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Jungle  
Juggling

The tall, khaki clad, bush-tanned man unsnapped the opening and out popped his head, just as Samantha snapped the now faded picture at her bedside. Everything about that moment years ago was enchanted, including the Polaroid SX-10 that spewed out the magical photo that developed before her eyes.

Now, in her Park Avenue studio, Samantha was alone by choice. Cheetah print sheets hugged her round bed. On the carved mpingo wood night-stand stood the framed photo — vivid company on sleepless New York City nights.

“God-damn it, Daddy, why’d you have to kick the bucket?”

Despite the tear-stained satin pillowcases, Sam smiled, recalling

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how after taking that photo, Daddy had emerged from the tent, grabbed his rifle, and stepped over the record setting rogue crocodile he'd shot in the early morning hours, before sweeping her onto his shoulder on their way to breakfast at The Bundu Lodge.

Wiping her eyes with the back of her hand, Sam picked up the treasured frame. Her father's image gazed back, challenging his daughter to once again read the loving but stern inscription on the back. Sam complied. Her father's familiar flamboyant hand shook her with his endearing counsel: "What the fuck are you doing with your life, my little one?"

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The romp was in full swing when George, urged on by the throbbing between his legs, whisked the rollicking redhead out to his newest toy, *Chengelele*. The antique two-seater sat in the darkness at the end of The Lodge's red clay runway. "It's the same one Redford used on Meryl!" she cooed, proving that *Out of Africa* really was her favourite movie of all time. "Help me up."

Gleeful and gloriously naked before him, George hoisted the carrot-topped bimchette onto the wing. She screamed drunkenly while dangling, her legs kicking the air, her damp muff, several shades darker than the hair on her head, waving inches from George's face. One final shove from George's strapping arms landed the dream seeking damsel in a heap on the cockpit floor. George couldn't have been more pleased — or rewarded.

George scampered up like a baboon after a banana, although the banana in his shorts made it tricky. Taking his place in the pilot's seat of the De Havilland DH60X Gipsy Moth, the stage was set for the redheaded woodpecker to live her fantasy of being satisfied by a modern day Redford. While she frantically unbuttoned George's safari shirt, he helped himself out of khaki boxers. Sporting only his pilot's cap, George had no sooner made himself comfortable when the fiery hotty eased her well-lubricated chassis down onto his cock. Rubbing her breasts against his tanned and hairy chest she moaned, "Oh George," while performing a kneeling version of *The Twist* on his manly mechanism, "I just love flying a georgestick, it's so much

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friendlier than a joystick.”

“You so sure?” George asked, guiding her left hand from his nipple to the plane’s control column in front of him, and directly behind the lady straddling his lap.

Quizzically, the bimchette’s fingers explored the control column jutting from the floorboard behind her. George could feel her wet vaginal sheath pulse around his cock. “Don’t knock it, till you’ve knocked it.”

In a flash, her dance on George’s pole halted. “Is that what I think it is?”

“I’ll give you a hint. It’s Chengelele’s namesake.”

“Don’t tell me... Chengelele means dildo!” she squealed.

“Dildo is dildo in any language, my dear. Chengelele is Swahili for penis.”

“Well fiddle-de-dildo, Georgy,” she said lifting herself off of George’s eager shaft. “Now don’t be so greedy. A faux Chengelele by any other name is still an inviting dildo. Grab some lube and let’s tame that bad boy!”

With a hearty laugh, George quickly inserted three fingers in her now vacant lair while his thumb attended to a grateful clit. She gasped when George’s sopping digits were removed to prime the dildo for pumping. She resumed her perch on George’s pole, but it wasn’t long before he lifted her sumptuous hips off his cock. Like Redford, he liked giving unexpected gifts.

“Noooo,” she whimpered in distress. Her moan of deprivation quickly turned to moans of ecstasy as George eased her gently down onto the now moist Chengelele of the Redfordesk mount. Keeping in mind that timing is everything, George allowed the bimchette’s relationship with the control pole to ripen, before lifting her off and easing her down once again onto his own ready rod. She gasped and moaned in abandon until she was the one gently but deliberately moving herself from one joystick to the other, while the full moon light cast a cued quixotic glow onto her sweat laden skin.

