

Yucatán

A steamy tale of sex and adventure

by

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Chapter One: Peter

“¡*Madre de Dios!* You Americans, all you hear is Mayan ruins and you all flock to Chichén Itzá or Tulum. *Mi amigo*, those are for *turistas* with too-expensive Japanese cameras.”

Porfirio laughed when he said this, looking into his beer and not at me. Simple social commentary and not a rebuke, at least that’s how I took it.

“You’re right, my new friend.” I took a swig, trying to hide my

grimace—this wasn't beer I'd take home with me. "My friends and I would rather see Toltec ruins not trampled over by everyone."

He exhaled a small sigh. "*Sí* ...Toltec," he said. "Peter, did you know I am partly of Toltec ancestry?"

I didn't answer. As if he hadn't told me several times since we met two afternoons ago. We concentrated on our beers, and our thoughts.

Brad, Liz, Ruthie and I arrived in Cancún not looking for party thrills but real Yucatán adventure. Yep, jungles, and ruins, and tales of ancient Mayan sacrifices. Ruthie was my girlfriend of about six months. She's a 5-foot-four strawberry blonde, with a lithe, Barbie-doll body that brought about on more than one occasion questions of anorexia. She didn't have an eating disorder, I could attest, though she certainly didn't have any body fat to speak of, including her nearly flat chest, though her nipples were hard, sensitive and kissable—one of my favorite pastimes. After six months I still didn't know how she felt about me, even though she didn't deny me anything in bed. I always thought of myself as a geek, but since college I'd developed a better sense of self. I'm five-nine and, I guess you would say, wiry. People are always making comments about our mutual thinness.

Brad and Liz had been dating a while longer, but not much. Brad would always be the stereotypical jock. Someday he'd be an overweight blob

but now he still had the muscles. Liz, unlike Ruth, had all the curves to go along with her dark, sultry looks. Many people took her for Indian or Pakistani. I took her for sexy.

Brad and I had grown up together in a Cleveland suburb, and then went off to the same college. We stayed in touch after graduation, and here we were, sharing our thirst for adventure. Two nights in a Cancún hotel and Ruthie and I had yet to get it on. I chalked it up to her being too keyed up for the upcoming quest. I hoped Brad was getting some.

Inquiring about guides, I was introduced to Porfirio Quintana and told if anyone could lead four greenhorn Americans to adventure then he was our man. He was a short, slightly built man, with an air of intensity about him that didn't jibe with his quick sense of humor. I liked him the moment we spoke. His English was superb, having spent some time in the States. Brad was a little wary of the Mexican. The girls were wary of *EVERYONE* so far. I was having a blast, and we hadn't even gone anywhere yet! Tomorrow we would. I finished my beer.

I patted the guide on the back and said, "*Buenos noches, Señor.* We'll be ready at nine o'clock."

"See you in the morning, Peter." We shook hands as I slid off my barstool.

When I walked into the hotel bar looking for my friends, I was surprised to see Liz at the bar in a lip-lock with a stranger. What was she doing, and where were Brad and Ruthie? As I approached I sized up the guy she was kissing. He was tall and light-skinned, with somewhat curly blond hair. Swedish, I guessed.

“¡*Hola!*” I proclaimed a little too loudly as I neared the bar. I startled them, which of course was the idea. The guy said something to Liz I couldn’t understand, but I did pick up on the language—German. “Where’re the other two?” I asked, feigning nonchalance at what they were just doing.

“Oh, hi Pete. They...ah...they must be, like, in their rooms, I guess. I think we all had a little too much to drink.” She stammered, before turning to her new ‘friend’. “Hey, this is Gerhard...he’s German.”

I shook the German’s hand as Liz introduced me. It seemed Gerhard couldn’t speak a lick of English, but kissing was a lingual skill all its own, I mused. I gave Liz a disapproving look. She blushed and looked away. I said goodnight and proceeded up the noisy elevator to my room. I was feeling a little randy and wondered whether I could get Ruthie to spread her legs for me tonight. As I unlocked the door to our room, I heard muted voices inside and a lot of rustling. When I entered, there were Brad and Ruthie sitting on the edge of the bed. They were fully clothed yet looked a bit mussed. Had

they been fooling around? The air smelled of alcohol and musk. Oh, shit.

I had to get my shot in. “Hey, Brad...what you doing here? And why is Liz downstairs at the bar with that German guy? They looked rather friendly, I’d say.”

Brad couldn’t hide the guilt. Ruthie was doing a better job.

“German guy,” Brad repeated, not forming it as a question, like he knew for whom I was referring.

“Yeah. You’ve met him? Seemed like Liz knew him pretty well, if you know what I mean.”

“Ah, I guess I better go find her,” he said. “See you in the morning.” When he arose from the bed he never once looked at Ruthie.

As soon as Brad was gone, I asked the only question my jealousy-fueled mind could think of: “Were you two fucking around behind my back?”

She denied anything had happened. They were a bit drunk and had just talked, she said. Maybe so, but later she claimed exhaustion in rejecting my sexual advances.

I knew *something* had happened.



Chapter Two: Ruth

I had second thoughts about this ‘adventure’. I mean, Pete was gung-ho and Brad would go along with about anything he said, but in some respects I just wanted this trip to be over and to be going back home. I wasn’t sure what Liz was all about yet. She seemed to want to *BE* with Brad, but she also didn’t seem to *CARE* for him. Got me thinking, I’ll tell you. I was finding Brad, ahem, *interesting*. He wasn’t full of initiative, but the guy was a handsome hunk. He was over six feet tall and very athletic and muscular. Nothing like Pete.

While Pete hung out with the Mexican, the three of us stayed in the hotel bar and got plastered on tequila. Liz started making eyes at a couple of German guys, and soon they joined us. They were named Gerhard and Michael, both tall and good-looking. They couldn’t speak English but that didn’t stop Liz’s flirting. Pretty soon, Brad’s jealousy was palpable. The more attention Liz gave the Germans, the more attention Brad in turn gave

me. I really didn't mind.

