

The background of the book cover is a photograph of a person's torso and arm, covered in intricate, raised, and textured scarification marks. The person's skin is dark, and the scars are a lighter, silvery-grey color. To the right, the dark silhouette of a person's head and shoulder is visible, looking towards the scarred figure. The background is a blurred tropical setting with palm trees and green foliage.

Naïve College Girl Series

Tribal Rights

Claimed

Karen A. Harkins

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This book is for adult audiences only. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes with graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. All sexual activity in this work is consensual and all sexually active characters are 18 years of age or older.

Karen A. Harkins
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Introduction

Who would have thought there were Indigenous tribes still living in the jungles of Central America? And why did we think they would welcome us with no consequences?

I'm sorry! I need to explain things.

My name is Katie. I grew up in a typical middle-class neighborhood on the outskirts of Atlanta with a younger sister, Karen. My parents were happily married or as happy as the next couple as they were raising two kids, trying to get ahead in life. Dad worked long hours but rarely traveled and was home every night and on weekends. Mom used to do something in sales but stayed home with Karen and me until Karen graduated high school.

I was a first-year college student living on the other side of the metro area. I would describe myself as fairly conservative, but I had a primal, dark side as my neighbor demonstrated last summer. Since my encounter with him, I had worked to avoid him and getting myself into a similar circumstance. With school, the life at home was pleasantly detached and I was free to pursue my studies and make plans for choosing a degree. Hopefully, a degree that would lead to a lot of money!

One evening, I finished my homework and decided to check the student activity website. My roommate's name was Sally, a nerdy girl from somewhere in north Florida. I suspected she was much prettier than she dressed and made herself up to be, and I loved her caramel complexion. She was already asleep or doing whatever she was doing in her bed.

I glanced through the web page. Rodeo? *I don't think so.* Beach trip? *Oh no, you don't.* I kept scrolling down, finding reasons not to be interested. *But what is this?* Yucatan Peninsula spring trip. I had always been fascinated by rainforests and the wildlife living there. I

would actually stop and watch a documentary about them if my dad had one on, *usually having fallen asleep while the English narrator droned on*. Let me see... "One week trip... guided sightseeing... jungle wildlife... natives... sign up soon trip is limited to 6 students..." Very interesting! But first, I would have to free the funds from my mom and dad. I would work on dad. He couldn't resist me! Especially if I was wearing one of my cute tennis dresses with a spaghetti strap top...

Trip to camp

Next thing you know, it was late March and I was with my group of 5 fellow students and 2 teacher chaperones, flying somewhere over Central America in a propeller-powered plane, buffeted by the thermals of a warm spring. The bounces were plainly evident in my chest since I had decided to dress with the hot and humid climate in mind, which meant no bra. As long as I didn't get aroused, a little jiggling shouldn't attract too much unwanted attention.

Sitting next to me was Sally, my roommate! She had been very reluctant to come on the trip, but my enthusiasm and lack of a better spring break plan finally won her over. I looked out the window and sighed, taking in the vast green blanket of trees with winding rivers peeking through at the time. I wondered what we would see in these jungles. Lost Mayan pyramids? A jaguar? Parrots! I had always loved parrots, but I didn't know if they were in this particular jungle.

With those thoughts, I dozed off.

"Katie, wake up! We're about to land." said Sally.

Sally was trying to look out the window and was having to lean over me, craning her neck.

Look at that long, slender neck.

"What is the name of the place we are landing?" she asked me.

I yawned and stretched, my right hand accidentally brushing against her pert breast. *That felt nice and I'm not even into girls.*

"Oops!" I laughed. "I'm not sure. El Seguardo? I admit I didn't pay the most attention to that."

Sally smiled and fluffed her thin shirt out, not aware that she was accentuating a very nice set of breasts on her small frame.

"I'll ask around," she said. "But I think we go straight from the airport to camp."

"Camp?" I asked. *What the hell? No hotel?*

Sally sighed. "Katie. Did you read anything about the itinerary? There aren't hotels out in the jungle. We're going from this small airport to a camp. I guess camp sounds bad. It looked pretty good online. More like a group of nice huts or cabins; that will be our base. We rest there tonight and tomorrow, we head out to meet our native guide."

