

Jeena of the Jungle

By DreamTales

Jim was agog at the spectacle. Before him raged a huge bonfire, the roaring wild flames hot against his face, illuminating the wild surroundings, the edges of the jungle clearing deep black in the evening twilight. He was seated at the center of a huge U shaped table, elegantly set, gold goblets and bright silver settings glittering in the reflection of the flames. Around him was arrayed the most exotic people he'd ever seen - huge fat dignitaries in their bright traditional costumes, tall elegant African ladies sitting ramrod straight, their jewelry so profuse they seemed to be covered in pure gold, and the politicians sitting like wilted penguins, their greased hair, dark suits and thick cigars providing an incongruous counterpoint to the colorful tribal finery.

A troop of African dancers was performing, their lithe bodies glistening with sweat, their jet black skin shimmering in the night air as they leaped about in the flickering firelight. Clad in loincloths, they jumped and shouted, shaking spears and dancing like madmen as hordes of drummers thumped furiously in the background.

But to Jim perhaps most impressive sight of all was the guest of honor seated next to him, just below the huge banner reading "Botswana Welcomes World Bank Delegate" She was a stone cold knockout - her elegantly sculpted face framed by a bright cascade of long blonde hair, her hourglass figure poured into an elegant low cut black dress, the pale skin her of her long arms and deep cleavage glowing like warm ivory in the firelight. Just sitting beside her set his heart beating, his breath coming in shallow gulps.

Jim had been out in the jungle for a while - a bit too long, really - and he hadn't seen a western woman in what seemed like ages. He wasn't sure if his extended absence from civilization had made him overly sensitive to women, or if the striking female beside him really was one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen. Either way, it didn't seem to matter - he had sat next to the gorgeous blonde for over an hour now and had still not worked up the courage to start a conversation.

But he was dying to talk to her. She was so lovely, and seemed about his age, around her mid-twenties. Clearing his throat after a quick swig of water, Jim finally got up his courage. "Boy, these dancers are really something. This is pretty cool, huh?"

The young woman turned slowly towards him, green eyes lidded in a profound boredom. "Oh really? You think so?"

Jim coughed and continued. "Well, yeah. I mean, all these people here, the big bonfire and all. Well, anyway I think it's pretty neat. Don't you just love to see these exotic foreign cultures?"

“Culture?” laughed the young woman. “Hey, thanks to this stupid trip I had to give up my \$350 tickets to the opera - they’re showing La Boheme at Kennedy Center tonight. So instead of third row center I get this!” She pointed her long chin at the dancers. “Foreign culture? Nope, I’m afraid that eating bad food and watching a bunch of sweaty people hopping around stark naked is not quite my idea of culture.”

Hmmm... not a good start, thought Jim. Seeing her glassy stare wander off, he decided to change the subject - maybe butter her up with a bit of congratulations on her successful foreign aid program? “Hey - so you’re the girl from the World Bank, huh? You must be pretty happy about this new educational program they’re celebrating tonight. Sounds like big stuff. What was it again - a million dollars to help the tribes of the Kalahari set up a new high school?”

The woman grunted assent, so Jim eagerly continued. “I mean, now I’ve been working here six months to try to help these people and you come in and in one fell swoop you put together a big program like this. It’s just great to see something that will help all these needy people. You must be really proud of yourself!”

The woman just stared at him for a moment, blinking her eyes like he was speaking a foreign language. “Let me guess - you’re with the Peace Corps, right?”

Jim nodded happily, waiting as the young blonde took a big gulp of wine from her goblet. “Yeah I thought so. A real eager beaver. You probably think this is some kind of wonderful thing, huh?” She seemed a bit drunk, her words slurring slightly as she continued her cynical discourse. “Yeah, a million bucks, and all for education - kind of makes your eyes all tear up doesn’t it? Governments getting together for the greater good of mankind. You probably even think these guys are dancing because they’re happy?” She laughed to herself, waving to a waiter and pointing to her empty wine cup.

She leaned her elbows on the table and continued conspiratorially. “Well, listen up jungle boy. This million bucks gets carved up like a turkey. Here’s how it works: first, you have my overhead...” she stopped as the waiter refilled her glass, quickly downing half of it. “...first class air tickets, \$200 a day per diem, 5 star hotels...” She gestured to the crowd around them “... then you set up all this crap. Say, another 20 or 30 thou once all’s said and done, and the locals take their skim... And then we get into disbursements: Of course, first you have to do a study - that means hiring a consultant - from one of the donor countries, obviously - he’ll get around 200 grand initially, probly 350 by the time its signed off on...” another deep drink from the goblet, “...so by the time we’re ready to actually start the program and send some bucks here, you’ve got maybe 40% left in the pot. Now most of that princely sum will find its way into the pockets of the local politicians - they’re the ones sitting here with the big smiles on their faces - so I’d say you’d be lucky if 50 thou actually trickles down to these ‘needy and deserving’ people.”