"Ruthie, you look like you're gonna pass out," Brad said to me.

I thought, *he's probably right*; I was a bit wobbly on the barstool.

"Yeah, I guess I, like, had too much tequila. I was hoping Pete would be back by now, but maybe I better go up to the room."

Brad said, "Why don't I help get you there, okay?" Liz gave him a dirty look, and he gave it right back.

He took me by the arm and we took the elevator upstairs. Maybe it was from my drunken state, but his closeness and his touch were doing something to me. When I opened the door to mine and Peter's room, I turned to say goodnight to Brad. He was very close to me and I couldn't help but brush against the front of his jeans. I was startled to find he had an erection, and from what I felt, a *BIG* one. I admit I'd been wondered about his anatomy ever since Pete introduced me.

"I think somebody's got a problem," I said with a wink and a loosened tongue.

"Oh, God, Ruthie...I...I..."

I put a finger at his lips to shush him. I pictured this gigantic cock

uncoiling from his pants as I said, “Why don’t you come on in and maybe I can like take care of it for you.”

Being drunk, my libido was pretty much unchallenged by my conscience. Brad was like a panting puppy dog as I urged him into the center of the small room and unfastened his jeans. I lowered them to his ankles before pulling at the waistband of his jockeys.

Oh my God! He was indeed huge, much bigger by far than Pete, at least nine inches of thick meat, standing up proudly now that it was freed. I pushed him onto the bed, and without further thought, slid the head between my lips. I couldn’t take him very deep because of his size, so I mostly used my hand to jerk him off. I was thinking about whether I could take all of him into my pussy at the same time he slid his hand into my pants and found my clit. Maybe it was thoughts of him inside my vagina, or simply my lowered inhibitions, but my instantaneous orgasm amazed me. The cock stuffed in my mouth stifled my scream. I felt him swell, stretching my already stretched lips. I pulled away and with a few more quick jerks he began to spew. Stream after stream hit me in the face as he groaned. I never saw a guy cum so much. Wow! Another late orgasmic shudder passed through my body. *IN me someday*, I kept thinking.

Luckily I was able to clean up and get his pants back on before we

heard movement at the door. Pete knew something had happened. I knew I had to get Brad alone again and see if he'd fit. I'm kind of a skinny girl, but I was sure ready to give him a try. I fell asleep dreaming of Brad's monster stretching and filling me. I was soaked by morning.



Chapter Three: Brad

Until Liz copped the attitude and started making eyes at the Germans, I hadn't given Ruth much of a thought. She was cute, but I liked them with a little more meat on their bones. Besides, she was Pete's girl.

We drank way too much. Liz had been treating me like shit ever since we got here. As soon as the two German guys showed up, she started flirting with the taller one. She even had the nerve to make a joke about his name, asking if 'Gerhard' meant he was always hard. I'm not sure Gerhard got it, but he sure looked like he knew the score. He sat closer to Liz and I got more pissed. So I sat closer to Ruthie, and she seemed to think that was okay. I began looking at her with different eyes. Everything that was happening around me was leading me to her.

Then she nearly fell from the barstool.

I asked her if she thought she might pass out. She answered, “I don’t know, Brad, I guess I had too much tequila. I was hoping Pete would be back by now, but maybe I better go up to the room and wait for him.”

By the time I got her to their room, I had other ideas. I couldn’t believe it when she felt my erection and invited me in. When she dropped my pants and started to blow me I thought *this can’t be happening*. I barely touched her clit and she climaxed! Half the time Liz faked it thinking I couldn’t tell, and here was this girl who creamed just from a touch! I was going to cum and she knew it. She pulled me out of her mouth and I shot all over her. No girl ever let me cum all over her face like that before.

I wanted to fuck her so bad, but I knew Pete would be back soon. Maybe tomorrow.



Chapter Four: Liz

Gerhard was a good kisser. Though I’d studied German in college, I

couldn't understand half of what he said, but I surely understood my need. I admit I was sick of Brad's wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am sex. He had excellent equipment, but lately it simply wasn't enough. When Brad helped Ruthie upstairs, I vaguely wondered if they would fuck, seeing Peter wasn't around, but I realized I didn't care. As soon as Michael left to go to his room, I made the move on Gerhard.

More tequila and another deep French kiss. I ran my hand up his thigh to find him stiff inside his jeans. That's when I knew I was going to his room tonight.

“¡*Hola!*”

It was Pete, making a show of 'catching' me kissing this stranger. I introduced my new friend. When Pete went to the elevator, I secretly hoped he'd catch Ruth and Brad in the act. It would serve him right.

We kissed again before Gerhard asked if I'd like to go to his room (no problem translating *THAT* part.) He said something else that I didn't get, so he tried different words until I understood that he was sharing a room with Michael. He may not have been hinting at a threesome, but I was ready for anything. He picked up the tab and we went arm-in-arm to his room. When we entered, Michael was indeed there, lying on one of the beds, watching television. I wondered how much of the Spanish-language show he

understood. Gerhard said something to him and the two exchanged rapid-fire words. I only caught a few phrases, but I knew what they were discussing—privacy.

Michael finally shrugged and Gerhard awkwardly asked if I wanted more to drink, motioning to an uncapped bottle of tequila on the dresser. I nodded and he poured me a generous slug in one of the hotel's water glasses. I downed it in one swallow. This excited Gerhard so much—he finally *knew* he was going to get lucky tonight. I bet Michael didn't know *HE* might get lucky too! On the bed Gerhard and I kissed while Michael kept watching television. I undid his jeans as he began undoing mine. He was very hard and leaking a lot of precum. He may not be as endowed as Brad but he had a lean body and a great ass, and would do nicely. In a few more minutes all our clothes were off and he was between my spread thighs as I lay crosswise on the smallish hotel bed, my head dangling over the edge. He expertly toyed with my clit until I was wet and aching for it.

