

Tyler Hersey the Xtreme Cougar and the Mokopukuakataa Cliff Face Challenge

All Characters © GSPervert

Tyler Hersey grunted as her fingertips desperately gripped at the rock above her, her feet barely managing to keep their footholds as she strained to pull herself upward. The massive, muscular mountain lion had been climbing for hours now, and her entire body ached from the effort. Her custom-made wind-screening screen-style goggles kept her eyes safe from the wind, but she could still feel herself tearing up as she strained to pull herself upward, her ultra bright-yellow fingerless gloves straining to contain the muscular hands moving them. She grunted as she finally managed to get herself up onto a nearby ledge that was just barely big enough to stand on. She panted as she put her expensive, heavy climbing boots on the ledge, standing up straight and pressing herself against the cliff face, her large breasts mooshed flat by the cold stone. The wind was pretty intense this far up, and even her form-fitting, near skin-tight "XTREME BLU ACTION CRU" climbing suit couldn't keep out the cold. She shivered and looked up to the very crest of the cliff and sighed, her fingers scratching what little of her thick, matted blonde hair stuck out from beneath her hot-pink helmet. Somewhere, deep down, was a part of her who thought that she just might not make it.

As she stood, her exhausted muscles shaking nervously as she pressed herself against the rock face, she tried to see if there was any better place to rest between here and the top. Hershey had very large breasts for a woman of her musculature, and as such free-soloing had always given her trouble. It was just hard to press yourself up flat against a rock face with a pair like that. The only alternative was for her to try to put her back to the rock face when not climbing, but one glance below the horizon and she'd be coming down with a deadly case of vertigo in seconds.

After taking a moment to calm herself and make sure she wasn't looking down, Tyler ripped open a small packet of XTREME BLU CLIMBING GOO and poured the sickly blue liquid into her mouth. The gel was a sickly salty sweet, and Tyler had the suspicion that this nothing more than a common substance with sugar and food coloring added, but as she gulped down the goopy liquid she slowly felt her strength return. Flexing her arms and legs a little, she felt the energy begin to return, and she grabbed at the rocks above her with renewed vigor. Her thick, weight-trained arms flexed and stretched as she grabbed and pulled herself up, just as her trunk-like legs pushed her muscular form up. She could feel every muscle in her body move with renewed vigor, pulling and pushing and tugging her towards the summit, which seemed to get closer and closer with each passing moment. The cold, stinging wind, the aching tug down of gravity, and

the cruel vertigo couldn't stop her. Her tired, worn-out muscles couldn't stop her. The sharp, pointy rocks trying to cut into her hands couldn't stop her. Nothing could stop her! She was Tyler Hersey, Team Leader of the XTREME BLU ACTION CRU!

After what seemed like an amazingly short time, Hersey felt her arm reach out and grab onto the large, flat top of the summit. As she hauled herself bodily onto the rocky ground, she was greeted with applause and cheering which seemed to come from everywhere at once. Looking through her goggles she could discern about eight pairs of feet in front of her, all wearing various fancy, expensive running shoes and synthetic fiber socks. She panted, suddenly realizing how tired she was as she waved at the crowd in front of her.

"Dude! She's like, totally the first person to ever WINDSURF out to the cliff face of Mokopukuakataa isle, and then like, totally free-solo it to the top," said one of the pairs of feet. Someone started snapping pictures.

"I totally told you we should cross-country jog up here today," said another pair of feet. "I like, totally heard from a guy that she was totally gonna do this, and that like, she'd even get it done before sunset," said another pair of feet. There were numerous grudging accolades to this fellow, and someone slapped his back harder than would be needed strictly on a friendly basis. As Tyler examined the legs before her, she couldn't help but feel that there was something slightly amiss. It was rather odd for anyone to be jogging in this part of the island, considering only the toughest, most well-trained joggers could make it up the rough country. In fact Tyler had arranged to have the XTREME BLU COPTER CRU come and pick her up, knowing that getting down would have taken all night. And with her supply of XTREME BLU depleted, it would be a hungry, dehydrated trip down too. She checked her watch and panted. She was very early, the copter wouldn't arrive for two hours at the soonest. She sighed and panned her gaze upwards, only to have her jaw drop in horror as she saw the bright-green shorts worn only by her arch enemy: the ACTION GREEN MEGA TEAM.

