

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Before you tell me, I know a Gorilla has a very small cock, but remember poetic licence and the authors right to exaggerate. Cheers.

Prologue

*Extract from the London Times.
The Times, 12th December 1981.*

Plane crash in Congolese forest.

On Sunday, a light aeroplane piloted by Fred Simpson, CEO of Union Oil was believed to have gone down in the heart of the former Belgium Congo now called the Democratic Republic of Congo. Contact with the plane was lost after government officials received a mayday call. Mister Simpson reported engine problems in his radio transmission that lasted for a few seconds only.

Travelling with Mister Simpson 34 from Dorking, Surrey was his wife Jessica 32 and their five-year-old daughter Emma.

Search teams have so far, found no trace of the aircraft; a six-year-old Piper Chipmunk owned by Mister Simpson. Teams have scoured the area from coordinates given shortly before contact was lost.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson who have been married for eight years, recently moved to Bumba to take up his £250K position the headquarters of Union Oil. They were travelling to Kindu on business. Mister Simpson was an experienced pilot.

The search continues.

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*Extract from the London Times  
The Times, 16th December 1981.*

Search teams are still scouring the area where a light aircraft belonging to Mr Simpson, CEO of Union Oil was believed to have gone down with engine failure. A spokesman for the rescue teams said that unless they are found soon, hope would quickly fade for finding any survivors. The forest can reach temperatures as high as forty degrees during the day and as low as five at night with humidity as high as ninety percent.

John Grant, who has temporarily taken control at the helm of Union Oil, major employers in the Bumba region, said today that, "Every effort and no expense is being spared in the search."

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*Extract from the London Times
The Times, 28th December 1981*

The search for the stricken light aircraft, believed to have gone down in the jungle between Bumba and Kindu has been called off. "Hope of finding wreckage or survivors was like finding a needle in a haystack," said the newly appointed CEO of Union Oil, John Grant; 50. He went on to say that "Mister Simpson would be a great loss to the company. It is a tragedy for the family, our thoughts and prayers are with them."

A memorial service is due to be held in the private chapel of Union Oil.

The news of Mister Simpson's death has prompted a significant fall in the stock price of Union Oil, falling to \$120.60, a fall of \$2.80 overnight.

The aircraft, a Piper Chipmunk, was last heard from when Government officials, working at a

listening post in an unnamed location, received a mayday call. They reported that Mister Simpson complained of an engine problem. The aircraft disappeared from radar screens soon afterwards. No wreckage has been found at the last coordinates given; rescue attempts have been hampered by dense forest.

Relatives are travelling to Bumba to attend the memorial service.

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*Extract from the Financial Times*

*The Times 18th February 1983*

Union Oil has called in receivers to administer the company. The share value has recently plummeted to \$0.60 since the untimely death of the former CEO Fred Simpson a little over a year ago.

The company has amassed debts of nearly sixty million US dollars. More than 10,000 employees have been locked out.

“It is a disaster for the area which already has high unemployment levels, disease and corruption.” Said a local official. “Many are already below the poverty line and are starving. It is a shock to the community.”

John Grant, who stepped into the shoes of Fred Simpson as CEO has fled the country. Price Waterhouse Limited, who have raised some concerns over financial dealings, but were unavailable for comment, will start an immediate inquiry.

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Several years later...

Extract from African Diaries.

Sunday Times: African Correspondent: Tony Roach: Kinshasa: Republic of Congo.

March 2005.

Rumours of a wild woman had been passed from tribe to tribe for many years, but no one has actually caught sight of her. They call her the ghost woman, leaving nothing more than a vague idea, an impression, that she had just been there, but now, was gone without trace. Many years ago, Tribeswomen said they could hear the sound of a crying child in the forest, but even their best trackers could find no trace of the mysterious child. Over time, she passed into legend and was named the white spirit of the forest or Ghost Woman by the local villagers. Catholic missionaries, who working in the inhospitable region of the deep forest, adapting Christianity to live alongside the tribal belief system, played down the myth as nothing more than women’s washboard gossip.

Such rumours abound in a people, steeped in suspicion and local mythology. It is hard to believe that a modern day Tarzan could exist without a support network. The modern man is not equipped to survive in tropical jungle without modern medicines or the means to feed themselves..

The country is at peace for the moment, a fragile condition after many years of civil strife led by neighbouring countries. The government still do not have full control in all areas. It is thought that as many as a thousand people die each day from the HIV virus, disease and starvation. DR Congo is rich with mineral deposits and crude oil, which has been plundered by warring factions...