"Native guide?" I asked. *That sounds sketchy.*

Sally sighed again. "Katie. I'm not talking to you about this anymore. At least for now, let's get ready to land."

The plane landed on a grass and dirt runway. I was surprised at how smooth the landing actually was, but it was uneventful enough. Our group piled out of the plane and grabbed our bags. The 4 other students consisted of two couples, who were all into each other. Well, they seemed to be. I'm sure the girls didn't want to give their boyfriends any reason to take a long look at Sally or me, for that matter. I may have underestimated my roommate, I considered. I decided to find out for sure in the showers at some point on the trip.

Over here was an attractive pair, Jen and Doug. They were upper classmen, apparently. Over there was an ok couple, Sonia and Greg. Our chaperones were two unrelated teachers. Dr. Richard Long of the history department and Dr. Julie Briars of some other department. Dr. Long was late 40's, salt and pepper hair, and was a lean 6 feet tall. He was a bit formal but pleasant enough. Dr. Briars was apparently in her late 30's, light brown hair with highlights, and a layered, baggy outfit that hid her body but obviously consisted of some rather grand Tetons, based on seeing her from the side.

We walked over to our bus, correction, truck. It was some sort of long bed truck that had been converted into a safari-looking vehicle. The bed had a canopy and benches on both sides. There was a space up toward the cab to put our bags. After a lot of talking and

rearranging, we piled in. The 8 college visitors in the back and the 2 expedition leaders up front.

As we set off, the group was full of nervous energy and small talk. The roads, while not paved, were actually not too bad as long as the driver kept to a lower speed and avoided the inevitable pothole and washed-out spaces. The sky was partly cloudy. It was quite warm but not overwhelming at this time of the year. Apparently, it was the dry season, so the humidity was bearable, and the high temperatures only reached up to the high eighties or so. It was certainly beautiful. There were a few fields of crops close to the airport, but those quickly faded, and we enjoyed the views of a pristine jungle.

The driver kept us at a speed of maybe 20 miles per hour. But after an hour or so, I began to wonder how far out into the jungle we were going.

"Sally, can I ask you something about the trip?"

Sally smiled. "Of course, you can because we both know you probably didn't read it on the itinerary." She was being playful and scratched my forearm lightly with her pretty nails as she replied.

Something about her and her touch gave me a stimulated chill, and my ever-vigilant nipples started to grow as if woken.

"How much longer do you think it will be until we get to the camp?" I had dipped my head slightly but looked up at her with very slightly raised eyebrows.

"I think it said a 2-hour drive, so it won't be much longer, baby girl," said Sally, leaning over and hugging me to her chest like a child. I couldn't help myself. As I looked at the outline of the nipple just inches from my face, I wanted to suckle. *I really have underestimated my roomy.*

Hit the showers

We arrived at camp in good spirits. We pulled up and I took in the sight. The layout was simple enough. The road branched off to the left and right, and met again, forming a circle. There were four buildings spaced within the circle facing outward. As we got off the truck, we were informed that one building was a communal shower and restroom. There was one building for meals and the other 2 were for sleeping. The two couples claimed one building which left Sally and I with the professors, but they seemed to be reasonably good company. Our guides were in semi-permanent-looking tents, facing our buildings on the back side of the circle.

Later in the day, we all focused on getting unpacked and setting up our beds. The cabins weren't bad! There were ceiling fans and plenty of screens and netting to keep any mosquitos at bay. I had finished my bed and decided to catch a shower.

"Hey, roomie, I'm headed for a shower before we eat. You want to go?" I asked Sally.

"I'll catch up in a couple of minutes," she replied.

I collected my gear and headed over to the shower building. The restrooms were private, but the shower situation was definitely not what we average Americans were used to. They were totally open, with 4 spigots on the walls, drain in the middle. When I arrived, no one was there, so I stripped down and started the water. It wasn't hot, but neither was it cold. On the other hand, it was cool enough to make my nipples stand fully erect when I started washing them. My nipples extended roughly 1/2 an inch. My breasts were firm and shaped so that my nipples extended at a slightly upward angle when I was aroused. *Like two little cocks?*

Sally showed up within a minute or two. She was chatting about the forest as she stripped down. She entered the shower room, and

I couldn't help but apprise my roommate. She was hot. Sally's heritage was mixed. She was from African and European lineage, in all the right combinations. As she squealed from the cool water, I noticed her nipples were also responsive. They may not extend out as far as mine, but they were beautifully set on her B-size breasts. Her skin was an amazing coppery brown. What I really appreciated were her legs and ass. Good Lord! She, like me, was athletic, and the taut, shapely legs and buttocks were proud witnesses. She had full lips, brown eyes, and wavy, curly hair. I was struggling not to stare.

