**The Mangroves**

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"Holy fuck, it's hot today."

Kayla held her palm to her forehead, wiping away sweat and pausing on the sandy trail. Tall palm trees shot up all around her, as the piercing Florida sun pushed through their thin branches and offered little shade. It was a sweltering day, the kind that only people in humid states understand. When you step outside and feel like you've stepped into a sauna.

"You're hot." Muscular arms came from behind Kayla, wrapping themselves around her stomach as lips met her neck. She smiled. Caleb's embrace lasted for a few seconds, before he turned her to face him. He pulled her hips in close and brought his lips to hers, nibbling and pulling her bottom lip a bit before letting it go. She loved when he did that. "Maybe a hike wasn't the best idea. It's too hot, I'm so sweaty." He looked at her questioningly. "But I love you sweaty. You know that." She grinned and slapped his ass. "You're turning me on. Let's get moving. I want to get you back to the tent."

Kayla moved back onto the path, and Caleb followed. It was their summer vacation, and being a couple always down for adventure, they had found a small key island off the coast to camp on. A few days fishing on the water, fooding at the oyster bars, and fucking in the middle of nature was right up their alley. Kayla loved the wild, both in her time off, and in her sex life. The "animal within us" is what Caleb had called it, when they first met. After a brief introduction at a holiday party 6 months earlier, Kayla invited him over. They proceeded to fuck three times a day for the next week. The chemistry was incredible and the desire undeniable. Caleb was in shape as could be, sculpted from marble with a libido to match his physique. Kayla loved to be taken, shut off her brain and have her wildness burst through to the surface. The two of them found in each other the perfect sexual pairing. But this was still early days. Six months in, and they were still discovering new dimensions to each other. That included the bedroom. Or in this case, the island campgrounds.

The night before, Kayla had taken a few hits of her joint and stripped naked. Herb always made her want to feel free of any fabric on her. Caleb was sleeping next to her, wiped out from a long day of sun and boating and delicious IPA's. He always slept naked, his body temperature running too hot from his muscled frame for the Florida summer. She took one look at him and pounced, taking his cock into her mouth and spreading her legs wide over his face. She knew he would wake shortly, which he did. This wasn't the first time she had taken what she wanted from him. And he loved it. Nothing better than waking up to a blowjob and a faceful of sex. She only knew he'd awoken because her pussy became warm from his lips and tongue. He pressed hard into her, grinding his face against her and making her clit harden against it. . She sucked vigorously, as he hardened in her throat until her mouth was stuffed. Kayla loved to be filled, in every possible place. They rocked back and forth like that, soaked in each other's juices until Kayla felt herself building and her legs tightening around Caleb. She grabbed his balls with her hand, squeezing them just enough how he liked. As she came, she felt him pulse and grow along the back of her tongue, pushing her lips down to the base of him.

One of the reasons she had let Caleb fuck her senseless the first week they met was his cock. She was small, only 5'1 and petite in most dimensions, although her breasts were large for her size. He stood almost a foot above her, and it took three of her stacked hand grips to almost fully cover his length downstairs. The first night they fucked, she was so loud her neighbors checked on her the next morning. By the end of the second night, she had to change the sheets and reposition the bedframe. In the mornings that followed, she woke before Caleb, made coffee and breakfast, fed him, then started the whole process again. Her pussy so was sore by the end of the week, she could barely take her dog on walks. But this is how she liked it. Rough, animalistic, spontaneous, and intense. By the end of the week, she told Caleb how she felt. And he shared the same feelings. They wanted the past week to turn into weeks and then months and then keep going.

So they did just that. Now six months later, time off found them nearly alone on this key island, a simple campsite the only sign of civilization around. An RV camper was parked next to them the night before when they first unpacked. But it was gone by morning. Kayla joked that their neighbors were turned off by the "animal sounds" from the tent nextdoor. "I'd believe it," Caleb shared over breakfast. "We're so loud you could probably hear us across the bay." Kayla giggled. She loved that he let her let everything out. That he didn't tell her to quiet down or make her feel self - concious. "I don't believe in apologizing for anything regarding sex," he said to her the morning after they first met. He introduced himself to her neighbors that same day, and they never knocked and checked on Kayla again.That's how Caleb was. Unapologetic and confident and ravenous when it came to sex. And that's exactly what Kayla wanted. Someone who would see her naked fresh out of the shower, be overcome with desire, and fuck her right there in the hallway until they both came and she had to shower all over again. Someone she could pick up from the airport after a long business trip, park at the nearest dark parking lot, and fuck him hard in the backseat. The two of them gave each other a near limitless passion, one that only grew more so when the weather was hot and the setting primitive.

