

It was a couple of hours after midnight. Every light in the hotel building was off, leaving pitch black darkness inside every room through the windows. Only the full moon's silver light lit down on the ocean and on the hotel's premise. Everyone was asleep in their rooms. All, except for a pair of late-nighters who decided to spend a lovely night together at the beach. Tom, the great-great-grandson of Nova Red Moon and Major Johnny, was on a honeymoon with his wife Brittany, the great-great-granddaughter of Robert and Macawi. They had chosen a resort hotel to be their after-wedding vacation and sex on the beach in the dark sounded kinky. The couple in their dry swimwear got to the sand made gray in color from the night. The sand was no longer hot underneath their feet now that the sun was not around to heat it up. They looked to the starry sky and the shining moon as Tom commented, "It sure is a beautiful night out here."

Brittany agreed, "Yes, it's perfect for what we're going to do." Her round boobs were small D-cups that were large enough to feed a small tribe and her sleek legs were tattooed.

Tom looked to her face and said with a sly smile, "I'd like to take you here right now."

The native American woman with long raven hair looked back and replied, "Me too, but we should a roleplay to kink things up."

The straight brown-haired white man asked, "What kind?"

Brittany suggested, "I'd like a sex fight; the wrestling kind if you'd prefer." She figured to go with a familiar fighting style, since her husband's occupation in fighting was that of a wrestler. Most of his matches consisted of victories with a few losses mixed in. His body sported muscles on his arms, torso, and legs. She would love to feel the might of her lover that helped him obtain all these wins. Strength is sexy in her opinion. Then she told him their roles, "I'm going to be a female tribal warrior and you're a colonial soldier who's here to conquer me. You're to defeat me in combat and then ravage me like the horny animal you are." She said that last part with the desire to be fucked like no tomorrow.

Tom let out a laugh and said, "Playing out the Old West thing, aren't we? Okay, we can roll with that." Then he got into a fighting stance and gave a mock threat with a wicked smile, "Now say your prayers."

Brittany likewise got into her combat stance, responding, "I think not, white man!" The couple clashed into each other with their bodies, each grabbing on the other with their arms. Tom, being of the stronger sex, was able to throw her down to the ground before he fell down with a body slam. But Brittany was quick to roll out of the way and let him hit the sand instead. Clouds of rough particles flew up onto his face and the man shook his head to get them off. It was at this moment that Brittany got down onto his back and grabbed the neck, pulled his head back, straining his joint as he let out a silent pained cry. The woman grinned at the edge she was having now until he pushed up and rolled over, bringing her with him as she was caught off guard. His back now laid on the sand and his head sat on her cooch between her legs. Brittany brought the shins of her legs crossed together around his neck in a tight hug, choking him. But then Tom grabbed onto her legs and, powered by his adrenaline, threw her over as he rose to stand. He still held onto her thighs as she dangled down from his grip. With her cooch up to his face, vulnerable for him to exploit, the man used his hand to pull the crotch panel to the side, exposing the

now naked genitalia. Tom brought his mouth to the vulva and pushed his tongue down into the vagina. He licked all around the fleshy walls, tasting the juices inside her. Nothing wrong with a bit of foreplay before the big moment, right? "Ah!" Brittany moaned out when she felt the intruder performing cunnilingus on her. She liked it and would love to enjoy every moment of it, but sex wasn't supposed to happen until she was defeated. So, the woman took one of her husband's legs and forcefully swept it off his foot.

"Whoa!" Tom felt himself fall over as his wife fell with him. His back hit the ground and Brittany was on top of him. She grabbed one of his thighs and pulled it hard towards his torso. Tom groaned in pain before the woman used a hand to grab his balls and squeeze them. The sensation was nice, but Tom was not going to be easy for her. He brought his upper body up to wrap his arms around her torso and turn himself over with her all the way, so that he was the one above her, him on her back. The woman attempted to twist around and get back at him somehow, but the man captured her arms with his and trapped the legs with his. He used his weight and strength to keep her down when she tried to roll them over or try to escape another way. Tom smirked and said, "Looks like I won, savage."

Brittany gave him a mock scowl and challenged, "Do your worst, you white beast!"

The husband let go of her before he turned her over and went down to her crotch area, pulling down her bikini's panty. "I'm going to conquer that womb like I did your land and spill my seed inside you." Looking at her exposed vagina, he continued, "Let's see if you're a virgin." He slid two of his fingers into his mouth before sliding them back out coated in saliva. Then he brought them to the cunt and inserted them inside. He fingered his wife, sliding his fingers back in and out, feeling the warmth and wetness inside. He felt a thin piece of fleshy, elastic tissue and in the middle of it was a small hole; it was the hymen. "Perfect," Tom murmured through a grin, glad to know that his wife is pure. Then he took out the fingers and replaced them with his mouth. His tongue licked at every part of the vagina: the clitoris, the entrance, and the insides. He rotated his body around, not taking his head away from cooch, until his dick was hanging down to Brittany's face. At first, she thought they were going to do a 69 on the ground, but then he stood up and carried her upside down. He told her to, "Suck me."