But unlike the manual controls of the Gipsy Moth, George was on auto-pilot. He knew the script by heart, and after her forth orgasm he’d lost count and interest. Despite the enjoyment of having her naked breasts crashing into his face as she manoeuvred between the joystick

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and his somewhat softer, at this point, appendage, George knew it was hopeless, and looked forward to a cold Tusker and some chevda. By the end of the aero-escapade, the owner of the bouncing boobies was satiated and, he hoped, too exhausted to notice he still hadn't come.

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Sam had no sooner de-arched from her orgasm when her clit began throwing another tantrum.

"Again? Not again... I've gotta think. What am I doing with my life," Sam muttered. "New York City, my thirtieth birthday, and you poke your head up, with not a dick in sight."

The day had been filled with celebrating family, friends and suitors. As was usual at these gathering, Sam had spent more time than she cared fielding the heavily laden hints about marriage and babies. The only response Sam could muster was to sink further into her yearly shoulder-slumping-birthday-invoked-depression. No one would have guessed, and even Sam could've ignored it, except today. Today, Daddy's counsel echoed through her fear-filled sadness, "Birthdays are a hell of an excuse for a piss up, but those ending in zero are game changers."

Sam took a deep breath. She'd confront her fears tomorrow. Tomorrow she would look at the back of the frame again. Tomorrow she would find her Daddy, her champion, ready to pat her on the back as she takes on the naysayers and makes the tough decisions. Not tonight. Tonight was still her birthday and she could do whatever she wanted on her birthday, thirtieth or not. And what she wanted was to sleep.

But Sam's struggle for control was in vain. With each headstrong attempt to ignore the calls from below, Sam's defiant and dainty diva pulsed, taunting her to come and play. Eventually practicality ruled, and getting it over with seemed the best course. Then she'd sleep.

No sooner had Sam de-arched from yet another digital-O than she found herself battling her petite partner in pleasure, once again in a rip-roaring rage. This time Sam obeyed.

"Can't figure," she gasped "why I'm suddenly so wrapped up in

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myself. I'm not usually a double dipper... ” Her answer came later. In fact eleven times later. Though she had to bring out a remote controlled Rabbit to relieve cramping fingers, each inning's orgasmic intensity increased to perverse heights. Unable to put two thoughts together, Sam finally gave up trying to think outside the box.

Satiated by Sam's surrender, her little Doctor Toughlove calmly withdrew its horny hold and retracted. Deep inside the slumped, satisfied and sweaty Sam, a revelation took place. “I'm not ready,” she announced. “I'm not ready for the New Yorker version of a white-picket-fence. Not ready for sewing gold plated buttons on the school blazers of 2.5 children. I've followed the script; the best schools, the best clothes, the best job. Enough's enough. The time has come. Many times... Yup, that's it. Forget about the gold buttons in need of a child and planting perennials on a penthouse terrace overlooking Central Park. The only planting I'm doing is the sowing of rock-hard, wild oats. And think I know exactly where to look... ”

Flashing neon from the 61st Street Cinema's marquis outside her window reflected off Daddy's picture frame, giving the croaked croc a psychedelic appearance, and redirecting her attention to the night-stand. Sam pulled out the tight drawer and dumped the contents on the bed, extracting a gold trimmed, decade old brochure which she clutched to her bodacious ta-ta's.

Sam received the Bundu brochure for her twentieth birthday, along with the croc shot of her father and a check to cover the cost of an extended trip to the infamous Lodge. The money was long gone, spent, despite Daddy's objections, towards her Harvard MBA. But the fantasy lingered; evidenced by her boudoir and bathroom, fashioned in the same Bundu décor reflected in the glossy pages in her hands. Even the towers of intricately carved, intertwined human figures on her Tree of Life headboard, were the same as the traditional *Makonde* designs that decorated The Lodge's spa. Browsing through the pamphlet, it was her groin that twitched at the heading:

