“All right, we’re here,” the driver of the party bus said as he brought the bus to a stop, turning around to face the four women partying in the back.

“It’s about time!” exclaimed Alicia, a thirty-four year old brunette in a black dress, as she gave the girl next to her a big hug around the neck, spilling a couple drops from her drink onto the floor. “This is going to be amazing, Britt!”

“So are you finally going to tell me what this surprise last stop is, then?” Brittany answered as she tried to gently pull away from her cousin a little bit without spilling any more of either of their drinks, especially not on her red dress, or knocking the shiny tiara on her head to let everyone know that this was her bachelorette party, or more accurately, her second more private and more expensive one for the people she was closest to that Alicia had insisted on. Alicia just responded with a shrug. “What about you, Tara?” the twenty-six year-old bride-to-be added a moment later, turning to her best friend, a twenty-five year-old redhead sitting down next to her.

Tara took a glance at Alicia, who was already walking across the floor to Bethany, the bride’s twenty-two year-old little sister, before adding, “I think we should keep it a surprise a bit longer, but trust me, this is going to be amazing! You’ve never done anything like this in your life!”

“I have, though!” Alicia added as she hugged Bethany in much the same way she had Brittany moments ago, this time spilling a little bit on Bethany’s dress. “Three times already! I love this place and I’m so glad I get to experience it with my innocent little cousins!” Bethany pulled back, adjusted her glasses and glared at Alicia for getting wine on her fancy blue dress. “Don’t worry, you won’t need it much longer anyway.”

“Huh?” the shy Bethany responded, instinctively covering her chest with her arms for a moment, suddenly very nervous about what her oldest cousin on their father’s side and her sister’s best friend were about to get them into.

“Don’t worry, I’ve done it too,” Tara said to the sisters to reassure them. “It’s weird, but it’s amazing”

“Let’s get going then!” Alicia yelled as she turned to exit the bus, followed by the other three women, with Bethany noticeably less enthused now than the others.

“You’ve got three hours paid!” the bus driver yelled out to them. “Be back by then, or I’ll assume you’re done and leave.”

“Ok, dude!” Alicia replied with a dismissive wave, not even bothering to turn back to face him. They entered the building and were greeted by a tall woman in her late twenties with long light brown hair pulled back in a ponytail and dressed in a light-brown safari getup with the hat to match, opening the door for them as they entered. She closed the door behind them and the young, long-haired Indian woman behind the counter dressed identically greeted them as well.

The woman at the door closed it behind them. “Welcome to Jungle Island!” she said. “I’m Amber, the manager on duty tonight, and this is Prisha, gesturing to the woman in her early twenties behind the counter. “We’ll be taking care of you tonight, making sure you have an incredible time.”

“Hello,” Prisha added with a wave.The girls waved back as Brittany and Bethany looked around at all the decorations. They saw tall grass around the walls, which were also covered with drawings of large trees, jungle animals, and a large pot with a fire underneath it.

Amber continued, “ Now I recognize Alicia, but have any of the rest of you been here before?”

“Just me,” Tara said as she raised her hand, “These two are first-timers.”

“Well then, I’ll explain things to you then,” Amber added.

“I’ll pay you a bit extra if you don’t,” Alicia replied. “I want my cousins to be surprised.”

“Ok,” Amber said, looking toward Brittany and Bethany with a shrug. “Can’t say no to that,” then added, “Just remember though, it’s all pretend, ok?”

“Ok,” they responded nervously.

Alicia walked over to the counter to pay. “You wanted the bachelorette party version, correct?” Prisha asked her. Alicia responded with an affirmative nod while handing over her credit card. “What would you like to use for a safe word, in case you want us to shut everything down?”

“Let’s go with Tallahassee,” Alicia replied, “but ignore it if it comes from her,” she added, pointing to Bethany.

Prisha just returned a smile and handed the credit card back to Alicia, along with a receipt that Alicia put in her purse. Prisha stepped out from behind the counter. “If you’ll hand over your purses, phones and anything else you’d like to keep safe, and I will take them and place them in the locker for when you come back.You also might want to take your heels off and put on these slippers” The women began removing their shoes as she went around handing the slippers to them and collected the items from the women and returned to behind the counter and placed them in the locker. “Anything else?” she added as she looked back at them.

“You might want to keep your glasses in there, Bethany. Just to be safe,” Tara added. Bethany thought about it for a moment and then removed the glasses and walked over to the counter, reaching over the counter to hand them to Prisha, who took them and placed them in the locker before closing it and rejoining the others.

“All right, lets’ get your tour of the jungle started then,” Amber said, as she opened the doors and waved for everyone to follow her. Alicia and Tara responded eagerly with huge smiles, and Brittany smiled when Tara put her arm around her and started to walk her toward the door behind Alicia. Bethany, now even more apprehensive without her glasses, followed nervously, with Prisha bringing up the rear of the group.