As she slowly, painfully moved to her knees, she could see that the entire team was there in full uniform, with green pants, green tank tops, and ACTION GREEN logos displayed prominently. She could even recognize the team leader, "Awesome Larsen", from the "NEVA QUIT" tattoo on his upper right shoulder. The big, muscular brown bear had a disgusting smirk on his face and his arms were crossed in a confident manner. Larsen, and indeed the entire ACTION GREEN MEGA TEAM, were at least as heavily built as Tyler, and had all spent thousands of corporate-sponsored hours in the gym molding their bodies into muscular powerhouses. They were all sporting massive hardons which pushed out their tight pants considerably. Several had already tugged their shorts down and began working on themselves as they looked at Tyler, who could just barely get to her knees.

Larsen grabbed Tyler's head and yanked off her helmet, grabbing onto her messy hat-hair with a surprisingly powerful grip. Tyler

tried to resist, but her muscles had begun to cramp up terribly after so many hours of climbing. As she grabbed onto Larsen's ankles and tried to push him away, but every exertion of her thick, muscular frame sent lances of pain up and down her arms and back. She was completely exhausted, and though she felt no compulsion to sleep she had a desperate need to rest. Hands came out of nowhere and began cutting into her outfit with utility tools, until she was naked except for her gloves, goggles, socks and boots.

Tyler could feel herself being surrounded, fondled and touched at all sides, eight sets of eyes hungrily staring over her flesh. "Check it out, boys...This girl says she's XTREME, but where the fuck is her XTREME tattoo? She's totally ink free. We ought ta fix that... Good thing we're never without our ACTION GREEN Sharpie pens..." There was a popping of caps being removed, and soon Tyler could smell the stink of cheap sharpie pens all around her. She couldn't even begin to make out what things they were writing on her back, neck and rear, but Larsen wrote "SLUT" in big letters across her chest, two letters on each of her massive breasts. From the sound of it, that was one of the tamer things they'd written on her, and she was somewhat glad that she couldn't read any of it.

Larsen shoved his long, thick black shaft into Tyler's face, wiping his length along her lips and cheeks several times. "What's a matter, bitch? Too tired for a little victory party? Well here, let me help you out. It's only fair, the way you totally humiliated us in the XTREME MOUNTAIN SNOWBOARD CHALLENGE. We all know you totally took all our ACTION GREEN and replaced it with that XTREME BLU shit. Strength-training Samson here almost puked when he tried some!"

"This bitch looks kinda thirsty...Why don't we give her something to drink? Something a little better than that XTREME BLU shit..." said one of the guys out of Tyler's field of vision. All of a sudden, she felt a warm, stinking liquid begin to patter on the top of her head, before dripping down onto her goggles. She looked up just in time to get a full face full of Larsen's piss, which made her sputter and spit as he directed his stream towards her muzzles. "What's the matter, don't care for the taste of our YELLIN' YELLOW sports liquid? Well maybe you'd appreciate something a little more green."

Larsen grabbed Tyler's muzzle and pinched her nose shut. Tyler tried to hold her breath, but she was utterly exhausted and desperately needed oxygen. When she opened her mouth to take a quick gulp, she felt a small packet of warm, salty liquid being shoved into her mouth. Instinctively she gulped it down, even though she knew that ACTION GREEN would be doing her a lot more harm than good right now. Someone snapped a photo. "Dude, save that, this bitch gives us any trouble or tells anyone, we can totally get her contract ripped to shreds! Even this bitch can't go free-soloing without a sponsor."

Tyler could feel the crowd of guys press in close, their green shorts down around their ankles, their assortment of cocks sticking out at odd angles in her field of view. Tyler whimpered and put her tail and ears down, knowing that she was unable to defend herself

from these men in her current state. She felt them pushing and shoving her around, and felt bungee cords being wrapped tightly around her wrists, locking her arms together. Larsen moved to his knees and grabbed Tyler by the shoulders, bending her down until her mouth was now level with his cock. He yanked on her hair and shoved his dick against her lips. "Suck it, bitch! Suck it or I'll make you wish you had! And if I so much as FEEL one of your teeth, I'm gonna punch that pretty mouth until you look like a goddamn rugby player!"

Tyler reluctantly let the big, slick meat into her mouth, and as she did so Larsen shoved it in deep, pushing through her mouth, muzzle and back into her throat a little. Tyler hadn't realized how truly massive Larsen was, in fact she had always assumed his attitude was compensating for shortcomings elsewhere. She almost choked on his length as he roughly slopped it around in her mouth, straining her jaw as she tried to keep it wide enough open to accommodate. There was a sharp rap on her ears as Larsen tried to get her attention. "For fuck's sake bitch...Are you deaf or something? I said SUCK!"

