

A World Away, part 1 (mf, scfi, timetr, cons, Fdom, bd)

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Summary: A male high school student walking in a park falls through a hole in time...off a cliff, into dense forest where he encounters a stunning female. She takes him prisoner, feeds him, and fucks him...

FIRST NIGHT IN THE FOREST

My name is John Smith, before you ask: yes that's my real name; it sounds made up, I know. I'm a fairly average seventeen-year-old guy; I just finished my junior year of high school. Despite begin fairly smart, I've never been good at taking tests. Needless to say I find the end-of-year exams very stressful. One of my teachers had said she liked to go for walks in nature when she needed to de-stress: I figured it was worth a shot...

So there I was calmly, quietly walking along a fairly flat trail in a fairly flat section of woods at the State park by myself. Suddenly a bright light appeared in front of me. Even more suddenly, I was falling: I must have stepped off the edge of a cliff...a pretty good trick considering how flat the ground around the trail I was on was. After free-falling about thirty feet, maybe a little more, I hit the ground at the bottom of the cliff; stumbled and began rolling down a hill. That's the last thing I remember before "the lights when out."

When I came to; the back of my head hurt like hell, my ears were ringing, and my vision was more than a little bit blurry. "Ough," I groaned, stretching my arms and legs. Thankfully I hadn't broken anything. It was painfully obvious that I had hit the back of my head on something during my rolling decent down the hill. I sat up and put my hand on the back of my head: it was most definitely tender and felt a bit swollen, but I didn't feel any obvious cuts or abrasions...I glanced at my hand: it was normal color...I must not be bleeding...thank god.

I rubbed my eyes: the blurriness mostly went away...again, thank god. Looking around all I saw were plants: on the ground it was most ferns and other forest under-growth, looking up all I could see was the canopies of massive trees towering above me.

Using the trunk of the massive tree next to me for support, I managed to get my feet under me. I knew I needed to find a trail If I wanted to get out of the woods in the next few days, but which way to go? Rubbing my ringing ears, for a moment I stood there thinking, "...there's a river that runs along the edge of the park...if I go down-hill I should eventually come to the river..." Rubbing my ears seemed to reduce the ringing a little...then it hit me: I had fallen a good thirty feet or more at the cliff, and since I couldn't see the cliff, had probably rolled even further. I swallowed hard: my ears popped and the ringing was gone.

I began walking down-hill through the under-brush and massive tree-trunks. I hadn't gone more than a dozen steps when I felt like I was being watched. Attempting to stay as alert as possible, I continued down the hill. After another dozen steps I noticed something move in the under-brush. Focusing on that spot I made-out what I initially thought was a human form, "couldn't be," I thought, "a person would have said something..." Squinting my eyes, I saw nothing there but plant-life... I took another two more steps.

"Gaz oou-pah ra!" words clearly, but in what language? I froze, looked around, but saw no one. The wind maybe...or maybe my ears were playing tricks on me... I took another step.

"Gaz oou-pah ra!" The exact same sound: it had to be words...I turned most of the way around. The leaves of a fern rustled, I glanced down: there was a person crouched-down under the fern. Fearing it was a child who, like myself, had fallen of the unexpected cliff; I bent over a bit to get a better look. What I saw was no child: it was a woman. I couldn't see very much of her, due to the fern. What I could see was longish straight medium-brown hair, full-lips, well-toned arms, and a large round metal pendant hanging down from her neck.

"Are you..." I began to speak. She interrupted me by lunging up...out from under the fern. She was brandishing a huge hunting (?) knife. Taking a step back I raised my empty hands to show her I was un-armed. We stood there like that (her pointing the knife at me, my open empty hands above my head) for a few minutes while she was trying to decide if I was a threat or not. This was the first chance I really had to look at her, as she had previously been hidden by the fern. She looked to be a few years older than me (nineteen or twenty, maybe); was stunningly beautiful: strong well-formed facial features, a square-ish jaw, C-cup breasts, a flat tummy, spectacularly curved hips, very well-muscled legs, and smooth-hairless skin. What she was wearing made her look all the better: her middle of her shapely calves disappeared into the top of a pair of Ugg-like fur-lined rough-hide boots, the large round metal pendant was erotically nestled in her ample cleavage, the leather scabbard for the knife was tied to her right thigh. She wore only two other pieces of clothing: a bra-like top (with inch wide shoulder straps) and pantie like bottoms (with knots tied over both hips); both of them made from black and gray snake-skin, containing about twice the amount of material in a typical bikini...they left almost nothing to the imagination.

Despite her having a knife on me, the very sight of her combined with me being a typically horny teenage boy was causing my cock to inflate somewhat in my shorts. My god I wanted to fuck her so badly. If I could just get her to put away the knife...I smiled, lowered my right hand slightly; pointing at myself I broke the silence, "John," I pointed at myself again, "John."

