


Chapter Six



Starlight Surrender




As Bettina left Linda's wigwam she sensually lit it on fire and watched it burn to the ground. Groping her cock. Laughing till she burped at the dancing flames Bettina delicately licked the blood, sweat, and cum from her chamois halter top made of the sun dried flesh of her fallen enemies. She was feeling frisky.

Looking skyward she began to sexually reflect on Linda's anguished screams from inside of the hut, when suddenly, like a thousand spears, her stomach pain returned (Jesus fuck, we almost forgot about that one!) “Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Shouldn’t have eaten those Indian peppers.” But it was a sensual Philly Cheese Steak and everyone in the village knew Bettina's tight young virgin willpower was no match for Philly Cheese Steak night... Or double decker bacon burger night... Or pancake sandwich night.

Bettina was fat. Wait that's not sexy. She just had an extremely healthy metabolism. And when the tribe was serving french fries Bettina went to town! She her loved taters!


But more than those irresistible tubers (what the fuck is tubers?)



Bettina had an unrequited, almost romance novel-like, passion for Al, the leather clad farmer with a mysterious past who lived just down the road for the tribe. Bettina, remembering that Al was the only one who had ever cured her throbbing pulsating stomach pain, removed one of her deep blue eyes from it's socket, shlopping on it like a curious eight year old boy licking his uncle's testicles, and returned it to her eye hole. But no before he fucked that eye hole senseless.

Alas, Al always seemed to be on runs. No one understood where Al was running to or why. “Idea!” Bettina exclaimed as she fingered her asshole deep inside for any unexplained lumps. This was a cancer conscious Indian Warrior. Brave, lip loose Bettina would follow the leather and buckle clad farmer on his next run! (Good that is a good plot twist, so many sexy possibilities!)


But first, Bettina would have to get ice cream. She stopped outside of Chief Double Dip's tent and ordered one black raspberry with rainbow sprinkles, and delicately, tenderly, rammed it deep inside her vagina allowing the slowly melting cream to run down her thighs, tickling her



in grown hairs and strange red bumps. Her Indian Mother instructed a once young Bettina, eyes so full of hope and dreams, that this was the most Indian method of curing a yeast infection. And there was nothing that turned Indians, farmers, and Bus boys named Pepe off more than yeasty bumpy discharge on their wrinkled cocks. After getting her buy 10 get one free card stamped (Just 2 more!) Bettina readied herself for her voyage de Al-amony.

Crouching low in the bushes, gently penetrating her self with any available twigs, snakes, pieces of foil, and peering out behind the brambles and thorns, Bettina tentatively watched Al's farmhouse, waiting for any sign of movement. Logging any data into her high technological global positioning/tracking/annalistical easy bake oven. Hours passed. Minutes passed. Days passed. Cupcakes are done! How does a light bulb do that?

After a precisely month of lying in the dirt Bettina squatted and let loose the steaming piss stream she had been holding inside of her all of that time. It gushed forth with an intensity that was intense. "Smelled like cake




dough,” she told the purple dinosaur. The pee was so cousinly hot it killed the old man.

Just at that very moment Al came out of his chimney. He was wearing a full black leather leotard with red, red flames outlining the full suit. "I got this at a thrift store," he bellowed to the moon.

The moon just stared at Al, suspicious as to why his cock was out of his pants. “Never mind,” thought the moon, returning his gaze to Bettina, who was still pissing a steady stream of sexy yellow, down her tender fawn like legs. Bettina raised the bellowed filled to the brim glass she had been peeing in, removing her remaining clothing, then raised the cup of life to her pursed lips, slowly allowing the full bodied aromatic liquid to slowly pass over her taste buds and sloosh down her throat. (I've gone half a chapter without mentioning nipple playing!)


Pastries? But why? Why was Al throwing muffins at the moon and shoveling everything bagels up his hair covered sensual ass? The parrot had so many questions. So did the Pelican. The puffin bird, however, was keeping his mouth shut. Fuck you flamingo.



Without a sexual thought regarding the donuts, Danishes, or delicious nut covered cheese log, Al jumped from the roof. Like a zebra in heat that thought it was a horse in heat. Al landed, breaking his leg with a loud defining snap, and took off running, running just as fast as he can. Trying to get away. Into the night. Electric Youth! Bettina, having emptied her pee chambers walked like an Egyptian after that limping hunk of sexual leather. I want your sex, sex, sex whispered the Indian Warrior. This was a sexual safari, and Bettina loved a good hunt. After all, she wanted to have a roni.