He had a nice rhythm about him, not manic as some horny guys would be but slow and steady. I looked over at the other bed to see Michael with his pants open, fondling his cock as he watched us fuck. Our eyes locked as I made an almost imperceptible “come here” nod with my head, and opened my mouth. Michael's cock was now semi-erect. He was long, though

without the girth of his buddy. *Good for sucking*, I thought, as Michael pulled his jeans and boxers completely off and moved toward me. When he slid his dick into my mouth I felt Gerhard pause, as if he was either surprised by Michael's participation or by my willingness. I reached between my splayed and upraised legs and pulled Gerhard's ass to me once more. He picked up the pace and began to fuck me even harder, as Michael's cock was buried in my throat and swelling. What had I thought about his girth? —I couldn't breathe as he fucked my throat at the same rhythm his buddy fucked my pussy.

I was about to climax when Michael groaned as his cock throbbed, filling my throat with jism. I tried to swallow as much as I could but my orgasm took over, making me shiver and convulse in the sweetest agony—coughing Michael's spent cock from my mouth along with a string of his cum. I was still riding the wave of my orgasm when I heard Gerhard grunt something in German and felt his cock pulse as he shot his load deep into me.

I told both guys they were great. I kissed Gerhard goodnight, but he wasn't as enthusiastic now, probably because some of Michael's cum was still on my lips. I told them not to get too expectant of me; I wasn't going to be their slut. I hoped they understood.

Back in my room, Brad was waiting for me. "So, did you fuck the

German?” He asked.

“No. Should I have?” I peevishly asked back.

I wondered if he’d done anything with Ruthie. Now, *THAT* would be a blast, I thought. He probably smelled cum on me anyway, so I knew he guessed what I’d done. We went to bed but didn’t touch one another all night.



Chapter Five: Peter

“*Buenos días*, Peter. How are you this fine morning?” Porfirio looked chipper as we shook hands before loading my stuff in his van. “The others are up and ready, yes?”

“They’ll be right out,” I said. “They all had a little too much tequila last night so they may be a little hung-over, but they’ll be fine once we get to the ruins. Porfirio smiled and made a comment about gringos not handling their tequila very well. I thought *what else couldn’t we handle?*

What *I* couldn't handle was finding out the Germans were going to join us that morning. Porfirio said it was okay for two more as long as they paid; he had plenty of room in his van. Everyone mustered at the Mexican's elongated vehicle and loaded their gear. We had tents and many supplies for our stay at the edge of the jungle. Porfirio would guide us to ruins seen by few tourists. He seemed enthusiastic—anticipating our journey much more keenly than I would if I'd been doing this sort of thing for years as he had.

I entered the van last (except for Porfirio), and saw a young girl sitting in the front-most passenger seat. She had a wild mane of coal dark hair and a round face that was very pretty. She gave me a tentative smile.

I turned to our guide behind me and asked, "Your daughter, Señor?"

"Ah, no my friend. She is my niece. Her name is Maria. She wanted to join our adventure so she will, how you Americans say it...ride shotgun. She will be no problem and has her own provisions. She is smart in jungle ways, Señor Peter."

I smiled at her in acknowledgement, and wished her a "Buenos días." The cat-like look she gave me suggested she was smart in certain other, more worldly ways too.

As we began the long drive that would take us past Valladolid, I

noticed where everyone chose to sit, and their body language. Liz sat next to the German, Gerhard, leaving Brad to be next to the other guy (Michael?) who he couldn't even speak with. At least I was able to sit with Ruthie, though she wasn't very talkative, probably because of last night. I still wondered if anything had happened between her and Brad. *WE* sure didn't do anything.

The young Mexican girl, Maria, was checking us all out, sneaking peeks at each of us in turn. Probably trying to figure out the crazy foreigners. Good luck. When I first saw her I guessed her age at around twenty, but the more I look at her I was now thinking fifteen or sixteen, max. I hoped Porfirio was up to the task of keeping an eye out for his niece, considering men outnumbered women in this trek, and especially with all the sexual tension in the air, including mine.

Ruth was quiet, but I couldn't say the same about Gerhard. Liz was trying to teach him some English, but all I really heard from him were monosyllabic grunts and a few laughs. However, he seemed to be doing better with his Braille. I was certain he was feeling Liz up, and she didn't seem to mind at all. Brad sat, and fumed. I looked around and caught Maria staring at me. She smiled before turning away.

I figured we would go by Piste, but Porfirio turned the van off from old

Rt. 180 onto a back road that soon was nothing more than rutted dirt. We were closing in on our adventure.



Chapter Six: Ruth

I had always imagined lush vegetation with big, vine-covered stone pyramids towering in a great clearing. What I was seeing was crappy bushes trying to imitate a forest and an endless dirt road. I occupied my mind during the monotonous ride thinking about Brad's cock and what it could do to me. I wondered if we might be able to sneak away from the camp so I could get laid. My seat was wet, and it wasn't only from sweating in this miserable heat.

When we got to the site, frankly it wasn't as disappointing as I thought it would be. We were on the side of a hill and the vegetation was fuller, more jungle-like. There was a pyramid of sorts but it had crumbled long ago and the jungle was well into the process of reclaiming its own. The whole place gave me the creeps. At first I didn't know why but then it came to me.

“The Ruins,” I said.

Peter and Liz, both closest to me, said, “What?”

“The Ruins. It’s a book I read a year or two ago, I don’t remember the author’s name. It was kind of a horror story about a group of young people, like us I guess, who went into the jungle looking for an archeological dig and got eaten by these viney plants that were all around.”

Peter scoffed, but Liz wanted to know more. “Plants? How could plants eat people? Like Venus Fly Traps or something?”

“Naw, they’re like vines that kinda grew everywhere and were alive.”

Peter said, “Duh, Ruthie, all plants are alive.”

“I know that. I mean they were like humans and could think and plan, and they smelled body fluids like blood and semen and went after the people and killed them all.”

“Sounds stupid to me” was all Peter could say. The idiot. I looked over at Brad setting up a tent, and once again wondered if I’d be able to get him away from the group.

