I is for Indian

by Many Feathers ©

Authors note:

As a rule I don't normally write the so-called "This is a true story" type

of stories. Which is not to say that much of what I have written does have

some sprinkling of truth, based on personal experiences with a lot of

fictional fantasy.

This isn't one of those. The names of course have been changed, but the

experience as told is true. Just to let you know that I really can be a

bit of a wild Indian given the opportunity. I hope you enjoy.

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Many 'feather' years ago now, and I do mean 'many', I had begun attending

one of the local Universities. As such, I'd also taken an apartment close

by so I could bike so classes rather than driving as parking was at a

premium. The apartment had been converted from an older home, and as such

there was one small apartment downstairs, (mine) and two larger apartments

upstairs. Of interest, there was ONE large, very large kitchen area that

was common to all three. So in a sense, it was like living with roommates,

though the only time you ever saw one another beyond visiting, was in the

kitchen where it seemed someone was always coming or going having grabbed

a snack or fixed something to eat.

This is how I came to know the twins, Sharon and Karen.

Like twins sometimes love to do, the girls enjoyed trying to confuse you

into knowing who was really who. Ironically, I would discover that once

again upon being blessed (cursed) with twin sons of my own.

Sharon and Karen were as they say identical twins, literal mirror images

of one another. Unlike some twins, the girls preferred to keep their

hairstyles identical making it nearly impossible to have any other way in

telling them a part. And though they didn't always dress exactly alike,

what one twin would wear one day, might be worn by the other a while

later. So there was no for sure way of knowing who was who from the way

they dressed unless they told you. Which for some bizarre reason, they

seemed to enjoy not doing, leaving you to wonder.

Within a reasonably short period of time, and because of the uniqueness of

sharing a common kitchen area, I soon became very good friends with both

of them, as well as Roger who lived in the other apartment across the hall

from the twins. I was often jealous of his close proximity to them,

hearing the patter of feet going back and forth to their apartment very

late at night.

Living in this part of the country with the close proximity of the

mountains as they are, if you're any kind of an outdoorsy type person,

that's usually where you spend whatever free time you might have.

Something I did, and still do as it tends to run in my blood!

I'd gone into the kitchen area to fix myself a P B & J. Sharon and Karen

were busily unloading groceries, but what was odd, was that many of them

were the canned-goods variety. Even though they were women, neither Karen

nor Sharon were known for their culinary abilities. So I found it curious

that they seemed to be stocking enough canned meals that they'd be

actually cooking dinners every night for a week!

"Stocking up for the winter?" I'd asked. And being that it was the middle

of June they were getting off to a really early start.

"Camping," came the short reply, though I had absolutely no idea who'd

spoken in saying that.

"Camping?"

"Yeah, you know where you actually go and sleep outside beneath the stars?

Only that we're trying to locate someone with a nice-sized tent so we

don't have to sleep separately in a bunch of those pup-tents, or beneath

the stars in the event it gets too cold, or decides to rain!"

Karen I decided. She was certainly the more sarcastic of the two, though

Sharon certainly had her moments.

"I have a tent!" I ventured, not sure if my suggestion would procure the

hoped-for invitation or not. Then upon saying that, I realized all I'd

really done is offer it to them in borrowing it.

"Really? How big?" One of them asked, though I now decided based on their

dress that it was Sharon who'd asked me, less sarcastic, and genuinely

friendly.

"Pretty big!" I said evasively, still hoping for an invite, then smiled.

"It's a little complicated to put up though unless you know what you're

doing."

Sharon looked towards Karen briefly, and then back towards me. "Wanna

cum?"

I thought I'd just died and gone to heaven.

"Just us?" I stood grinning.

"Yeah right!" It was definitely Karen speaking. "Actually Rogers coming

with us, as well as some other friends we know," she stated.

I was a big tent, but it wasn't that big. "Jeez, I don't think it's big

enough for everyone to sleep in," I stated seeing my invitation slowly

melting away.

Sharon laughed. "Only the four of us will be sleeping in your tent, the

other four have one of their own."

Suddenly life seemed good once again, even though Roger would be included.

Though I happened to like Roger, even if I was a little jealous of his

much closer relationship with the girls.

"When?"

