

Big Game

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The iceberg floated past the coast, white and blue reflecting onto the sea from its mountainous heights. This was by no means the first iceberg that 'En had seen. Indeed, they were a common sight, particularly in summer, but she had no idea what they were. It occasionally snowed in winter, but 'En was not able to associate the sight of the huge white floating islands with the white dusting across the dry winter plains. But these were just one of the many strange things in a world populated by mysterious spirits and large mammals.

There were no large mammals here on the beach facing the sea, apart from the seals sunning themselves on a rock not far out to sea. The big game was scattered out on the great plains: elephant, rhinoceros, deer, antelopes, even the occasional lion or hyena. Without a hunting party this game was just to be watched and admired, rather like the floating iceberg gradually melting on its long slow journey south. 'En loved to sit by the sea, even though here, like everywhere else, she had to be careful of those dangerous animals that would see her as just food. Not at all as a young, growing girl on the verge of adulthood, looking for a husband.

Of course, it wasn't a husband that she had expected to see on the long sandy beach. She had always thought he would be one of the men from her village not many strides away, just by the river, and visible from the sand dune where she was sitting cross-legged and brushed by the warm sea breeze. Smoke was rising from the many fires that blazed in the village. Even though it was summer, she could remember the cool of the winter when mammoth and bison would come down from the north bringing with them the warm fur skins that kept her and her people warm. She pulled

together the leopard fur that draped around her neck and shoulders at the memory of those cold, snow-free nights. And then she looked out across the sand, hoping to see some small animal she could hunt and kill and take back to her village. It was then that she saw Nuna'en. Of course, she didn't know his name. Nor even that he was human. It was just a bundle of fur sprawled on the sand. It was only as she approached and could see his strangely pale skin that she was persuaded that it was a human.

As she rolled over and examined the body, there were many things she found extraordinary, not the least of which was that here was someone who was not from her village. In all her life, nor in the lives of the village elders, had anyone ever met someone who did not come from her village. Then there was his pale skin: so odd in contrast to her own light brown skin. A face that was pinched and drawn, with ever such a long nose and a ragged mess of dark brown hair in which small bones had been threaded. And his attire. Thick fur. Perhaps from a mammoth. Or a bear. And strangest of all, it covered him from neck to ankle. This puzzled 'En. How could she even be sure that this was a man, even though he had a beard? How would the man be able to properly speak? And why would anyone choose to hide his or her sex? Nobody she had ever met, in either winter or summer, whether male or female, had ever hidden their genitals. It would be like hiding the mouth or the eyes.

Almost the first thing 'En did, after she had established that the man was unconscious and would not wake to her repeated shakings, was to uncover his genitals. And what a sight met her eyes. Not only was it bizarre that he should hide his penis in the first place, but that he should hide such a fine one. In all her life, 'En had

never seen such a huge penis on a man. On a horse or an elephant or giraffe, she had seen many much larger ones. But never so considerable on a man. And this penis was not erect. It would be even bigger if it had been. She was tempted to stroke it into life there and then. And to take it into her mouth. To compare its taste with the many others she had tasted. Perhaps from a bigger penis, there would be more sperm. 'En shivered with delight at the thought of all that hot warm creamy goo on her face and breasts. But 'En was a good girl, as befitting a well-brought up daughter, and she knew that her first duty was to her village.

And so she dragged the man to the shelter of a rock, hopefully out of sight of any predators, and then ran back to her village, her brown legs and buttocks flashing against the pale fine sand of the beach.

When Nuna'en awoke he was astonished to find himself lying naked on a huge deerskin rug surrounded by more penises and vaginas than he had ever seen before. What was this? Why were these people so indecently dressed? The young, as well as the old, were not so much naked as half-dressed. And so many of them. Light brown skin. Flattened faces. Long straight black hair. And barely hidden by the thick pubic fur was an array of vaginas. He hardly knew where to look. Had he not felt so weak, his penis would surely have sprung to attention and he would once again be victim to the animal urges that had so often overcome him in his own village and had ultimately led to his ignominious exile.

His head fell to one side. His thoughts and memories overwhelming him, even amongst these strangers. He remembered so clearly the day when the men in his village

discovered him making love with the chief's daughter. A dangerous sport, but Nuna'en was known to be a man who chased after the bigger game. Mammoths, mastodons, woolly rhinoceri, giant elk. He had hunted them all. And this contributed to his undoing. But why had the spirits blessed him with such a large prick if he hadn't been born to use it? Not an argument the chief would understand.

