

Rhonda

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A slight breeze blew through the garden, rustling the leaves in the trees and bending the stems of the tall flowers. A lamb lying down by the side of a small pond twitched its nostrils, but soon relaxed. This was about as rough as the weather ever got. The lamb returned to the flowers it was nibbling, unperturbed by the nearby presence of a lion on the other side of the pond. And why should it be bothered. The lion would no more wish it harm than he would himself. The sun stood high in the clear blue sky, just a single white cloud to break the utter blueness in front of which flew a squadron of migratory birds.

The garden was peaceful but not wholly quiet. Bees and other insects buzzed amongst the flowers and shrubbery. Birds sang melodiously from the fruit-laden boughs of the leafy trees. The slight breeze brought a welcome coolness to the warm air and added a rustle to the ambience. And amongst it all could be heard shrieks, gasps, cries and yells. The birds and the beasts in the garden were not troubled by it in the least. This was a noise to which they were accustomed. It was just Adam and Eve, the guardians and prime benefactors of the garden, once again indulging in passionate and totally abandoned lovemaking out in the open on the short grazed grass.

Ever since Adam woke up one morning to find a slight ache in his side and the beautiful sight of Eve beside him, there had been very few hours indeed where the couple had not indulged the passion they felt for each other and explored their sexuality in a world free of guilt and sin. Adam had not had to endure many days of solitude before Eve arrived, and like him she arrived fully grown and with no memory of an earlier time. He had never really questioned this. He assumed this was how it should be. And, lo, what he had seen of the world was good and right, and he had no reason to believe that it should ever be otherwise.

Indeed, he had not been especially unhappy in the time before Eve arrived. He had plenty to do in exploring the grottoes and woods and ponds and streams of the garden. There were so many interesting and beautiful things to see and he knew all of them by name. As well he might, as there were no names before he granted them to the world. There were some places he preferred over others. He enjoyed bathing in the still waters of the pond or lazing on the grass lawns that spread out in all directions or climbing up the trees to regard the garden's vista stretching in all directions as far as he could see, toward the far distant horizon. But just as he had no conception of a time before he arrived in the garden, he was never much concerned about thoughts of a world beyond the garden.

And now with Eve, there was a new world to discover, and the garden itself was a world they could now explore together. When they weren't enjoying the fruits of the trees, they were enjoying the feel of their own bodies. There was so much to relish, and although Adam was sure he knew every inch of Eve's flesh and loved every part of it, somehow he never lost his desire to enjoy it again and more thoroughly.

At the moment, Adam was thrusting in and out of Eve's spread open legs, her ankles interlocked behind the taut muscles of his buttocks, while she lay back on the short soft grass, her full apple-shaped breasts shaking up and down to the same rhythm as Adam's thrusts. The passion drove her face into expressions of agony, but this was the agony of achieving peaks of orgasmic ecstasy that was pushing her body close to the limits of endurance. Her long blonde hair splayed out in all directions for a yard or so. Her waist was slender but her hips were wide and round, perfectly designed to accommodate Adam's foot-long penis as it thrust back and forth,

seemingly inexhaustible in how long it could stay erect and the volume of semen he could generate when self-restraint was finally sacrificed to his need to achieve an orgasm of which Eve would by now have had her own experience in the dozens.

Eve looked at Adam above her, his hands grasping her thighs and hips the better to keep thrusting into her. Although the long hair of her head came down to her waist, otherwise her hair, except on her crotch and under her arms, was very much sparser than Adam's. His chest and face was blessed with a growth of light brown hair that curled rather more than the shoulder-length hair that framed the penetrating green eyes and the warm reassuring smile of his face. She smiled back at Adam, her light green eyes sparkling in the sun, as her crotch pushed against his thrusting penis. She was so lucky. So fortunate. She lived in a beautiful place. And she loved the most beautiful man. She couldn't possibly ask for anyone more kind, more considerate, more loving or more virile. She was truly in Paradise.