### *BUSH MASSAGE*

*at*

*BUNDU'S*

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### *TREE OF LIFE SPA*

*Let the adrenalin rush of your  
encounter with the Big Five  
be smoothed away by our  
Big Five Therapies  
RhinAroma*

*An essentially oiled full body massage that cossets every nerve ending  
inside & out, leaving you smooth, glowing & scented of Africa.*

*Buff Aloe Melt Down  
Stimulating Yohimbe bark & soothing Aloe for  
deep manipulation of your body's core muscles.*

*Stoned Leopard  
The ultimate in sensory delight, pure, heated basalt stones  
glide away tension, unblocking trapped energy.*

*Lion's Gate  
Designed to pamper you from your head to your toes and everything  
in between.*

*Cheatahhhhhh  
A quickie for those times when full body surrender has to wait.*

Confident her father would approve, Sam turned her back on security. Now the only dread Sam felt, was fear that the mystique of The Bundu Lodge had perished during her straight-laced journey through the glass ceiling, to the joyless top.

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Gazing despondently into the mirror, George viewed the ravages the night had inflicted. With his tanned craggy face and startlingly blue eyes accentuated by grey flecked brown hair, there was no doubt that George was, at the age of forty-five, and after a long night

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carousing in Chengelele, still extremely good looking. His body had fared just as well. His stomach was washboard flat, and he took pride in hard leg muscles shown off by extra short shorts. He was an African version of the Marlboro man, with an easy smile and air of confidence verging on cockiness. This persona was supported and intensified by excesses in alcohol, women and the great outdoors. He was the epitome of a Kenyan Cowboy. All of this, along with his expertise in the bush, had secured him his job as General Manager of The Bundu Lodge, an exclusive getaway in Northern Kenya.

The Lodge, as it was also known, was more than just your run of the mill safari lodge. Bundu not only abounded in wildlife and stunning scenery, but had the distinction of being designed by the internationally renowned artist, Antonio Cazzino. George resided in one of the celebrated Bundu tents, where the atmosphere and adventure of Africa found union with luxury and comfort. The tents gave guests a tree house view, and it was from his own tree top veranda that George stood contemplating his domain.

When the rustling of sheets drew George's attention from the exotic environment to the intricately carved crib of the water bed, he was caught off guard. There, riding the waves, were the glorious black and white stripes of a zebra stretching voluptuously. The surprise was surreal, but quickly dissolved when George realized he'd once again been seduced by design; specifically, the designs of that great giver and getter of pleasure, Antonio Cazzino. Antonio Cazzino, whose desire became his vision, and whose vision became his promise. No one who succumbed to the Bundu brochure's sales pitch was ever disappointed, despite its extravagant claims:

*“Sensual luxury by Antonio Cazzino thrives in the details,  
and his trademark Animal Week Sheets, prove the rule.*

*There are seven designs, providing the Monday to Sunday  
guest of the exclusive Bundu Lodge in Samburu, Northern Kenya  
with different bestial bedding each nightfall.*

*Whimsical designs will entice you, as each consecutive  
evening the bedding becomes more seductive.*

*There is Snake Monday, Giraffe Tuesday, Wild Dog Wednesday,*

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*Leopard Thursday, Cheetah Friday, Zebra Saturday  
and Sunday's Feathered Foray.*

*Each night, your body will be captivated by the silky warmth of 800 thread count linens, so wildly realistic, they will certainly entrap the most discerning hunter.”*

And they did. And not just for week long guests. It dumbfounded George how despite all the times he'd seen a woman beneath the slinky sheet-skins, the seductive effect still delivered. Cheetah was George's favourite, but since Saturday was game night, in both senses of the word, he had most of his sexual forays with Zebra. Last night's romp was no exception, and though he thought he'd had enough, here he was again, spellbound by the trophy; the Meryl-wanna-be bimchette stirring restlessly beneath equine sheets. Hardly breathing, George watched from a distance as the glorious zebra stripes raced up and down the woman's frame, her back and haunches barely revealed. George's blood also started racing, but just as he was about make a lunge for the wild mare, a mongoose's persistent peep peeping interrupted his trot to the starting gate.