Liz seemed to be thinking about something, then said, “Now that you talk about it, wasn’t there a movie made on that book? I remember seeing a

TV ad for it a little while ago.”

“Don’t remember. Just that the book gave me the creeps for weeks after I read it.” *Body fluids—I’ll feed the plants some body fluids*, I thought. Let me at Brad, that’s all.

While we set up camp, the Mexican, Porfirio, gave us orders on how and where to place the tents and stuff, like he was the boss or something. Maybe he was, since he was supposed to be the expert on all this, and it did appear he’d been here before.

With everything set up for the night, Peter proclaimed he was going to check out what was left of the pyramid, and invited us to join him. The Germans were gung-ho, so naturally Liz said she’d go too. Porfirio and his niece would lead the way. Brad had already wandered off in a different direction. I told the group I didn’t feel well in all the humidity and would stay behind. I couldn’t decipher Peter’s expression as he trudged off. Did he know what I was thinking?

After the group was out of sight, I slipped into our tent and changed out of my sweaty clothes and put on a fresh t-shirt and a pair of very short cut-offs, not bothering with a bra. I took off after Brad. When I found him, he showed me a large stone he called an altar. That’s where I fucked him, on the

altar like a virgin sacrifice thousands of years before.



Chapter Seven: Brad

“Hey, where the hell are you?” I heard a female voice call out, honestly scaring the shit out of me.

Ah, it was Ruth. “Over here, Ruthie. I found this really neat stone set-up, looks like some sort of altar.”

As she walked toward me my mouth must have been hanging open. Her nipples were clearly visible poking at the thin t-shirt, and those shorts! — Damned if I couldn’t see a camel toe, the fucking things were that tight!

“Altar, huh? You think they sacrificed virgins on that stone?”

I was trying to remain calm. “Much too many eons gone by to have blood stains on ‘em I guess. Of course, maybe they used it to deflower virgins, not kill ‘em,” I said, laughing. “Not as much blood that way.”

“That could be...aren’t any virgins here anyway.” She got real close,

adding, “We could make believe, right? ...Test your theory?”

We kissed. I felt the heat radiating from her. My hand went under her already sweat-streaked t-shirt and cupped her small breast, feeling a taut and goose-pimpled nipple. I pinched it softly and she moaned in response. She muttered something about being a virgin and sacrificing herself by getting impaled on my sword. My cock was rigid by that time, but somehow grew even harder. She quickly got me out of my shorts, and on her knees began sucking my cock. She looked dazed; I figured that was her ‘horny’ look.

She pulled her mouth away from me and looked up, smiling. “Help me out of these wet clothes, will you?” The word *wet* implying the double entendre I didn’t miss. After I pulled her t-shirt over her head and helped slip her shorts off, she hopped up on the altar stone and spread her legs suggestively.

“You’ll have to peel these off, they’re sticking to me,” meaning her panties.

She lifted her ass from the stone so I could. The crotch was soaked through, and I smelled the musk of her heat as I pulled them down her legs. She was fucking dripping!

Almost breathless, she panted, “Lay down on this fuckin’ rock, will

you?” I did.

God! I’ve heard guys call skinny girls like Ruth “spinners” but never knew until today what that truly meant. She spread wide and impaled herself on my turgid shaft. She rode me like a cowgirl with no tomorrow, bucking up and down and back and forth in a rhythmic motion I’d never seen in any porn movie. She was marvelous to watch as she bounced upon me. I didn’t have to do anything but enjoy the slight jiggle of her taut nipples as she fucked me hard. Her head was thrown back and she was lost in her own world. I knew I was close to cumming already. I thought of baseball games and movies I’d seen, anything but the feeling of her writhing body and the velvet hold of her tight vagina, so I wouldn’t cum.

I failed, my pent up seed spraying into her. She must have felt it, her expression changing, bucking harder, forcing me deeper. Her orgasm came with a wail so loud, startled birds in nearby trees took flight.

When she eventually fell to my side on the warm altar stone, she purred, “Ooooo, now *that’s* the way I would wanna be sacrificed!”

She asked me if I thought Liz was going to sleep with the Germans. I told her I figured she already had. “I meant tonight,” she said. I hadn’t thought much about tonight’s tent arrangements. The way she looked at me

suggested that's exactly what she *was* thinking about. Tonight would be interesting.



Chapter Eight: Peter

When we returned to the campsite, Ruthie was gone and Brad still hadn't come back from wherever he'd been. The ruined pyramid was fabulous. We located a small crevasse between two toppled stones, which appeared to lead into a cavernous chamber of sorts. We decided that with better lighting we'd explore it tomorrow. It added to my fun to practice Spanish with Porfirio and Maria. I needed a lot of practice but they were patient with me; Porfirio chuckling occasionally to a misused or mispronounced word, and Maria politely and tactfully pointing out errors in phraseology. The girl was smart as a whip and I was growing as fond of her as I had her uncle.

We were making plans for our first camp dinner when Brad and Ruthie returned. I didn't know what the others thought, but I knew they'd fucked, and the rest of our adventure would not be the same. Ruthie smiled ear-to-

ear, her post-coital glow something I fondly—and now sadly—recalled all too well.

“Hey guys, remember I was talking about that book, you know, with the killer plants? You should have seen the *BIG* vine I saw! It sure looked alive, like it would eat me all up,” she said, giggling. She looked drunk. I knew it was because of the sex. She got like that.

Brad was trying to look nonchalant but failed miserably. As much as the sight of the two of them distressed me, Liz didn't seem to care. She turned to Michael and Gerhard and motioned to their tent. I got the message, as I was sure everyone else did. The tent 'assignment' had made logical sense earlier, however that plan was shot to hell now. We had five tents: ostensibly one each for Ruth and I, Brad and Liz, Gerhard and Michael, Porfirio, and one for Maria. When I confronted Ruthie after we ate dinner, she told me matter-of-factly she was going to spend the night in Brad's tent, and that Liz was going to sleep with the Germans in their larger one. I was to sleep alone.

