddenly jumped onto the chief. The chief moved fast enough to miss a fatal slash, but Jack managed to stab his leg in the process. Now Jack was surrounded by the chief and the other hunter. Seen the damage the metal knife had inflicted, they were using their long spears to keep Jack out of the knife's reach. As Jack dodged the spear attacks, they scratched and wounded him, but surprising the chief, Jack remained standing and fighting with vigor. Jack was glad that he took the antidote because if the poison had worked on him, he would have collapsed minutes after even a small scratch from those poisoned spears.

The chief got frustrated and launched a final coordinated attack in time with the other guard. Jack was fast enough to injure the chief's left arm but wasn't fast enough to dodge his spear while doing that. Jack's body fell to the ground with a spear embedded in his chest.

The chief took Jack's knife as a battle trophy. It was a good weapon and sharper than anything he had ever seen. He was a worthy opponent; it was the first time anyone had given him this much difficulty. As a show of respect, he left his spear embedded in Jack's body. Since his leg was injured, he knew that he wouldn't be able to run like he usually did. So he instructed the other hunter to go ahead and catch the other two. He thought they had killed the troublesome one, and one hunter should be enough to catch the other two. Their medicinal bodies had remarkable healing properties, and he knew that the bleeding from the stab wound should stop after a little rest, and he would follow after.

Julie was still shedding tears as she struggled to move faster with Sam's help. It was getting near for the sunset, and Sam was concerned about moving through the night. Then he suddenly heard someone running towards them from behind. He turned, expecting Jack to have returned after surviving his ordeal, but it was a short man with two spears that was running toward them. Sam pushed Julie out of the way as the hunter let loose one spear, and Sam managed to dodge it by a hair. Then they were fighting a duel with spears. They were stabbing and parrying the others with theirs with skill. Sam was thankful to Jack for teaching him how to fight with spears. Still, the hunter was faster, agile, and more skilled than Sam. Soon Sam was resorting to pure defense, and sensing this, the hunter concentrated on attacks. Then something that the hunter didn't expect happened; a rock thrown by Julie hit hard on his temple. This startled the hunter enough for Sam to find an opening and bury his spear into his throat. Julie looked away as the lifeless body fell to the ground with blood spraying out of the wound.

The chief finally caught up to the dead hunter. He was genuinely surprised that the pale male had managed to take down one of his best hunters alone. The outsiders were full of surprises in both good and bad ways. He saw that, after killing him, they had taken back the spear. So the chief took the spear that was on the ground and stabbed the dead body with it. His hunters deserved to carry a spear to the spirit world.

It was starting to get dark when Sam and Julie were startled by a war cry they heard just behind them. They turned to look and found the chief standing right behind them. Sam's heart sank when he noticed that the chief was carrying Jack's knife in his hand. Sam realized Jack had sacrificed his life to protect them. Then he remembered the promise he made to Jack. His last wish: 'Keep Julie safe.'

Fueled by anger, Sam let go of Julie and charged toward the chief with his spear. The chief was taken aback a little by Sam's show of ferocity but accepted the challenge. With the chief's arm and leg injured, and Julie distracting him with rocks while Sam fought fueled by revenge, it was an even fight. Both the chief and Sam were bleeding from scratches and cuts while no one managed to land a critical hit. Julie's rocks always came when

the chief was about to land a big hit, which enraged him even more. With anger fueling him, the chief made a strange move and jump-kicked Sam's head hard. Sam fell on the ground, unconscious as Julie screamed, seeing her husband going down.

The chief looked at Sam's unmoving body and decided that he can come back to torture and kill him later. He wanted to deal with Julie and get it over with fast. Julie was running toward Sam when the chief dropped the knife and took the spear out of Sam's hand to look at Julie with murderous eyes.

Realizing that now the chief's anger was pointed towards her, Julie froze, and due to her motherly instinct, she protectively hugged her belly with her hands. The chief was about to stab Julie but froze when she covered her belly instead of her head. The murderous look in his eyes faded away as he looked into Julie's blue, teary eyes as if asking a question. After a moment of stillness and silence, Julie nodded once, and the chief's eyes opened big in surprise; His seed had taken root in only a few weeks despite the interference from the infertility potion. It was a miracle. Right then, the chief felt a sharp pain in his neck, and before he knew what was happening, he was looking at the orange evening sky seeping through the canopy.