"John..." she said, pointing the knife at me. I nodded eagerly; hoping that she'd be less likely to try to kill me, not to mention a lot more likely to sleep with me (as if that was really going to happen), if she knew my name. I pointed at her with my right hand, opened my mouth a bit and tilted my head forward slightly, while making a rolling motion with my left hand in an attempt to ask her name.

"Mre-vha," she said pointing at herself with her free hand. Thank god she had understood my gestures.

Pointing at her I spoke, “Mre-vha.” She nodded. I pointed back and forth between us, then to the knife. Again it appeared she understood my gestures: she smiled, pointed her free hand towards me then tapped her wrists together. I could only assume she wanted me to put my wrists together, so I did. Again she smiled, before sheathing the huge knife in the leather scabbard tied to her thigh.

I was in a state of disbelief when she reached into the top of her “pants,” pulled out a thin strip of leather, and proceeded to tie it around my wrists. Mre-vha grabbed my right wrist with her left hand. She reached out with her now empty right hand and grabbed my crotch. “Holy shit! She wanted to tie me up before fucking my brains out,” my horny teenage mind wished. She gave my manly parts a firm squeeze, tilted her head to the side a bit, and gave me a naughty smile. An instant later she let go of my crotch. Still holding my right wrist with her left hand, she began leading me down the hill.

We must have walked like that through the forest for a full two hours in complete silence. Suddenly without warning Mre-vha stopped us dead in our tracks. Turning to face me, she put her finger to her lips then pointed at me: obviously she wanted me to be quiet. She pointed to her open mouth then at me. While I was fairly sure she was asking if I was hungry, but I had to be certain: so I opened my mouth and made chewing motions. With a smile, she nodded. Being hungry I nodded back. She pointed at me then down towards the ground. Assuming she wanted me to get down, I squatted. She pointed to the ground again, giving me a stern look: I sat. She let go of my wrist for the first time since she had tied my hands together, crouched down, and pulled out her giant knife. After three deliberately delicate and completely silent steps she dove into the under-brush.

For about 90 seconds there was a lot of rustling. Then it stopped, Mre-vha emerged holding a dead rabbit. She sat on the ground next to, giving me another opportunity to leer at her stunning figure. I watched in a state of stunned amazement as Mre-vha skinned then butchered the rabbit: cutting its bloody flesh into small bite-sized pieces. She put a piece of the extremely fresh raw meat into her mouth and proceeded to chew and swallow it. Having never eaten rabbit or raw meat before, I was shocked by what I was seeing. The next piece she offered to me: raw rabbit meat dripping with blood...the very idea was almost enough to make me want to vomit... Hunger, and fear of my traveling companion / captor, forced me to open my mouth and accept the piece of raw flesh she put between my teeth. The kill was so recent that the flesh was still warm and, thanks to all the blood, very moist...I chewed and swallowed, trying not to think about what I was eating. We continued like that (her eating a piece, then putting a piece into my mouth) until we had eaten the whole rabbit.

After the meat was gone, Mre-vha began cleaning the inside of the rabbit’s fur. When that was done to her satisfaction, she presented the now flesh-less piece of fur to me. While I didn’t feel right accepting it (she had done all the work after-all); I didn’t want to offend her, (particularly after seeing what she had done to the rabbit) so I nodded. She tucked the edge of the piece of fur into the waistband of my shorts at my hip.

By this point it was beginning to get dark. Mre-vha lifted up my arms and slid her stunning hairless body in: between my arms (still tied together at the wrists) and by body. Squatting over my thighs, she reached down and began fiddling with the button and zipper on my shorts. While she had the button at the waistband un-done quickly, she had trouble with the zipper. Fearing she was might get frustrated and use her knife on the zipper; I squeezed her neck a bit with my forearms to get her attention before pressing my thumbs together against the back of her shoulder and making a downward motion. That was all it took: an instant later she managed to un-zip my fly. She tugged my shorts down a bit...my cock liked what was happening and began inflating. When she noticed my boxers a puzzled look appeared on her face. A few seconds after she began moving the fabric around (clearly trying to figure out how to open them), my semi-erect cock popped through the button-less slot that was the fly of my boxers.

“HOLY SHIT!!!” I thought, “She ACTUALLY IS going to FUCK me...” when I saw the lust in her emerald green eyes. She took my semi-erect seventeen-year-old cock in the hands and began squeezing and rubbing it. Once my cock was fully up, and ready to go I noticed Mre-vha was starting to drool. Keeping her right hand on my fully-erect rigid cock she moved the crotch of her “pants” to the side: exposing her hairless pubic region to me. She began moving her hips forward: bringing her glorious pussy closer to my cock...

Her pussy was less than half an inch from the head of my cock when the worst possible thing happened: my butt-cheeks tightened. My cock hadn't even made contact with her slit and I was about to blow my load...the language barrier between us wasn't going to help matters, since I couldn't tell her what was about to happen... Before I could say “CRAP” my balls drew up under my cock, and I felt the cum surging up the little tube on the underside of my cock. The first spurt of my hot, thick, sticky, creamy-white, sperm-laden, teenage cum spewed out of the little hole on the tip of my cock. It fountained up nearly a foot into the air, in the small space between our bodies, coming to land on my t-shirt. Mre-vha's jaw fell open in disbelief. A second later the second spurt followed the same trajectory as the first...then a third and a fourth...followed by a fifth...