"Hey! Katie! You there?" she asked me.

I shook myself out of my brown study, lost in thoughts of imagining her long legs wrapped around my neighbor.

"Sorry! What was that?" I responded.

"Don't worry, you'll see soon enough." she snickered.

She wasn't lying. Dr. Long entered the shower. To his credit, he announced himself, but it was still awkward. But the awkwardness turned to gawking when Sally and I took in the sight of his flaccid member. It was big, soft, but at least 6 or 7 inches. And it had the kind of curve I loved. As the shaft approached the crown, it curved slightly upward.

"Hey ladies." he said. He was trying not to gawk himself. The 6 or 7 inches was turning into 7 or 8.

We weren't done. The last shower was soon taken by Sonia. She was much more impressive naked than with her clothes on. Damn.

"See you in a bit, Sally." I said as I exited.

"Ok." she said, with Sally covering her eyes.

I made eye contact with Dr. Long and dared, "Nice to see you, Dr. Really Long." I said with a smile and glanced down at his magnificent specimen, which was no longer completely flaccid, and not so much dangling. It was struggling to stand up. The weight was winning the battle so far.

“Good to be seen.” he replied, gamely.

Later I was sitting in a chair on the deck of our building, just enjoying the sites and sounds. There was no cell service, so it was surprisingly refreshing to just sit and watch the world go by. I was facing in the general direction of the shower building, which Greg had just entered. Not only were the shower bays open, but the door was also a screen door, which gave circulation but also allowed a voyeur like myself to get a peek at what was going on inside.

I was disappointed but then Dr. Briars approached. This could be interesting. Dr. Briars had a nice body, a pretty face, and a set of breasts that we college students couldn't match in their size. I watched with interest and listened. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but I did hear conversation and muffled laughter. Greg's silhouette soon came into view, along with his erection! He was attractive but did not have the huge equipment that Dr. Long sported. Still, he was hot.

It wasn't long before he disappeared. The muffled discussion had stopped. Replace by... a faint, rhythmic, slapping sound. And a feminine grunt after every few slaps. *This trip. Oh my!*

Into the jungle

The rest of the evening was uneventful. I woke refreshed and we were all excited about the trip today, which would bring us deeper into the jungle, where we would make contact with our native guide and see the wonders of the jungle.

We piled into the safari truck, as I referred to it in my mind, this time without luggage. We were geared up for a day trip, so clothing was light and water bottles were bountiful. We left the circle of our camp and proceeded further down the road. The road was not as well kept as it had been yesterday. We slowed up and the bounces were a bit more pronounced.

Maybe an hour into the trip there was a huge lurch of the truck, which almost threw some of us clear of the cab! The truck stopped and our guides quickly assessed the problem. They were talking about it and soon we received the bad news. Our wheel axle had broken in the road hole. They would try to fix it but we might have to walk back if it proved impossible.

The guides seemed nervous and talked to themselves in Spanish.

"What are they saying?" I asked no one in particular.

Freshly fucked Dr. Briars replied, "They are saying that there are two tribes in this area, and he isn't sure we made it to the tribe of their guide. Apparently the other tribe..."

But she didn't finish her sentence. She seemed to be trying to swat away a mosquito on her neck. She turned and I saw what appeared to be a small dart in her neck.

Is that a dart? What the hell! I thought to myself before I felt a small sting in my own neck. I had clouded thoughts and fell to my knees and descended into darkness.

I slowly faded back into consciousness. I straightened my head and realized I was tied at the wrists, which were behind my back, around a very secure wooden post. I was in a circle surrounding a fire and I recognized my group similarly tied in other posts circling the fire. It was night and I noticed two groups of men having a heated discussion closer to the fire.

