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His face was misshapen; maybe by his rituals or the gods alone, he was short with a distended stomach and the smallest penis she had ever seen, but he was the food vendor in the village, and the only thing to barter was her beautiful dark-skinned body. Jugla might have had a small penis, but he craved sex and took advantage of those seeking goods, having nothing to trade. He always upped his price when he saw her approach with her meager gifts to barter, and the few river stones she held in her hand was no use to him.

Aziza made sure she always brought some meager offering to entice him to take that instead of her body, but today was like every other day when he drew her into his tent and stripped her clothes off. Her dislike and shyness only excited him more, and he pushed her down to her knees to suck him. She wrenched her head free when he pushed his hard cock into her lips, and Jugla gave a harsh slap to her cheek to remind her she needed him.

They needed to survive and she knew fighting him off would mean they would go hungry, so she went through the movements he wanted, licking and sucking him until he cum down her throat. That day; one of his hands twisted her nipples so hard she tried to scream only to find his cock pushing further down her throat if she didn't relax. Aziza thought the evil and filth in his cum would be transferred into her body if she swallowed, but he always crammed her mouth shut and pinched her nose off forcing her to swallow it all. Jugla was overcome with lust and did the same thing that day, while helpless brown eyes looked up to him pleading for him to stop. Each warm jet of cum made her sick to her stomach, but when he pushed her off, he offered her a smaller prize of supplies to bring home to her lover Jahni.

Jahni and Aziza enjoyed the meager basket of supplies Jugla gave her, and when they were done eating Jahni drew her into her arms and stroked her hair.

"I am going away for a few days; there is enough to last you until I get back."

Jahni's head lowered to kiss Aziza hoping what she said was true, and knew a place of bountiful game and fruits to pick. Passion overwhelmed the two women, and the kiss went to hands fluttering and tweaking Aziza's nipples, and in minutes Aziza was a beautiful offering inside the hut for her lover. Legs spread willingly, she was moist and wet as Jahni enjoyed the sweet juices from her pussy licking up to her clit, and sucking it. Her two fingers played Aziza like an instrument, as she slid them into her tight cunt pumping them in and out until Aziza drew her legs up bent at the knees and screamed in pleasure.

They flipped over in position with Jahni under Aziza and she kissed and sucked Jahni's nipples which were puffy and longer than her own. Jahni showed her appreciation climaxing soon, but as she did so her fingers pinched Aziza's nipples tight, and twisted them until she saw her face contort with pain and pleasure, calling endearments out to Jahni. They slept in each other's arms until daylight showed through the reeds of their hut. Jahni let her young lover sleep hurrying off to get food and supplies in another village.

When Aziza woke up, both her lover and a few sacks they used to carry supplies were gone. It was going to be a long few days until Jahni came back, and she reached into the basket to pull out a date to have for breakfast.

A loud crack of thunder was heard and she felt like it was an omen and the thunder gods were angry. Through the opening of the hut she saw a figure approaching and thought Jahni was coming back early, but the closer they got she realized it was not her. She decided to grab the only thing she had to protect their hut and herself, and took the long spear leaning against the wall into her hand. Aziza was no warrior and she knew only minor ways of defense, and as she watched a shiver ran through her recognizing the face of the stranger.



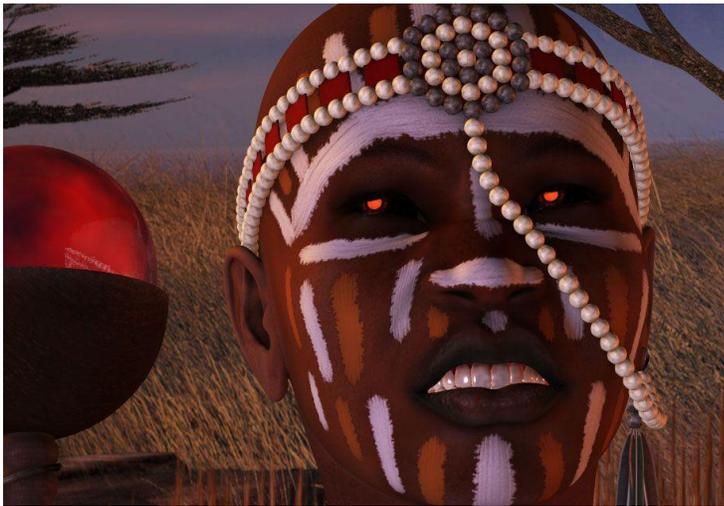
“Mawusi?”

Mawusi had was a renowned sorceress and she peered at Aziza from her head down, taking in the young woman’s breasts and curves, lusting for a taste of her.

