Small companion

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Published on Lush Stories on 24 Aug 2008

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From a cage in the forest came Reung's very small companion.

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Rains in the north have filled the big river which now laps the large roots of this tree where Rueng likes to sit at this time of the day. Her little constant companion is with her and she feels him as usual comfortably in her underwear.

She can’t remember what she did without him. Oh yes, she can: she was as lonely as she ever was. Looking back Rueng sees her father sitting at his usual spot on the balcony of their wooden dwelling, looking in her direction. His vision is not good any more so she is not sure how far he can see. He is trying to look at the boats on the river.

She feels movement again between her thighs. She loosens the top of her sarong as usual, worried that maybe not enough air is getting through. She hopes her companion will feel sexy soon, as she does. Then she is almost constantly so these days with him around.

She opens her thighs a little more. She places a woven basket on her legs to hide the movements in her lap, just in case someone is watching from the river.

Ah this feels promising now. Her companion is in her groove where she likes him to be. If she can move her lips down there to enfold him tighter, she would.

Now there is a wonderful sensation on her clitoris, a wild tinkling as if a rat or a fish is nibbling it with only its lips and not sharp teeth. She squirms. Oh don’t stop, don’t stop, she thought.

Her spot must be hardening up like a shiny button now with all this attention.

Her alluring smell rises into the breeze, as she wriggles and parst her legs a little more. The nibbling continues and gains speed.

“Shit, shit,” she mumbles.

Now comes the familiar backward and forward movement pressing deliciously right on the opening of her vagina, which must be as moist as a waterhole by now.

Reung knows that her companion is actually fucking her in his way. She can’t of course feel his penis which is minuscule. But the energetic muscling down there is as usual gradually lifting her to a high mountain top.

Ouch!, ouch! Now the little blighter is actually biting her clitoris.

“Ouch!, Hey!,” she screams. Her father moves and tries to focus in her direction.

Now both sides of her button is being squeezed and kneaded, and moved side to side with increasing speed, as if by tiny but very strong hands and arms.

Reung has come to the end of her tether. Now she has to grab the big solid trunk of the tree now to get ready for what is to come. Her thighs and groin begin to heave by themselves out of her control.

As he usually does, her companion has now ducked inside her vagina, moving back and forth like a disembodied penis, or a hard dildo running on batteries.

A boat cuts through the water with its loud truck engine blasting. The man driving knows Reung and waves to her, just at the time that she is screaming at the top of her voice, her contorted face rising to the tree’s canopy.

“Shit, shit, that was something,” Reung mumbles, sweaty all over. She looks back anxiously at her dad who is still staring at her. She catches a puzzled look on his face.

She gently strokes the now-stationary lump flopped on her pubis under her sarong. She whispers lovingly to it then wraps herself up again. She needs to go to the back of the house now to bath from the big round earthenware tub full of freezing water.

If she is this sweaty, her companion must be wet and sticky as peeled banana. She is afraid that sometime he may drown or pass out in all that hot moisture.

It was some six months ago when she first saw Dun. Yes that was the name that seemed appropriate for him. It was her dad who took her into a jungle that she has never seen before despite being born hereabouts, and not far away from their house near the river.

A scary woman, thin, wrinkled like a dried Chinese plum, with long hair completely white, lived in a house on legs of dark old weathered teak. She knew her dad and greeted him like a friend in her voice as squeaky as a rusty hinge.

They ate and she and her dad smoked some strange-smelling cigarettes after the meal. The smoke blended in with the incense smell that pervaded the house.

“You want a pet, girl?,” the woman asked Reung after a while. “You look like you need a companion. I have many.”

“Come,” she beckoned her to the back of the house as night fell.

There was a large cage at the back. Reung was expecting to see chickens, quails or squirrels.

But there were little dolls of young men in there no taller than six inches, all naked, with little black spots of pubic hair showing. But the dolls moved. When they saw the woman coming, they ran to the back of the cage and cowered there.”

“Men are so useless. This is all that they are good for,” said the woman. “Choose one. Keep it well and it will be your slave to do what you want it to do. But they can’t speak.”

“I caught these youngsters sneaking about in my forest. Now they do chores for me, even climb trees to throw mangoes down to me.’

“They even go to bed with me, tied to my wrists,” she said with a gleam in her eyes.

Dun now goes wherever Deung goes. He is her companion.

He sleeps between her breasts or further down below, as the mood takes him.