When the chief kicked Sam's head, Sam had managed to turn his head slightly to absorb the impact. So instead of getting totally knocked out, he was dazed for a short while. When he opened his eyes, he saw the chief pointing a spear at Julie and saw Jack's knife on the ground as a god-sent-gift. For some reason, the chief didn't throw the spear, and that gave Sam enough time to get up, grab the knife and stab his neck.

Julie came closer and leaned to look down as the chief lay bleeding to death. He looked at Julie's bright blue eyes that reminded him of his precious blue gem. She was carrying his child in her womb. That strange feeling once the chief felt toward Julie surfaced once again. With his last remaining strength, he pulled out the blue gem from his pubes and gave it to Julie before closing his eyes forever. A surprise tear escaped from Julie's eyes and landed on the chief's face. That tear belonged to the personality in Julie that loved the chief. It was a farewell tear from Julie, the first mate of the chief.

Sam and Julie spent the night tending to their wounds and mourning the loss of their beloved Jack. Sam took the knife as a memento from Jack, and Julie left the blue gem on the chief's lifeless body before they entered the poison forest.

Thanks to the map, the compass, and the survival skills Jack had taught Sam, Julie and Sam managed to cross the jungle and approach a town after two months. They were immediately taken to a hospital since Julie's belly was already big enough to show her pregnancy. Sam and Julie never considered abortion as an option.

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New Life

After a frenzy of police and reporters, things slowed down, and Julie and Sam decided to finally spend their honeymoon month at a five-star hotel in the city; Julie has had enough of being close to nature.

It was their last day in Brazil, and they woke up to morning sunlight bathing their naked bodies on the bed. Julie was already in the second trimester of her pregnancy and was showing a healthy baby bump. Sam was spooning her while lovingly caressing her swollen belly. After the ordeal they had gone through together, Sam and Julie had become inseparable. After the extensive stretching from six bumps, despite not regaining the former tightness, Julie's vaginal walls recovered enough to have amazing sex with Sam. But it didn't matter much since Sam and Julie had come to enjoy anal sex a lot, and Sam was frequently rewarded with mind blowing blow jobs. They wanted to be happy, so Jack could watch from above and be happy for them.

An early paternity test had already confirmed that Sam wasn't the father, and Julie would give birth to a mixed-race baby. Even though Julie still didn't like that the chief's child was growing in her womb, Sam's excitement for a new baby put her mind at peace.

When they reached the USA, they tracked down Jack's sister through his journal. When they finally met his sister, everyone understood why Jack had cared so much about Julie; Jack's sister looked like a twenty years older version of Julie. When she was young, she must have looked exactly like Julie. Julie and Sam handed over Jack's knife after telling her brother's selfless, heroic story and his last words to her that he loves her.

Their families were so happy about Sam and Julie coming back alive and the arrival of a new baby. After much persuasion from Sam, Julie also accepted her pregnancy and finally felt happy about being a mother. Sam was a perfect husband and loved Julie more and more as her body matured with pregnancy.

Julie was lying on the hospital bed as Sam stood next to her while holding her hand for mental support. Her belly had returned to the former flatness, and they were waiting for the nurse to bring the baby. Julie was nervous about the baby's looks because it would become harder to explain to their families if it looked more like its father.

The nurse came into the room while carefully cradling a bundle in her arms, and Julie squeezed Sam's arm tight.

"Congratulations! You two are the proud parents of a very lucky boy," the nurse said, smiling as she handed the baby to Julie.

Julie let out a sigh of relief, finding that the boy looked more like her. There was a light tan to the skin, but still, it could be explained as genetics. The baby had the same blue eyes and facial features as her, making him look extremely cute.

"When I said lucky, I meant it. The little guy is going to become quite the lady killer when he grows up," the nurse added with a big grin and a wink.

Puzzled, Julie moved the cloth that covered the baby to find that the biological father had left a better gift than that blue stone for his son.