And still Adam thrust away at her, as she melted and dissolved in the ecstasy to which she had become accustomed, until Eve could sense from the twitching movements of his penis inside her that he was himself at last about to come. This awareness merely heightened her passion and so, mutually and simultaneously, the two of them burst out in an orgasmic climax where their cries drowned out all other sounds in the garden. Adam released his semen deep inside Eve, intermixed with the juice her own passion had generated. This was, they both felt, the proper place for him to release his load. They had tried other alternatives. But somehow the taste of semen in Eve's mouth never matched the joy she felt when it was down below. And her arse had never felt as comfortable a receptacle as her vagina.

And then the two collapsed, sated and exhausted, jerking spasms of semen

trailing out of Adam's penis onto the grass and Eve's thighs. She could feel its trickle seep out between her legs and join the puddle on her inner thighs and in a small damp patch on the daisies and leaves of grass that brushed against them. The two of them lay together, arms and legs entangled, as the breeze brushed against the small hairs of their skin and ruffled Adam's beard. A heron strode close beside them, unconcerned about their presence, while a doe stood grazing within feet of Eve's face.

"I must wash myself," Eve remarked, as the juices became cracked and dry on their skin. "Do you want to come?"

Adam smiled, but shook his head. "I feel so relaxed. It's so beautiful here in the sun. I'll rest here. I'll see you later."

Eve smiled in return. There was nothing unusual in this. They had all the time in the world and whether they were together or apart, in spirit they always felt close together. And, of course, Eve had no conception of fear and no thought that solitude would in any sense make her more vulnerable. And vulnerable to what? There was nothing in the garden that could ever harm her. She stood up and stroked the doe on the head as he muzzled against Eve's hand. Her naked body was a delight to Adam as he lay there, the sun in his eyes as he watched her silhouetted figure stroll unhurriedly towards the wood where Eve's favourite pool awaited under the shadow of tall fruit trees and willows. He closed his eyes and felt himself drift off to a post-coital doze.

Eve knew that Adam always felt so tired and exhausted after they had made love, as did she but somehow never to the same extent. This was just one of the many differences between the two of them that she loved and would never wish were any other way. She strode off, her hands brushing against the flowers and the heather that dotted the grass lawns, and entered the wood that afforded welcome shade from the

midday sun. Birds flew through the trees welcoming her with their song, while squirrels and monkeys run up and down the branches as happy to see Eve as she was to see them. Her feet pressed down on the grass that protected her feet as she strolled unhurriedly along. She had no notion of wasting time or of ever being longer away from Adam than he might expect. In fact, time had almost no meaning to her at all.

And there ahead of her, shining in the sun in the opening between the trees, was the pool she would soon sink into and bathe the stains of her passion away. But just by the pool was a white and red figure she'd never seen before. Her heart jumped a beat in anticipation. Another new being with whom she could get acquainted. Like the elephant she met whose long trunk wrapped itself in friendship and affection around her slender waist. Or like the pair of unicorns who approached her and nuzzled her face, carefully ensuring that their horns would not harm her. Or the yale that jumped and danced for her pleasure. But this creature was different, and the strangest thing about it was that it resembled Adam and her. Indeed it much more resembled her than it did Adam. Long hair, breasts and a feminine shape. Just like her own reflection as she saw it in the waters of the pool.

However, this person was strange in other ways. She had long red curly hair that came down to her shoulders and bushed out. Her skin had a reddish hue to it, but where the skin wasn't red it was very white, unlike the slightly brown tanned skin that Adam and she had. But strangest of all was that she was wearing a short white skirt and a tight tee shirt that covered, but did not disguise, her full breasts, and white socks and trainers on her feet. She was bent over, a pair of knickers discarded and lying to one side of her, while her hands were busy stroking and caressing her vagina. She was far more intent on masturbation than on noticing Eve approach her. Eve had, of

course, masturbated on occasion, but as she could rely on Adam to bring her more satisfying, more physical, sex, it wasn't something she felt the need to do very often.

“Hello there! Who are you?” Eve asked, not even thinking she might be interrupting the girl's privacy.