She smiled wryly at her little soliloquy, raising her cup in a mock toast. “So, yeah – congratulations! Lets have a big toast to the World Bank! Go ahead, drink up - it’s their money, right?”

Jim frowned as he watched the young woman finish off her drink and wave for another. He was serious about his work and didn't appreciate her attitude. "Now look here, Miss..." he pretended to check her name on her place card, although he'd long since memorized it - Jeena White, Regional Director of Education, World Bank, "...er... Miss White. I don't think you're being quite fair about all this. A lot of people have put in a great deal of work to set all this up and I just don't think you should be so..." he paused for words, "...cynical about it all."

What looked like the first glimpse of a genuine smile flickered across Jeena's face as she turned to Jim, placing a hand on his arm. "Please, call me Jeena..." She glanced at his name card. "...Jim. Look, I'm sorry if I came across a bit too harsh, but that's just the way these things work. Believe me, I'm telling you the way it really is - and the sooner you wise up the less disappointed you'll be when you do."

Jim was still in a huff. "Well at the least I think you could be a bit more appreciative. All these people went to a great deal of trouble just for you. Just remember - they don't have the kind of luxuries we take for granted. Believe me, after six months in the jungle I know! So at least consider that when you're relaxing in your five star hotel or flying first class..."

Jeena rolled her eyes. "You think I like doing this? Christ, this is a hardship tour. Look at me - I have mud all over my \$700 Manlo Blanik shoes! This whole friggin' country is a dump - the hotel is musty, it's crawling with cockroaches, the roads are full of potholes - when they are paved that is. I can't wait to get the heck out of here and back to good old civilization..." She took another gulp of wine. "...where a person can get a decent Merlot."

Their conversation paused as the drumming stopped and the dancers dispersed, and two small lithe figures quickly strode to the front. It was a man and a woman - pygmy bushmen, each barely 4 feet tall, covered head to toe in white ashes and wearing only a simple string loincloth, the woman otherwise completely nude. The man flashed a bright smile and began what seemed to be a speech - rhythmic clicking noises accompanied by friendly gestures towards Jeena and the other dignitaries. He finished by smiling and beckoning towards Jeena to join him in the center of the clearing.

Jeena knew her role and performed it well, flashing a bright smile at the crowd as she stood up to approach the little bushman, carefully stepping around the mud puddles on her way. When she reached them Jim was struck at how tall Jeena was compared to them - the little pair craned their heads skyward to greet her, their little heads barely reaching her chest. The woman was especially tiny, her compact little figure dwarfed by Jeena's tall well proportioned form. The three shook hands, and the little bushmen made another little speech, smiling and making incomprehensible clicking sounds.

Suddenly from behind the group of dancers there emerged another small dark figure, this one a very small woman of indeterminate age who was one of the most striking people

Jeena or Jim had ever seen. The tiny figure was extremely short, only shoulder high to the bush men and little more than waist high to Jeena. But even more extraordinary was the woman's wild appearance: Her thin, incredibly lithe body was topped by a wild burst of dreadlocks showering over her shoulders. And even Jeena gasped in shock as she saw her eyes - they glowed bright red in the darkness, shining in the firelight like a jungle cat's!

The little figure quickly strode towards Jeena and grabbed her by the wrist. Jeena flinched involuntarily - she had never felt such strength before, and particularly from one so small. But before she could voice a word in protest, the little woman thrust something towards her. Sighing with relief, Jeena realized she was being presented with a gift - a little statuette carved from dark ebony wood, a miniature replica of a nude female. As quickly as she came, the little figure disappeared into the darkness, leaving Jeena alone with the bush men. A bit ruffled, Jeena quickly shook hands with them, ending the ceremony.

Returning to her seat with her prize, Jeena raised an eyebrow at Jim. "Well, I have to say THAT was interesting - you don't meet people like her every day. Who do you suppose she was?"

"If I'm not mistaken, she's the bush men's shamaness - their tribal witch doctor. I hope she didn't scare you --"

"Who, me? Scared of a midget rastafarian? I don't think so." Jeena dismissed the thought with a bright laugh. "But what was that they were saying? And what's the deal with this little trinket?"

"Well, according to their interpreter they were thanking you for your gift, and wanted to make you one in turn. He said something about how mankind's biggest barrier to knowledge is an oversized ego - I think this is supposed to help you shrink your ego to find your true self."

"Finding my true self? Shrinking the ego? Sounds a bit deep - I'd be happy to find myself on the cover of Business Week!" Mary stood and smiled at Jim. "Well, nice meeting you. That's it for me. I've done my shtick now - watched their dance, got the souvenir. The fat lady's sung, and everybody got what they came for. I'm outta here - the next plane leaves tomorrow 6 AM and you'd better believe I'm on it."

Jim smiled ruefully. "But Jeena, why leave so soon? Aren't you the least bit interested in these people - how they live, their beliefs, their aspirations? How can you just parachute in here like this and take off without learning something about them?"