"Friday," Sharon stated. "We leave first thing in the morning!"

I had a lot to do. Buying new underwear on the top of my "things to do

list" for one.

#

We had reached the campsite in a little over an hours drive. It was both

beautiful as well as secluded. The other couples had already arrived and

set up their tent. With so many additional pairs of hands, we soon had my

even larger tent set up in no time. Within a short period of time, lawn

chairs had been spread, the cold beer in the coolers opened, and everyone

settled in for a nice easy relaxing day. I had no clue as to what was

meant by "The freedom to just be" as Karen so cryptically spoke once we'd

gotten set up. I soon found that out much to my delight.

I'd unrolled my sleeping bag on one end of the tent, the girls placed in

the middle with theirs, and Roger taking the other end. With the sleeping

arrangements set, I strung the clothesline inside the tent, which both of

the girls loved seeing. In addition to that, the tent was tall enough to

stand in without having to stoop over, something else they loved being

able to do, as I would also discover much later.

I'd already been introduced to the other couples. Kent and Stacy were a

couple, married though attending school together. David and Diane though

also a couple weren't married but seriously a 'unit' and were considering

engagement. Both women were extremely attractive, as were the twins. So

having four very nice, yet differing sets of (still covered) boobs to look

at on the sly made the whole experience that much more enjoyable for me.

What I didn't expect nor anticipate was that I would soon be able to view

and enjoy all that eye-candy without hindrance.

Like I said, whether it was Karen or Sharon would have made no difference.

But one of them emerged from the tent a short time later. She was wearing

nothing more than a short pair of faded blue cut-offs and nothing else.

Once again I reached over and checked for a pulse.

Nope. I was still alive.

Her twin spheres were sculpted perfection. Softly rounded with a nice

gentle slope, a fullness that made the palms of my hands ache. I was glad

I'd not taken a sip of my beer as in all likelihood, it would have been

coming out of my nose had I been drinking it when she emerged.

Not wanting to wear out my welcome as I stoically glanced appreciating the

sudden view now filling my eye balls, I demurely turned my head in some

attempt to appear suave and sophisticated, though I already felt my cock

beginning to stir in preparation for performing the happy dance.

The twins had what I would have to describe as shoulder length, though it

fell slightly below the shoulders, strawberry-blonde hair. Sharon (or

Karen) stood just outside the door of the tent beneath the canvas awning.

Flipping her hair, she leaned forward and began brushing it out. I sat

staring, as her beautiful pink-tipped breasts seemed to hang there in

suspended animation. Which just so happened to be (and still is) one of my

favorite viewing poses.

"Ah Rick?" I heard as Roger spoke as he sat across from me. "You ready for

another beer?"

Which is when I realized I'd just taken a sip from an empty bottle.

"Ah yeah...sure," I stammered feeling a bit guilty at having been caught

in so decadent a thought as Karen (or Sharon) continued to stand there

brushing her hair out.

"Kinda nice huh?" he laughed passing me a fresh beer. I couldn't have

agreed more.

I was still watching when suddenly she stood, flipping her hair back

behind her head, her eyes locked with mine, a knowing smile on her face. I

decided right then and there it had been Karen who'd stood brushing her

hair, and who had caught me with my proverbial hands in the cookie jar,

only in this case, it was my eyes on her luscious-looking breasts.

"Enjoy the show?" she asked walking over to sit in one of the lawn chairs.

In response all I could do was lift my beer in salute to her, thankful

when Roger did the same.

Diane soon joined her sitting down between Karen and Roger. As she sat,

she reached down pulling the tight form-fitting tank top she'd been

wearing up and over her head. She had what I affectionately referred to as

the three P's. As her breasts came quickly into view, I noticed they were

Perky-Pointed and Pretty!

I've always considered myself a true connoisseur of the female breast.

Like fine wines, each are uniquely different. Some are dark, rich and

full-bodied, others a nice mixtured blend, while still others a light pink

sparkling variety. Diane was definitely the latter.

We sat talking enjoying our beer. I was hoping of course while struggling

to keep my prick from performing the happy dance, that Sharon would soon

join us as well. I was curious as to just how 'twinsy' they really were.