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## **Chapter 1**

Familiar stomach cramps woke her from a light doze. They signified the onset of her menstruation

and a week of being pestered by the males of the troupe. Slowly, with infinite care, she climbed down from her bedding of twisted and bent branches, dropping to the forest floor soundlessly. Mist still hung around the trunks and underbrush, waiting to be burned off by the shafts of searing sunlight that penetrated the canopy.

She stretched sinuously, feeling the surge of life flow through her body; her yawn heralded the new day.

Her toughened feet noiselessly trod over the detritus of the forest floor to an area, a little way from their sleeping place, so she could defecate and bury her leavings in the soft soil.

Unlike the others, she washed her body in the cool stream that ran close by, splashing her self with the cold water until her blonde downy fur darkened and matted in small arrow shapes directed by the flow of water as it was shed from her skin. She cupped some in her hands and drew it over her face, feeling the refreshing zing as nerve ends responded to the shock. She cupped another double palm full and drank greedily, savouring the coldness as it slid down her throat.

Another pang of cramp momentarily crippled her.

The troupe was waking, grunts and yawns echoed, announcing the start of their day. Perhaps it would be a trek to find a small group of fig trees that should be fruiting about now or a raid on a termite mound, it all depended on the matriarch's mood. She was now into her fortieth year, a grandmother and very much the leader despite the silverback's grandiose ideas.

She had only enough time to shake out her matted hair before some of the younger adolescent males found her. Led by their noses, following her pheromone scent trail, it was as if a switch had been turned on. The three young males started to cavort in front of her, beating their chests in a display of strength, pushing each other out of the way in order to be central to her vision and beating with their fists on the fluted roots of trees that looked like flying buttresses.

It was a familiar and common event for her. Unlike the females of the troupe, her ovulation took place on a much more regular cycle, bringing her into heat twelve times a year. She wouldn't be considered ready to mate for a few days yet, once the cramps started, but then, she would be the centre of attention. Trouble always broke out though when the silver back found the younger males paying too much far too much attention to her. The resultant display of tree thrashing, chest beating and screamed rage upset the whole group for several days. It always ended with him claiming the prize, fucked her repeatedly for three or four days until neither of them had any energy left or were so hungry that the need for food replaced the urge to mate. She had a day or two at best before the onslaught would take place.

Not that she minded the attention, far from it, during these phases; her own body clock was insisting she mate as often as possible. In gorilla terms, at eighteen she was of prime age, with no young to look after. At a fundamental level, she felt time was running out and couldn't understand why their frantic copulation had, so far, not produced even a pregnancy. Perhaps this time, she would be successful. It didn't seem to bother the silver back. He continued his imperious day-to-day functions and only took notice of her when she was ovulating or accidentally caught his eye directly where upon, he would frown or huff at her in displeasure.

Eventually, the three adolescents sorted out their pecking order; the winner approached her and tentatively held out his hand, palm up to cup her sex. She batted his arm away but, not before he had drawn her scent from between her legs. He sniffed his fingers closely; a blissful look came over his face as her aroma invaded his sinuses. He knew she wasn't quite ready, but thought to get in

before the alpha male had a chance.

He grabbed her skinny arm and spun her around so that he could attempt his entry from the rear. His hard cock lined up with her entrance while he grasped her hips. In one smooth and fluid motion, he pulled her back and shoved forward, his small cock finding the object of his desire, lubricated by his pre-cum and her own natural essences. He began a rapid staccato of thrusts, driving his whole length as far as he could into her body.

She stayed quite still, knowing that if she fought him off or made any movement signifying her reluctance, his immediate anger was likely to send him over the edge and she would be the target. Bent as she was, she could see her small tits as they slapped around, her nipples hardening with the mounting excitement his fucked was creating in her. She might have reached an orgasm, but, suddenly, the branches of an adjacent tree exploded. The silver back smashed his way through, hitting her lover in the middle of his chest with a massive arm. He flew backwards helplessly from the blow, screaming in frustration and fear as the alpha male went into a tirade of uprooting saplings, beating the trunks of trees and roaring his dominance. It went on and on until, satisfied that he had made his point, the silver back smashed his forearms down on the hapless youngsters head. The single act of aggression signalled the end of the display and that the younger gorilla should disappear. The silver back sat next to her protectively while the three slunk away, mollified.

Once they were alone and his breathing had settled, he too checked her out, pushing a finger into the crevice of her sex before drawing it to his nose and then to his tongue. She would wait he decided, for a day or two yet, but in the meantime, he wouldn't let her out of his sight.