"Well, Jim, I guess that's the difference between you and me. You care about these tribesmen, but me - well, I'm a city girl and the sooner I get myself to a nice French restaurant with a decent wine list the better." She stood and leaned over to give Jim a goodnight kiss on the cheek. "Take care, Jungle Jim. It's been real. If you get to Washington, look me up sometime."

Jim sat shaking his head, watching Jeena's curvaceous frame disappear into the evening darkness. I guess it takes all kinds, he thought. He took a big gulp of wine, draining the glass before he turned in for the night.

"Hello? Is this Delta Executive Search Partners? Yes? This is Jeena White. Can you hear me?" Jeena was yelling into her portable phone over the roar of the prop plane. Outside the windows, the small biplane skimmed low over the thick forest of treetops as a magnificent blood red sunrise illuminated the dark green African jungle below.

"What's that? Well, you know what I'm looking for - a half million base minimum, plus plus. And a signing bonus - two fifty at least." she paused to listen for a second. "Well, tell Goldman Sachs it's a deal killer - if they want an emerging markets debt trader that's what they'll have to pay. And make it quick - I don't want to spend the rest of my life screwing around here at the World Bank on these stupid third world public education projects!"

Another pause, then. "What's Africa like? Well, it's been pretty dull I suppose. The only headhunters I've heard from are you guys. Tell you the truth, I can't wait to get back to civilization. As far as I'm concerned Washington DC is enough of a wilderness for me. You just make sure Goldman comes through with that offer - I want to be on Wall Street before November - in time for year end bonuses."

Jeena snapped shut the phone and looked out the window. They were really close to the treetops. Didn't these guys know how to fly airplanes? She'd heard some of the horror stories about these local African pilots. Or maybe they were just playing around with her? Other than the pilot, she was the lone passenger.

"Hey pilot! Let's get some altitude, we're getting really close here!"

No response. Shit! thought Jeena, just what I need. Friggin' guy probably doesn't even speak English. She got out of her seat and approached the pilot's cabin. "HEY! You hear me? Pull up!"

The pilot was seated motionless at the controls while, just outside the front window, the treetops began slapping the nose of the plane. Jeena stood right behind him and yelled. "Hey buddy! I SAID - PULL THE FUCK UP!"

Jeena grabbed his shoulder and, as the pilot's seat spun around, she leapt backwards, screaming in horror. Her last few impressions were the dark shapes of the tree branches hitting the plane, the sickening thump of the wings tearing off and, just before the final darkness struck, the grotesque sight of a bright green fly crawling out onto the distended purple tongue of the dead pilot's mouth.

Department of Education,
World Bank
Washington, DC USA

Dear Sirs:

It is with great regret that I must inform you that the Botswana government has officially declared Jeena White to be missing and presumed dead. As you know, her chartered plane crashed in the jungle ten days ago and since then there has been no contact with her of any sort.

We were able to reach the crash site, but did not find any evidence of her remains. While it is possible that her body was incinerated when the fuel tank caught on fire, we continue to hold out the hope that she may have survived the crash and may still be living in the jungle. It is also possible that one of the local tribes may have rescued her and we are continuing efforts to contact them in the hopes of locating her. The jungle in this remote area is particularly impenetrable, and many of the tribes have had little or no prior contact with modern man.

I know that you are very concerned for her welfare. I had the honor of briefly meeting Miss White and will personally undertake to lead the voluntary search efforts until the mystery of her whereabouts is solved. Until then, I know that you will join me in praying for her safe return.

Sincerely yours,

Jim Thompson
United States Peace Corps
Botswana Office

Jeena squirmed helplessly, bound hand and foot, her naked body soaked in sweat, while all about her wild figures leaped and danced, their painted faces leering horribly, darting in and out within inches of her shivering form. Her faint sobbing was drowned out by the wild shouts and screams of the dancers as they spun about her, the maniacal sounds of jungle drums pounding in her brain, her head throbbing like it was about to burst.

Then from the wild rabble emerged a familiar figure - the wild form of the shamaness! Her tiny lithe form moved erect and strong among the dancers as she strode towards her helpless captive, her face bursting into a bright leer as she approached. The red glare in her animal eyes seemed to bore into Jeena's very soul as she shivered in utter terror.

Now screaming for help, for mercy, Jeena furiously pulled at her shackles, her deathly

fear now mounting to manic heights. As she watched in helpless horror, the shamaness seemed to grow before her, with each step looming larger and larger as she approached, until her powerful form appeared to reach to the tops of the jungle trees! The last image she saw before she passed out from fright was the witch doctor's huge claw like hand reaching out for her, covering her helpless body like a caged animal, as the shamaness' maniacal laughter echoed through the darkness.

"Ohhhh... Christ, where the hell AM I?" moaned Jeena, blinking as her eyes slowly adjusted to the light. What a weird nightmare! she thought, shivering at the memory. She sat up in a bed - or was it a bed? She was on some kind of a cot, a little mattress made of dried jungle leaves, inside what seemed to be a grass hut. A faint light filtered through the doorway, enough to see that she was stark naked, and covered in mud from head to toe.