Brittany gladly obliged and pulled down his swim trunks to take the dick in front of her face into her mouth and started bobbing her head back and forth on it. Tom continued his oral assault on her vagina. The pussy lubricated itself under the sensation applied to it. At the same time, the dick was hardening and growing larger, gradually inching towards a full erection. A little bit of pre-cum dripped into the wife's mouth and she thought, *'Mmm, sweet and salty.'*

After the genitals were fully prepped, Tom laid his wife's back to the sand and got down on top of her. He positioned himself at her wet entrance and spoke like a wicked colonial soldier, "Get fucked, native savage!" He thrust all the way in and broke her hymen. Brittany winced loudly from the rupturing loss of her virginity. Tom, being the gentleman that he is, got out of his role for the moment and asked, "You alright?"

The woman appreciated the concern and responded, "I'll be when I let you know I'm ready." They waited a while for the pain to subside and when it did, she gave him the go, "Okay, you can fuck me." The man

began to plow himself into her back and forth in missionary style. Brittany's breaths came out in pants in reaction to the rough love-making he was giving to her. Then she moaned a bit louder from each and every thrust. "Oh... oh yes... Yes!" she cried out in pleasure. When Tom began to draw close to his climax, he began to fuck harder and faster at the best he can do. This sent his wife over the edge as her moans got louder and louder. Thankfully, no one in the hotel can hear her. They were probably all too deep in their sleep. Eventually, Tom reared up and went all the way in, groaning as he spilled his seed inside her. Brittany was aroused by the idea of being filled with semen.

The man panted for a bit, recovering momentarily from his orgasm, before he brought up his wife and positioned her on all 4 limbs. Then he mounted her from behind and began his next round of sex, starting with the hard thrusts he gave like he did the first time. This time, he gave one of her round buttocks some spans, too. The impacts jiggled her flesh each time and the wife let out pleased cries from this. Tom exclaimed in thrill, "Ah yeah, I'm riding you like a cowboy!"

Brittany commented in pretend shame, "Oh, to be humiliated by a white man." Truth be told, she actually liked to be dominated this way. It went on like this for a while until her husband flooded her womb some more with his semen. He stayed all the way inside panting for a bit, blocking his semen from ever coming out until they were done for good. He held onto her hips possessively like he wanted to her to feel his hot fluid touching every nook and cranny inside her. Brittany let out a silent sigh of pleasure through her smile.

Then she heard her husband tell her, "Lie down." She got down on her belly and he laid on top of her back. He resumed the sexual intercourse in this position, hitting her G-spot with each thrust. Brittany's mind went blank from the more intense ecstasy. All she could think of was being filled to the brim with cum like an overused whore.

After a while, Brittany could feel pussy aching to do something. It seems like it wanted to squeeze something out. Was this an orgasm coming? She told her husband, "Tom, I'm think I'm going to orgasm."

"M-me too," he breathed without stopping his fucking. Soon, they hit their climaxes at the same time, Brittany shooting out her vaginal juices, which were blocked by the huge cock in the tunnel, but a portion of them managed to get past between the cock and the walls. Tom was filling her up one last time. They both panted together, exhausted from the sex before Tom pulled his juice-coated dick out and laid next to his wife. The orgasmic juice shot out when he exited and some of the cum he left in started to spill out afterwards onto the sand beneath them.

The couple continued pant and breathed before Brittany murmured, "That was wonderful."

The husband replied equally tired, "Yeah, it was great!" They kissed each other before they put their swimwear back on. Then he picked her up into his arms and carried her bridal style back to their room.

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The next morning, they were at their luxury room's personal swimming pool area and sunbathing on their lounge chairs. Seeing as how their relationship was reminiscent of his ancestry's, Tom decided to bring up a fact about it, "You know? My ancestor was a major who took a tribeswoman as his wife and he had lots of kids with her."

The wife looked at him and responded, "You don't say." Now she knows that they share another thing in common; both were descendants of a white man & native woman relationship. She told about her bloodline, "Well my ancestor and her friend took a white man into their tribe. At first, he was just a slave, but later, they turned him into their husband."

Tom looked at her skeptically before he said, "Really? I always thought he just ran off to be with some natives for a three-way sex." This was a story he heard from his grandfather, who got it from a rumor spread in his ancestral town.

Brittany corrected him, "No, they took him prisoner and made him their bitch."

"Oh really now?" Tom doubted in a playful grin. He decided to bring up another wrestling challenge, "Let's see if that can happen. Wrestle me and win, and we'll go with your story."

The woman decided to play that game, "You're on, and this time, I won't go easy on you." They took off their swimwear and entered another round of wrestling, completely in the nude this time. Brittany got the first pounce on her husband before he did and took him to the ground. She was putting in all of her effort in an attempt to get a victory and prove him right. Though regardless of whether she won or not, she'll always know her version of the story to be true. With their bodies locked together, the couple then rolled into the pool with a splash.