Late in the evening I sat near the fire with Porfirio and Maria, trading stories of the U.S., Mexico, Toltecs and the Yucatán, trying hard not to think about my lost relationship—if I'd really had one in the first place. Porfirio looked at me with sad eyes when the unmistakable sounds of sex floated from

Brad's tent. Ruthie was never that loud with me, so I felt doubly crushed by her abandonment. Thankfully, the sounds emanating from the Germans' tent grew louder and drowned out Brad and Ruthie's moans and groans. I say thankfully only because it wasn't Ruth, not because it made me think so much about sleeping alone.

Before calling it quits, Maria gave me a little kiss on the cheek, wishing me a good night. Her eyes were as sad as her uncle's. Taking pity on a poor soul.



Chapter Nine: Liz

"C'mon Michael, you can do better than that," I said in my best mischievous voice. He was eating my pussy, but not hitting all the right spots. A girl has needs, right?

Gerhard laughed, laying beside me on the spread out sleeping bags, lazily playing with one of my breasts. He said something in German, probably chiding his buddy about his cunnilingual skills. I was silently chiding Gerhard for not addressing my aching nipples.

Michael wised up and concentrated on top of my clit where I was most sensitive. I knew the little pearl was getting stiff and poking out from its hood, starving for more attention. Good boy—he was finally giving it the attention it deserved. Gerhard wised up as well, tweaking and pinching my nipples. My tits ached with desire. I gasped involuntarily at their ministrations. This got both of them more excited. I was in a tent with two hunks with extremely stiff and upright cocks. Yummy!

It was time to put those splendid cocks to good use. “Will you two fuck me...NOW!”

They knew what *THAT* meant! Michael said something to Gerhard, maybe demanding to go first. No matter, he did. He propped me up on hands and knees and did me doggie, in long, languid strokes. Gerhard sat beside us, stroked his cock, and smiled. I thought he was anticipating his turn, but not understanding that much German I had no idea what they had planned until they did it.

I begged Michael to go faster, but he kept at that slow and steady pace. I thrust my hips back at him but he held them firmly enough so it had no real effect. I wanted to cum. He seemed to want to postpone his orgasm for some reason. Toying with me?

I cried “Fuck me harder, you bastard! Harder!” Then, “Damn you...*HARDER!*”

Michael pulled out. Dazed and wanting to cum so badly, I looked at Gerhard and puzzled at the tube he had in his hand. He squeezed a dollop of clear gel from the tube and spread it on his cock. When he rubbed some on my asshole, it finally worked its way through my aroused state—I was going to lose my anal virginity—was I ready?

Gerhard rolled me over onto himself so my back was on his chest. He said something in German; maybe it was “get ready” or some other warning, before the head of his cock popped through my startled sphincter. I whimpered. I cried. He slid in further. My brain cried foul; I thought I would faint. I knew he was in me deep, but it took a while for the feeling to come back to my nether regions.

Ok, now that I could breathe again, this ass fucking wasn’t half bad. His hands were under my ass cheeks and he was raising and dropping me in a steady rhythm. In my peripheral vision I saw Michael stroking his hard cock and moving toward me. He positioned himself between my flailing legs—and Gerhard’s—and slid into my soaking wet cunt. So this was DP—double penetration—which I figured was only a porn movie construct until now. Michael thrust from above; Gerhard thrust from below. Their cocks were rubbing together, I realized, with only a thin membrane separating the two spears of hard, manly flesh. I never felt that before but I certainly wanted to feel it again and again and again. I could be a DP addict.

I whimpered, “God, oh God, oh yes, oh yes, fuck me, you two bastards, fuck me, yes, oh God YES!”

At that moment I heard a woman’s orgasmic scream from an adjacent tent—Ruthie was cumming. I thought *you may have Brad, BUT my orgasm will be ten times yours, you skinny bitch!*

I heard myself—my whimpering grew louder.

Gerhard groaned something in his native language, and Michael responded with a groaned exclamation of his own. No need to know German for those; they were both going to cum. I felt every spasm, every jerk of their spurting cocks. Filling me good. Never mind ten times—must have been twenty times more intense than Ruthie’s. I screamed and screamed and screamed...

The convulsion that enveloped my body was a mind blower. Every muscle twitched and every nerve ending sizzled. My breasts felt like they would burst. My groin felt like it had been set on fire. I don’t know how long I screamed, but it seemed like an eternity. Best damned orgasm of my life. Maybe even twenty times better was too conservative an estimate.



Chapter Ten: Peter

You could imagine I didn't have the greatest night's sleep. I convinced myself that what was done was done. I'd lost Ruth and so be it. Whatever occurred last night would not dampen the remainder of our adventure; at least I'd try not to let it.

"Buenos días, mi amigo," I called out to Porfirio as I climbed from my tent. He was by the fire with coffee already brewed and the beginnings of breakfast in aromatic evidence.

He responded with a good morning wish of his own as he poured me a mug of coffee. We chatted for a while about the day's planned explorations, careful not to mention the others in our group in any particular sub-groupings. Maria was next to come out and join us. I was a bit surprised she looked like she spent some time primping this morning. Unlike my just-up, disheveled appearance, she had brushed her hair—and was that make-up I saw? Her uncle noticed too. He frowned a little before hiding it behind his ever-present smile. I asked if she wanted coffee, and poured her a mug when she said yes. She did look extremely pretty this morning.

After a while, the others crawled from their tents. By the sounds that echoed across the jungle floor last night, I understood the vacant, spent look on both Liz and Ruthie's faces. Multiple orgasms last night required coffee and a good breakfast this morning to recharge. Brad still wore that

embarrassed look around me, though I wasn't about to be as angry with him as I did with Ruth. I thought *fuck it*, and helped Porfirio and Maria get them all plates of bacon and hash-brown potatoes.