"Oh fuckin' hell! What a friggin' mess!" muttered Jeena, as she stood and looked herself over. She was completely drenched in dried mud - even her hair was matted and thick with the grayish clay mixture. She was still a bit woozy, and had to steady herself as the blood rushed from her head. Who knows how long she had slept - or where on earth she was!

Suddenly a few figures darted into the hut, hearing her voice - native tribesmen. They seemed very happy to see her up and about, smiling at each other and laughing and giggling as they gathered around her. Jeena tried to communicate with them.

"Where AM I?" she offered, slowly and carefully enunciating each word, to the uncomprehending smiles on their faces. "Where are my CLOTHES?," this time pointing at her naked body and pantomiming a person getting dressed. Still no reaction. "My PASSPORT?" She waved an imaginary book in the air, to the now growing crowd's amiable bewilderment.

Suddenly Jeena slapped her forehead. "Oh fuck!" She remembered her job interview - she was supposed to be in New York, meeting with Goldman Sachs on the 22nd. What day was it now? She had left Botswana on the 19th. Had she been here more than one day? Could she get another flight? It was at least a two day trip! Again she tried interrogating the now growing crowd of tribesmen, but with no success.

"The PLANE! Where is the PLANE?" tried Jeena hopefully. This time there was a happy wave of recognition as she used her hands to mimic a plane crashing to the ground. The tribesmen nodded eagerly, talking excitedly to each other, then turned and pointed out the door.

Well at least this was a start, thought Jeena, following as the whole troop poured out into the bright daylight and set off across the grassy bush in search of the plane - or at least that's what Jeena assumed they were doing. She was still very self conscious about her nudity and being coated head to toe in mud, but being a part of a big group of similarly

attired people soon put her at ease. The native's eager smiles were contagious and before long she was happily bouncing along with them, to all outward appearances just another normal young native woman out on a hunting trip.

It was a magnificent day out on the broad savanna, the sky a huge light blue dome set with wispy clouds. The vast plain teemed with wildlife: flocks of strange exotic birds leaping into the air at the band's approach; huge elephants grazing off in the distance; and obscenely grinning hyenas trotting about in small packs. Jeena was especially impressed with the giraffes - she had never seen an animal so big in her life. She had seen them in zoos, but obviously they grew much taller out here in the open wilderness. The group walked past a huge giraffe grazing the tops of the plane trees, and Jeena stopped to admire it. The natives grouped around her, laughing delightedly at Jeena as she craned her head skyward in mute amazement.

Jeena was just daydreaming of how she would relate her wild adventure to her banker and lawyer friends back in Washington when she spied a trail of dust rising up across the savanna. Squinting in the bright sunlight, she saw its source - it looked like a jeep of some sort, bouncing along a dirt track through the grasslands. It seemed to be approaching quickly and, worried that the jeep might turn off at a crossroads and miss them entirely, Jeena began running across the plain towards it, waving her arms excitedly. She knew the local park service had motorized safaris for tourists, and with any luck this could be her ticket home. She wasn't thrilled at the idea of being seen as a mud covered nude, but figured she had no choice - it was worth it to sacrifice a bit of modesty if it meant returning to civilization, and keeping her interview with the investment bank.

Finally reaching the dirt track ahead of the jeep, Jeena began jumping and yelling. As the vehicle slowed, Jeena could see it wasn't a jeep after all - as it approached it looked more like a giant Humvee or a big truck of some kind. Suddenly the truck stopped and out the back hopped two people, a man and woman, each in khaki safari outfits, with big cameras hanging from their necks. Jeena, overcome with relief, ran towards them, but stopped suddenly, her forehead knotted in confusion. They looked for all appearances like normal tourists, but something seemed to be very strange. They were very tall - unusually so. And their faces were different, so young looking...

Suddenly, as Jeena stepped back in confusion, the female cried out. "Mom! Look! It's one of those little bush people - a pygmy!"

"Haw haw! Lookit!" laughed the boy. "It's a little naked pygmy lady! Look at her - all covered in mud!" He ran up to Jeena and stood grinning down at her, raising his video camera to film her. Jeena was speechless with shock - he was obviously a young boy, but even so he towered over her. Her head came up only to his shoulders! What was going on?

Struck dumb with shock and confusion, and utterly mortified to be videotaped as a mud covered nude, little Jeena turned and started running away from the huge children, her little bare ass cheeks bouncing as she jumped through the thick grass. The giant children

squealed happily and chased after, laughing and pointing as they filmed her frantic retreat with the video camera. Confused and frightened, her short legs tripping in the tall grass, little Jeena was quickly cornered by the two children, chased into a little clearing surrounded by sheer rocks. Seeing her escape cut off, Jeena stopped and, breathless and trembling all over, turned her little naked body to face her pursuers!

She was just about to beg for mercy - or burst into tears! - when another, much larger figure strode into the clearing, standing between the two children. Jeena craned her head to look up at the woman in mute astonishment. She estimated the strange lady was almost 9 feet tall. She had never seen anyone look so big - like a giant!