The girl looked up at her with pale blue eyes and Eve could see that the source of the redness on her skin were small discreet spots that, had she known, she would have called freckles. This was strange in itself. She and Adam had no such spots on their perfect skin. These spots were at their most dense around the girl's nose, but they were everywhere else as well. On her legs, her knees, her bare arms, her high forehead.

The girl pulled her hand away from her crotch with a start and pulled the white skirt over her groin. It came half way down her upper thighs and flared out at the hem. She looked up at Eve with a startled expression.

“Who're you? And why aren't you wearing any clothes?”

“I'm Eve. And what are you called? And what are 'clothes'?”

“Rhonda. That's what I'm called. Rhonda. Like the Beach Boys song. And clothes? Surely you can't be serious. These are clothes.” She touched the fabric of her skirt and tugged her tee shirt forward. “You must know what clothes are.”

“No. I've never seen things like that before. They must feel very strange on you.” Eve smiled and knelt down next to Rhonda and stroked the soft cotton fabric of the dress by where Rhonda had just been masturbating.

“Are you shitting me? Is this some kind of weird nudist colony or something? Where the fuck am I?”

Eve was slightly puzzled by Rhonda's linguistic expressions, but she smiled

quizzically. “This is the garden. That’s all that it is. Don’t you know? Do you come from somewhere else?”

Rhonda sat back resting her weight on her arms, and watched Eve stroke her clothes with a puzzled expression. “Well, hell. Of course I do. Venice Beach is where I was.”

“‘Venice Beach’? Is that near here?”

“It’s in Los Angeles. You must have heard of it.”

“No. What is ‘Los Angeles’?”

“The City of Angels. California. Christ! You can’t be that stupid. You aren’t telling me you don’t know LA.”

“‘Ellay’?” Eve laughed. “You are telling me so much I don’t understand. If you don’t come from here, and you come from some place with a strange name, how did you get here?”

“Fucked if I know!” Rhonda swore angrily. “One moment I was in Venice Beach. Just mooching. Not doing much. And then, I dunno, I got all dizzy or something. And then I kind of fell over. And I didn’t just fall a few feet. Fuck no! I was like falling for like hours or something. Like spinning around. It was like the weirdest trip I’d ever had. And I hadn’t taken anything either. And then I arrived here. By this water pool and under all these trees.”

Eve grinned. “Well, I’m really pleased you came here, Rhonda. I must introduce you to Adam. He’d love to meet you.”

“‘Adam’? What kind of fucking weird shit is this? You’re called Eve. And you’ve got some guy called ‘Adam’. Just tell me I’m fucking dreaming.”

Eve laughed. This Rhonda was so funny. She had the strangest way of

speaking. Adam would really like to meet her. A new friend. Just like the unicorns and that giraffe. But one that could speak. How truly delightful! She placed a hand on Rhonda's tee shirt covered shoulder and smiled warmly and welcomingly. "No. You're not dreaming. I came through the wood and there I saw you masturbating under the tree."

Rhonda became visibly even redder. Eve was slightly startled. She'd never seen such a discolouration before. Except perhaps when she and Adam were in the heat of lovemaking. If she'd known better, she'd have realised she'd seen her first ever blush. Rhonda was very embarrassed.

"Look, Eve. I'm sorry about that. Like I don't normally do that. But I thought I was like alone here. I just didn't realise there was anyone else here. And somehow, you know, there's something real freaking weird about this place. I got here and just somehow felt, you know, kind of warm and tingly. You know, like horny. And it just seemed like natural. I can't really explain. It just got me that way."

Eve laughed at Rhonda. "I don't know what you're trying to say. I feel horny all the time. That's just the normal way to be."

Rhonda frowned at Eve, but her eyes sparkled in a way that puzzled Eve rather more. "Really. Is that so?"

"Yes, of course. I just love making love. Adam and I do it all the time."

"And it's just you and Adam, is it? No one else?"

"Well, who else is there?" Eve laughed innocently.

"I'm sure you know the answer to that," remarked Rhonda placing her hand on the hand that Eve still had on her skirt.