The younger woman trembled and backed away spear in hand, there was no way she would threaten Mawusi, she was a powerful sorceress and she didn’t want to feel her wrath.

“Mawusi you shouldn’t be here, Jahni is going to return soon and told me not to have any visitors.”

The large woman looked down at her and smiled.



“I am here; she sent me to care for you while she is away.”

Mawusi was sure that she had the girl’s full attention now and she wouldn’t have to deal with Jahni, for she had lusted over the young woman for a long time; she felt herself tasting the girl without even touching her, so unspoiled and she was bored with the other women in the village.

Aziza trembled with flashes in her mind of what might happen to her, from being sexually assaulted, to being murdered if she didn’t comply. Such an innocent shiver of fear made her own protruding pointed nipples perk up, making her even more desirable.

Mawusi wore her headdress of white and black pearls from the ocean, and was known to wear that particular one when performing her rituals, or on special occasions.

Aziza whispered, “She told you to watch over me?”

Either Jahni was worried about the man in the village or this large boned sorceress was lying.

Aziza never seen that staff Mawusi was holding; the large red orb made the woman’s eyes glow red, and she backed away a few feet afraid of what happened.

“Yes, here I am to look over you, and you question me without even a drink of water?”

Mawusi stepped closer to her and waited for a drink, or for the Aziza to put the spear down.

“Alright just a glass of water, and I will be alright by myself until Jahni comes back.”

Mawusi was a large woman and when Aziza turned to get the water she licked her lips watching the quiver of the girl’s ass while she fetched a drink of water



When she turned back to Mawusi she blinked seeing the red orb casting the red haze over the hut. She put her spear down knowing she was no match for such a powerful sorceress and looked into her red eyes.

“Perhaps for this drink I will tell your future, and show you where your lover Jahni is.”

Mawusi dwarfed her in size and she shook her head yes watching the larger woman get closer to her, still holding the staff with the orb on top glowing red.

“Just look into the orb...look into the orb of seeing.”

Aziza longed for Jahni when she was away, and looked into the orb eager to see her lover again. The whole hut was shadowed in red and even cast a beautiful glow over her body. She couldn't see Jahni yet but kept staring at the red glowing orb.

"I can't see Jahni yet."

"Look closer, concentrate and feel your lover's touch!"

Aziza was so innocent.

"I can't see her yet Mawusi."

When she looked into the orb her body started to feel warm like it did when Jahni looked into her eyes, and her breasts tingled with no touch. Inside the orb, the flames looked like two bodies writhing against each other and she hungered for the touch of her lover, remembering spreading Jahni's cunt and licking it and she craved that often. She loved how Jahni ground against her mound to mound, nipples against nipples.



Aziza burned with lust thinking of how Jahni made love to her, the wet sound of her sucking her nipples, and Mawusi took advantage of her by taking her firm nipples in her hand and twisting them. Aziza responded to the touch, those dark brown nipples puffing out more and growing even firmer in Mawusi's fingers.



"Your nipples burn with lust...they never felt so big...so hard...so wanting."

"Arghhhhhh," Aziza could hardly stand still and felt the pleasure flush through her body, her clit tingled and she remained standing feeling the moisture being beckoned between her legs from such intense lust.

The staff dropped down to the ground and the sorceress took Aziza by the arm turning her around. Her ass caught her eye before, and her free hand slid down the girls back to run it over her pert behind,

cupping the cheeks of her ass with her large hand.

“Such a fine ass you have, you must work it hard to satisfy Jahni and your other lovers.”



Such a firm ass, Mawusi couldn't help but explore it fully and ran her fingers down the crease of her behind, and pressing her fingers in between where she was unprotected by the minimal string of a thong.

Her fingers caressed her anus and her thumb pushed in slightly. Aziza's desires didn't ebb but she was conscious who was doing it now. That excited Mawusi even more.

“Ahhh you shouldn't.”

Her protests went unheard, and not convincing considering her body was a cauldron of lust.

Mawusi pushed her over to bend at the waist facing the outside hut wall, and pushed her hand in between her thighs running the tips of her fingers through her sex which was wet with desire. Bringing her fingers back out she took them and pushed them into Aziza's mouth making her suck off her wet juices before plunging them back in again.

“Noooooo.....nnngh....”

The halfhearted protest only made Mawusi cup her mound until her fingers were wet and pressed against the girl's clit making her squirm, but still held her fast by one arm with her head pressed to the

outside hut's wall. She took her free hand that was wet again by Aziza's lust and slapped at her tits making them bounce and stay firm, nipples protruding longer than they ever did before.

"Such a hot wet cunt, I have watched you in the market humping your way around to get food, such a tramp. Now you can do it for me."