My mind was slowly recovering my focus. I opened my eyes wide and shook my head, trying to shake off the cobwebs. It was pretty clear that one group was more numerous and aggressive than the other group. The smaller group was clothed with loincloths or short pants. They were native-looking but were wearing some civilized clothing.

Not so with the other group. They were wearing some sort of belts, which were more like ropes. These ropes had other ropes extending down to their penis' and tied around the base of their shafts. *Like a noose?* That was strange enough, but I couldn't help but notice that their flaccid shafts were extremely thick and long. While I couldn't see clearly in the firelight, I thought I saw tattooed lines running around those huge shafts as if they were ruler marks. And their testicles! Oh my God! One pair was at least the size of golf balls!

"They are negotiating," said Dr. Briars. She was tied to the post next to me and was looking at me.

I lolled my head toward her. "About what?" I asked.

"The civilized tribe is claiming that we are in their trust and that as their visitors, they have rights to us." Pause. "But we are in the territory of the primitive tribe. And apparently, that gives them the right to rule on our disposition."

The two groups continued talking, Dr. Briars listened. I looked toward her for further insight as minutes passed.

"How is it going?" I asked.

"I am not optimistic about what I'm hearing. The primitive group claims that permission to pass through their territory had not been asked, so they have no obligation to release us. The civilized tribe has reminded them of the power of the outsiders. They have warned them that failing to release us will bring wrath on both tribes from the outsiders, who they know to have infinite power."

"So they will let us go?" I asked.

"We will see." Said Dr. Briars. And she continued to listen as I stared at her.

Decision and preparation

Time went by. 15 minutes? More? I couldn't say. Finally, Dr. Briars spoke to me.

"A ruling has been reached. The primitives say they will release the group."

"Oh, thank God!" I said.

"But they will keep two women. The primitive chief says it is the right of the tribes to keep trespasser women, to strengthen their numbers. They do not understand or accept that this right would be worth the wrath of the outsiders. It is apparently the best that the civilized tribe can do without risk of outright warfare."

"So, who will they keep?" I ask.

"They are discussing that right now. Apparently, we are desirable in terms of mating stock due to our height. They are trying to reach a consensus."

More time goes by.

"I think they have reached a decision," says Dr. Briars.

It didn't take long for the decision to become obvious.

One by one, the other members of the group were released from the ties to the poles. Finally, only Sally and I remained.

"We will come back for you." said our guide. "You must remain strong. It will not be long."

I stared at him and contemplated the situation. It is in my nature to go numb when confronted with these situations. But I put more thought to it and decided we should not assume the worst.

"Sally, I doubt they will keep us very long. They actually seem friendly enough. And... well, their equipment is..." I paused.

"These men have gigantic mating equipment." Sally finished for me and smiled.

Soon we were cut from our bonds and led to a thatch hut for the night. Native tribe women surrounded us, but we were together and not mistreated. We fell into a deep sleep.

We woke up with the tribal women. We couldn't understand them, but we were instructed on what to do through gestures and tone. The first thing was to eat. We were served by the women, who were continually chatting and giving us appraising glances. We were being treated more like honored guests. I started to wonder if Dr. Briars had interpreted the discussion correctly.

We were then led to a nearby stream, which had an area that served as a bath. The women gestured for us to strip down, which we did. This led to a lot of pointing, poking, feeling and discussion about myself and Sally.

"I feel like a mare, being evaluated on a stud farm," I told Sally.

Sally gave her smile again.

"Yeah. I'm down with taking one of these guys for a jungle ride, but I'm not on birth control." she said.

"Me either." I replied.

"I guess we'll have to be careful." she told me, as she looked me up and down with a hungry look on her face. At her gaze, my nipples rose, proudly.

We were guided into the stream and scrubbed down like breeding stock. The women took great interest in Sally's legs and my nipples. When stimulated, they were impressed by my nipple length, which was as easy as them giving them a gentle pinch. Sally's legs and gluts were a subject of great discussion, and she was felt up and rubbed with obvious admiration.

We weren't given our clothes back after the wash. We were given the native grass dresses, which did not include tops and that was it for the day. We did not see any men and were led back to the

hut. As the sun began to go down, that changed. There was an air of excitement in the air.