“Children! That’s enough - you two stop it right now!” yelled the giantess, grabbing Jeena’s two tormentors, one in each huge hand. “Stop teasing that poor little native girl! Just look at how scared she is! You should be ashamed of yourselves!”

Jeena was in a state of shock, unable to speak. She stood, trembling with fear, her little eyes wide in confusion and horror. For a long moment she just stood, her little body shivering under the gaze of the three giants.

“Oh you poor little thing.” Said the giant woman as she slowly approached Jeena, moving cautiously like she was nearing a wild animal. The woman crouched before Jeena, her head still towering over the frightened nude’s little face, and reached out to comfort her. “Don’t be afraid, little friend. We won’t hurt you. The children just got a little excited.” Then, seeing her twitch with fear. “Are you all right? Can we help you?”

Jeena tried to say something but choked on her words. Finally, she was able to stammer in a voice that sounded painfully high and faint. “H-how tall are y-you?”

“What?” The huge woman was taken aback and quickly stood up in surprise. “My god! You can speak English? What did you say?”

“Please... I-I need to know... how tall are you?” repeated Jeena carefully, almost too frightened to hear the answer.

“Me? How tall am I?” asked the woman, pointing to herself, obviously confused by the request. “Is that what you meant? You want to know how big I am?” Then, her brows furrowing in bewilderment. “Well, let’s see... I suppose I’m about 5 feet 7 inches tall.”

Jeena’s mouth dropped open in astonishment. If the lady was 5 foot 7, that meant she was only...

Suddenly the shock was too much for Jeena. Her knees buckled and she burst into tears, dropping to the ground in a little sobbing mass. The three giants cautiously circled the little crouching figure, eager to help but unsure what to do. Poor Jeena’s little nude body shook with heart wrenching sobs, her little mud covered body lying face down in the dirt. The giant woman leaned over and tried to console her, placing her large hand on her little

back, gently stroking her, whispering reassuring words.

Finally Jeena gained control over her anguish, choking down her tears. She crawled forward towards the giant woman and slowly pushed herself up off the ground. Staggering to her feet, she shivered in fear as she straightened, finding her eyes level with the woman's bright silver belt buckle. Filled with pain and confusion, she slowly craned her little face skyward towards the towering figure, her faint high voice imploring, stuttering a desperate plea.

“P-please.” She croaked through her tears. “Please h-help m-me.”

(end part one)

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Jeena of the Jungle

Part Two

By DreamTales

Field Report
Jim Thompson

I continue to follow the progress of Jeena White with fascination and awe. Despite numerous medical tests, there has been as yet no satisfactory explanation for her unprecedented reduction in stature. From her previous height of 67 inches, she was discovered in an altered state, reduced to only 42 inches tall at the time she was found in the bush. In the months since then she has continued to grow smaller, the process gradually slowing until she has appeared to finally stabilize at her present 36 inches – about the size of the smallest of the pygmy women.

Equally surprising (and on a personal note particularly gratifying) has been her striking and admirable reaction to her circumstances. Instead of making her embittered with the world, her strange ordeal has instead opened her up to a new appreciation of African culture. As she has become more familiar with tribal ways, her outlook, once the typical hard-nosed and cynical attitude of a modern business professional, has become much more relaxed, even fun loving. At times she exhibits a sort of childlike innocence I have seen only among the little bushmen.

As I have noted previously, I was as shocked as most observers when, several months ago, she announced her intention to go and live with the bush pygmies. The difficulties in understanding such a strange culture are daunting enough, let alone actually becoming a member of their society. But since then she has shown an incredible ability to adapt, learning their difficult language – a tongue almost phonetically unique in its use of odd clicking sounds – and completely adopting their mode of dress, social norms, and eating habits so that her degree of integration is now almost complete. Each of my regular visits to the bushmen reveals some startling new achievement as her unique experiment in anthropology continues.

These visits have come to be the high point of my week.

Jim pushed through the jungle, squinting through the faint greenish light filtering down from the thick tree cover. It was always a challenge to find the bushmen's camp – they moved often, and even when settled blended perfectly with their surroundings. Many

times he was unable to pick them out until he literally stumbled over them.

“Hey, Jungle Jim!”

A brightly grinning little figure was standing right before him, having seemingly appeared out of thin air. He recognized her at once – Mtubu, one of the pygmy tribal queens, and a leading member of the bushmen’s society. She was an oddly regal presence, despite her minute size and lack of clothing – her tiny frame was adorned with only a string about her hips and her brightly shining eyes barely rose above his waist. Despite maintaining his professional reserve, Jim always found her and the other pygmy women quite attractive, with their tiny lithe bodies, small high breasts and delightfully rounded little bottoms. And there was something indescribably sexy in the way they stood and moved, utterly at ease with their nudity, completely unfettered by western cultural mores – Mtubu and the others seemed to carry their miniature sexuality like a teasing badge of honor.