When she finally did emerge from the tent however, she'd chosen to remain

in what was still a provocative looking outfit. Wearing a sleeveless

button down shirt, she'd taken the shirttails tying them into a nice tight

knot beneath her breasts. Still, even with this tit-bit of information, I

had nothing to honestly compare the two of them with yet.

Kent and Stacy strolled over towards us soon after. Stacy was smiling, but

Kent had what could only be described as a 'Cat that caught the canary '

kind of look on his face.

"Where the two of you off too?" Sharon asked as they stopped only long

enough to grab a few beers from the cooler before heading away towards the

trees.

"We're going for a little hike," Stacy said winking back over her shoulder

as Kent all but half dragged her ahead.

"Oh I see! A little nookie with the Wookie huh?"

Truth was, Kent did look a little like him. Tall, easily well over six

feet. He had a full beard, though it was neatly trimmed, but his hair was

long, even longer than either of the twins which he wore unencumbered

rather than in a ponytail.

And yes, Star Wars was still big. I'd already been to see it three times

myself. Funny how time passes, yet still has a way of catching up to you

once again.

Karen laughed waving towards them with her arm raised back over her head.

I could only sit there sipping my once again empty bottle of beer,

suddenly reminded of a tune, as my eyes began following the bouncing ball.

A few minutes later, I decided to go for a little walk myself. A very

necessary walk as if I didn't, I'd be trapped in my chair for the

duration. I also had to pee, giving me even further reason and excuse to

make my own way into the trees for a little needed relief.

As I passed the tent, I quickly grabbed my binoculars as I'd seen some

deer earlier. It was also rumored that there were bears in the area, and I

thought that I might as well find myself a nice little ridge someplace

overlooking a few of the meadows and see if I'd luck out in spotting

anything. It would also give me a chance to calm down some, collect myself

before heading back to camp where I figured as evening came on and the

night cooled, the girls would cover up some and allow me to behave a

little more normally, as drooling from the side of the mouth seemed just a

bit abnormal for most.

Once into the trees and well away from camp, I found myself a nice tall

tree to pee on, relieving myself of all the beer I'd not realized I'd

actually consumed. Soon after I spotted a deer-trail, deciding to take it

in the event I might stumble upon something worth watching. And I did, but

it wasn't exactly what I'd expected to find. I had followed the path up

through the thick tall standing furs until it crested at the top of a

little ridge overlooking one of the small meadows below. Sitting down on

what was a rather smooth comfortable looking rock, I picked up my

binoculars and began scanning the tree-line for any signs of life.

Catching movement out of the corner of my eye, I swung back in that

direction, off to the right, almost directly below me though about two

hundred yards away, I spotted Kent and Stacy. They were naked, having

spread a blanket beneath them where Kent lay on his back, Stacy at the

moment straddling him, and going at it like crazy.

I did another quick look-see about to ensure that I was in fact alone,

then returned the binoculars to my eyes, focusing for even better clarity

and began watching as they soon after changed positions, getting into one

of my personal favorites as it were, a '69' position. And though the

distance was great, with the aid of my very powerful 'nocks', it was in a

way just like being there!

This was without a doubt far better than watching any mule deer, or even

bears wandering about for that matter.

"Hi Tom!"

The sound of her voice startled me, nearly dropping the binoculars I spun

staring up and into the face, or rather tits of Karen who'd somehow

managed to sneak up directly behind me without being heard.

"Shit! You scared the fuck out of me!" I said, suddenly fearing the carry

of my voice might be heard down below as I suddenly lowered it. "What are

you doing here anyway? And what did you call me Tom for?" which I then

realized the answer to before she had need to explain it. "Very funny," I

answered for her.

She laughed, sitting down beside me taking the binoculars from my hand

raising them as she spoke. "And I thought you were the Indian," she said

teasingly. "I could have scalped you, and you'd never even known it.

Oh..." she suddenly paused, then giggling. "And I can see why!"

"Give me those!"

Like two kids fighting over the last cookie, she pulled away from me

swinging her arms as well as her breasts in the process. I gave up.

She continued looking for a moment or two longer before much to my

disbelief, she stood, slipping one hand down the front of her loosely

fitting Levi shorts. It didn't take a whole hell of a lot of deduction to

know what she was doing. Mesmerized, all thought of Stacy and Kent down in

the meadow below disappeared like a long lost friend. All I could look and

think of now was the subtle, yet very obvious motion of her hand as she

stood there fingering herself in front of me.