Sally and I were led just outside the hut and made to go down on all fours. The dresses were removed, and we were oiled up with some sort of coconut oil. At least, that is what I thought of it as. Who knew? I do know it felt smooth and as I was rubbed down, I couldn't help but start to feel stimulated. Horny. My nipples blared proudly, and the women took notice and took turns handling them. I would read much later that these tribes had a lotion that served as a stimulant for men and women.

I glanced over at Sally as I was rubbed down like a race horse.

"Sally, this is like an erotic spa treatment."

Sally's back was made to assume an arched back pose, with her legs spread somewhat. She was being well-oiled, and the women were not shy in massaging her beautiful pussy, which was starting to swell as she was stimulated.

"I know. It's nice." she said. Sally lowered her head, in obvious pleasure. She continued, "But I don't even know if any of these men can fit into us. They are all hung like horses!"

I thought for a minute as the pleasure of being rubbed down was starting to stimulate me more.

"Now that you mention it, it could be quite an experience."

Sally seemed to be relaxed and feeling the pleasure as well.

"Mmm. I hope so." she replied.

Tribal right

Soon we were led back to the tribal fire ring. This time there was a large crowd. Old. Young. It looked like the entire tribe was there. We were completely naked. I was losing the fight over being stimulated. I liked being watched that night, and I presented my body in the best possible postures.

We were halted and the crowd quieted down as the chief, or who appeared to be the chief, held up his hand and began speaking. As with the other men, he had a large pair of testicles, dangling in a huge scrotum. The big cock he was sporting swung slightly as he spoke. These were not tall people but what they lacked in height, they made up in reproductive organs. I guessed the average man was 5 feet 6 inches or less. The women were under 4 feet, by my guess. They were not a beautiful people, but neither were they ugly. However, they were certainly in good shape. The men were hung like mules and the younger women had impressive breasts.

"Sally, I don't know what they rubbed us with, but I... I, um..." I stammered.

"I know. Me too. I'm horny as hell. I can't help it either. I'm glad we were chosen." she stated plainly.

Two other men had joined the chief and they were performing some sort of game or ritual with their hands and fingers. It reminded me of rock, paper, scissors but it was more complex. On they went until a murmur went through the crowd, along with some celebratory yells. The men stopped and a man emerged from the crowd, walking to them. They spoke to him and as they were talking, some women brought out a wooden bench. *What is this?*

The bench was shaped like a half-circle, with two handles on one end of it. I had no idea what it was, but I had a feeling we would find out soon.

The discussion had stopped, and the man now approached Sally and me. He walked around us, examining, and clearly contemplating our bodies. The crowd randomly encouraged or discouraged him as he would look at our various features. Soon he stopped, and in a loud voice, exclaimed something unintelligible and pointed at me.

I was immediately led to the bench and quickly found out the purpose. It was perfectly shaped, I discovered. The handles were for my hands. The bench was round so that I could comfortably straddle it in a prone position. My ass and pussy extended over the other end of the bench. I wasn't uncomfortable and had respect for whoever designed it.

The man, who I referred to in my mind as Horse, was now being rubbed down in the same lotion by several women of the tribe. His horse cock was starting to live up to his name. It started growing and the women were delighted to rub it and count the lines on his thick shaft. Soon, two women were focused solely on his cock. One on the flaring crown and head, the other at the base of his tree-like shaft. Their hands were very small on his swollen member. Soon, they examined his oversized and weeping opening. The precum was dripping.

Horse waved the women away and walked up behind me. His cock was hard. He held it with a look of hunger as he lined it up with my equally stimulated pussy, which was wanting that monster inside me. Horse was apparently satisfied with the amount of precum and placed his swollen head on my opening. He smeared some precum on my labia and clitoris. He knew what he was doing. My pussy was dripping wet now. Lubrication was abundant on both sides. But first, he would need to gain entry.

The tribe watched with great interest and quiet discussion could be heard as he started to seek entry with mini thrusts. My outer labia were widening around the big cock head as if trying to swallow it like a mouth. It was slow progress, but he was patient and skilled. I closed my eyes and hung on to the handles. I couldn't help releasing a grunt or moan when Horse delivered a hard thrust and

opened me up a bit more. After about ten minutes, my inner labia was almost over his crown. I was breathing hard and wondered how it was possible the massive cock could fit inside me. I had always been tight, but I feared this cock might permanently stretch me.

