


# Chapter Two



*Untitled*




Bettina opened her piercingly sensual autumn brown eyes just as Chief Running Tab dabbed her already damp forehead with his leather man package cloth moistened with warmed oozing pigs blood.

Bettina let out a moan from deep within her womanhood that penetrated her throat like a massive arrow lodging hard and deep within a baby deer's innocent heart. Running Tab leaned over his lover ever so slowly, ever so gently, ever so sensually and put his tempered, forgiving, slightly moist lips unto Bettina's dry, cracked lips that begged for Running Tab's blueberry flavored spit.

His stiff buttery tongue gouged into her meat and potatoes lips and she instantly grew a field of a million goose bumps when the chief's massive hands untied the taunt rawhide straps that imprisoned her supple breasts.

Slowly and seductively he drew her top across her chest exposing the two most most beautiful breasts that he had ever experienced. They danced on her like two ripe apples ready to be candied. And Running Tab loved licking candy.




Bettina whimpered like a puppy caught in kitten factory as Running Tabs' ritualistically sharpened teeth rabidly nibbled into her pert breasts that resembled two ice-cream sundaes topped with chocolate chips. Her nipples became as hard as the delicious chocolate shell topping on a Mr. TastyFreeze ice cream cone when the fierce warrior chiefs torrid tongue started rotating like a cotton candy machine making the most softest, fluffiest, most sexiest pink cotton candy.

Running tab removed Bettina's delicate and stained panties took them to his face and took a awe inspiring, full lung whiff of the delicate hole filled leather undies. Sourdough, he thought. A good Indian always inspects things twice, so the mighty Chief took a salivacious full tongued lick of the discolored panties.

and gently inserted his man sausage into her moist woman hole.

As they lay there, thrusting and pumping, Chief Running Tab leaned into Bettina's supple ear, and softly, tenderly whispered, "You know, I've always wanted to be a kick boxer."



Thrust pump pump thrust pound pound bang bang ow that's my arm sorry  
hump hump hump pump inserting exerting bam bam bam bam bam in out  
in out pulsating hold on I have a cramp oh sorry don't you hate when your  
foot does that yeah me too hump hump hump pump thrust insertion  
exertion humple pumple

Bettina and Running Tab tumbled over each other, out of the bed, and  
onto the ground. The dog at their feet gave a wary awkward look, and  
deciding against better judgment, mounted running tab from behind.

"That's right, those humans were fucking like Gumby and Pokey when no  
one is looking. So flexible that bitch was and so stiff and abrupt the  
man was. My puppy penis got a rocket the size of the leg of a cow. If I  
didn't get in on that action I was going to have to fuck the edge of the  
teepee again. Fuck that man's ass was so tight I rode him into the  
sunset. I knew that he was into because he reached around and pulled me  
in deeper, ruff ruff baby, give this dog a bone."

All three of them, the dog, Bettina, and Running Tab climaxed in a

simultaneous sweat filled bliss. Their screams of ecstasy echoed across the chasms of the reservation awakening the small children and frightening the sick and elderly.