"Fucking hot isn't it?" she said as though describing the weather.

Which to me was an understatement, more like "un-fucking believable!" I as

sat there continuing to watch her while she stood pleasuring herself

without thought to being self-conscious about it, nor the fact I was no

longer interested in what was taking place down in the valley below.

She finally lowered the glasses, once again handing them to me, which I

accepted half automatically, curious now...and wondering as to what might

happen next.

"Would you like a hand-job?" she asked.

"Excuse me?" I said wondering if I had indeed heard her right. Which she

confirmed a second later.

"You heard me, a hand-job! Would you like one?"

"Ah, well yeah sure!" I said honestly, excitedly.

"Well ok, but here's the thing. You keep watching those two, tell me what

you see, what he's doing to her while I do that. No talky...no strokie,

get it?"

"Got it!" I answered a little unsurely.

"Strip!" she ordered, which I did. Watching her do the same, once again to

my surprise as she unbuttoned her jeans letting them fall down around her

ankles where she stepped out of them before sitting down next to me there

on the rock.

"Well?" she asked waiting, nodding her head in the direction of the

meadow. I put the glasses to my face and began giving her a 'blow-by-blow'

description of what was taking place. Literally.

I felt her hand clasp my firm hard erection, finding it very difficult to

continue talking, until she reminded me sternly with the sudden release of

my cock with her hand.

"Ok, ok!" I stated, beginning to describe things one again, though I found

it very difficult for me to actually do so. I also realized as she sat

beside me, she was one again fingering herself while continuing to

masturbate me. She was obviously ambidextrous, and damn good at it! At

some point, I made an effort to reach over towards her where I got a firm,

polite, but pointed warning.

"I can handle it myself," she stated warningly. "And unless you want to

handle it yourself...keep talking!"

So I did.

To be honest, once Kent got between Stacy's legs while on top and began

fucking her, he sort of lost all creativity from my point of view anyway.

I mean there's only so much you can do except to say, "he's fucking her,

in and out, in and out," and so on. So...I began making things up. Which

Karen seemed to like especially when I told her how he was playing with

her breasts, sucking on them, or kissing her neck. Shit like that. When I

did, she began really caressing my cock with a great deal of excitement,

not to mention herself as the sounds of her liquid pussy suddenly enhanced

my own pleasure as I sat doing my imaginary commentary, listening to the

sweet slippery sounds of her fingers as she sat beside me finger-fucking

her cunt. That and of course, jerking me off quite wonderfully.

"Make sure you tell me when you're about to come!" she stated.

"Oh, ok."

"I mean it! You tell me before you do, I don't want to get any of that

shit on me!"

(Yeah, she really did say that.)

I continued describing what was not really taking place until the pleasure

had simply gotten to be too much to ignore any more. So I warned her. She

bent my cock forward as though aiming it towards the meadow, and I had to

half lean over in the same direction to keep her from breaking it off when

I came, which I soon did.

Afterwards, as we both dressed, she looked at me and laughed. Which made

me feel a little uneasy.

"What?"

"You should become a writer," she told me.

"Oh? And why's that?"

"I do have eyes you know. And they weren't doing any of that shit."

"Then why'd you let me continue?" I asked.

"Because you made me believe that they were," she said walking away.

(Ok, so maybe those weren't her exact words, but she did say something

about me having a great imagination. So I'll leave it at that.)

By the time I made it back to camp, the place was deserted. Though the

sounds coming from within the other tent told me David and Diane were

having a little fun of their own.

We'd left Kent and Stacy taking an 'afterglow' snooze in the meadow. Karen

had wandered off towards the creek where I was reasonably sure she'd be

cooling off. Which left Sharon and Roger's whereabouts unaccounted for.