She rose from her crouching position and headed back to the main group with him only a step or two behind, a position he would be in now until he judged her receptive. The commotion had caused a tension. The females looked at her as she passed them, an enigmatic emotionless glaze over their eyes. Somehow, the indifference was worse than a reaction of any kind. Some of the females turned their backs, the ultimate put down in primate society.

The juvenile males however, were in a state of flux. Her smell was driving them almost to the point of rebellion, but that would be foolhardy, a step too far. Their fear of the silver back didn't assuage their need to mate. The three had stiff cocks all pointing at her with no release other than to bring themselves to orgasm; hardly a satisfying outcome and in no way fulfilling the basic desire to engender their own young or propagate their own particular gene.

Even the matriarch, who she regarded as mother, treated her with disdain as if she were jealous of her condition and the attention it would undoubtedly bring. Since her very youngest memories, this old lady of the group had looked out for her, fed her and taught her the ways of the forest; what to eat, when and a rudimentary map of the best trees in their home territory. They had grown up together, shared everything until her first season in possibly her twelfth or thirteenth year, six or seven years since being adopted by the troupe. At that time, an abrupt alteration of their bond came about as she became more attractive to the alpha male and was regularly fucking from behind to the exclusion of all others. Perhaps she viewed the strange, almost hairless, white animal as a threat or rival to her hard won position in the group.

They fed from fig trees, spending the rest of the morning gorging on the sweet fruits. Their whole concentration centred on eating enough to fill their potbellies. Flatulent emissions became a regular occurrence as the mashed fruit began to digest. She could only eat so much fruit before reaching the point of regurgitation, her needs for protein had to be followed so, when the figs were no longer desirable she dropped to the floor in search of grubs under the bark of dead trees that littered the floor. He gave up his prime perch to follow her to the ground, even shared in the hunt for the elusive

grubs burrowing deep into the dead tree trunks; offering some to her as a token.

That night, he built her a nest, then, spent the whole night guarding her, dozing only lightly. Perhaps it would be tomorrow that she would be ready.

She dreamed of holding a small child; bringing it to her breast. Her body clock and the primal urge to reproduce were relentless even in her sleeping hours. Her mind's eye pictured a tiny black skinned gorilla hardly larger than her palm. The ache it produced was palpable.

She woke with his fingers exploring her sex, pushing the annoying hair apart and shoving a finger deeply into her vaginal tract. Obviously, he had decided that she was ready to receive him. Effortlessly, he flipped her over so she was kneeling on all fours. His method of preparation was neither delicate nor tender; he shoved two fingers into her to activate her natural lubricants then as her aroma assailed his nostrils, he reared up on his legs, grabbed her hips and shoved himself inside her.

His fucking was no less brutal than his preamble. He fucked her in a furious riot of thrusts and viciously pulling on her hips back into him. This first time was always a violent assault on her body, but the second and subsequent couplings were rather more sedate, but still furious in pace and short in duration.

With neither of them gaining satisfaction, he shot his seed into her soundlessly. His penis quickly became flaccid almost as soon as his spend was ejected. She crawled over their bedding to put a small distance between them so that she could catch her breath and recover from the brutalising her body had taken. It was a short lived reprieve, after a short while, he approached her again and violated her vagina with a finger, drawing it across her labia then, over her small bud that always made her shiver and brought her to readiness quicker than any other stimulation.

Willingly this time, she turned over to present her self to him. His inspection took many minutes as he fingered her, then, smelled her sex closely, finally slipping his tongue forward to taste her.

This time, his entry was much less violent. He still guided her movements in two massive black hands that gripped her slender hips and drew her into his groin. She felt his hardness slip between her outer lips and fill her inner being. Unconsciously, she rubbed her clit with two fingers while he thrust into her, her own heat began to build, a tight knot forming in the pit of her stomach until she orgasmed, a confusing collection of nervous responses that culminated in the walls of her tract gripping his cock in a loving embrace that would soon milk his balls dry.

His grunts grew louder as he approached his climax, then, with an ear-shattering howl; he filled her womb with his hot seed. They stayed locked in a primal embrace for several minutes until his testicles had completely emptied into her. It was the moment she had desired. Had she at last conceived?

Their fucking had woken the rest. The tension suddenly released in his howl of triumph. The females banded together, their faces all turned to where they were still grunting together while the waves of sexual release passed between them. They waited to see what would happen next.