Equipped with better flashlights and lanterns than we had the day before, we trudged off to explore the recesses of the pyramid ruins. The chamber we found was cool (in both meanings of the word). We found a few broken pottery shards and what looked like tools, as Porfirio kept up a running commentary on the nature of the chamber, and the pyramid in general. I found it all fascinating. When Gerhard pointed out a brownish stain on one wall he thought was blood, half of us got solemn while the other half laughed. Porfirio said that he doubted human sacrifices happened down here. He mentioned an altar stone, which drew a gasp from Ruthie as she stared at Brad and he back at her. I guess they christened one, by the looks of them.

The rest of the day was the same: exploring the area, both above and below ground, sometimes together and sometimes in smaller groups. Perhaps since the sleeping arrangements hadn't been challenged with fistfights today, the group was livelier around the campfire that evening. Bugs were a bigger problem than bruised egos, though mine was still bruised and would be for a while. We did the usual campfire things—told scary stories (nothing about killer vines), sang some goofy songs, toasted marshmallows—and after were

rewarded with Maria, in her best English, regaling us with her ancestral lore. As she spoke, her uncle looked on with pride. When she was done, I gave her a kiss on the cheek and thanked her for her marvelous tales of the Toltecs and Mayans.

Later, in my tent, alone on top of my sleeping bag, I thought: *I guess everybody fucked themselves out last night, I don't hear the slap of skin and groans of ecstasy tonight.* Just before slipping over the edge into sleep, I heard the “zzzzzzzzip” of my tent opening and looked up groggily to see Maria crawling in like some ghostly apparition in the Yucatán moonlight.

As I was going to say something, Maria touched a finger to my lips and whispered, “Shhh, Peter, do not let the others know I am here.”

The moonlight coming in through the tent flap allowed me to see her well. On her knees next to me, she unbuttoned her shirt and let it fall behind her. Her breasts were small up-swung shapes, with dark, nickel-sized, areolas. They were beautiful. As she crept up to me, I realized she only had panties on, simple white cotton never looking so sexy.

She got down next to me, and on one elbow whispered, “Peter, you are too special an *hombre* to be without...a...a partner.”

I tried to say something again, and she shushed me again.

“You know I have been watching you, how you ...ah...handle such things...as with the girl Ruthie...and her...ah...”

I whispered, “It’s ok, Maria. You don’t need to say any more.”

“And nor do you,” she responded in her own husky whisper. “Make love to me, Peter,” she said in English, then said the same in Spanish, though I translated it into much saltier language.

I muttered, “Oh, Maria...”

For the third time she stopped me with a “Shhh.” She said, “I know in my heart I am ready to be loved...as a woman, and that you are the man I want to...”

Her lips found mine. Our kiss was long and sensual. I could tell she wasn’t experienced when my probing tongue startled her somewhat. She pulled her panties off in a flash and then whispered, “I believe this is the way it is to be done,” getting on her hands and knees, her ass to me.

I yanked off my boxers and without thinking placed my face at the crook of her thighs and tasted her nectar; she was so wet, and she tasted so sweet. She seemed not to have anticipated my tongue but seemed to enjoy it anyway. Even lost in the moment of loving this cute girl, I thought *it’s nice knowing somebody appreciates my cunt licking ability*. Her ass was round and firm, and it swayed and swung to the tempo of my slashing tongue.

I pulled my tongue away and moved up onto my knees to enter her. She gasped when I slipped my cock-head between her wet labia. She mumbled something in Spanish—did she really say she didn’t know what

was coming? I slid into her slowly, relishing her moist tightness.

All of a sudden, I stopped in shock. “You’re a virgin?” I whispered, louder than I should have been. I had bumped into a very intact hymen.

“*Sí*, Señor Peter, what did you expect of me?”

I hadn’t expected to take her cherry that was for sure.

She had turned to look back at me, though her face was hidden in shadows. “I thought you would know I was offering my maidenhood to you. I am ready.”

I maneuvered her around so she was facing me. “I can only be the luckiest man in the world for that offer, but it’s such a big step in your life. Back home we say ‘let’s sleep on it’ when we wish to think about a big decision. Why don’t we do that...sleep with me here...no sex...then tomorrow we can talk about it, ok?”

I thought she was pouting but I couldn’t see her face well enough in the darkness of the tent. She said, “Am I not attractive enough for you? Perhaps I am too fat, unlike your Ruth, or maybe not white enough skin.”

“Oh Maria! You are so wrong. You are so pretty. That’s what I thought when I first saw you on your uncle’s van. You will make a man very happy someday.”

“But not you,” she said, trying not to cry.

I chuckled and pulled her closer to me. “And how to you know,

chiquita, that I am not that man? Maybe we will discover that tomorrow under a new day's sun." I kissed her and she responded more passionately than before.

We slept in each other's arms the whole night. Couples will say they 'sleep together' but they really don't do that. Maria and I truly slept together, not separating. I awoke to find my face buried in her fragrant mane of black hair.



Chapter Eleven: Maria

I awoke with a scream trapped in my throat. I felt the warm body lying next to me and at first did not remember where I was. Then I remembered Peter. No man in my town had the intelligence and kindness of this American. Unlike the fat and lazy young men I knew, Peter was fit and athletic. His friend Brad may have had more muscles but he was not the man Peter was. I saw that immediately. When he smiled at me he triggered feelings in me—womanly feelings—I had not yet experienced. I was experiencing arousal, as *mi concha* grew wet and begged for release. If I was not to have release last night, then I vowed to get that release today. Peter

was so kind, checking to see if the “coast was clear” to be sure no one saw me dash to my tent wearing only panties, so I could dress for breakfast.

While we drank our morning coffees and prepared breakfast around the campfire, only my uncle seemed to know that I had spent the night in Peter’s tent. I met Uncle Porfirio’s stern gaze with one of my own, hoping he understood my determination to no longer be a *chica*. I would make my own decisions about men. I believed he saw the determination in my eyes for he sighed, as he was known to do to his brother, my father, on occasion when he was displeased with one of his business decisions, and looked away.