I began making my way around the side of my tent with the intention of

putting away my 'Peeping-Tom's' as Karen had called them when I heard

them, or rather heard Roger as he groaned. As quiet as an Indian having

taken a recent lesson on that, I approached the tent peeking in through

one of the back screened windows. They were standing in the middle of the

tent. Although Roger was naked, Sharon was still wearing a pair of shorts

although her breasts were finally exposed. Unfortunately, without having a

side-by side comparison, I still couldn't determine if their breasts were

as identical as they were. But at the moment, that thought really hadn't

crossed much of my mind. What I quickly realized was that Sharon was

jerking him off as they stood, Roger happily fondling her breasts as she

did. I nearly spoke calling out to them through the window.

"Hey! Don't be getting any of that shit on my tent!" though the thought as

I thought it, sounded a hell of a lot like Karen's voice. As I remained

silent, watching them.

Weak in the knees, I could tell Roger was getting close. Sensing it

herself obviously, Sharon stepped into him as though holding him up.

Relinquishing her breasts as now forced to do, he merely stood hugging her

off to one side as his cock now rested against her thigh, her hand nearly

straight down as she stood, jerking him off as though yanking on a hose.

Which to one degree or another, she was.

Once again the thought of Roger squirting his spunk all over the inside of

my tent didn't sit right with me. I really was half tempted to speak up

and say something to them before he did.

"Almost there?" Sharon giggled questioning.

"Yeah! Can't ya tell?" Roger answered shakily.

I actually opened my mouth to say something when Sharon released him

reached into her back pocket producing a large white handkerchief, which

she suddenly folded over the head of his cock, then proceeded to start

jerking him again. I shut my mouth smiling. Content now to watch. Seconds

later he was fucking her fist, the white hanky suddenly filling as it

moistened becoming wet as she gathered his semen within it. Wiping him

off, she handed him the remnants with two fingers and began getting

redressed as Roger collapsed down onto his sleeping bag, spent.

#

The balance of the early evening was spent in preparation for dinner. It

remained unusually warm for the season, even though it was summer. Nights

up in the high Uinta Mountains can still be quite cool. Regardless,

camping just isn't camping without a fire. And as the sun finally set, we

lit ours and soon had a toasty warm fire going even though it was barely

if hardly even needed. The necessity for lanterns wasn't required however

as we had more than ample light from the fire to see by.

By now we'd all begun in on the hard-stuff, my head was already a little

woozy, grateful at least that I'd eaten or I'd no doubt be passed out long

before midnight arrived. Sharon emerged with a CD player, battery

operated, and soon began dancing sensually to the beat of the music as the

flames from the fire flickered up high into the air silhouetting her

rather erotic dance. As hoped for, one by one the other girls joined her,

dancing in a continuous circle around the fire. Kent who was rather

boisterous anyway, began urging the girls to "Take it off! Take it off!"

as they danced. Sharon was the first to do so, sliding up next to him as

she peeled off that same sleeveless halter she'd been wearing all day,

draping it over his head then darting out of his reach before he could

grab her.

"More, More!" was urged again.

"Not until you guys give us something in return!" Diane challenged. Dave

of course was the first to stand removing the shorts he'd been wearing,

which like me, was all he had on save for his briefs underneath. Having

done that, we all got brief stares before the girls would start dancing

again as one by one the guys stripped down to briefs, though I of course

hadn't been wearing any. I tried begging off, saying that was all I had

on, but the girls weren't having it, saying I still had to take something

off, regardless of whatever else I did, or didn't have on. Needless to

say, I was the first there to find themselves totally naked.

As the girls stripped, finally so did then the rest of the guys until we

were all naked, watching the girls dancing now more provocatively, boldly,

if not downright vulgarly around the fire as the guys sat watching, or in

Kent's case, uninhibitedly stroking and playing with his cock while they

did.

Stacy seemed to get a kick out of that, periodically making her way over

to him where she'd wiggle down into his lap, and though hard to tell for

sure, I was fairly certain along with everyone else that they'd enjoyed

several quick little cunt-fucks together. It was the beginning of several

interesting lap type dances.

(Author's note: L IS for Lap Dance!)