It's no wonder Kayla's sex drive was more intense than ever in this place. Last night, once Caleb had awoken, she didn't even bother turning around to face him when she lifting from his face and squatted on his cock. She fucked him like that, letting him watch her slide up and down him for what seemed like forever. The only thing Caleb managed was spreading his fingers on her ass cheeks and marveling at her movement. She had never found another person who lasted the way Caleb did. Thirty minutes for them was a quickie. An hour or more was the norm. She had gotten used to cumming three or four times at least before letting him finish where he wanted. This wasn't what she was used to, but he had rewrote the script. And the same went for Caleb. He had never met someone who matched his level of sexual energy. The two reveled in each other, filling evenings and mornings and entire weekends with lovemaking that both exhausted and energized.

Kayla stopped again on the path, squatting down to drink from her water bottle. "I thought it'd be cooler. We're right along the water." She was right. Caleb looked to the right and left of the path, sandy earth that quickly turned into low brush and mangrove trees as it reached the water's edge not far away. There was no one else around, no sound besides calling birds and tiny shore waves pushing against the surrounding water plants. "This is a good spot." Before Kayla could respond, she saw Caleb's shorts fall to the ground. He pulled off his sleeveless shirt and was naked standing before her. "Come on." He shot her a devilish grin, and meandered into the plant life towards the water. Kayla didn't hesitate. She looked around as she pulled off her sports bra, breasts falling to the chest. She looked down to see the most defined tan lines she'd ever had. Pale white against dark red. She would need coconut oil and aloe vera for this soon enough. But a strong, sexy man was calling her into the Florida foliage, and, well...fuck it. She shimmied out of her shorts and disappeared off the path.

No matter how much she did so at home, being naked in an open space never lost its luster. It felt exhilarating to have the ocean breeze on her skin, the sun rays bouncing on parts of her body rarely exposed. The shade here was amazing. A welcome respite from the heavy heat just seconds before. Her eyes adjusted to the darker setting, albeit still bright from light poking through the tree ceiling above. Caleb stook just a few yards away, a towel laid down on the ground in front of him. The dirt path had turned to a layer of soft leaves, undisturbed and inviting. "Right here??" Kayla dropped to her knees on the towel. Caleb didn't answer with words. Instead, he pushed her onto her back, and lifted her ass up, his hands resting underneath both cheeks. Kayla loved to be held here, looking up at him while he buried his face into her pussy. She felt her body hoisted by him, an easy task for his strong arms. He stared directly into her eyes as let saliva fall from his mouth to her vulva. This was something he did to her their first night together. Add his own juices to her own. Caleb stuck out his tongue, like a dog lapping up ice cream, and dragged it slowly from her asshole to her clit. Then he pulled her entire pussy into his mouth, sucking it hard but slowly. She could feel how wet she was. Her hands went to her own breasts, kneading them and playing with her nipples. Caleb's eye contact hadn't broken. She could see the ravenous animal in him coming out. A perfect expression of his true nature. She wondered for a moment if she looked the same to him. Then her mind went blank as he put two of his own fingers into his mouth, pulled them out, and pushed them deep into her. Her back arched against his hand, as his fingers rubbed her g-spot and his mouth still pulled and sucked on her pussy lips.

Something clicked inside of Kayla. A familiar point of no return. The animal took over. Her eyes glazed over and she flipped into action, jumping up and pushing Caleb backwards. He butt went to his ankles, and he sat there while she pushed her face onto his cock, taking all of him into her. His balls pressed against her lips. If he was as at his largest, she couldn't have taken him all at once like that. But she could feel him growing in her mouth. She held as long as she could, then pulled back, taking a gasp of air. She wasted no time, and dove again. This time, she only fit half of him into her. One of her hands joined in, stroking his shaft while her lips squeezed his head firmly. She heard him moaning above her, his hands squeezing her breasts and running through her hair. He tasted of sweat and sex and suncreen and sparkles. It didn't make sense. But neither did taking something so big into her throat. This is the state she loved to be in. Engulfed. Transformed into something else. Something closer to her animal nature. The same state that let minutes pass before she noticed Caleb's wet finger in her ass. He was playing with it, pressing it but inserting it only a little bit. His other hands rubbed up and down her back, his hips bucking forward and pushing his cock as deep into her throat as it could go.

Kayla gasped for air when she needed, then continued stroking and sucking. She only stopped when she felt Caleb's fingers spread across her temple and pull her face up to his. He kissed her fully, tongue entering where his cock had just called home. Their tongues danced around each other, two snakes in a playful embrace. Kayla grabbed the back of his skull with one of her hands, pulling him to her with all of her strength. It was in these intimate moments that she felt strong and in control. She had her other hand wrapped around his dick, which throbbed against her palm rapidly. She knew that feeling. He could cum for her or he could last as long as she wanted. It was hers to decide. All she had to do was tell him when to cum and he would. Maybe that was the best part about sex with him. She did what she wanted how she wanted, THEN he came for her. So often with other men she had felt the opposite. Just being a spectator along for the ride. Never truly getting all of her desires fulfilled. Sometimes, she wanted to be dominated. Other times, she wanted to be in control. Here, she was getting anything and everything. She was a lioness. And she gets to make the kill first.