However, the chief was merciful. It was recognised that Nuna'en had served the village well on the hunting parties. No one could forget the day he heroically threw the spear that killed the mammoth whose meat fed and whose fur clothed the village that winter, and who by his bravery and courage had ensured the survival of the women and children of the village. Had he been a lesser man, his fate would have been castration or a stoning. The chief chose instead to banish him. He was sentenced to exile, in the traditional manner. He was taken to the shore-side onto the crumbling glaciers that were crashing into the sea, and left on a mountain of ice that was about to break away and become an iceberg.

And so it was, for how many days or even cycles of the moon, he didn't know, as the iceberg drifted away from the dry steppes he had known all his life, he was left to eat only what fish he could spear from the sea or birds from the sky, drinking only the melting water of the ice, as his home became an island of white and blue floating across the waves. It was a long lonely journey enlivened only by the sight of strange beasts in the sea: whales, sea cows, great auks, dolphins and giant otters. And on the way, Nuna'en was astonished to see that the world was changing too. Not as in the seasons, when the mammoth herds retreated south in the winter or the mosquitoes

ruled the dark forests in the summer. But in more curious ways than that. The sun was higher in the sky. The trees along the shore had broad thick leaves. And the mountain of ice that he and his village believed would be his home forever became steadily smaller as the sun shone more brightly.

Until the day came when there was no mountain. There were other icebergs floating by, but his had shrunk so quickly to the size of a small rock. And then it was gone and with horror he was thrown into the sea, at the mercy of the huge strange swimming beasts he had watched from the safety of the once much larger iceberg. He couldn't swim. No one in his village could swim. The ocean was far too cold where he lived for that to be possible, although here the water was almost pleasantly warm. His survival depended on the few branches he had taken with him to make into spears and onto which he could cling to stay afloat.

And now here, surrounded by these peculiar people. He opened his eyes again. They were talking to each other. But Nuna'en had no idea what they were saying. They were making noises that sounded so mysterious to him. Clicks, lisps, grunts, growls, and sounds that he recognised but were assembled totally differently. How could it be that people could speak but not speak the language of his people? And all the while, their hands were touching their genitals. This puzzled him at first. Why were these people masturbating so freely in front of him and each other? In his village, masturbation was not something that a man or a woman would admit to. It was shameful to touch oneself. The only correct use for a man's genitals was to be inside a woman's, and then only within the sanctity of marriage. But Nuna'en noticed that the

genitals were only gestured, felt or shaken when a person was speaking. Even from the haze of his exhaustion he was able to see that this strange genital manipulation was actually part of these people's language. Rather like people in his village might punctuate their speech with gestures in the air.

And then his eyes closed. The effort of concentrating on these strange people was tiring. What he needed was food and drink. And his tiredness overwhelmed him again. Even the welcome, but rather forward, stroking of his penis that one girl was so keen on doing was not enough to keep him awake, even though his manhood stirred from the attention.

'En was proud of her discovery. And everyone in the village envied her for it. As the days went by and the tall pale man became healthier, it became clear that he was indeed a normal man and not an exotic spirit. He had normal needs. Food and drink and sleep. But he was also very unusual. Pale and thin and muscular. And his prick! No one had seen a prick like that! All the married girls were clamouring for the privilege of knowing it better. And it clearly wasn't likely to disappoint. It became stiff, like a normal prick, even though it was as pale a colour as the rest of him. And one girl, who had tugged on it for many minutes, reported that it produced semen just as much as it had already been observed to produce urine.

And as the days passed, he was gradually learning to speak. At first he couldn't speak at all. He made strange noises that sounded a bit like speech, but he never touched his penis and some of the sounds were like someone coughing out of the nose. But gradually, like a very bright child, he was learning to articulate. Able to say when

he was hungry, thirsty or tired. This pleased 'En. She had been frightened that Nuna'en, as he called himself, might not really be human at all. Just some kind of peculiar ape or monkey who wore mammoth skin. But he was a person. And more than that, a man. Now, all 'En wanted was permission to marry him. She was ready for marriage. She had been ready for many months. The blood that dribbled down her leg each month was proof of her readiness. But until she had a husband and a father for her children she would not know the delights of a prick inside her. And she so much wanted Nuna'en's prick. Her father was the village shaman. She surely deserved the privilege.