As expected with the obvious and normal pairings, Diane began doing pretty

much the same thing with Dave. Climbing up into his lap where it became

very obvious as to what they were doing as Stacy continued teasing Kent in

much the same way. Karen and Sharon had for the most part remained

elusive, watching them, watching us while they continued to dance holding

hands together. Finally they broke, Sharon coming my way, and Karen

towards Roger. I was shocked as I felt the soft fur of Sharon's pussy

slide wickedly up my exposed thigh. Simultaneously, she reached down with

her hand, stroking me briefly, slapping my hands away as I reached for her

breasts, then teasingly going back to dance, rejoining her friends. Over

and over the girls continued doing this until I thought poor Dave was

going to tackle Diane and fuck her there on the ground. He did manage to

convince her to mount him once again however, and we all watched as they

truly began fucking in earnest. Sharon rejoined me soon after, as Karen

did with Roger. Kneeling beside me, she began jerking me off finally

allowing me to fondle and play with her breasts, which by now I had

finally determined to be just as 'twinsy' as she and her sister was.

At one point Sharon finally crawled up into my lap, though facing away,

her round firm ass slowly lowering. I thought briefly we were actually

going to fuck, but she quickly grabbed my prick, moving it out of the way

as she sat down now straddling me. And though we were obviously NOT going

to do any fucking, she did perhaps the next best thing. I felt as she

began using my cock to masturbate herself with. Felt her hands guiding my

hard prick back and forth against the opening of her pussy without putting

it in, obviously stimulating herself in the process, as well as me.

Had it been Karen, I'm not sure I'd have enjoyed even this much as I

noticed poor Roger still merely being stroked as she sat by his side

content on watching everyone else...including her sister.

Once again I was given "warning" and complied to her wishes. Feeling the

climax eventually reach the point of no return, I told her I was almost

there, to which she pointed my prick away from herself, still Jacking.

Eerily, I sat looking around her as my spunk flew from the tip of my

prick, arching high into the light of the fire before disappearing as

though somehow consumed by it. Perhaps during those first one or two, they

actually had been. Regardless, I was very happy, and very much content, as

the eroticism of their dance had taken me beyond fevered pitch.

Eventually, we all retired to our respective tents, where somewhat

disappointedly, I slept alone in my own bag, as did Roger in his, without

any further excitement.

#

I've never been one to sleep in, especially while camping. First up, I did

so right along with the sunrise, enjoyed a much needed pee, then proceeded

to get some coffee going before I became too irritable.

It was nearly finished, the aroma of freshly ground beans filling the air

when Roger emerged sleepy-eyed from the tent, looking like something the

cat had dragged in from the night before.

"Coffee?" I asked having already poured myself one. He responded in some

sort of unintelligible language, which I took for a yes, and poured him a

cup as well, which he gratefully took from me.

"Some night huh?" I'd asked. By now Roger had had enough coffee to begin

speaking fluently once again.

"Pretty wild!"

"They always like that?" I asked again.

"Like what?"

"You know...such fucking cock-teasers." Which in my estimation, they

really were. Even though they were also pretty good, and pretty free with

giving out hand-jobs.

Roger laughed. "You might could say that," he said snickering. "But I have

to admit I am surprised."

"About what?"

"You got a hell of a lot further with Sharon than I ever have!"

I stared at him incredulously. "I just assumed," I began. Once again

making him laugh.

"Assumed what? That I was fucking them?"

"Yes!"

"Trust me Rick, not that I haven't tried, because I have. But the only

thing they'll ever do is give hand-jobs, though they're pretty good at

doing that, and will gladly give you one any time you ask. And I ask them

both...a lot!"

I sat shaking my head. "What? They're saving it for marriage or

something?"

One again he burst out laughing. "Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Haven't you ever wondered why they never go out, never bring any guys

home with them?"

I had, but I hadn't. Once again, I'd pretty much assumed that Roger was

banging one or both of them.

"You mean they're gay? Les?" I corrected myself.

"After a fashion I guess," he snickered once more. Just then, we both

heard moaning coming from inside the tent. At first I thought one of the

twins was snoring, but then it became blatantly obvious it wasn't that. I

stood, curious.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he told me.

"Oh? Why not?"

Roger sat shaking his head. "See for yourself then, just don't let them

see you looking at them. Really pisses them off if you do. Trust me!"

Heeding his warning, I performed my newfound Indian trick and tiptoed up

to the tent without stepping on so much as a twig.

I peeked in through the screened opening of the window...

But that's a whole different story, and an entirely different letter of

the alphabet. But I will say this much, I discovered much to my surprise,

there's a little wild Indian in all of us!