What did happen was a third coupling that took several minutes more to complete, but also ended in them both screaming their orgasm. Her body was unwilling to take any more afterwards and would not respond to his coaxing fingers, she needed to expunge her body waste and get some rest from his attentions.

She made the ground, closely followed by the silver back. Wisely, the whole troupe kept their gaze

averted, not wanting to appear threatening or hostile. In a rare show of compassion, the matriarch took the girl's shoulders and led her away for a short distance so that she could crouch and clear her body. Once she had covered her waste the old female examined her from top to toe, paying special attention to her sex, which was still losing her menstrual blood, but now, was mixed with gorilla sperm. Their eyes met in a silent understanding, she had not yet succeeded in conception. Neither of them knew that it was impossible for the two species to produce; just that she was receptive more often than any other female and it always caused disharmony while she was so attractive to the males. In a human gesture, she shrugged her shoulders and left the female to go to the river that marked their boundary, to wash herself.

Because the matriarch had led her away, the silver back had allowed her out of his sight. It was just the opportunity the younger males had been waiting for. As she washed, engrossed in the pleasure of the cold water, they silently crept up behind her. Two flanked to either side while the eldest of the youngsters came up directly behind her. Their attack, when it came, was a total surprise to her and gave her no time to react. Before she had a chance to scream a warning, the male, who had silently crept up to be directly behind her had entered her body, savagely thrusting his engorged cock into her. She struggled, mostly out of sheer panic at the speed of the attack, but her feeble attempts to break away were soon thwarted by her attacker's accomplices who held her arms tightly. She was in trouble with little hope of rescue until each had taken her repeatedly. They pawed at her breasts and cunt while one of them thrust into her, then, carefully keeping her captive, they swapped positions until each of them had fucking her twice or more, she wasn't counting, couldn't because numbers were something she had no concept of, just emotions, along with bodily functions and basic needs.

At last, their interest waned. She was no longer responding, just a lump of useless flesh that had lost consciousness and stank of their seminal fluid. They left her face down on the bank of the river where she stayed until the silver back eventually came to find her, broken and bleeding.

He identified their stink on her immediately, but gently picked her up with no more effort than a child with a rag doll or outward show of the emotions that surged within. Carefully he carried her back to their enclave and placed her at the feet of the matriarch for her to tend.

His rage knew no limit. It took him some time to catch up with the three, but when he did, he didn't content himself with a display this time, he beat them mercilessly, almost breaking ones arm and inflicting grievous cuts to the hapless youths. There could be no mistaking the meaning of the alpha male, they were no longer part of the family group. From that moment on they would have to fend for themselves. It was a day that was inevitable in the long run, but their actions had hastened it.

It took her three days to recover enough to travel and feed properly. Her period had passed, but she was still not gravid despite having taken more sperm than her body could cope with.

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Chapter 2

For some inexplicable reason, a black market trade had sprung up fairly recently which meant the death knell for Forest Gorillas. Bizarrely, the discerning word had grown a passion for ashtrays made from the black skin of dried gorilla hands. Each would fetch more than a month's wages for the bush tribes so the incentive to find and slaughter the endangered species was high. Added to this strange fad was the ancient Chinese medicinal belief that dried and powdered gorilla testicles bestowed on the taker, a libido of super-human proportions. All complete bullshit, but none the less, fatal to the population of forest primates.

But trapping and slaughtering such a shy and elusive creature held many dangers. Not least of all from the animal itself. A fully-grown male weighed more than twice his human counterpart and had the strength to separate a man's head from his shoulders with little more effort than it takes to pull apart a ripe fruit. An enraged gorilla was something you stayed away from if you didn't want to feel your ribs buckle the wrong way as a thick hairy forearm rearranged internal organs. Added to the physical damage a gorilla can impart was the environment they lived in. The forest was inhospitable, offering injury at every step to the unwary, even a small nick could fester very quickly and most things that bit carried some form of venom.

But the most feared enemy of the poacher was man himself. Poaching has been a way of life for generations. For many, it is the only way they can feed their families, but the world had taken note of the dwindling numbers of creatures. World Wildlife Funds and various organisations were taking a personal interest. Television cameras had invaded even the lowliest villages. Along with the advent of television came the white man with his diseases and lack of morals. The forest tribes had little immunity to the common cold or measles and other afflictions that plagued the camera crews. The effect was devastating which meant modern medicine was needed. This brought more white men and no fewer problems to a people who had lived isolated and successfully for millennia without intervention from the outside world.