It was her mother who had to give permission of course. When it came to matters of marriage or domestic village life, it was the women who decided. And 'Enwa'em was one of the senior women of the village. She had given birth to as many boys as girls, one a year, of which maybe five or more had lived to adulthood. 'En climbed the ladder that led to 'Enwa'em's hut, which was kept raised by stilts above the ground and the threat of wild animals. She could hear the familiar sound of her mother making love. It was her mother's admirable duty to sexual promiscuity that had made her so fecund. 'En hoped that after marriage she should be able to match her mother in the number of different partners she might enjoy in a single day. And every day. Her virgin crotch yearned in anticipation.

Two men were making love to her mother. Sha'an was beneath her, his legs splayed and his penis thrusting inside her vagina, while Rhia'on was kissing her, his erect prick grasped in her hand. As usual her mother was very vocal in her lovemaking.

She could be heard from all around the village. 'En felt so proud. And her mother could fuck for ages! Before long, other men in the village would climb the ladder and join in the fun. 'En loved it when her mother was penetrated from behind as well as in front. As long as none of that sperm was wasted in the unproductive tight recesses of her anus, 'En was delighted to see the pleasure it gave her mother.

She knelt down beside Enwa'em and took her mother's hand in hers, pleased to see her mother give vent to great cries of ecstasy as Sha'an's penis thrust deeper and deeper into her. Not a penis as splendid as Nuna'en's, but more than serviceable. And then her lover released the blessed sperm inside her, a satisfying creamy release that seeped out onto her mother's thighs.

"What is it, child?" asked her mother at last, as she collapsed on top of Sha'an, whose penis was rapidly shrinking as it spurted out the last of its sperm.

'En gestured with her hands at her crotch to indicate to her mother that most of what she had to say would require her touching herself there. Enwa'em eased herself free of her lovers. She could see that this was a serious conversation that would require a great deal of concentration. Although the stickiness of the sperm pleased her, it glued her fingers together and would interfere with her articulation.

"I want to marry Nuna'en," announced 'En, using the gestures that made clear the seriousness of her intent. This was actually slightly painful as this entailed her thrusting several of her fingers deep inside the lips of vagina. And she was still a young girl. Her vagina had never been penetrated by a man's penis and her articulation was subsequently limited.

“Marry?” asked her mother, a non-vocal question she achieved with no difficulty at all, her vagina almost swallowing her entire fist.

“Your daughter wants to get married?” queried Rhia’on, who as a man had to articulate in a different way to a woman. To achieve the expression he had to form a hole in his fingers between forefinger and thumb, and pull it up and down along the length of his sperm-soaked penis. “I hope I may soon get to know your daughter as well as I know you, Enwa’em, my dear.”

“And so you shall. But ’En. Are you sure? He is an alien. He is from a distant land, where he says there are many mammoths and very few antelope. And he has an enormous prick!” To articulate this last word, Enwa’em grabbed Rhia’on’s rather smaller penis, which was however rapidly getting bigger.

“It is his prick that I most love, mother. I would so dearly love it to be inside me. As it has already been inside the cunt of many girls in our village.”

“That is true! He has demonstrated his virility. He may yet give our village many children, for which we would be very grateful.”

“So, mother, do I have your permission?”

“Both my permission and my blessing, my dear!” ’Enwa’em told her. “But he knows nothing of the responsibility of a husband or a father. I will have to let him fuck me this evening and teach him the benefits and duties of a married man.”

Nuna’en was rather enjoying his recuperation in the village. He didn’t even know the name of the girl who was sucking his penis, and doing it with such skill and expertise. Not that he necessarily found it especially easy to articulate. Some of his

attempts to mimic the hand gestures of these people caused incredible hilarity. And it was an incredible effort to make the clicking sounds and glottal stops that punctuated the words. But the language of love, or at least of sex, was pretty universal. And nobody, it seemed, could keep their eyes or hands off his penis. The girl now sucking his prick had only a few moments before entered the hut where he lay with no excuse whatsoever and almost immediately knelt down to lick and nibble at his genitals. Nuna'en watched with pleasure as the girl's mouth encompassed his prick, her cheeks caving in from the suction, but still only able to get less than a third of his erect member inside her.