Eve frowned, slightly troubled. She looked at Rhonda's light blue eyes and the

lips, which seemed unnaturally red and shiny, through which Rhonda's strong white teeth gleamed in a curious, almost wicked smile. "I really don't understand."

Rhonda didn't reply, but instead leaned forward toward Eve's face and kissed her gently on the lips. Eve gasped a little but didn't pull herself away. Emboldened, Rhonda moved to a more comfortable position next to Eve, her knees touching the inside of Eve's thighs, her lips pursing and kissing Eve's face, her hands stroking the bare skin of Eve's shoulders and thighs. Eve was thoroughly puzzled. This was somehow quite different to the affection showed toward her by the animals of her acquaintance.

And then Eve was aware of just how very different it was, as one of Rhonda's hands grasped a breast, her nipple between splayed fingers, while another hand grasped the back of Eve's neck, the fingers pressing her long hair down onto the nape, and her mouth pressed hard against hers. The tongue pushed open Eve's lips and twisted horizontally against her face, so that Eve's eyes were focused on Rhonda's long curls of red hair. And then the tongue was deep inside her mouth, pushing against her own tongue and running over her teeth. Eve eased Rhonda's face away from hers so she could gaze into the girl's face. Their eyes were so close, and Eve saw for the first time that there was a strange blue hue to Rhonda's eyelids.

"What are you doing, Rhonda?"

"Only what you want me to, Eve."

"Kissing me. Stroking me. Pressing my breasts. But that's what Adam does to me."

"And isn't it ever so delightful?"

"Well..." puzzled Eve. There was something slightly wrong about this, but

Eve was uncertain what it might be. “What might Adam think if he saw you doing this?”

“He’d want to join in!” Rhonda replied, pushing her face back against Eve’s and pressing her palm more firmly against Eve’s bosom, while her other hand stroked Eve’s thigh. Eve raised an eyebrow, but Rhonda’s reply was fairly convincing. And, in any case, Eve found that she was rather enjoying Rhonda’s warm freckled skin against her own. She was fascinated by the differences in the textures and flavours of her flesh and the taste in her mouth. She responded more vigorously to Rhonda’s kiss, matching the strange girl’s nibbling and tonguing with the energy she practised with Adam.

Rhonda’s body felt softer and smoother than Adam’s. Her lips tasted very strange, too. Eve wondered whether it had something to do with their curious redness. And the very thing that was most odd was her clothes. It came as rather a surprise to Eve when Rhonda removed them. Until then she’d thought they were something integral to the girl, like a bird’s plumage or a lion’s mane, but, no, they could be removed in their entirety, even the strange white hooves that enclosed her feet. And what was underneath was different again. These freckles were everywhere. They were denser in some places, like on her upper chest and on her forearms where they were almost as densely packed as on her face, but in other places they were relatively thinly scattered. Eve ran her tongue over them, wondering whether they might come off with her licking, but it merely dampened her red and pale skin. And, even stranger still, there was a metallic silver ring in her navel and two thinner ones in her ear lobes. Eve had never seen an animal that had metal in its body before.

And then she felt Rhonda’s hand probe into her crotch, her fingers stroking her

clitoris and bush of curly hair. Eve reciprocated by putting her fingers with rather less confidence on Rhonda's vagina. The hair there was as red as on her head but more tightly curled than Eve's own. And her clitoris was slightly longer and thicker. And the lips of her vulva were not smoothly folded like hers but were almost falling out of her like ragged curtains of flesh. What did it taste like? She put her mouth and nose to it and sniffed and licked it. The taste was like her own after she had sex with Adam, but somehow also richer and more complex. But it was much more like her own crotch in flavour than Adam's.

She felt Rhonda's own tongue around her vagina and even a slight nibble from Rhonda's teeth, and this was so much like Adam's own exploration there. In fact, if she closed her eyes, it felt very much like Adam's, until Rhonda's fingers probed deeply inside her. Rhonda's crotch was beginning to smell somewhat more strongly and at the same time, Eve was aware of a slight skim of clear viscous fluid amongst the curly hairs coating the inner lips of her vulva. This was something very different to Adam's penis, and she thought this must be what Adam experienced when he licked her down there.