Al ran, and kept running, he ran and ran toward the setting sun. Masturbating. Both hands. "An omen," thought Bettina, "a most ominous and sexy omen," she said while slowly pulling the poop stained anal beads from her dilated rectum. It was incredibly difficult to remove anal beads as she ran, but Bettina was a good warrior, and had an ass brimming with the spirit of poop.

"This is going nowhere," she thought as she licked the beads clean of any dark gooey chocolate remnants. She liked the way feces melted in her




mouth like the fattest plumpest duck liver. She really liked finding some poop that had gotten caught in between her sexy gaping teeth hours after the initial eating of the dung. It made her day better.

Al's running became more sensual. More staccado. A rhythm as he ran like he was humping the earth. Bettina thought about this for a moment, and then noticed that he was in fact humping the ground, and her leg had been caught in a snare and she was now upside down. "Strange" thought Bettina while rubbing her labia with the strong rope.

When Juanita was diagnosed with strep throat, her doctor prescribed an antibiotic to treat the infection. Juanita started to feel better soon after she took the medication - the pain in her throat subsided and her temperature returned to normal. But just as she was about to go back to her busy routine, Juanita noticed an unusual discharge in her underwear. To make things worse, her vaginal area felt very itchy.

"Done for today?" asked the one author, sniffing himself, noting how bad his clothing smelled. Thank heaven laundry day was a mere two days away.




puppy. Pump pump pump said the mean old Mr sun as it raped it's son the moon.

Al looked around and ran again, Bettina chewed through the hard penis like rope and took off on foot bounding behind him, breasts heaving with each step. Al's soufflé tasted delicious with French roast coffee, dark, with a little cream.

"Ham?" questioned the first Iron Chef judge, giggling wildly into her napkin "it is so unusual" Mary Kate stop spitting the food out! Swallow it. Baby. That's right, take it deep and swallow hard. How deep can you go? Open that throat up and take more in. Watch that gag reflex, you look limp and need to be filled with this runny egg like substance.

"I LOVE EASTER!" said Rainbow the Puppy "BUT NOT AS MUCH AS CHRISTMAS!"

Bettina noted with sexual interest as Big Leather Al penetrated a neighboring hut made out of the hardest firmest mud she had ever seen.




"I wonder whose house that is?" Bettina asked as Lauren Flax punched her in the cunt.

Soon Al emerged covered in blood with the unconscious body of She-fence draped over his arms. Al slowly began the forbidden dance of the umbilical god. Moving his hips slowly, his head become, what seemed to be, loose and detached from his neck. (Wouldn't it be funny if neck began with a silence K? Kneck?... Stupid foreigner, the k is silent!)

He then gently took the cock of a horse and rubbed it on his slightly roid enlarged perky man breasts as he rubbed the quickly dying baby on his genitals. "I sure do love dem Yankees" he confessed, as a passionate line of drool fell from the right side of his mouth.

Bettina stood quivering at the sensual, undulating dance toward the gods of orgasms. Al's crotch package seemed to bulge to a beat of a million baby fingers in his asshole, and call to the gods to dance with him in a tantric dance of whoop whoop.



Al lifted the pock-marked she-fence baby fetus above his head, and snapped her body in half showering himself in a rush of opiate-laced blood. The sky opened up and thunder cracked, somewhere from above a deep bellowing voice called out, it sounded like a lazy dried out black man. For some reason Al was curiously close to a wagon wheel.

At that very moment of enraged baby snapping fury Bettina showed herself to the thunderous Al.

"STOP!" The Indian warrior exclaimed as she burped up, what tasted like, day old Boston baked beans. "Tie me to the spokes and show me why they call you Ambidextrous Al!" She cried as she tore off all of her remaining clothing. "I cannot stand my passion. And my tummy hurts!" (Again we almost forgot about that!!!)

"Bettina!! You silly billy mongoose head! Have you been following me all of this time?" Asked an anxious Al as he strapped her wrists firmly to the spoke with a rawhide strap.

"No, but..mrgphhh" replied Bettina as the ball-gag was inserted into her



mouth.