Mawusi dragged Aziza inside the hut and threw her down on the animal skins that Jahni had collected for them to sleep and make love on. Aziza was carried away needing release, and for a minute thought she shouldn't be doing this, but Mawusi was more powerful in size and exhumed magic. She knew she couldn't fight her off and her thighs were knocked apart by the powerful sorceress. She spread her legs baring her pussy for Mawusi to look at, so wet and

ready, knowing she would have her and she had better give in.

With Aziza's thighs parted Mawusi licked her lips, watching the girl keep her thighs open for her to use her.

"Ahhh...the scent of a hot, wet cunt, there is nothing like it."

Mawusi bent down taking in the erotic scent, and the sight of Aziza's firm clit drew her closer, wet lips ready to devour her juices and lick her into ecstasy. The girl's folds were separated and the glisten of her juices only aroused Mawusi more. Her fingers stroked the folds apart, but for a few minutes she avoided touching the girl's clit, making her squirm against the animal skins. The needy sound from Aziza only verified the girl needed release.



Finally Aziza fell into the abyss of pleasure, needing more, thighs parting on her own and the moans from her lips were needy, begging for those fingers to finally touch her nipple or clit. She didn't need any encouragement from Mawusi's touch she was a flame of passion needing to be put out. Her hips pushed up from the floor giving the sorceress better access to her clit throbbing with pleasure.



Mawusi spread Aziza's dark brown labia, and thick fingers spread her coral interior,

"Oh yes you are ready, so ready for something to fill you up," she cackled obscenely.

Mawusi thrust two fingers into Aziza stretching her and hearing only guttural moans of pleasure as she did so. There was no warning as the young woman undulated her hips needing more, her lips parted to pant for air, and she felt

her clit tingle even with no touch. Deep inside her there was an ache, and as Mawusi thrust in her over and over again, it became close to a deep orgasm, her belly tightening ready to climax.

"Naaaghhh."

Aziza screamed in arousal and there were sounds outside the tent of possibly others listening. The huts walls were thin and the screams of passion were only becoming louder.

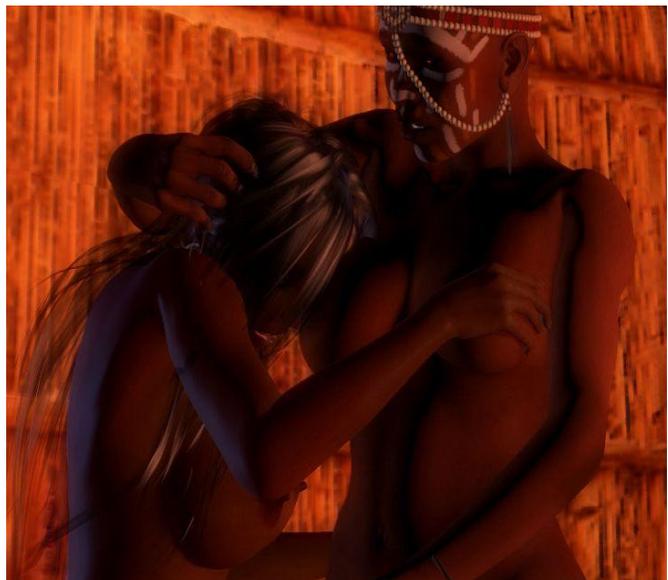
The evidence of the unholy Orb of Lust showed on Aziza's nipples which were almost impossibly long and erect, much more than ever before. With no touch they tingled and it went straight to her clit, and then Mawusi's fingers became soaked in her juices.

Nothing could stop Aziza now, not even if Jahni came into the hut. She gave one thrust up shoving Mawusi's fingers deeper and climaxed loudly for anyone near to hear.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaghhhh."

Aziza didn't climax once or even twice, but multiple orgasms shook her body. Such pleasure in her wide eyes, it made Mawusi more insistent. Mawusi pulled her up to her feet after at least twenty orgasms; she wanted to be satisfied too.

Holding her tight to her body Aziza was just the right height to suck her nipples. She plucked Aiza's throbbing nipples and it almost made her weak at the knees, they were so long and her clit throbbed from just one pluck. Mawusi shoved Aziza's lips to her nipple rubbing the girl's lips over her nipples which were thick and a darker brown.



“Yes, suck my nipples you little slut, and if you do it right I will give you more reasons to scream in ecstasy.”

Mawusi needed this from the first time she saw the girl in the village being raped in the mouth by Jugla, that vision never left her, and she swore to herself to have her many times.

Aziza took her nipple in her mouth and slid her tongue on it making it firm and erect, sucking and nibbling until Mawusi shoved her down to the floor and pulled her body close to her wet cunt.