Eve felt the familiar warm feeling of passion fill her, and as usual she gasped and whined with the pleasure. This abandon stimulated Rhonda who emitted some lower moans as she more excitedly rubbed her fingers into Eve's crotch and pushed her tongue deep inside her, so that Eve could feel its muscular flexibility against her clitoris and in her rougher interior. And all the while she lay above Rhonda, her bottom in the air, and her knees brushing against Rhonda's side and her thighs feeling the soft warm roundness of Rhonda's bosom and occasionally feeling one of her largish nipples against her.

Adam meanwhile was finding it more difficult to rest under the sun in the open air. The breeze had steadily become more blustery. The trees rustled more wildly, even their branches bending as the air buffeted against them. Adam was puzzled. Until now, there had only been a slight breeze. The sky was still mostly blue, but the clouds in the distance seemed thicker. So thick in fact that they presented a dirty grey colour rather than the usual fluffy white. Perhaps it was going to rain. Though normally rain in the garden was brief and gentle. Nevertheless, Adam could no longer relax recumbent on the grass.

He stood up and felt the wind push up his long hair and agitate the hairs on his arms, his beard and his crotch. He frowned. Perhaps it would be better to join Eve in the wood. He wandered towards the trees, following the path worn by animals that led to the pool where he and Eve usually bathed. As he entered the relative gloom of the forest, he could still hear the rustle of the leaves, but otherwise the wood was strangely quiet. The birds were no longer serenading and the monkeys were not chattering. He looked up at an ape on one tree who crouched on an upper branch with a banana in the palm of his foot, but did not respond to the friendly wave he directed at it. Adam frowned, but continued his way through the wood.

And then he heard a sound in the wood that he'd never heard before, at least not from a distance. It was a moaning, groaning sound, occasionally broken by a strange slapping and a quite loud shriek. At first he was sure it was just Eve. Perhaps she was masturbating, though usually she wasn't normally quite as vocal. But then he also heard another note, which was also high-pitched like Eve's, but somehow less gentle and more guttural. However, Adam had no concept of danger. There was nothing in the garden that would harm him. So he felt no urgency to quicken his pace

as he walked through the wood.

Nevertheless when he got to the pool, for the first time ever, he felt emotions of a negative kind that he was unable to understand. There was Eve. True. But also someone else. And what they were doing was unmistakably like making love. Adam had no notion of emotions like jealousy or anger, and he was more puzzled and bemused as he strode toward the interlocking bodies and greeted them.

Eve faced him, her long hair plastered by the sweat of her exertions, with the expression he'd always associated with her during their own lovemaking. Slightly foolish, brightened by love and desire, but also something else that he could not have not known but was the first glimmering of guilt in what had before now been a perfect world. "Hello, Adam," she greeted him, slightly breathlessly. "This is Rhonda."

"And you must be Adam," commented the strange woman. And what a strange woman she was. Slippery with sweat, but also both very red and very pale. Was she even the same species as Eve and he? Even her hair was different. Curly and red, but similarly damp with strands clinging to her bright shining cheeks. "Fuck! You're well hung! Hey, stud! Do you want to join in?"

"Join in?" wondered Adam. This is itself was a strange notion. Wasn't lovemaking meant for just two? And wasn't that couple meant to be only male and female? Although he was puzzled, he felt a strange arousal in his groin. He looked down in surprise, to see that his penis was twitching into erectness, slowly rising like a mast from the dark curly hairs. "I don't know. What do you think, Eve?"

"I'm not sure," said Eve, pulling herself gently off Rhonda, but still holding her hand.

"Of course he's sure!" spoke Rhonda for her, stretching a hand out and

grasping Adam's penis as it reached almost full erection. The feel of her hands and those shiny red fingernails brought Adam's penis to its greatest size. The skin pulled tightly off his glans, which shone in the afternoon sun with a purple glow. And then, Rhonda disengaged herself fully from Eve, who nonetheless pressed the side of her face against her buttocks, and put her mouth to Adam's penis, while grasping it with a hand. Adam watched with curiosity as Rhonda's mouth jogged up and down on its length, her cheeks pulled inwards, and a strange slobbering sound coming from her mouth.