While the others planned their day’s exploration, mostly taking heed of my uncle’s suggestions about the ruins in the general area, I pulled Peter aside and mentioned a nearby stream where we may swim. The group didn’t know about this watercourse, and I did not think my uncle would think of it until the ruins had been fully explored.

Peter said, “We’ll go skinny dipping.”

I did not know that phrase. “¿We must be skinny to go swimming, *sí*?”

He smiled (the one that attracts me to him!), and said, “No, my sweet girl. ‘Skinny dipping’ is a saying for swimming without clothes.”

“That is a silly saying. ¿Why do *gringos* fail to use words that say what they mean?”

He laughed. “Maybe today you’ll learn a lot about gringos, one in

particular.”

That is my hope.

When his friends were not paying attention, Peter and I slipped away from camp and walked a hidden path leading to the stream. Upon our arrival, we removed our clothing to swim. Peter commented on the beauty of the area and wanted to know how I knew of its existence. He thinks I have not been here before, swimming without clothing in this beautiful stream with the eddying pool?

“You’re much more beautiful here, naked in sunlight. You are a goddess—do you know that?” He said. I loved how he looked at me. “... Never see it when you’re wearing all those loose clothes.”

We kissed, our bodies warmly together under morning sun. I felt his manliness harden and push against me. I was aroused and so was he. I would be a woman today.



Chapter Twelve: Peter

Was this how Adam and Eve existed? To be alone, as one, making love in the lushness of their Eden? As much as I discovered last night how

marvelous Maria's body was, I became more amazed today. She had curves as a young adolescent girl; her round ass as firm and proud as her upright, upturned breasts. Her naturally light brown, unblemished skin shone in the morning sunlight. I told her how beautiful she was, images of Mayan goddesses dancing in my mind. She shook her head to toss her long, thick, raven-dark hair before looking at me and smiling.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I am fourteen," she said defiantly.

"Fourteen," I repeated, mostly in awe of what was to happen here, in our Eden.

"Your voice betrays something *su erección* does not," she said, gesturing to my very hard and very upright member. "¿Do you fear my age...*mi amante*?"

She didn't wait for an answer. With economy of motion she turned and dove into the pool of water formed by a crook in the jungle stream. I followed her in—*mi amante*: my lover!

We swam and touched and played and hugged. I knew my heat couldn't be kicked up any higher, and I felt her arousal was nearing fever level as well. She led me from the water and toward a large flat stone that until now I hadn't noticed; another altar stone, by the looks of it. I bet she knew it was there all along.

She climbed up onto the stone and as she did last night, got on her hands and knees and offered her ass to me. God, what a glorious ass to behold! The pubic hair around her vulva glistened in the sun, and I was sure it was not from the stream's water but from her own juices. I lay down on the stone next to her, looking up into those big, questioning, uncertain eyes.

“Why do you get into this position?” I asked. “If you have never... made love...then how do you know it?”

She looked at me, still nervous and unsure, and said, “This is how I thought...it is the way of horses and other animals...I have seen...how they mate. Oh Peter, I do not know...”

I wanted to laugh but smartened up in time. “It's ok sweet Maria, the way of horses is not the only way, unless you think I am built like a horse.”

She was allowed to laugh without hurting my feelings. “*¡Usted no tiene un gran pene de caballo!*”

I collapsed in a fit of laughter. She collapsed along with me. No, I thought, I don't have any way near the equipment of a horse, but I'll try to use what I have wisely.

After a few moments, she looked into my eyes, and said, “*Hacer el amor que me ha.*”



Chapter Thirteen: Maria

I asked Peter to make love to me. He gently laid me on my back against the warming stone. He moved his hand between my thighs in order to feel my need. I knew I was wet for him.

He moved between my legs I opened for him. I saw his *pene*, hard and upright and ready to take me. A breath caught in my throat as he put it at my opening and began to enter me. All my nerves shouted. I looked into his eyes and saw the special look I knew would be there. Peter was being gentle, but when he came to my maidenhead I couldn't help but flinch. He asked me if I wanted him to stop. I said no. I was not a girl anymore. He pushed and I cringed; it hurt, but not as bad as I imagined it would be. When he was in me to the fullest, it was no longer an unpleasant feeling. He leaned down and kissed me as he began to go in and out, in and out. He was not as furious as the stallions I have seen mating; the fury must be good for the stallion but not for the mare. Peter was making sure I would not be simply a mare. The idea floating in my mind that he may impregnate me did not scare me. In fact, I grew exhilarated at the idea.

As he grew more intense (ah, the stallion's fury was now more evident!) my body responded in ways I had never experienced. *Mi concha*

begged for him to be powerful. I was hot like the noonday sun.

“Peter...Peter...ay...ay...it feels...so good...ooooooh, *sí, sí*...ooooooh,” I cried.

I watched his lean muscles flex as he swayed his hips to meet mine. Ah, yes, my hips were magically moving at the same speed as his, to take him, to swallow him with my aching vagina.

“¡*Jesus, dulce!*” I cried my Lord’s name in vain. “¡*Mi Dios!*” I sinned again. “¡*Vaya más rápidamente!*” —No sin, simply the need to feed my desire. Ahhhhhhhh, my release was here!



Chapter Fourteen: Peter

My virgin lover, who’s tearing hymen stung just seconds ago, now cried for me to fuck her faster. She was crooning some words I understood and some I didn’t. I was fighting the urge to cum. Damn, I was so close my balls ached, but I wanted so much to give her the best orgasm on her first taste of sex.

This was my second act of deflowering. The first had been a clumsy,

teenaged coupling that turned out dissatisfying for both of us. I was determined not to let my second virgin go unfulfilled.

Her legs wrapped strongly around my thrusting hips and her body arched and twitched and ground into me. Her hips bucked faster and she began to cry louder. Her orgasmic scream was not a scream but rather a warbled plea to her God—a plea of divine thanks. She convulsed and pulled me to her tightly. I didn't want to cum inside her since I wasn't wearing a condom, but her tight embrace kept me buried. I managed to pull out enough (I hoped), shooting most of my load around her pulsating labia.