When my orgasm ended; after five massive, gravity defying spurts followed by one much smaller oozing spurt, my cock (still in Mre-vha's right hand) remained hard. I was about to hang my head in shame when I noticed that even though she had closed her mouth, the look of lust was still in her eyes. “Maybe I still have a chance...” I thought, “I just have to remain confident...” Smiling, I winked at the stunningly beautiful woman squatting over my lap then using my (still tied-together at the wrists) arms pulled her towards me. My confidence was rewarded by the warm, wet, and soft thing that touched the tip of my cock: Mre-vha's pussy.

An instant later the head of my cock had been swallowed by her surprisingly tight pussy. I had only had sex twice before (both of those times the girl asked me to use a condom and I had said “yes”); if I had only known how much better it felt without a condom...

After wrapping her arms around my neck, Mre-vha rolled her hips forward: impaling her hot, wet pussy on my cock; while, at the same time, bringing her knees to rest on the ground on either side of my hips. With her knees acting as hinges, she began bouncing up and down on my seventeen-year-old cock. Over the sounds of the forest a new sound appeared: a sound I'd never

heard before; a quiet squishing... When I realized it was the sound of my bare cock slamming in and out of her wet pussy I swore to myself that I'd never say "yes" when a girl asks me use a condom ever again...

Perhaps 90 seconds after Mre-vha began bouncing on my lap, the insides of her pussy began getting wetter and hotter. Locking her fingers in the hair on the back of my head, she leaned back. While I watched her bouncing on my cock, staring at her spectacular breasts constantly moving in the opposite direction as her body in stunned amazement; the walls of Mre-vha's pussy began to ripple around my cock. I glanced up at her face just in time to see her eyes roll-back in her head as her body began shaking and she began panting: this stunning beauty I had only met a few hours before was having an orgasm! While I had seen a girl have an orgasm before, I'd never actually had my cock buried inside a girl while she was having an orgasm. It felt absolutely incredible: the walls of her pussy were quite literally milking my cock... At that point it hit me: maybe she was having the orgasm because of the skin-on-skin contact. If that was true...I swore to myself that I'd never let a girl make me use a condom ever again...

As Mre-vha's orgasm continued into its second minute, I felt my butt-cheeks begin to tighten under me. I was about to have another orgasm: this one inside her incredibly hot, wet, sucking pussy. Wanting to have her incredible breasts pressed against my chest when I shot my load into her, I pulled Mre-vha back to my body with my forearms. The instant her snakeskin clad breasts met my chest; my hairy teenage balls drew up under my cock. Half a second later the cum began surging up the little tube on the underside of my cock. I took a deep breath, exhaling as the first tablespoon-sized spurt of my hot, thick, sticky, creamy-white, sperm-laden, teenage cum spewed out of the little hole on the tip of my cock...spraying deep inside Mre-vha's pussy. The milking motion of her pussy walls quickly sucked my first spurt of cum deep into her belly, providing plenty of space for the second... Another deep breath on my part, and the second spurt (which amazingly felt even bigger than the first) erupted inside her sucking pussy. Once again I felt cum I had just shot into her pussy quickly whisked away from the tip of my cock... Three more normal sized spurts of cum followed the first two...

Mre-vha's orgasm suddenly subsided as I squeezed the last of the cum in the little tube on the underside of my cock into her pussy by flexing my cock muscles. I wanted to thank her for letting me bust-a-nut in her pussy, but there was that pesky language barrier. I thought for a second before planting a kiss on her full lips. When I broke the kiss she gave me a quizzical look, then pressed her lips against mine: kissing me back.

Smiling, she let go of the hair on the back of my head. Rocking her hips back, she both returned to a squatting position and dismounted her well-fucked pussy from my rapidly softening cock. The obscene slurping sound returned my gaze to her crotch. By the dim light of the setting sun, for the very first time in my life, I saw my very own hot, thick, sticky, creamy-white, sperm-laden, teenage cum ooze out of a living breathing woman's just fucked pussy: I don't think I had felt such a sense of accomplishment at any previous point in my life... Mre-vha repositioned the crotch of her "pants" over her pussy before climbing off my lap. She sat on the ground next to me, resting her head on my shoulder; thanks to a bit of wiggling on her part my arms (still tied together at the wrists) were now wrapped around her lower ribcage.

As I drifted off into a sound sleep a part of me loved the idea that my arms were wrapped around Mre-vha's body...in some way it made me feel as though I was protecting her. It's probably a bit silly, seeing as Mre-vha is probably the one woman in the whole world who doesn't need anyone protecting her...but then again, I suppose it must be a natural male instinct to protect a woman who's carrying his seed.