



RANU

Sondria





The *tink...tink...tink* of fountain water-on-stone echoed along The sacred cave's walls and the silent whoosh of fourteen bodies breathing simultaneously flooded its middle. Seven women-warriors in seven different colors were in a circle – also in the belly – posed traditionally, for meditation. Each had her own, completely organic valet. The valets whispered inaudibly amongst each other and moved about the cave lighting incense, placing and rotating stones according to the moonlight, adjusting mirrors, using sage to smudge corners of the cave, praying, watching – poised for service. Ranu, the lilac warrior, breathed: four seconds in, four-second-hold, four seconds out. Her eyes rolled and fluttered behind closed lids. She was in trance, watching a scene from her distant past unfold. “Yes...we understand”, her lips mouthed but no sound came out as she studied the vision of her ancestors...

“Oh my god, Yadi, look at Kanye.”

“I’d rather not. And aren’t you tired of looking at screens all day, Papayung? How much TV and *interweb* can you watch before your brain turns to mush?”

“I don’t know...probably the same amount of time you can keep your nose in a book or stuck up in the air before you have trouble breathing.”

Yadi and Papayung were laughing and shadowboxing when Manggih walked in – hands dripping rich, almost metallic, purple liquid.

“I did it!” She said placing one of her hands on each of Yadi and Papayung’s cheeks. “I fucking did it.” Each of them ran to a mirror then started slapping fives, hooting, and jumping around.

“Oooh Manggih! You so fuckin’ BAD mama!!”

“Is this really it?!! Is this Carver’s purple?” Yadi said wiping the liquid from his cheek and examining its texture with sensitive fingertips.

“Shit smell good Manggih”, Papayung said backing into a wall and sliding slowly to the floor.

“Why do you sound like that?” Manggih said chuckling. “Wait, wait...why do you *look* like that too?” She laughed even harder.

“Ya’ll trippin’. I’m outta here”, Yadi said leaping from his chair, and landing in a hard thud and gaggle of giggles.

“Why did you fall like that?” Manggih almost whispered as she crawled along the floor toward the indoor garden, removing an item of clothing every few feet. “Why are we high like that?” The three giggled, and Papayung joined Manggih’s naked floor crawl, removing his clothes all at once, then





helping his purple-handed friend out of her surprisingly difficult (but pleasant-to-struggle-with) leggings. When he'd gotten the last of them off he started nibbling around her ankles and kissing up her calves. They crawled and stopped so he could lick/suck/bite behind her knee caps. She rolled onto her back and he slapped the insides of her thighs hard and fast and squeezed them tightly in his big, warm hands. Manggih did some involuntary kegels, shuttered, moaned audibly at the smoothness of the cream rising inside of her. Then she pushed Papayung away with her foot and flipped over to continue crawling. Papayung, fully erect, his long, thick, dark brown-with-a-rose-tip-dick pointed forward and a bit upward, as if to say "ONWARD". On he went.

Manggih followed whispers she heard inside the garden. "Here", they beckoned. "Come here." The ground looked liquid so she moved with caution. A sudden change in temperature had the skin across her breasts tight and bumpy. Papayung followed the arch of her back over the hump of her ass, down it's crack, to the plump, smooth lips of her pussy. It gripped his dick just like the fat-man-fist it resembled. It reminded him of the silk pillows on his

grandmother's couch. He wanted to bury his face in them – those pussy pink pillows – and drift off to sleep like he had as a kid. But something beyond Manggih's beautiful body whispered, "Here, Papayung. Come to me." So he stayed steadfast on his mission to the garden.

Yadi was laughing and whispering with some Eucalyptus when his

comrades crawled in naked. His own clothes were in a pile nearby. Papayung strayed slightly from Manggih's path toward some aloe vera. "Do I know you?" He said, flirting.

Manggih carried a pot of liquid Carverian Purple to the middle of the garden. Ferns and other hanging plants touched her hair, and shoulders and nipples, and ass along the way. "Oh really?" She coyly asked some lavender, tilting her head in its direction.

Yadi toyed with the stem of a rose, pricking the fingertips of one hand on its thorns playfully. "Well what do you think we should *do* about that?" He cooed, looking deeply, lovingly into its petals. With the other hand, he squeezed the base of the shaft of his penis and slid the hand up and over the head. "Like this?" He said. The whole rosebush nodded and exhaled in approval.





Under the tutelage of the increasingly demanding plant life surrounding her, Manggih instructed Papayung and Yadi to lie down on their backs in the middle of the garden. Several types of ivy, crawled along the walls and up to and across the ceiling attempting to get a better look at the bodies below.

Manggih covered Yadi and Papayung in the purple liquid from the neck down. Then she told them to help one another cover her. Each of their pupils dilated to full capacity, and blood rushed to the heads and tips and valleys and peaks of all their parts. And when Manggih laid them back down, she took turns slobbering, slurping, and sucking while the ivy loomed close by – feeding them information. Stems and leaves and petals and fruit wrapped around Papayung’s and Yadi’s ankles and wrists – restraining them in that way that makes you suck in a slit of quick, cool air between your teeth. “Yes...*Yes we understand*”. Something was coming. Something they had to prepare for. “Yes...” The trio repeated the phrase. Even when Manggih switched from sucking to bouncing and riding the hard pulsating pricks of her partners, they verbally confirmed their obedience to what the cacti suggested. “*We understand...*”

The plants released Papayung and he grabbed, smacked, and bit Manggih while she rode him to ecstasy. She left Papayung shaking in gratitude and spread her ass to slide down on Yadi – slow, and deep enough to feel it in her belly when he moaned. He dug his nails into her ass trying to hold back. The roses scratched down Manggih’s thighs, drawing a little blood and lots of moaning. Some scratched harder to hear the moans, some scratched out of jealousy that Yadi was not inside *them*, and they cursed him in chorus, causing him to bust a gloriously long, loud, and powerful nut – thrusting himself so deep into Manggih, and cumming so much that she felt a rushing warmth in her stomach, chest, and the base of her throat. The scratching took Manggih to her peak and she laid on her back in the middle of the ground and told the entire garden to “DRINK!” Carverian Purple gushed from her. Yadi and Papayung fought playfully for space in the center of the gushing, and every plant – inside and out – surrounded the trio and enjoyed whatever sips they could. It had been three days. Three days of fucking and learning and listening.

Papayung, Manggih, and Panyadia (called Yadi) woke up in the middle of the garden. The plants had returned to their normal spaces, and the





deep browns of the trio's bodies were visible again. The Carverian Purple had disappeared, absorbed completely by the ground. All except for a purple leaf that was now tattooed on Yadi's throat, and Manggih's chest, and Papayung's stomach.

At the end of this vision, Ranu felt the Carverian Purple leaf on her forearm get scalding hot, but she let it go. She dare not break her concentration and miss out on this flow of information and energy. A plant moved quickly to her side, split open its chest and dripped translucent green liquid onto the tattoo to cool it. "Yes", Ranu said aloud without opening her eyes, "*We understand*".