He knelt to the ground and gave her a warm hug, then rubbed noses, chuckling as she broke into little high pitched giggles. After politely exchanging a few pleasantries, he asked after Jeena.

“Oh you mean Little Sister? She’s gone away.” Said the petite figure, referring to Jeena by her tribal nickname, her eyes sparkling with glee. “She said to tell the big ugly western man that she’s walked to the edge of the earth and jumped off!”

“Oh she did, did she?” asked Jim, catching the mischievous glint in her eye.

“Yes, she did! So you’d better just go away and leave us alone!” Said Mtubu with a teasing air of finality. She turned and sauntered off, her little head held high, her cute little ass cheeks bobbing as she padded barefoot through the forest.

Jim stood up and looked around, noticing a clearing a few dozen yards away. With Mtubu following behind, he snuck through the underbrush and crept up to the edge of the clearing, smiling to himself as he saw about a dozen little naked bush ladies sitting in a circle. They were happily chatting away as they did their chores, preparing vegetables or weaving dried leaves into baskets.

Each time it was getting more difficult to pick out Jeena. With her little nude body completely covered in mud, she blended in perfectly with the pygmies, even her speech and gestures now indistinguishable from tribal woman who had spent their entire lives in the jungle. On his first few visits he could still distinguish her by her western body – her breasts longer and slightly fuller, her muscles much less developed – but after months in the bush even Jeena’s physique had changed, adapting itself to the environment, developing the rounded breasts and cute extended stomach characteristic of the little tribal women. Indeed, little Jeena was now as agile and lithe as the best of the pygmies.

After a minute, he settled on a small noisy figure at the far end of the clearing. He knew

that “Little Sister” was renowned for her lively chatter, and quickly recognized her tiny small boned body, her distinctively thin face and sharp chin.

As Jim broke into the clearing the girls squealed, hopping up and running off in all directions. He was glad he had picked out Jeena before approaching, as from behind their cute little backsides were all truly indistinguishable. He chased after Jeena’s little figure, her tiny legs carrying her away with surprising speed. She almost escaped him, and Jim only caught her by an extraordinary effort, reaching out and grabbing her by her thin little waist as she tried to scramble up into a tree. She was now as agile as a monkey and he knew if she ever got up into the branches she could elude him for days.

“So! Gone to the end of the earth, huh? Were you lying to Jim?” He easily pulled her from the tree and held her in his hands, high off the ground, her little body squirming desperately. He was still amazed at how tiny she had become – just a few inches taller than a western toddler, and as light as an infant – but was always impressed at how her spirit never diminished. She fought like a wildcat, reaching out her little hands to claw at him and yelling with loud chattering noises. Laughing at the spectacle, he simply held her out at arms’ length, knowing that her little arms and legs were now much too short to reach him.

“Jeena, come on! Enough of this! Don’t you speak English any more?” laughed Jim. He turned to Mtubu. “What is she saying?”

Mtubu was laughing her head off. “She says you are a big smelly foreigner!” She stopped to listen and howled with glee. “She says your hands are large and clumsy and you stink like pig grease!”

“Oh, a big smelly foreigner, am I?” he laughed. “That’s a fine way for you to talk – and just look at you, all covered in mud!”

“Put me down!” yelled Jeena, suddenly breaking into English. She squealed as Jim flipped her over and carried her upside down on his hip, kicking and screaming, to a nearby stream. There he waded out a few feet and unceremoniously tossed her in the air. She hit the water with a big splat!, disappearing under the waters for a few seconds, then popped back up, blubbering and shaking her little head. The effect was striking – with the mud washed away, she was once again revealed as the lovely miniature western woman she was, the light glinting off her blonde hair, her pale skin glowing against the background of the dark green jungle.

“You big bully!” she yelled, scowling up at Jim as he waded out to her. “I’m glad I left all the stupid big people like you to go live in the jungle!”

“Don’t you think Little Sister owes Jim an apology?” asked Jim, putting his hands menacingly on his hips and staring straight down at the defiant little figure. Jeena’s angry little face just barely cleared the water, only waist high to Jim.

“No! You stupid...” Jeena followed this with a series of angry clicking sounds. The little bush ladies had followed and now formed a circle on the shore, giggling at the sound of Jeena’s tirade. Jim again looked to Mtubu for a translation.

“Oh, she is saying very bad things about you.” She collapsed in giggles, sharing a wave of laughter with the other little ladies before she caught her breath and continued. “Such bad things we could never tell!”

Jim reached down and lifted Jeena out of the water, his heart quickening as her lovely figure, a perfect doll-like miniature, cleared the surface. Finally giving up her struggle, she relaxed and simply looked up, smiling at Jim with a beatific, peaceful expression. For a moment, Jim was completely taken by the sight – he thought she was the most beautiful thing he could ever conceive, like a little angel sent from heaven. Amazed at how the fierce little wildcat could so quickly become a fragile porcelain doll – so light and insubstantial – he gently lifted her miniature frame to his face, ready to give her a passionate kiss. “Oh Jeena... My dear little Jeena...”