"Professionalism. Respect. I do so love my job" said Al as he hit Bettina over the head with a large rock colored rock, knocking her unconscious. "I like it better when my subjects went sleepy beddy by before I get to work." muttered Al drooling from the left side of his mouth. You see, Al liked it better when his subjects went sleepy beddy by before he gets to work. Even Bill Nye the Science guy and that Mr Wizard faggot knew al liked it better when his subjects went sleepy beddy by before he gets to work. The harlem boys choir came out of the wagon singing, angelically, "he liked it better when his subjects went sleepy beddy by before he gets to work."

Bettina fell deep into dreams that enveloped her and wrapped around her body like a long forgotten lover, or an ocean, or something else equally faggy. Dreamscape Color Changing Fountain? In her dreams she dreamt that she was a horsie, wild and free, with a golden mane galloping across the fields with hundreds of other horsies.

"Why hello Mrs Pretty Pony Face." said Bettina the horse.




"Neigh" said Mrs Pretty Pony Face.

"What lovely weather we are having!" said Bettina as she galloped off across the snowy fields of pomegranate. Then, she saw her beautiful Running Tab. And if there was one thing Running Tab loved.... Dreamscape Color Changing Fountain? No. Well, yes a little. The real answer is as follows. It was fucking dream horsies.

The taunting Shetland warrior Indian princess Bettina pony sauntered up to the fierce Indian chief. Getting close enough by sauntering that the she-pony could feel his taunt stomach sweat and sauntered even closer still so that a few horse ticks could hopple on over to the then lime disease free Runny Tabby's tight strummed chest. Then, in a pony dream move that her pony dream mom taught her, she sauntered and shook her horsie head so that her orange mane could delicately wipe across chief tab's crotch present. Bulging as always.


Running Tab exposed his black lengthy girthy horse like cock to dream



pony Bettina who neighed and whinnied in joy as she clomped her horse shoes together. "This is good luck" thought running tab, licking bettina's hoof. Salty. Bettina just sauntered in place, excited, timid, lucid. Whispering, "Oh boy! Oh boy!" and then "Peanut Butter Jelly Time! Peanut Butter Jelly Time!"

Thousands upon thousands of ponies gathered around the two interspecies lovers and watched attentively as running tab licked Bettina the horse's furry brown leg. Even Fuckahorse Monthly turned out taking pictures of the sexual collisions about to take place. If horses had teets then Tab Chief was sucking on them. All of them. I'm guessing like 12 or seven hundred. Is it time to pay the electricity bill again? End of the week, yes. The, suddenly, unexpectedly, without notice before hand, out of the blue, smack you like a ton of rocks, if it was a snake it would have bitten you, the mighty Chief preformed the seldom seem before sexual move, the RikiTikiFlexi. The reporter from Horse Drawn Cum Sluts mouth gapped open at the spectacle.

Horse fucking. Horse sucking. Dirty dirty horse action. Horse cum. God that's a lot of cum. Who knew a horse could cum so much? Did you ever



see that video of that girl vomitting horse cum? That was hot and funny.

GOD YOU ARE SUCH A GODDAM MAN ABOUT SEX.

SERIOUSLY WHERE WAS THE SET UP? WHERE WERE THE
THROWS OF PASSION? HOW ARE YOU EVER GOING TO BANG
AN ASIAN CUM SLUT IF YOU DON'T KNOW THESE THINGS,
REMEMBER THAT REALLY TOO TOO LONG STORY YOU TOLD
ME ABOUT GROWING UP AND MASTURBATING TO ROMANCE
NOVELS AS YOU WHACKED YOUR WANKER IN THE
BATHROOM OF YOUR TRAILER? HUH? REMEMBER THAT?
REMEMBER HOW I WAS SO BORED I STARTED TO COUNT HOW
MANY ICE CUBES WERE IN MY MARGARITA? TWELVE! DO
YOU? YOU LITTLE FAGGOT JERKING OFF TO WORDS LIKE
PULSATING AND BUSTING? You make me sick.

Then Bettina woke up, her stomach pain was gone, and al was slapping
her min the face with his penis which had been tied in a leather bow.

"Slappy slappy slap." said al as his penis hit Bettina's red face,
swollen from being hit with a penis.

Bettina, stirring from her slumber, spit out her ball gag. She looked impassioned into Al's ball sack, hairy and swollen from testicles and said in a breathy whisper "Well, that chapter went nowhere."