She was overwhelmed with the entire encounter, puzzled by my external ejaculation. As we lay on the altar stone baking in the heating sunlight, I caressed her perfectly perky breasts and explained that it might not be a good idea to get pregnant now.

“¿Why, you have no feelings for me?” She asked.

“I have many feelings for you, *chiquita*, but when I return home, what is to happen then?”

“Then you will not return to America but stay here and be *mi marido*,” she declared matter-of-factly as if no debate was ever expected on the issue.

It may seem strange I didn't immediately run back to camp. I certainly didn't come to Mexico for a wife, but what the fuck did I have to go back to? My job sucked. My girlfriend jumped my friend as soon as she had the

chance. I asked if her father could get me a job in his import-export company; I was a business school grad after all. That question was as good as a marriage proposal to Maria. I grew scared until she laughed, and with a twinkle in her eye said that if I impressed her strict father then maybe I would be proper husband material. I laughed now that I knew she wasn't completely serious. We went back into the stream and swam a bit, having lost absolute sense of time. We played and talked and touched some more.

When I walked out of the stream ahead of her I gazed back and admired what I saw. She was indeed a teen goddess standing wet at the water's edge. Natural bronze skin tone. A perfect round ass. Perfect upturned cones topped by perfect small brown areolas and nipples. Perfect adolescent curves from waist to hips to thighs. I was getting hard again.

As we walked to get our clothes, she giggled and said, "*Oh, mi concha es mojado otra vez.*" She came into my arms and when I put a finger at her opening, she was indeed wet again, as she announced.

"Well maybe, my young lover," I said, "I'm not as endowed as the horses you've been so studiously watching, but maybe they have something right after all."

On the shore of the precious stream I took her from behind doggie-style. Her ass would slap back audibly to meet every one of my thrusts. She was moaning from the start, Spanish epithets sliding easily from her innocent

lips surrounding the incessant ‘slap-slap-slap’ of our bodies. I never knew when her orgasm began. She simply grew louder and louder, and her vagina, tight already, clamped down further onto my aching cock. Again I struggled to pull out to cum, spraying rope after rope of hot semen all over her beautiful, glistening wet backside.

We collapsed on the silty edge of the jungle stream; her long, wet hair draped across my thankfully sated body. I didn’t know how long we lay there, but after a while I awoke to a sunburn, and giggling voices.

“Oh, my God! Pete’s been fucking the Mexican girl!” It was Liz speaking to Ruthie at the jungle’s fringe. Eden was no longer ours.

As Maria awoke from her post-coital slumber, I thought she’d react in shame, but instead she reacted in defiance. “You think you are better than me, you American slut. You fuck strangers two at a time without love.” Liz was agape, speechless, yet Ruthie was ready to come to her defense. Maria wouldn’t let her. “Don’t say anything, you...you, mock Peter and humiliate him and he...he does not deserve it. He is a man worthy of much more than me, but I am happy to offer myself to him and take his seed.” By now, three Americans stood silent in awe of her fire.

I went to Maria and kissed her. “Forget them. We know what we have.” I said to Maria when our kiss was over. *Exactly what DID we have?* I thought.

We helped each other gather our clothes and get dressed, ignoring Ruthie and Liz, who decided to explore the steam rather than contend with the hot *chica*. We returned to camp holding each other's hand. We spent the rest of the day together. When I asked Maria again if her father was hiring, her eyes opened wide and she hugged me to her. Call me a fool. I was hooked.



Epilogue: Peter

The Germans would return home with tales of the hot American girl who they took night after night. I would never see Ruthie again, though I heard she'd been married and divorced. No, not to Brad; we stay in touch whenever I go back to the States. I wouldn't say Brad and I were the best of friends any more. I guess it's just keeping up with things for old time's sake. Hector Quintana is quite a man to work for. At first skeptical of the gringo looking to marry his teenage daughter, he'd come around to at least tolerate me. Just kidding—we got along fine. Living on the outskirts of Cancún was a blast. We had a very nice house.

“Hey, *mi semental*, why don't you come back to bed and show me again how you stallions mate with us poor females.” Maria laughed, looking

up from the bedsheets at me with those dark, piercing, fiery eyes of hers.

“Haven’t you milked the seed from your stallion enough already?” I answered. I climbed into bed anyway and rolled her onto her stomach.

You needn’t worry, with Maria I was hard again and ready to satisfy her needs. I was finding it difficult to keep up with the demands of a budding fifteen-year-old who since discovering sex in a Yucatán jungle had turned into a downright nymphomaniac. I figured doggie; she figured differently. She pushed me onto my back and climbed on, impaling her tight yet well-lubricated self onto my throbbing dick.

“Yes, I think I will ride my stallion as is natural,” she moaned, beginning to bounce wildly. I laid back and looked up at her in awe. She cupped her breasts as she fucked me, leaving her stiff nipples exposed for me to admire. My climax snuck up on me and I shot into her, willing my sperm to go deep and my cock to stay hard until she came. Her bouncing grew more frantic until she yelled out a bunch of salty Spanish I loosely translated as “I’m cumming!”

Yep, that’s about how things went.

We traveled back to my hometown and renewed our vows, basically for my mom’s sake since she couldn’t travel to Mexico for the wedding. My family was disappointed I would live in Mexico, but they all fell in love with Maria, though I didn’t dare tell anyone how old she was.

That night, sleeping in my boyhood room, I commented to my wife how her breasts had looked swollen somewhat. She impishly replied that those things happened sometime to a woman. Could it be true?

“Perhaps,” she said, “in a few months we will not be able to...” She mimed fucking by running her index finger through the circle formed by her other hand’s finger and thumb. “But you have taught me other ways to keep *mi marido* a happy man.”

She took my cock in her mouth and expertly took it into her throat. She sucked me dry, swallowing every drop.

I was the luckiest man alive!

The End

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