Suddenly Jeena grimaced and squirted a stream of water in Jim’s face. The pygmy girls burst out in peals of laughter as Jim recoiled, dropping Jeena and wiping the spit from his eyes. She leapt into the water and started swimming madly for the far shore, her tiny legs churning and little bottom wriggling as she twisted through the water.

Quickly recovering, Jim dove after her, reaching out and grabbing onto Jeena, catching her by one of her perfect little ankles. As Jeena kicked and squealed helplessly, he gave a sharp tug and began reeling her in.

This time Jim was taking no chances. He picked her up and strode out of the water, carrying her over to a fallen tree where he sat and placed Jeena face down across his knees, holding her down with one big hand placed over her back. She kicked and struggled mightily, her tiny lithe body squirming desperately as the jungle filled with her loud squealing.

“Mtubu, wouldn’t you say that Little Sister has been very bad? Don’t you think she deserves to be punished?”

“Oh yes!” yelled Mtubu happily. “Little Sister has been very bad all week!”

“I have not! Mtubu lies!” squealed Jeena, frantically kicking her short little legs.

“She hit the chieftain in the back of the head with a yam!” said Mtubu. “And she poked me in the rear with a pointed stick!”

“It was a mistake! And she’s always trying to order me around!” yelled Jeena, tuning around and looking up at Jim with a pouting look of hurt childlike innocence.

Jim had Jeena pinned to his lap with one hand, his hand poised threateningly over her

tiny unprotected rear. Her little pair of ass cheeks were almost unbearably cute, each perfect little ivory mound topped by a tiny dimple hovering just below the small of her back. Testing her for size, he gently cupped his hand over the pert little bottom, smiling as he saw how the jiggling little buns nestled perfectly in his open palm.

He looked over at Mtubu. “So what do the tribal women say? Let’s have a trial by a jury of her peers!”

The little gaggle of pygmy women hopped up and down, clicking excitedly and clapping their hands with glee. Mtubu broke into a broad grin and extended out a little hand, thumb pointed decisively towards the ground.

“Sorry, Jeena.” Said Jim, grinning down at the shocked look on the face of his little captive. “But believe me, this is going to hurt me a lot more than you!”

It was at the end of a long hot day when Jim finally returned to his field tent. The simple standing tent was furnished with a table and chairs and a few cabinets. He finished typing up his notes and was filing them away when he heard a rustling at the door.

Turning, he saw the mosquito netting part to reveal a small blonde figure, perfectly nude, striding through the door. Jim was about to speak when Jeena simply walked up to him and threw her arms around him. Her little head was only waist high, and her tiny arms could only reach halfway around his hips. Touched, he reached down and tousled the golden hair on the little head as she snuggled her warm face into his pants leg.

Jeena looked straight up and smiled. “Hi, lover boy.”

Jim put his hands on his hips in a gesture of paternal impatience. “ ‘Lover boy?’ After the way you acted today you think you can just walk right in here and give me a hug and make everything all right again? You should be ashamed of yourself!”

Jeena’s little face went into a childish pout, her eyes blinking up in wide innocence.

Jim turned away. “Sorry Jeena, it’s too late to make up. And besides, who wants a little pygmy for a girlfriend, anyway?”

Jeena followed and hugged him from behind, this time burying her little nose in his rear. “I’m not that little, Jim. And I can try to grow up for you.”

“Oh yeah? I’d like to see that.” Mumbled Jim, going back to his filing and pretending to ignore the little figure.

“Okay! Just wait a second!” Jeena unwound herself from Jim and scampered across the room. She dragged a chair from under the table and clambered up onto it, standing up on

the seat, then turned and called out to him. “Oh Jim! Jim! Look at me – is this big enough now?”

Jim turned and smirked at the sight of the lithe little nude poised atop the chair. Jeena was standing with her hands on her hips in a miniature cheesecake pose, grinning up at him hopefully. He took two steps across the room, stopping next to the chair – and looked almost straight down at the little figure. Even standing on the chair, her little head still only reached his chest.

“Hmmmfff! You call that big? You still can’t even reach up to kiss me.”

Hopping on her tiptoes and pouting in frustration, Jeena looked about for a higher perch. She decided to try the table top, but realized she was much too little to reach it. As Jim went back to his filing, she climbed down off the chair, then laboriously pushed it back across the room next to the table. There she climbed up on to the chair, where she stood and swung herself up leg by leg and scrambled up onto the table. Jim peeked back over his shoulder and chuckled at the sight of the tiny nude’s strenuous efforts, her little upended rear jiggling as she clawed her way up on to the lofty perch. After a few minutes’ exertion, she stood up on the table top with a triumphant grin and called out to Jim in her bright, high voice.

“How’s this, lover boy?”

Jim walked over and, although his head still rose above hers by a good five inches, the situation was much improved. Jeena, by reaching up on her tip toes and stretching her miniature lithe body to the limit, was just able to throw her arms around Jim’s neck and give him a small mouthed but passionate kiss. Laughing to himself, Jim put his arms around Jeena’s little wisp of a frame, cupping those two precious little ass cheeks in the palm of one hand. Then the two locked in a loving embrace, lost in each other, their bodies intertwined.