They walked through the doors, into what seemed to have once been a warehouse. It was mostly dark, with a dirt floor with tall dried grass everywhere, though it seemed to be artificial and not actually growing. A wall on the far end glowed orange simulating a campfire in the distance. There were also several fake trees of various sizes scattered around, a couple with animatronic pythons wrapped around the branches.. Amber guided them into a clearing and Brittany jumped back as an animatronic alligator snapped at them from the edge of a small pond. Bethany wanted to turn back when Prisha decided to reassure her to calm her down. Tara and Alicia just had a little laugh, since they knew to expect it.

“I know your friend wants it to be a surprise, but remember that the six of us are the only creatures in this building that are real. The rest are robots and a fantasy, just try to have fun with it, We won’t let anything bad happen” Prisha told Bethany to try to calm her down, and for the moment it worked.

As they started a little way into the next part of the trail, with only a small opening allowing them to walk through in single-file and surrounded by tall grass on both sides. They heard men shouting and coming toward them, “Oh no!” Alicia and Tara shouted, hamming it up as they started to retreat back toward the clearing with Brittany and Bethany turning around and heading back as well. In the chaos, Amber and Prisha disappeared into the tall grass, heading back to monitor everything from the lobby and leaving the customers alone for the rest of the experience. The women quickly walked back into the clearing only to find themselves quickly surrounded by about fifteen muscular men wearing straw skirts, most carrying spears, but a few carrying thick poles, about six feet long each.

The women huddled together in mock fear, with Alicia and Tara continuing to get into the act and even Brittany starting to play along and having some fun.

“What are you gonna do to us?” Brittany asked, as the large men continued to close in on them.

Then the man who was obviously the chief walked through the grass. “You strip!” he commanded them.

“Why?” Bethany asked, taking a step back and then jumping forward when she felt a dull spear point poke her butt.

“We don’t eat clothes,” the chief answered.

Bethany again was scared, but Tara leaned over to whisper in her ear. “Don’t worry. These aren’t real men. There’s not a real man anywhere in this place to even see you. You’re fine. It’s just a really fun act and all part of the show.”

“Please don’t eat us!” Alicia begged overdramatically, already sliding her dress off her ankles and standing in her bra and panties. “We’re too young and tender to die!” Brittany and Tara laughed as they got a look at her. She had “EAT ME!” written on her stomach, with arrows drawn pointing to her crotch, her breasts, and around her back to her butt.

“Damn, Alicia. You really get into this shit!” Brittany said with a smirk as she too started to remove her clothes. As she began to take off the tiara, the chief stopped her.

“No, leave the crown on,” he said. “You the guest of honor and chief’s dinner.”

“Hear that, Britt, you’re special and tonight’s special,” Tara joked as she too began disrobing. In moments all four women were naked and the men began tying their wrists together and then their ankles together and then securing them to the poles. Within minutes, they were being carried further into the building back toward where the orange glowing light was, while being by the tribe members singing a song about cooking and eating them for dinner. It was a silly song, and by the time they arrived at their destination, even Bethany was starting to enjoy herself.

They arrived in what was a little village with a few huts, a simulated campfire, a six-foot long glowing orange pit with a harness for a spit roast, some tables, some covered with plates and crude dining utensils and others with platters and oils, spices, fruits and veggies. Off to one side was also a large pot, filled with a bubbling liquid and with an orange light glowing underneath it.

Each girl was set down on her back on one of the platters, then had the poles removed and carried away, leaving them lying on their backs with their wrists and ankles still restrained. Then the villagers went to work, massaging their whole bodies with oil, covering every inch of their naked flesh.

Alicia turned to her youngest cousin on the table next to her. “Is this the greatest feeling ever, or what?” Bethany was too busy orgasming as her pussy was being rubbed with oil to answer. She followed that up with one of her own while turning her head the other way to see her other cousin in ecstasy as the chief gave her special attention.

Once the girls were all covered in oils and spices, they were each picked up off their platters. Brittany, being the guest of honor, was harnessed for the spit roast. The others were carried over to the pot and gently set down in it one-by-one facing where they could get a good view of the proceedings that were about to happen.

“Having fun yet?” Alicia asked Bethany as they sat in the warm pot.

“This isn’t really going to cook us is it?” she asked. Alicia responded with a no. “It is fun though. You really get into this though.”

“What can I say,” Alicia replied with a smile, “I always enjoyed the idea of something being hungry for me, treating me as a special piece of delicious meat and devouring me,For a fantasy, of course. Whoever created this place must’ve had something reading my mind. I love it.” She faced Tara. “Tara knows what I’m talking about.”

“I didn’t have this fantasy at all until we came here for a friend’s birthday. Ever since then, I think about it all the time. I make my boyfriend pretend he’s going to eat me for dinner all the time now.” Tara replied.

“Lucky you,” Alicia replied.”What about you, cuz? You going to become your new guy’s favorite meal?”