And so it was that Adam and Eve gave into the temptation of Rhonda's advances, tasting a fruit that no one had explicitly forbidden them, but which they both somehow felt was not quite right. The three of them were on the grass by the pool under the tall trees, Adam's penis inside Eve and then inside Rhonda. Sometimes one mouth, sometimes two, sucking and licking and nibbling its length, his testicles and even putting fingers up his arse, something that Eve had never done before. He thrust into Rhonda as she lay on the ground, her legs around his waist, his buttocks mechanically thrusting back and forth, the sounds of the forest now punctuated by a slap slap slap of their conjugal rhythm, while Eve kissed and licked Rhonda full on her mouth, her hands stroking her breasts as they flattened and flopped with each thrust of his pelvis.

Adam didn't notice the sounds of the birds bursting from the trees above in a panicked flight, nor the anguished rustle as monkeys and squirrels raced along the branches. Nor the sound of the wind, which had truly picked up, as it bent the trees with its gusts. The sky was getting darker, even though it was still many hours to nightfall. All he was conscious of was the passion that drove his lust and matched his

cries of pleasure and ecstasy by the frantic shrieks and cries of his two lovers. And Rhonda knew no bounds to her imagination. She guided his penis into her anus. Such a tight fit, clenching tight on his pulsing manhood, as he thrust into her, while Eve's tongue and fingers played with his testicles and Rhonda's vagina. But still he thrust, bleary-eyed, hot and ravenous.

Eventually came release which Rhonda ensured was shared by both Eve and she, as thick globules of semen spurted over their sweaty hot faces, dripping down their noses, cheeks and chins, the two of them looking foolish and childish. Adam had never done this before. Normally he ensured he released himself inside Eve. That was surely the place it was meant to be: in his lover's own receptacle of love.

And then Adam noticed that it was raining heavily. So heavily in fact that the forest was no longer offering sufficient shelter to keep them dry. It fell in torrents down his chest, and through his hair, washing off all the passion and sweat. And not only from him, but also from Eve, whose long hair weighed heavily against her skin. And Rhonda. Was it also bathing her in its icy cold wetness as it blew against his skin and made him shiver?

But there was no sign of Rhonda. Or of her clothes. She had somehow vanished. There was no trace of her at all. There was just Adam and Eve. He put his arms around his companion, as the rain fell on him, and they looked up at the unnaturally dark sky where the large droplets of rain pounded down on them. There was a sudden brilliant spark of lightning. For the first time ever, Adam and Eve felt fear. Lightning did not seem at all benevolent. It cracked onto the ground and then there erupted an ominous loud echoing crash of thunder.

“We need to find shelter!” Adam yelled, as that was the only way he could

make himself heard over the roar of the splashing rain. There was another crack of lightning and an even louder crash of thunder. “We shall have to run to the caves!”

“Yes, we must,” agreed Eve, looking at Adam, an expression of fright and even terror disfiguring her face.

And so they ran. And as they ran, the lightning burst around them, the woods caught alight and they were followed by the smell of burning wood. Smoke billowed out from the wood behind them when they burst into the open air, which provided safety from the fire that they uncomprehendingly saw around them. As they ran, they saw other animals run too. Antelope, deer, cattle all running in fear and bellowing with anxiety.

They passed a lion who was sheltering under a tree. Eve thought she might run to him. Perhaps they could take him to the caves and they could shelter together. She paused in her running, panting and gasping from the unfamiliar panic, and studied the lion. The animal snarled at her. Its teeth were bared and its eyes didn't look at all friendly. As Adam hurried her on, she glanced back at the lion. Under his paws he could see the torn and bloody carcass of a lamb. And at that moment Eve fully gained the knowledge that had been slowly growing inside her, as she ran with the cold rain streaming down her bare body and flattening her hair to her skin, that from now on the world would be a less kind, more unforgiving place.