Suddenly Jim heard the bright high sound of childish laughter. He looked up to catch a little face in the window, staring at him with a wide grin. He was about to protest when he noticed another – and another – at the window to his right. Uncoupling from Jeena and spinning around, he saw that the entire group of pygmy ladies was in attendance, their little faces peeking in though the windows with unabashed curiosity.

“Girls!” Chastised Jim, trying to look stern despite his amusement. He glowered when he noticed a familiar figure. “Mtubu! You too?”

Jeena reached up and put a child size finger across his lips, then pulled him to look down in her eyes. “Don’t mind them, Jim. They’re just curious – and remember, there are no secrets in the bush.”

Jim started to protest again but was stopped by another kiss as his miniature lover buried her little face into his. As she reached up, Jeena circled her arms around his neck and

pulled her little feet off the table top, curling herself in a little ball around his chest. Jim brought his hand up to hold her, cradling her light little body in the crook of his arm like she was nothing more than an infant. After a long embrace, Jeena drew away and sighed breathlessly, reaching out and caressing his face with her tiny childlike fingers, her little green eyes bright with love and understanding.

“Besides Jim, you know what they say – you don’t just marry a pygmy girl, you marry the whole tribe!”

Epilogue

“Jim? Oh Jungle Jim?”

Jim was sitting at his desk in his tent, typing away. He stopped, surprised to find a tiny pygmy woman standing before him, sheepishly twisting herself back and forth. Despite his years in the bush he still couldn’t get used to how the little bush people moved about soundlessly, seemingly able to appear at will like little magical sprites.

“Mtubu? Why hello. What can I do for you?”

She looked up, blinking her little light brown doe eyes, then dropped her gaze to the ground with uncharacteristic shyness. He was struck by the classic beauty of her miniature nude frame – the light colored skin like creamed coffee, the gentle curve of her hips, the perfect little rounded breasts rising proud and unadorned. “Well, now that you and Little Sister are together, you know you are part of our tribe...”

“Yes, Mtubu?”

“And you know we have our tribal rules...” She was nervously clenching her fists, shifting from foot to dainty foot, her little breasts heaving with worried sighs. Jim waited for her continue, unsure what was going on, and beginning to fear that he might have inadvertently broken some important tribal law.

“Well, you remember how Little Sister was bad last week? And how you punished her for it?”

“You mean the spanking?”

Mtubu nodded shyly. Of course, he should have thought of it before – he had gotten carried away and given Jeena a sound paddling right in front of the assembled tribal women. These were proud, dignified people, and surely such an act was a serious transgression. He sighed as he realized his mistake, girding himself for a reprimand, or perhaps an expulsion from the tribe. How could he have been so stupid?

Jim reached out to place an awkwardly large hand on her small shoulder. “Oh dear, Mtubu. I’m so sorry. I didn’t realize...”

But Mtubu gently pushed away his hand and took a step closer, head still lowered demurely. She rested her little hands on his thighs and swallowed, then looked up into Jim’s eyes.

“No. You do not understand.” She turned around and leaned over slightly, presenting her pert little pear shaped bottom for Jim’s inspection. “You see, I have been bad too.”

“Mtubu?”

Quick as a cat, she crawled up onto his lap and draped her little body across his knees. Settling on her stomach, she turned and looked up at Jim hopefully, patting her tiny rear with her little hand.

“Mtubu, I don’t think...”

“Oh it is true, master Jim! Mtubu has been bad – very bad all week long! First I put black vegetable dye in the mashed yams, and then I tied Little Sister’s hair in knots...” She burst into a little high giggle at the thought, then quickly remembered herself, setting her small features in an exaggeratedly serious expression. “I think Jim should give Mtubu his very biggest punishment – many, many hard smacks on her naughty little bottom!”

Jim sat looking awkwardly down at Mtubu’s little prone figure, her exquisite little pert bottom facing skywards, her delightfully miniature brown ass cheeks twitching with hopeful anticipation. He cleared his throat nervously – this was definitely one situation that wasn’t covered in his graduate anthropology textbook!

“Mtubu, I really don’t think this is such a good idea. I mean, consider your standing in the tribe – what will your chieftain think? And what about all the other women?”

Suddenly a burst of laughter sounded from outside, and a happy group of little naked pygmy women burst through the door. They surrounded the pair, chatting happily, pointing and laughing at the sight of little Mtubu lying face down across Jim’s big lap.

“Oh don’t worry about them.” Said Mtubu, giggling shyly. “You see, they have all been very bad, too!”

“You mean...?” said Jim, looking up in surprise at the sea of happy little faces, all nodding their heads and grinning hopefully.

“I will just tell them to wait their turn!” Cried the little figure happily. “After all, Mtubu is their Queen, so Mtubu goes first!”

(end)

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