From the first day that he arrived, Nuna'en had been expecting to meet or to be introduced to the chief of the village. After all, he was a stranger. He was almost surprised that he'd been allowed to live. He was sure that in his village a stranger washed up on the shore would not be given anything like the welcome he was enjoying. In fact, at the very least he'd have been castrated. His tribe wouldn't risk the virtue of their women from someone they didn't know. But it gradually became aware to him, as his language skills improved, that there was no chief. There didn't seem to be anyone leading the village at all.

At first Nuna'en couldn't really believe that such a state of affairs could exist. How could decisions ever be made? How could even the simple things like hunting parties be organised? But when he was invited on a hunt, he was able to see at first hand how these people organised themselves. The roles people played on the hunt were not dictated by rank, birth or status, but by how good they were at performing

the various skills required to track down and kill an aurochs, an antelope or a quagga. And he soon showed his worth. The courage and determination that had permitted his survival in his own village was immediately recognised by his hunting companions, who, for one day and one day only, were praising him more for his hunting prowess than for the size of the penis they insisted on grasping and stroking at every opportunity. The animals here were different to those that lived in the steppes near his home village, but there were many more of them and although many of them were swift of foot, they were no more swift of brain.

But he was not sure of his status in the village. He only gradually discovered that however brave or courageous he was on the hunt, or however well he performed in bed, he was still considered a lesser being. And this was not because he was a foreigner. There was something else. He felt excluded from the discussions that decided the timings of the hunts or where they should be, although he was more than welcome to join when they happened. In fact, he felt almost like a child, a position he was not used to.

Then he heard another person climb up the ladder to the hut where he had been allowed to stay. These people were as free with property as they were with their bodies, and Nuna'en had no way of knowing whether this visitor was for him or just someone who wanted to stay in the hut. If it was the latter, he had no choice but to let the person in and to use the hut as his or her own. If the former, and here Nuna'en's heart still beat faster in anticipation, he could again be enjoying sex with multiple partners, a pattern of behaviour as common here as it was unknown in his own village.

It was however only the girl, 'En, who had discovered him washed up on the beach. For reasons that Nuna'en wasn't sure, this girl, as were other young girls, was strictly out of bounds to him and other men for sexual purposes. However free these people were, they had limits to their depravity. 'En greeted the girl who was exercising his prick, who responded without removing the penis from her mouth by a series of hand movements around her crotch. It was then that Nuna'en learnt that the girl whose mouth was firmly glued to his erect penis was 'En's sister and that she was called 'Enya'a, a name that required two fingers to stroke the clitoris. 'En then sat back on the antelope skin rug with a smile and watched her sister and he make love.

After so many years of making love surreptitiously, frightened of being discovered and castrated, it was odd now to be fucking someone so openly, but strangely enough the very perversity of the situation actually rather excited Nuna'en. However, he was aware that 'Enya'a was hastening the lovemaking, to bring it to an end sooner than she would otherwise have done so, probably out of respect for her sister, but otherwise too polite to stop altogether. Like her mother, 'Enya'a was a vocal lover, but she had not enjoyed a cock as large as Nuna'en's before and her cries of passion were louder and shriller than normal. Nuna'en's prick pushed in and out of her vagina as she lay on top of him, her small breasts violently shaking with her passion, the nipples hard and stiff, and trickles of sweat streaking down her slender waist and dampening their intermingled pubic hair.

'En was so proud of her sister. She was fortunate indeed to be blessed by a family who made love so often and so loudly. She hoped she too would match them in

passion when she was married. She stroked her clitoris as she watched Nuna'en push his prick in and out, in and out, of 'Enya'a's cunt. And however wide that cunt was, big enough for a whole fist, as 'En had already discovered, that prick was still not in to the shaft. At least not at first. But as 'En's crotch became wetter and her fingers ached more with her feverish masturbation, that prick gradually slid deeper and deeper into her sister. And then... The moment the spirits blessed. An explosion of creamy pale sperm trickled out of her sister's cunt, down the length of Nuna'en's prick, clearly visible on 'Enya'a's black and Nuna'en's lighter brown pubic hair.

At last, the couple were collapsed on each other, panting and breathing heavily as they recovered from their exertions. Nuna'en's prick flopped onto his hairy thigh and 'Enya'a's arms clung around his muscular shoulders. 'En continued to masturbate, but slowly and without the intent of achieving orgasm. She loved Nuna'en's strong muscular body. The thick hair on his arms, chest and legs. The thick brown hair, now combed and straight, like the men of her village. The scar from an aurochs horn across his cheek. The tooth-marks from a leopard on his shoulder. But more than the blessings of nature and the trophies of hunting, it was the penis that 'En loved most. Even limp, it was bigger than many men's penis was erect.