Tyler put some suction on Larsen's shaft and he seemed to be content. He grabbed the "winglets" left by her hat-hair and used them as handles, yanking and shoving Tyler back and forth roughly. She felt someone behind her lifting her rear up a little, and spreading her legs apart. Soon there was a steady, rough pressure on her cunt as one of the ACTION GREEN team members tried to press in.

"Dude, this bitch is too rough...Can't fuck her when she's dry. Gimme some ACTION GREEN packets, let's get her slick and loose..." Tyler could hear the sounds of packets being torn open, and soon a slick, long shaft was sliding into her sex. Tears came to her eyes as she was opened up painfully wide. Did EVERY guy on this team have a giant donkey dick?

"Dude, I am SO using this stuff to get into her ass when it's my turn..." said a voice from somewhere.

"Good idea, man...Glutes like that, I bet her ass is so fucking tight..." Larsen was still working around in her mouth, and from the sound of it, he was getting rather frustrated.

"Dammit guys, don't take this end. The one time she DOESN'T suck. Shit man..." Larsen began to grab and push at her, shoving his length into her throat with cruel roughness. She felt him jamming past her gag reflex, not even giving her time to adjust as she felt her entire throat begin to take up his length. She strained to hold her breath as he pushed it in deep, her muscles reflexively swallowing and squeezing on Larsen's length. "THERE we go...Bitch can throat, at least, long as you push hard enough...Ffffuck, YEAH!"

There was another tug on her hair as Larsen jammed himself in to the hilt, shooting out blast after blast into her throat. She swallowed instinctively, somewhat glad that she didn't have to taste this asshole's nasty spunk. But as Larsen began to slowly slide himself back and out, he let out one last big blast across her tongue and into the back of her throat, filling her mouth with it's taste.

Were it not for the lack of sugar, she'd swear she'd just jammed down a big blast of XTREME BLU.

"Dude, flip her over, I wanna get some of those tits." Tyler felt the dick in her cunt being pulled out as the guys grabbed her left arm and leg and flipped her over onto her back. As soon as she hit the dusty rock surface they were on her again, one sliding into her now-slick cunt and another getting down on her stomach and laying out his long, thick dick between her tits. He opened a packet of ACTION GREEN and smeared it out over her cleavage and his shaft, getting things slick and ready for thrusting.

"Fuck, who knew that ACTION GREEN would make such a fucking good lubricant?" said the guy fucking her tits. He grabbed at them, pushing them together and pinching her nipples as he worked her over. "They should totally put that on the packaging." The guy between her tits seemed to particularly like her massive mammaries, as he continued to play with and tease them even as he began to thrust harder and harder. He smiled as he pinched her large, rubbery nipples, making her face wince visibly. He reached over to a nearby backpack and pulled off two carabiners, then put one on each of Tyler's nipples, smiling as he yanked and tugged on the impromptu nipple clamps. They worked surprisingly well, and after they were connected with a length of bungee cord they proved to be a crude handle for her tits, something the guys could use to tug them up, out, or tighter around their dicks.

A big, pink cocktip tapped against her lips, and she instinctively licked at it. She couldn't shake the taste of cum Larsen had left in her mouth, and part of it wanted a little more. There was just something about it that gave her energy, made her feel ready to take on another challenge. As she slowly slipped the cock into her mouth and began idly sucking and licking the tip, she began to think. These boys had her up against the ropes, what with their fucking and sucking, their disgusting ACTION GREEN, and their smug attitudes. She was letting them win by just laying there exhausted. They would, no doubt, brag about how not only was Tyler too tired to put up any resistance, but how she was a lousy fuck as well. She knew she'd just have to let that first one slide for now, but she wasn't about to let the ACTION GREEN MEGA TEAM walk away with total victory.

Summoning what little strength she had regained from resting and slurping down that thick, goopy protein, she started to suck and bob on the cock on her mouth. Turning her head to the side, she moved back and forth quickly, working her tongue along the underside aggressively. The guy pushing it began to moan, and he put his hand on the back of her head, encouraging her to get more into it. She responded, pushing and sucking as best she could from the awkward angle. The guy pushing into her mouth smirked. "Dude! She's liking it! The bitch is liking it!"

Larsen sneered, but the guy slipping deep into her cunt just laughed. "Dude I always knew she was a total slut..." he said. He began

to adjust and twist his thrusts, trying to get her clit into it as he worked her with his long, thick shaft. Tyler began squeezing at him with her legs and sex, enjoying the sensation as she felt her sex become warm, wet and accepting. The bungee cords around her wrists were released, and she grabbed her tits in her big, gloved hands and pushed them together around the shaft sliding between them. She mooshed her tits this way and that, which seemed to really get the guy going. It wasn't long before she felt several big blasts of white, sticky cum coating the area under her chin.

