Jungle night

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Friday nights are lonely but not after Jane finds her tarzans in the Borneo jungle.

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The dark mosquito net of night falls quickly and peacefully after the usual brilliant display of sunset.

Fruit bats fly high, all in one direction to where fruits are ripening in the jungle. Large insects start to swarm around the house, coming out in buzzing waves from the surrounding jungle, dark and mysterious now.

Jane watches all this from her vantage point on the balcony. It’s a show that is different every night. There is so much to know and the large somber trees hide as much and as yet reveal little to this newcomer. It feels as if the trees are studying her instead out of curiosity. Stars shimmer now high in the sky.

Swarms of mosquitoes soon send her retreating inside.

Jane undresses for bed, thinking of a good work day tomorrow at her ecotourism office in town.

Born in a place that is wild and cold, Jane closes the bedroom door, even though she is the only one in the house, turns off the light and walks around the bathroom and the bedroom as bare as when she was born, feeling the humid air doing good to her skin.

Some night moonlight drapes over her full body, the glow hiding the wrinkles, freckles and flabbiness of middle age. Sometimes she does a little twirling dance there on the bathroom floor, her alabaster body a strange sight in the mirror and for whatever may be watching from the jungle through the drawn curtains.

She must look silly, she knows, but no one is watching.

As usual before bed, she needs to wash off sweat in a cooling shower. This is a real pleasure in her

simple life and she stays a long time, letting water falls over her like a jungle waterfall, many of which she had bathed in. She wishes that she is under a real one now, in the moonlight.

Still damp from her shower, Jane looks at her big bed. Her spot is there on one side, shrouded now by the white veils of the big mosquito net. How lonely that spot looks tonight. And she is not the slightest bit sleepy.

There is the usual emptiness lower down, between her naked thighs. Before the shower just now, Jane shaved herself as is her Friday night ritual. Her pubic hair has not had a chance to grow much in a week on her fleshy mound.

She took her time, enjoying the drag of the razor that exposes her smooth pink skin under the shaving cream. Rinsing off in the shower, she later rubs moisturizing cream all over her pubis. She shows her little hill, now smooth and shiny, in the long bathroom mirror.

She powders her breasts, stomach and bottom, rubbing into the cleft of it, even on her anus. Her body is still sexy. It will make some horny guy very happy, many sometime soon.

But when? Now she is ready, but for what?

The rest of her Friday night ritual is to pour herself a large glass of red wine, get comfortable on the divan and watch any good movie on cable TV. She often falls asleep very quickly and wakes up late, the TV still going.

Then her trusty companion waits in the bottom drawer by her bedside, to send her off for the night.

Naked, Jane looks for it now, black and shiny in its box, rather too big in size. Jane holds it in her hand and turns off all the light in the house, as she makes her way to the kitchen to pour her wine. She finds a tray then puts the glass of wine, a small plate of crackers and cheese and the dildo on it to take out to the balcony at the back.

The dark forest is still studying her. She will give it something to see.

Now the night is alarmingly bright with moonlight. But before her is only forest, in which insect buzz and whirl. Their mechanical sounds are now joined by the whirl of her instrument now in its place in the cleft of her pubis mound.

Jane took a rushed gulp of the red wine, before the merciless vibrations banged her head back on to the banana lounge which creaks and thumps on the wooden floor in response.

She allows her cries to float out safely tonight. It's too brutal, this thing. Not like the real thing at all.

Sweaty again, Jane finished her wine and ties on her shoes. She steps down from the balcony and head through the shrubs, her vagina still wet and dripping from her orgasm. She might wash it in the cool stream not far ahead.

Mosquitoes whine high-pitched. She smacks one or two dead on her bottom and scents her own blood. Branches scratch her.

The forest feels alive and attentive.

Then she heard different sounds.

Someone is in the bush with her. Jane stops dead to listen. Nothing. But the whole forest seems to be listening with her.

Dayak hunters sometime go out at night with their deadly long blow pipes and poison darts to hunt nocturnal animals and even orangutans as the vulnerable apes sleep on their platforms of branches. But no hunters have been seen around this residential village of foreigners.

Jane reaches the stream, it’s dark water gurgling. Jane squats down and splashes the cool water on her vagina, joining it with nature.

A dark hand grabs her arm from behind. Jane doesn’t scream.

She turns quickly around. Three Dayak hunters surround her. One holds up the palms of his hands to communicate that Jane should not be afraid.

She is not.

But there she is naked in front of these men. They were themselves naked but for brief loincloths, which do not cover all of their genitals, not from where she is sitting.

“Go on your knees,” orders the Dayak who holds her arm, speaking in Indonesian now. He pushes her down firmly so that she is on her fours, her hands in the sand bank of the stream.

Jane hears the men throw down their blow pipes and other bit and pieces. Then they slip off their loincloths.

The first hunter now goes behind her. She feels his hard penis searching , touching first her anus then finds her cleft and her vagina., then ploughs right in.

“Oh good God,” cries Jane.

Another Dayak comes to squat in front of her now, not too close. He has not touched her but now his hand reaches out to lightly touch her brown hair, now swaying, then caresses her face.

Directly in front of her his dark shiny penis is thick and long for his small body. It’s standing up and pointing at her face.

Instinctively Jane wants to grab hold of it and put it in her mouth. She hasn’t done that for years and aches to do it now. Then she thinks that Dayaks may not be used to this so better wait and see.

As the first time she is fucking in years, her vagina feels tight and unused. But then the tight friction already makes her come.

“Shit, shit! Fuck, fuck!,” Jane yells as she flops to the sand. How can this little man bring her to orgasm so quickly? Her hunter also finished at the same time, grunting like a wild pig, his body jerking.

As soon as the first man withdraws, the second immediately fills his place .He slides his dick in easily. His is even bigger and harder. His iron hands are grabbing her breasts and her flabby stomach.

Too soon Jane is rocked by another orgasm, even more intense than the first.

“Aieee,” cries the man on her back. More hot sperm shoots into her. Jane breathes in deep its aroma as it drips from her thighs into the sand.

Although he is naked, the last hunter, a young man, squats well back out of the picture. He is too shy.

Jane crawls now slowly like some sort of hippopotamus, exaggerating her four-legged steps, amusing the two men who have laid down to rest. The youth laughs uneasily too.

“Come here to me and I will eat you, “ growls Jane, crawling faster.

“No, no, no,” says the man.

Jane hops on top of him, pinning his thighs down with her body. He can’t move now. The young man’s penis stands straight up.

This is her chance.

She nibbles its hard rounded head, then quickly sucks the whole shaft in. There is commotion now as the man wriggles. She feels his thighs struggling under her.

Jane has forgotten how pleasurable it is sucking cock. There is a hot penis again in her mouth and it is throbbing, ready to explode. She wants it all to last much longer but again too soon her victim yells. A flood of warm sperm fills her mouth.

She swallows, savouring. She thirsts for more. She will get more.

The men are happy, dancing around as Jane corners the teenager. In the end as she stands up, they gather around her, still randomly feeling her breasts, thighs and bottom.

“Come back next Friday night!,” she tells them firmly in Indonesian, her arms on their shoulders.

“Yah, yah,” the three say as they walk back into the forest, waning their hands.

“Terimah kasih,” says the young man, Indonesian for thank you, with a sheepish smile.

“OK. More next time,” Jane smiles and holds his wet penis again.

“To all of you.”

As Jane walks back to the dark house, she her dreamy smile remains.

She won’t be alone in her bed next Friday night. With luck, there will be three Dayak hunters in it with her.