“You have licked enough cunts in your lifetime to know what to do now. DO it and make sure you make me feel more pleasure than Jahni shows you.”

There was a sound outside, surely the sounds of lust brought others towards the hut to listen, the erotic sounds had a group outside grinding in pleasure.

Mawusi held her arms upright as if they were tied to the hut's ceiling, and she demanded the same pleasure, telling the Aziza to lick her. The heavy figure and the lack of bathing didn't make Aziza back away since the

promise of more pleasure trapped her into doing it, the lust took her over. It couldn't be worse than sucking Jugla for food, and she wiggled forward on her knees, eyes closed and tongue out to open the folds of the older woman and lick her cunt and clit, until it was soaking wet with the woman's juices.

A grunt from outside the hut mingled with the sounds inside, lust seemed everywhere, and Aziza began to feel Mawusi become aroused not sure if what she saw was true. The more she sucked Mawusi's clit it grew larger. Thick and dark, the sorceress's clit became a cock, and thickened in Aziza's mouth. Her cheeks bulged with it, and she knew she would be fucked.

Mawusi remained hard and thick and her cock was as long as one's forearm. She looked down at the girl on her knees and gloated seeing her reaction.



“I told you I’d reward you, suck it, and I will stretch your young hot twat like it never has been stretched before.”



Aroused as Aziza was she was pushed down on her belly on the zebra fur, arms twisted in back of her with Masumi trapping her body underneath hers. She straddled the young woman, thick thighs on each side of her, and her cock sliding against Aziza’s soft ass. Aziza cried out finding the fur underneath her rubbing her long nipples, and was trapped with Masumi holding her arms up behind her.

When she felt her cock against her behind she rose up obediently, and Masumi wasted no time shoving her thick long cock into Aziza’s pussy. With no way to resist Aziza tried to relax feeling herself stretch, and be hit against deeply where no one had ever taken her. Once or twice she squealed in pain, hoping she wouldn’t be injured in this process of fucking. When Mawusi hit so deep she pressed down to the fur, only to be pulled back as Mawusi went in deeper. That fire of molten lust gave in, and Aziza cried out.

“Aieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee it’s too big, take it out!”

Mawusi noticed Aziza buck her ass up for more, Aziza’s lust won out and she slammed into her right to the base of her cock.

Jahni came back with empty bags, the spear still in her hand heading towards the hut. She couldn’t believe her eyes when she saw males and females of the village writhing on the ground with lust. They

interchanged partners when one cum, and the mixture was men with men, men with women, and women with women. An orgy of lust and satisfaction wet the sands with cum and sweet cunt juices.



Jahni seen the staff thrown in the bushes and picked it up to look at it, and noticed Aziza's spear close by. She was no shaman, but knew the evil inherent of the staff. Hearing the loud ululating wail from inside the hut she knew Aziza was in trouble. Kicking her way through the wayward villagers she entered the hut.

Nothing could prepare Jahni for the sight she seen when entering the hut, she stood there with her eyes wide. She thought maybe Aziza was being attacked by an animal and with Mawusi's staff in hand she stood there watching. In disbelief she watched Aziza hunch back into Mawusi's cock, being penetrated by the woman sorceress.

Each slam inside Aziza's body made her lover watch in disbelief, that long thick cock being drawn out covered in juices made her realize Aziza was enjoying it.

She had tried to make Aziza swear she wouldn't bring anyone into the hut, and knew she was fucked the vendor for food and a man or two in the village. She still had Mawusi's staff in hand, since she had hurried inside so afraid Aziza was in trouble, she crept further in being unnoticed.

With the venom of a lover being cheated on and hate for Mawusi she pulled the staff back and struck as hard as she could to Mawusi's head, hitting her in the forehead. She fell backwards dazed, and that thick cock disappeared. Aziza cried out in protest wanting more, her long nipples still firm, and she had no idea Jahni was even there since she was lost in lust.

Mawusi shook her head coming to, and ran from the hut not looking back or even retrieving her loincloth. She was used to taking advantage of young women, but wasn't going to face the enraged Jahni.



"Run you old hag, and don't come back here again!"



Villagers were afraid of Mawusi, and when she ran through the group outside fucking they stopped and scattered in different directions, not wanting to be captured by the hulk of a woman.

Aziza's lusty haze was disappeared and she sat up realizing her lover was there. Jahni stood there holding the woman's staff calling out to her as she took off.

"I will keep this staff here, unlike you I don't need it to get my girlfriend wet, and I will save it so others don't get into your unholy clutches."

Standing there in her bronzed glory she turned to Aziza realizing she wasn't harmed, and always appealed to the Jahni, she was hers after all.

"Now for you, you little idiot, you owe me a good fucking!"

*Text by Tehya*