The stretched ring of my starving labia finally slid over the huge cock head and snapped tight around the shaft. It was as if my pussy had worked hard to get this huge meal inside it and would not release it from its hungry mouth. My clitoris was tiny but jutted out and was in constant contact with this massive intruder. I moaned in pleasure, which the crowd seemed to appreciate.

After getting the head inside me, Horse seemed to know there was a reduced risk of his cock slipping out. My tight opening had locked his cock head inside, clenched tightly in my pussy jaws. I realized that getting Horse's cock out was not going to be easy, even if he wanted to. He was behind me as I clasped the handles tightly. While sawing in and out in micro thrusts, the crown would be trapped by my pussy in my labia ring and would pull my vagina passage out several inches. Several villagers would get closer to observe this and report to the crowd, who seemed quite impressed. I couldn't help but moan out loud. This was the first time I had felt something like that since my neighbor had bred me.

Horse looked down at me, and we were both sweating with our exertions to fully embed him inside my tiny pussy. I was trying to help him. I was cumming all over this fence post. This cock deserved to breed me. His swollen balls hit my thighs heavily, reminding me that this was a strong cock. A bull. And I was a receptacle for his seed to take root. When I glanced back at him, my eyes were filled with lust and yearning. I glanced over at Sally before I got lost in the breeding frenzy. She was looking on, wide-eyed, lips parted and licking. She, like the villagers, was enthralled with this lewd and erotic display of power and sensuality.

I reached back and stroked his huge balls and moaned. This seemed to propel him into a more primitive state. Nature started to override our higher thought processes. Horse suddenly arched his

back to achieve the best angle for penetration. The crowd cheered in approval, knowing that the hunched back signified imminent fertilization, like a breeding animal. They were not wrong. Horse grunted several times in succession as his cock head was sealed against my cervix. I was moaning in delirious pleasure. His thick shaft started to visibly pulse as his massive testicles released spurt after spurt of sperm directly into my fertile womb.

As the spurts slowly subsided, the same two women had appeared on either side of our joined organs. They were clearly fascinated and lusting over this powerful reproductive display. But they had a job, and as Horse slowly withdrew from me, they were wiping off the gout of my frothy cum and his thick sperm in order to count how many lines emerged. They kept a count and the crowd got louder and they counted off 4. Then 5. At 6 they were starting to shout! At 7 they were in a frenzy. Horse's wet and heavy member finally flopped out of me as a stream of cum poured onto the ground. But not before the women counted off 8! I was exhausted but somehow felt... victorious? Worthy? My sweaty, oil-sheened body looked magnificent as it leaked rivulets of cum, and I stood up on shaky legs.

I wobbled back to Sally, who took me in her arms. She was congratulating me. And I was proud! We shed tears of wonder together, but the night was not over.

Round 2

The three original men huddled back up and started their ritual again. It didn't take long for another man to emerge from the crowd. This time the crowd was cheering him on as if he was their champion. Sally and I soon saw why. He had the largest cock I had ever seen, fueled by an equally large pair of testicles that were seemed to be almost the size of lemons as they swayed in his sack, stretched by their weight. His big cock flopped like... like an elephant trunk. So, I named him Trunk.

"Listen, Sally. I don't see how that thing can possibly fit inside you, but I'll be here for you when this is over. For what it is worth, you look beautiful." I spontaneously leaned over and kissed her fully on her lips. Her eyes widened and she smiled.

"Well, Katie. I'll want to pick this up where we leave off. For now, I have a big cock that needs to be milked." she said as she winked and sauntered up the bench.

A replay of my breeding started to unfold. Sally's tiny pussy put up a fight, despite her best efforts and those of Trunk. She even adjusted her entrance height with her shapely legs to give Trunk's massive cock head the best angle for gaining a foothold. This happened by instinct and her breathing was even synced up to match his thrusting.

Inevitably Trunk gained entrance. This sent Sally into several orgasms, one after the other. Trunk's meat kept hitting her clit, almost in time with her mewling, moaning, and cooing. Trunk was also knowledgeable about this process. He made sure to soak their organs with precum before he attempted the push for her cervix.

Sally was now fully focused on the big cock and testicles that were built to impregnate her. I watched Trunk pull back for a moment until his crown stopped just inside her obscenely stretched

labia. Then, with a deep grunt, Trunk thrust his meat trunk deep into her depths.