"Time to get a try into that ass..." said a voice. She could feel an ACTION GREEN-slicked shaft begin to work its way around under her tail, even as someone else slid between her tits and began to encourage her to pick up where she left off. She strained to take the length, as it was immensely thick as well as long, but she felt a sense of pride in that she neither gave up nor gave in to the pain, even as she felt fully stuffed by the shaft. "Fuck, this bitch has got like, a bottomless pit up her ass man, check it out..."

"She looks like she's gettin' her strength back..." said the one up her ass.

"Dude flip her over, put her on all fours, let's get this bitch airtight..." said the guy sitting on her chest. Larsen sneered, but seemed okay with this.

"Fine, but I get her cunt...I don't care that you haven't all gone yet, I'm the team leader, and you have to do what your team leader says," said Larsen. The group seemed to not care too much what he thought, but they did let him lay down as they picked up and positioned Tyler on top of and around him. He sneered in Tyler's face as she was put over him, but Tyler just smiled down at him, even letting her tits mash up against him as he slid into her sex. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard, you impudent little bitch..."

More dicks slid into her mouth and ass, and all three of them began to piston wildly, with nothing even approaching a pattern or order. They were moving around almost at random, and it was all Tyler could do to keep her balance as she was bucked around wildly. This was even more intense than the time her parasail got caught in a wind storm and she spent hours flipping and bouncing around until she could get down. It was much, much more enjoyable, though.

Larsen's face groaned and contorted comically as his long, thick shaft started to burst deep into sex, spurting and shooting blast after blast. The guy in her mouth stopped and rubbed himself until he produced much the same, and Tyler guzzled it down, the salty, familiar taste now rapidly filling her with the energy she so craved. She only wished she could get a chance at the splatter going into her cunt and ass, but she knew these boys wouldn't give her a chance to be disappointed. With the exception of Larsen, who showed incredible endurance if little else, there was a continuous flow of guys sliding in, cumming hard, and then letting the next take his place. It was like a marathon to Tyler, only this was a marathon where the finish line was determined by her competition. Still, Tyler knew there was

no challenge she couldn't face, no team she couldn't beat, and no way she couldn't win.

Now that she was really getting into it, she could feel wave after wave of pleasure rolling back and forth over her body. The intense feeling of having sex coming at her from all directions was too much, even if it was from a bunch of jerks like the ACTION GREEN MEGA TEAM. Her whole body shook with orgasm, her massive muscles bulging and shaking as sensation tickled her from head to toe. Her tight abs began to pump and knot as liquid splurged out of her sex. And once the first wave hit, the second one wasn't long in coming. Or the third. Or the fourth.

Just when she felt like she couldn't possibly take another orgasm, she felt the cock in her mouth slide out and not be replaced. Swallowing the cum in her mouth and giving her face a good lick to get up what was dribbling from her chin, she looked out to see six very satisfied guys sitting on the ground in front of her, all excitedly chattering about what they'd just been up to. They were soon joined by a seventh, leaving only Larsen, who was still pinned under Tyler's body. Larsen's dick had gone quite flaccid and fallen out, as would anyone's after a full eight orgasms into Tyler's cunt, but he found himself almost unable to move.

"Shit, I'm cramping! Someone get me outta here!" said Larsen. Tyler just grinned and adjusted herself, mooshing her tits in his face.

"Oh don't pay any attention to him, boys, he just wants yet another round. He's such a showoff, I guess that's how he got to be Team Leader..." Larsen's team just laughed for awhile, but once Larsen's cursing turned into blubbering they finally pulled Tyler off him, laying her on her back as they picked up their exhausted and sloppy team leader. They shoved his shirt and shorts back onto him and began to drag him away, even as he cursed at Tyler over his shoulder.

"Let that be a lesson to you, bitch! Don't fuck with the ACTION GREEN MEGA TEAM!" said Larsen as he was carted off by his teammates. Tyler just smiled and closed her eyes, taking deep, panting breaths as she felt the immense amount of cum on her mouth, chest, groin, ass and back begin to dry and harden. She'd need to take one hell of a shower when she got back, as she reeked of sweat and semen, but it had been totally worth it. As she began to drift off into a quick nap, she could hear the sound of the XTREME BLU COPTER CRU approaching in the distance. She was glad she'd be asleep when they came to pick her up, she'd hate to have to come up with an explanation on the fly...