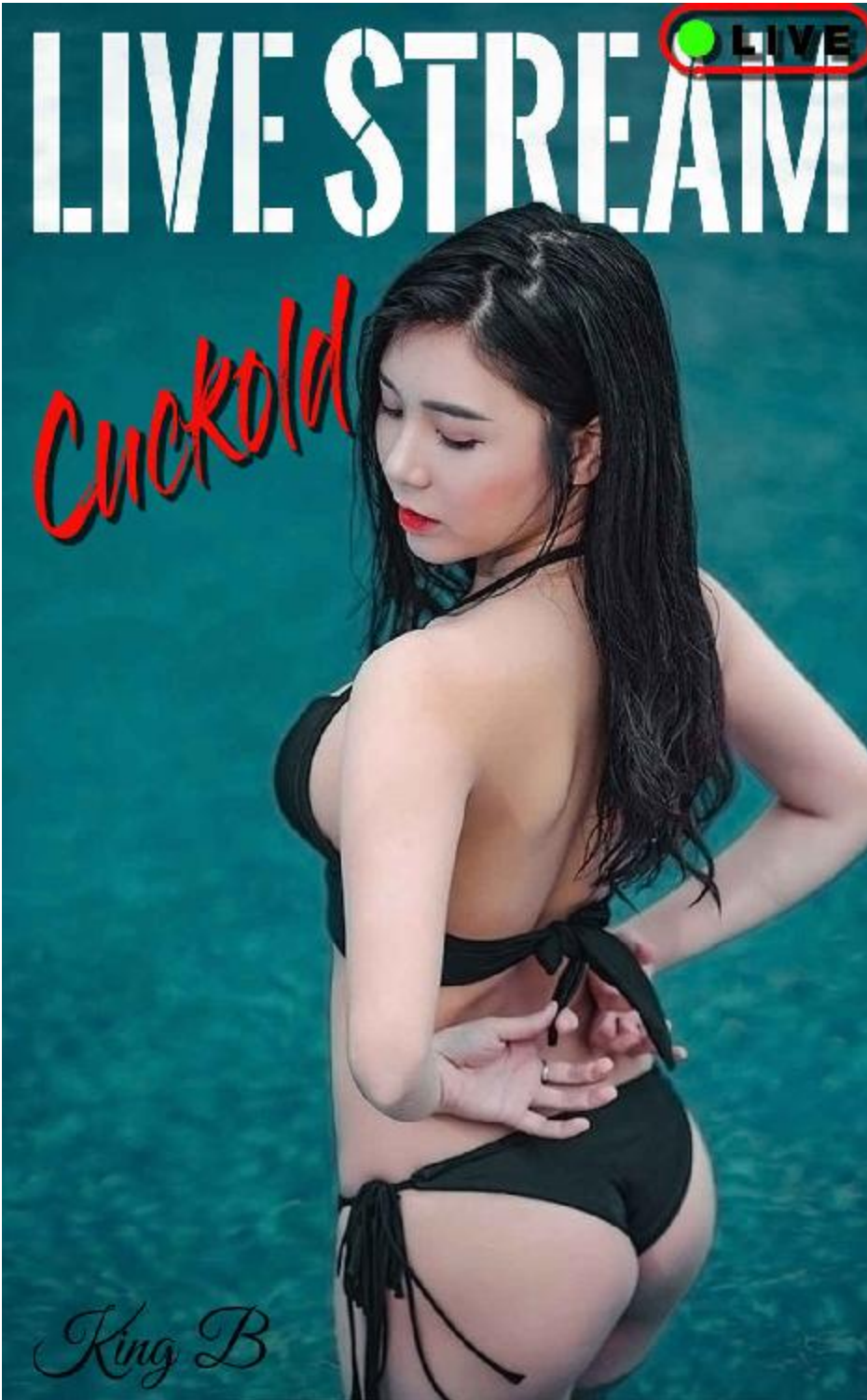
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The End.

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[Live Stream Cuckold](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08PT6WXV7)

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Erik and Jenny are a young Asian couple who live-stream and create videos as their primary income source. Facing financial difficulties and declining popularity, they try live streaming on a new, controversial, but highly profitable streaming platform. They choose to go on a Caribbean vacation and do their debut live stream at a resort to make a big impression. With the tropical climate and the beautiful beaches full of honeymooning tourists and prowling handsome local men, the young couple finds themselves in an unexpectedly erotic setting. In their efforts to entertain a different kind of viewers and make their debut into the platform a success, Erik and Jenny are slowly corrupted and pushed towards the world of cuckolding.

[A wife and the savages](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07CKBTXLG)

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07CKBTXLG>



In hopes of finding a rumored gold source deep in the jungles of Papua new guinea, a businessman takes his beautiful anthropologist wife to visit an isolated tribe. When the tribe refuses to give up the secret, the husband makes a dangerous gamble using his wife as a wager.

This is the tale of Kelly, a loving wife and an anthropologist, overcoming the challenges she faces as a tribal wife and protects the people she loves.

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