Kayla stood up, cock in hand, and walked backwards towards a nearby tree, pulling Caleb with her. His glare pierced into her, not in a cold way, but in the way a starving animal looks at its next meal. Kayla spit hard into her hand, taking the saliva to her pussy lips. She turned to face the tree, which had two stalks that split right above the ground. She leaned against one stalk, lifting a foot to the other. Her legs sat open, one lifted at a ninety degree angle. She turned her neck and looked behind her. Caleb stood with his thick meat in his hand, stroking it and ready. He wasted no time, rubbing its head against her clit and up and down her lips. She moaned as he did, and felt him press the engorged head against her asshole. She loved to feel pressure against it, especially before getting filled up. Her hand reached back, grabbing Caleb's thigh. She gripped it and pulled, her nails digging a bit into his skin. Caleb let out a small but painful yell as a few inches of him pushed open her slit. He thrust hard into her, giving her every inch of him. Kayla yelled out, her lifted leg shaking on the branch. Caleb pushed deep again, this time reaching around her thigh and rubbing wet fingers on her clit. He held there for a moment, balls deep inside of her, his index and middle fingers covering and rubbing both sides of her labia. Kayla felt full. She felt him slide out a bit, then back in, smacking against her pussy lips hard each time. His balls were swollen and she could hear the wetness as they met her skin, over and over again.

Kayla felt one with her surroundings. This tree she leaned upon, the leaves beneath the sole of her foot, this beastly creature pressing against her insides - it all felt right. She turned her neck again so she could watch. Caleb was glistening with sweat, his long curly hair bouncing around his shoulders as he thrust again and again. His eyes were equal parts focused and trance-like. As if he was something else than human entirely. Kayla loved it. She watched his finger working its way into her ass. He must have been pressing on it for a while, because it was almost completely inside of her. His other hand left her breasts and came to her face. Kayla sucked in his fingers and slid her lips on them, staring at him as she did. She nibbled at his knuckles with her teeth, and dropped her leg from the tree branch. Now both legs were on the ground, and Kayla squeezed her hips tight against Caleb's cock. It was so hard, she could feel the texture of it within her. The squeezing started a familiar feeling inside of her. She was close. A little more of everything she was feeling and she could cum on Caleb's cock.

Just how he loved her to. She looked at him again. "Cum inside me!" He stared at her with increasing intensity. She reached a hand back, grabbing his wrist, and pulling his finger farther into her ass. "Cum inside me now!"

Caleb was overtaken. He used his free hand to pull Kayla's hips hard against him, harder than he was even before. She saw in his face that he was close. But so was she. Perfect. She rubbed her clit and squeezed her breasts together, as she felt Caleb explode in her, a warmth spreading into her that was noticeable even in the humid treecover. He yelled out, his strong hands squeezing her ass cheeks. His face fell to her back, and she felt his teeth bite her firmly and passionately. That was what it took. That one last animal instinct. A bite.

Kayla's orgasm spread over her, a cascade of energy and calm rolled into one pulsing through her. She was pulled into it, lost in its sweeping euphoria. She moved with it, rode it like a wave, fell into it like a field. The only thing grounding her to reality was firm hands and warm lips pressed against her.

She came to after a minute. After an eternity. She had no idea. Her grip on the tree and the earth had given out, and Caleb was holding her up. Even amidst his post-orgasm state, she was still a light lift for him. He panted and breathed heavily. She noticed she was doing the same. They looked at each other, both reveling in the dirty, sweaty, sexy mess that was each other.

She could feel his cum inside of her. And his beard was still moist with her juices. She took his face into her hands and cupped his cheeks, kissing him firmly. He lifted her over to the towel, laying her down. She fell against it, no energy to even sit up. The limited sunlight poked through the canopy, illuminating little patches of the leafy ground around them. For the first time, Kayla noticed her surroundings in full. They were right by the water. Her foot was inches deep in it when Caleb fucked her against the tree. There was leaves in her hair. And she was filthy.

"I'm so gross now," she said, laughing as she did. Caleb shook his head. He spread her legs wide, and ran his tongue slowly from her clit to her belly button. He stopped, and looked up at her. Then dragged the tongue up her stomach, through the middle of her breasts, along her neck, to the tip of her chin. He pulled the tongue back in to his mouth. "You taste amazing. Don't you ever doubt that." Kayla saw the truth in his eyes. He was satiated in a thousand different ways. She could feel it. They were two hungry animals. And right now, they were both full.