Bethany was too embarrassed to reply and was thankful when drums started beating and the villagers started dancing. Most of them circled around Brittany, who was being slowly turned on the harness while the chief continued brushing sauces onto her, while the rest of them circled around the girls in the pot. In what the sisters thought was a strange move, the villagers as part of their dance started to strip, almost like a stripper might do at a normal bachelorette party, although with a very different choice of music.

In the pot, Alicia reached down between her legs enjoying the show and enjoying the fantasy of some of them enjoying her tender meat for what she was sure would be an excellent meal. Before long, Tara joined in as well, though Bethany was too shy to do that in front of the others and just tried not to look at either of them.

In the middle, the dancers around Brittany started taking turns getting licks on her as she was rotated facing up. Some licked her breasts, some her belly, some her groin. “Oh my god, this is incredible! Thank you, Alicia!” she yelled out and then the next one to approach went for her thigh and lightly bit into it, hard enough to draw blood. Brittany screamed out, and then the next did the same on the other leg, a bit harder.

Back in the lobby, Prisha saw what was going on. “Something’s wrong in there, we need to shut it down!” she yelled. “I think a couple of them tried taking a real bite of the girl on the spit!”

Amber turned to her computer and logged in and tried to access the controls, only to find that she had been locked out. When she got to the control menu, all she got was a popup that said “That’ll teach you to fire me, you stupid bitch! Enjoy dinner!”

“God dammit, Jenna!” she exclaimed, pounding her fists on the desk. “I knew I shouldn’t have trusted her. Come on, Prisha, we need to shut them down manually before this gets worse. Did you see which ones did it, we’ll go for them first.” She got up and moved toward the door.

“ I believe it was numbers ten and fourteen,” Prisha replied as she got up to follow.

Amber turned back while walking through the doors. “You go for number fourteen, and I’ll go for number ten. Then we’ll figure things out from there.”

“Got it!” Prisha responded as they started to run as fast as they could for the other end of the building. It took them a little under four minutes before they arrived with the others, their faces covered in small red marks from the tall grass whipping them in the face as they ran through it. Prisha went for her assigned target, trying to reach the small deactivation button on the back of the neck. As she reached up, the villager grabbed her by the wrists and overpowered her, wrestling her to the ground. Amber only fared slightly better with her target and within moments, both employees were on the ground looking up at the android villagers surrounding them,

“Is this supposed to happen?!” Brittany yelled out from the spit.

“No!” answered both employees, as well as Alicia and Tara in the pot. Brittany and Bethany both became really scared about what might happen to them now that the androids had seemingly gone haywire. The group surrounding Prisha and Amber grabbed them and lifted them up onto the tables, while Brittany watched, still being turned on the spit and brushed by the chief, and the others looked on from the pot. The villagers stripped Prisha and Amber of their safari outfits and began quickly coating them in oil, not taking their time as they did with the others, and then quickly covering them, carrying them to the pot and dumping them in.

“What’s happening?” Bethany asked Amber.

“A couple of them bit your sister for real,” she replied. “We tried to shut everything down, but the system’s been hacked by someone I fired lately. So we came back here to shut them down manually, but failed.I strongly suspect they’ve altered the rest of the programming, and these things plan to eat us for real.”

Bethany and Prisha started crying, as did Brittany when she looked over and saw her sister hysterical, even though she couldn’t hear them.

“How does that even work?” Alicia asked.

“They were given a sense of taste and the impression that young women like us taste really good. They’re programmed with fake memories of past wonderful feasts of girls like us. So they’ll eat us, think they’re enjoying the taste, and eat until there’s nothing left because they have no sense of fullness,” Amber said, barely holding back the tears herself. “They can’t digest us, but they can eat every bite. That’s my best guess anyway, though I hope I’m wrong.”

Everyone began panicking then, and a few moments later, a couple villagers walked over and stuffed apples in their mouths to shut them up. After several more minutes, each of the girls was removed from the pot and carried back over to the tables and set on a platter on their backs. Then each of their wrist restraints were tied to their ankle restraints.Brittany was removed from the spit and also placed on the platter on the biggest table in front of the biggest chair. Like the others, she was placed on her back, still wearing her tiara, and had her wrists tied to her ankles.

“Let the feast begin!” The chief shouted as he took a large fork and knife and cut a big piece of Brittany’s filet and upper thigh. He set it on his place and greedily gobbled it up before going back to get the rest of it. Around the room, the others joined into cutting into breasts, thighs, pussies, and buttocks and began gorging themselves on the six tender morsels on their platters, while those morsels screamed muffled screams into their apples until one-by-one their bodies gave out and they were silenced. A short time later, only bones remained of the bride-to-be, her three fellow guests and two employees. The villagers put their heads on spikes and spent the rest of the night dancing around them in celebration of a wonderful feast.

Outside, the bus driver became irritated a few hours later and left as the time they had paid for was up and they had never returned. "Guess they're done," he muttered to himself as he started the bus and drove away.