At last she made the announcement that her beating heart had made so difficult for her. It was not an easy announcement to make. It was one she could only ever make once in her life. And then after that, she could never do it again. "I have spoken to my mother and I have her approval and blessing. I want to marry you, Nuna'en. I want to be your wife and to bear children."

'En was rather disappointed by Nuna'en's reaction. It was scarcely the one of unalloyed joy that she'd expected from such a momentous announcement. In fact, he seemed rather puzzled. His words were even more puzzling, not assisted by his clumsy articulation and his ignorance of so many of the subtle nuances of genital manipulation. 'En left him with tears just beginning to well. Surely, she wouldn't be dishonoured by a rejection. That had *never* happened in all history. But then neither had there ever been a visitor from over the seas before. She managed to say that her mother wanted to see him that evening. And she gave him the traditional blessing for such meetings, that they would fuck long and hard, and produce much semen.

And then she ran down the ladder, and her legs carried her to the sand dunes at the beach where she could sit and weep. This was so much harder than she'd thought. She'd expected Nuna'en to take her in his strong hairy arms, to shower her in kisses, to invite her to stroke and suck his penis. Even perhaps to push a finger up her anus, the only hole he could so penetrate before marriage. Instead he uttered words whose meaning was muddled and uncertain. She gazed at the sea, where sea cows were grazing and sea gulls were squawking over the floating carcass of a porpoise. The sea and her fingers on her crotch were her only comfort as she thought of a life after rejection. Could she ever find another man who she'd want to marry as much as she had Nuna'en? Most of the older men were already married, and she always much preferred older men to those of her own age. Much more mature. A body that had experienced many years of lovemaking. How could she bear to lose her virginity to anyone who had not fucked at least a hundred times? And the only two men who were

not married – well, it was known they were very nearly married to each other and that their sperm would never produce another generation.

Nuna'en was actually rather more puzzled than anything else. He'd told 'En as best he could that he'd think about it, and that he would discuss it with the other men in the village, slightly disconcerted by the girl's boldness. In his village, it was the man who chose a wife. And for this he would always seek the approval of the chief. If the chief assented, then the wife to be had no choice but to assent. Refusal would lead to exile or even stoning. This was how Nuna'en had expected it to be. Marriage had been on his mind, as it had always been before his exile. But here there seemed almost no point. Marriage was no bar to fucking whoever you liked, wherever and whenever you liked. And indeed, all the women already seemed to be married, even though they seemed to spend no more time with their husbands than with any other man.

He was rather surprised by 'Enya'a's reaction. When she saw her sister leave, she burst into a wild fury, throwing wooden bowls and sticks at him. "How could you?" she was saying angrily, the first angry voice he'd heard since his exile. "She is my sister. Her father, my father, is the village shaman. You bring shame to us all!" She picked up her quagga skin pelt and wrapped it around her shoulders. "You will see my mother this evening. You will apologise for your cruel and thoughtless behaviour. And perhaps if my mother is feeling generous. And her cunt has been well penetrated. And your prick fucks her well. Perhaps then, she may relent and let you marry my sister."

Nuna'en was left alone in the hut. He had clearly behaved badly, but he wasn't sure how. These people were very strange. He rested in thought for an hour or so,

wondering exactly how he had caused offense. And then, when it seemed that it was evening, the sun low in the sky, he lowered himself out of the hut and strode across the village to 'En's mother's hut. As he walked, he was conscious of the difference in how the people in the village were treating him now. His gaze was dodged. People turned about to avoid passing him. There was none of the friendly penis waving or crotch stroking by which these people usually greeted him. Nor was there the jovial reference to his huge penis, which swung between his legs, and about which he was almost feeling ashamed. These people were such savages. Always fucking each other. Always exposing themselves. How could he have thought he could have become a member of this tribe?

'Enwa'em, 'En's mother, did not appear to be in a very cheerful mood when Nuna'en entered her hut. She made only a sour response to his smile, as she reclined on her leopard skin rug wearing a formal lion-skin wrap around her neck and over the top of her huge swollen but now sagging breasts, the nipples dark and brown after years of suckling babies. She frowned at Nuna'en and gestured that he sit down.