This sent Sally into an intense orgasm. She arched her back, threw her hair back, and seemed lost in a sensory overload. Her body was quaking, and she moaned uncontrollably but erotically. When she started to emerge from her orgasmic tour de force, the crowd roared their approval and Trunk appreciatively kneaded both of her ass globes, which shone in the firelight as they worked to coax his seed out.

Trunk paused, looked at where they were cojoined, and assessed the situation. He had quite a bit of thick shaft that was not embedded in his ovulating prize. Trunk got a determined look on his face and restarted the pistoning in and out of her. Watching this amazing scene, I couldn't help but think Sally was becoming a true woman in front of the villagers and me. This magnificent bull cock was giving her what a woman should experience at least once in her life. It was stretching her and likely rewiring her brain's expectation for what sex should be.

Soon Trunk's cock head reached the end of her tight passage. Trunk stopped thrusting when he felt her cervix refuse further passage. Trunk gave several attempts, his muscular legs and buttocks displaying the great exertion. The crowd seemed to grow resigned to a defeat for Trunk. But Trunk was not finished. He changed the angle of penetration and rubbed Sally's hips as if encouraging her. She understood and started pushing back, with feminine grunts matching his beast-like grunts. Finally, after great mutual effort, it became obvious that Sally's cervix was penetrated. Trunk's impossibly thick shaft slid several more inches inside Sally. The amazed crowd roared and cheered. Trunk and Sally were now locked together, his huge crown snapped and was now doubly trapped by her cervix, inside of her uterus. Sweat glistened and dripped in the firelight.

As the swollen crown hit the back of her womb, Sally clenched her fists on the handles until her knuckles turned white. Her head

was pulled back, and her toes curled up. I watched her become rigid and start to shake as she was experiencing a squirting orgasm. As she squirted, Trunk slowed up his strokes. He tried to pull out to give her jets of cum more room to get out. But he could only pull out a few inches before the head was trapped behind the mouth of the battered cervix. This pulling on her entire reproductive system intensified her high-pressure squirting. The only sound at this time was the slapping sound of his massive balls against her thighs and wet sounds caused by her squirting as the large cock squelched in and out of her stretched and soaked hole. Finally, she started a faster-paced and deeper set of moans, capped with a satisfied, animal-like scream, marking the total surrender to a superior breeding male.

Trunk knew it was his turn. He grunted at each thrust and started to get the unfocused look in his eye that happens as a male builds toward an epic release. Trunk had a dreamy look in his eye and became lost in the act of breeding her like an animal. Sally started babbling and begging him to inseminate her. I looked on in awe as she glanced over at me, as I had looked over at her earlier. A brief smile flickered on her face before she was lost in the breeding act.

Trunk was now thrusting with power. Sally's feet would dangle in the air when he gave his greatest thrusts. The crowd was enraptured. The only sounds were the heavy breathing, grunts and moans of the pair of mating animals. The tone of Trunk's grunts changed. The two women resumed their positions on either side of the penetration. Even from where I stood, I could see when Trunk's testicles tightened up and started to pulse, in timing with twitches in his great shaft. Trunk was pumping his hot sperm directly into Sally's fertile womb.

A low gasp went through the crowd as Trunk's seed would occasionally build up enough pressure to escape her tightly sealed vagina. These spurts arced up and hit some of the crowd. Trunk let out a long, guttural yell-groan. Sperm continued to squirt out of the tight seal. Copious rivulets started to run down her ass and puddle

around the bench. Trunk was breeding her with a river of seed, going directly in the womb.

I thought Trunk would pump her with his seed forever, but finally, the pulsing stopped and his great organ started to shrink and begin the slow retreat from her body. The women start the count. As I suspected, Trunk had surpassed his rival with the cervix move, and 9 lines were counted off. The villagers were delirious as the bull champion was helped to his feet. Sally was not allowed to get up yet and women tenderly turned her over on to her back and gently spread her legs out.

I was being led to her, but I didn't suspect why until they gently pushed me to my knees, between Sally's thighs. Sally's taut belly and breasts were still heaving with heavy breaths as she gazed down at me with a loving look in her eye. Without being told to do so, I realized why I was there. As the woman part of the sexually inferior couple, it was up to me to atone for the defeat. I started licking and slurping up Trunk's excess sperm, along with the steady stream that was still emerging from Sally's gaping pussy.