"You have brought shame to us. My daughter announced that she wished you to marry her and you did not at once agree. You are free, of course, to not marry. You have the right to lead the life of a child, with no responsibility, no children and no duty. But not in this village, of course. Have you really no idea of how much you have upset 'En?"

'Enwa'em had been careful with her words, avoiding genital contact, and articulating slowly. Nuna'en was still not sure of the meaning of all that she said, but

he understood that he was in disgrace. "Forgive me," he begged. "I am but a stranger to the ways of your people. Marriage in my village is a matter for the man to decide. Not the woman."

'Enwa'em laughed, despite her anger. "What a bizarre and dangerous concept! How can a man make a decision like that? He doesn't give birth. He doesn't rear or breast-feed children. He just hunts game, builds huts and fucks. If all decisions were left to men, then the world would be one of chaos. There would be fighting amongst people, greed, anxiety, and no cooperation. The world would be a dreadful place to live in. And that most important of decisions, as to who first deflowers a girl and helps to rear her children. That must surely be taken by the girl who is to be married."

Nuna'en bowed his head. He was still very confused. Women making decisions? No chief? Sex expected, rather than forbidden, outside of marriage?

'Enwa'em leaned over and took Nuna'en's penis in her hand. She squeezed it tightly. "You may choose to leave our village. You can leave now. No one will stop you. You can live with the jackals and the apes. If you wish to remain in the village, then you must beg forgiveness, fuck me until you can fuck me no more and then marry my daughter. The choice is yours. Stay or go?"

Nuna'en felt he had no choice. He had already been exiled from one village. He had no wish to make a habit of it. The world was a large unfriendly place full of predators, evil spirits and demons. "Please accept my apologies. I offer only the excuse of my stupidity and ignorance."

'Enwa'em squeezed Nuna'en's prick a little tighter. "Now fuck me like you

have never fucked anyone before!” she commanded.

Forgiveness for Nuna’en was a long time coming. Even after many hours of sex with ’En’s mother, the oldest woman he had ever fucked, perhaps fifteen or more years his senior, and undoubtedly a demanding woman. Her breasts might be large and sagging, her waist slack, her buttocks full and sloppy, but neither her passion nor her stamina was lessened by age. Here at least was a cunt that could hold the whole of Nuna’en’s prick, but his sperm was to flow more than once as the evening went on. The sex was vigorous, violent, almost joyless. And still ’Enwa’em was not satisfied.

The marriage ceremony with ’En was a more agreeable affair. The whole village sang and danced as Nuna’en thrust into her unbroken hymen, releasing those precious drops of blood that told the world she was now a married woman and could start bearing children of her own. Her cries of pain were the greater because of the extra size of Nuna’en’s penis, but this was considered a lucky sign. The village cheered when his penis emerged, covered in blood and sperm. Almost immediately, women of the village bent on their knees to lick off the blood and sperm from his prick, believing it would improve their fecundity and bring them healthier children. For a moment, all seemed well for Nuna’en.

But even after marriage, forgiveness was a slow process. No woman except ’En or her mother would have sex with Nuna’en for many cycles of the moon, as his shame lessened only gradually. ’En meanwhile had sex with every man in the village, including her father, enjoying the freedom that came with marriage. When she at last bore a child, everyone could see from the skin and hair that although Nuna’en was the

official father, the biological father was of the village. Indeed, in this time, Nuna'en had sex rather more often with 'En's mother than with 'En herself. This was not really a punishment. 'Enwa'em was a very good lover. Nuna'en had not known before that a woman could teach him the ways of love, rather than he being the teacher. But part of his lesson was to learn non-exclusivity. 'Enwa'em preferred to fuck with two or more men at the same time, often one penis up her front (usually Nuna'en's) and another one in her anus.

It was only after 'En had given birth, that Nuna'en at last felt that the village had forgiven him for his insensitivity. And when he heard 'En's sister, 'Enya'a, enter his hut, where he was lying next to 'En and her daughter, he knew that at last he could enjoy life as he did in his first few days.

'En smiled as she watched her husband thrust into her sister, her legs wide and wrapped around his waist, her cries of passion waking the baby who gurgled in pleasure at the fucking in front of her. 'En stroked her baby's cheek. If the baby had not been there she would gladly have joined her husband and her sister in their loud, ecstatic passion. But she had a duty to perform in bringing up her baby. She kissed her baby's cheek and smiled indulgently. At the moment, the fucking her daughter was watching was just a big game for her, but in years to come it would seem to be the most serious thing in the world.