After I drank what seemed like a quart of sperm, I helped Sally stand up on her wobbly feet. Her whole body was covered with sweat, semen and her own orgasm. She stood a symbol of uninhibited sex, a Goddess among a tribe of celebrating natives.

We hugged, bared, nipples poking, and kissed deeply.

Back to camp

We slept deeply that night, and the next day we were welcomed as exalted members of the tribe. They even made primitive stretchers for us, with seats, and began marching us back to the camp.

Sally and I were proud of our accomplishments the night before and enjoyed the appreciation of the tribe. The trip back had a carnival atmosphere. We made it to camp, which was deserted. We said our goodbyes and the women all patted our bellies in parting, clearly hoping the seeds would bear a harvest to strengthen the tribe.

We were waiting as the “rescuers” rolled into camp. We explained that the tribe had changed their mind after they had left and no harm had come to us, and they had treated us quite well.

We were pretty sure that we had indeed increased their population, as was their tradition. But we kept that information to ourselves.

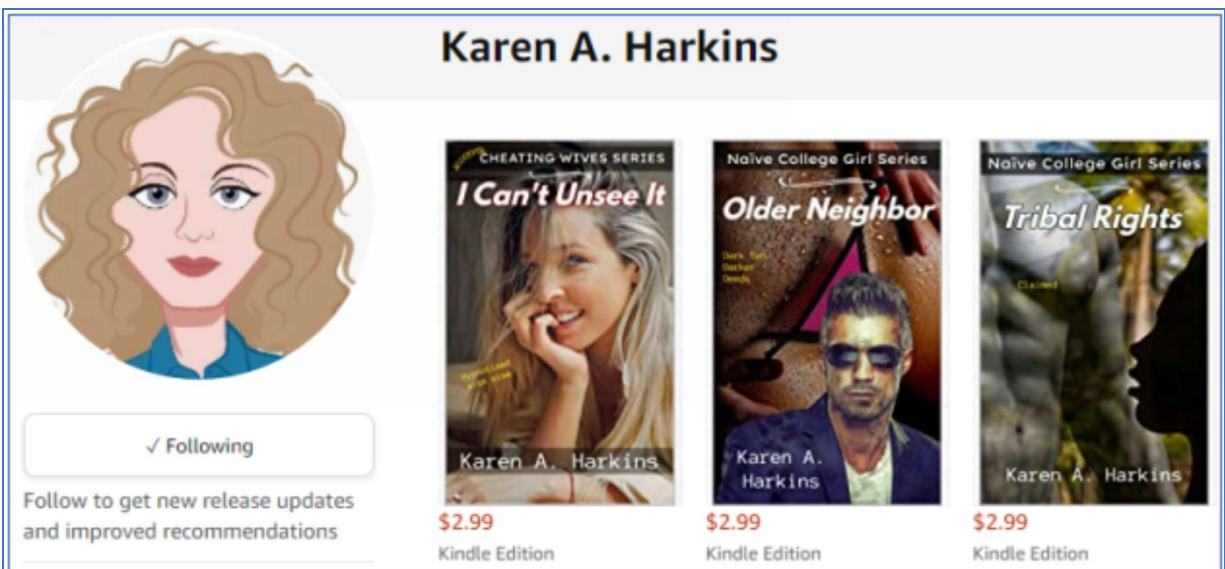
Afterword

I sincerely hope you enjoyed my story! I'm always open to feedback and other ideas for adventures, so feel free to follow me [here](#) or drop me an email at karen.harkins.write@outlook.com!



Also by Karen A. Harkins

Please check out my other books and follow me [here!](#)



An excerpt from OLDER NEIGHBOR:

On instinct, I reached down and wrapped my fingers around the exposed base of David's shaft. I couldn't grasp it fully. I caressed his testicles. They were so *big*. I switched back to the shaft. Back and forth I went, from one to the other. I was amazed

that such a large organ could fit so much inside of me. My vagina was still clenching in orgasmic rhythm. I was barely able to breathe, heaving like a fish out of water. I felt him begin to tense up, along with his cock swelling and I knew it was time.