Along with disease, television and medicine came corruption that a new market opportunity offered to the less scrupulous. The hidden market thrived with money changing hands for all manner of illicit goods. In a few short years, the forest peoples had been poisoned, brutalised and sold into a kind of slavery that was no less catastrophic to their way of life than those who had come to their lands two hundred years before in search of human flesh to carry away in wooden ships to the Americas.

Rene DuPont was just one of those shadowy characters that dealt in anything for a profit. Originally from Belgium, he had managed to stay in the country when independence was finally granted and the European thrown out. He managed to stay because he was useful to the local peoples, getting them things they had no hope of obtaining, through a network of theft and appropriation. In most cases, it was simple items like aluminium pots or weapons that he provided. But, drugs had also been his stock in trade.

He was a two-way conduit, smuggling stuff in and out. Whoever had the cash got the goods, whatever it was. Right now, he had an order to fill. One of his connections in the animal trade wanted two baby gorillas; they were destined to star in a Hollywood film. While he had his men out in the field, they might as well turn a little profit with the harvesting of some adult body parts.

So it was that a party of six poachers set out to the remoter parts along the Lualaba river basin where pockets of gorillas were known to be. They left Kalemie on the shore of Lake Tanganyika on a weeklong trek that would take them to the remotest parts. They were heavily armed, not only to kill their chosen quarry, but also as protection, against the Hutu rebels who still roamed the country in small guerrilla groups.

They came upon the family group accidentally. Gorillas are quiet, secretive and shy, as well becoming increasingly rare through habitat depredation and the wars. So, finding them is something of a chancy business. It was only a warning huff from one of the outlying guards that alerted the poachers. They spread out making a circle around the unseen guard, but also encircling the family group who were on the ground raiding a termite mound.

In a coordinated surprise attack, they burst through the protective forest and shot two females and a younger male. The rest of the family group had reacted faster, heading into the canopy and away

from danger quicker than it took to think. Left in the small clearing that the termites had created were the three killed gorillas, two yearlings and a human who had developed a rudimentary fur covering to help her keep warm during the cold nights.

At first, she and the poachers were at an impasse, neither side moved from shock. She; totally caught unaware by the attack, they, at finding the now legendary ghost woman. A large branch accurately thrown from the protection of the upper canopy broke the stalemate as it bounced off of a poachers shoulder. Before she had time to react, a rifle butt connected with her jaw; blackness descended. Quickly and with ruthless efficiency, the two females had their hands lopped off. The male's genitalia and hands were added to a bloody sack for carrying. The yearlings, which had clung to their mothers, were snatched up and subdued with a sack over their heads. The naked girl was unceremoniously dragged by one arm out of the clearing and away from the scene of murder.

The men hadn't bothered with a bivouac where they had travelled lightly and quickly, but now, in view of the haul, they needed to stop and secure the two young gorillas and the woman for transportation. It was going to take nearly a week to retrace their route back to Rene and payday.

Around a small stone-encircled fire that night, they discussed what was to be done with the woman. Four of them were for giving her to Rene, their main source of money, but two of them thought they should hold her for sale to the highest bidder. Keep her safely hidden so that no one could steal her away. The argument went on, distracting them from keeping an adequate watch over their captives.

She made the mistake of a small sound; she had regained consciousness some time ago and slipped her bounds, but in the near total darkness, punctuated only by the thin light from the fire, she had brushed against a small sapling. She had nearly got to the youngsters, still with sacking tied over their heads, but she might as well have screamed in the stillness of the night, the small sound was enough to alert the poachers.

They grabbed her shouting unintelligible noises at her and then dragged her to the fireside where she could be watched.

She knew little about fire except that it was to be frightened of and avoided at all costs. She knew nothing of man, apart from some very distant memories. She knew nothing of speech, it had not been necessary to learn, only the few huffs and grunts of the forest gorillas, which had few nuances. She was frightened into submission, too afraid to fight, run or anything else by way of self-preservation. Now that she was captive to these strange creatures, they wouldn't even have needed to tie her hands, so total was her submissiveness to captivity.

Eventually, sleep overcame her, propped up against a tree; she dozed fitfully, dreaming of the family group she had just been wrenched from. Her sleep was disturbed before she could really get into it. The morning sun broke through the canopy. The men rose and prepared a breakfast of fruits and dried meat jerky.

She was passed a tin cup of something steaming and brown. She sniffed at it and recoiled from the acrid smell of the African bush tea. When she was given some of the dried meat, she looked at it, then, at her captive; she didn't know what to do with the hard strip of jerky.

He said something. Unintelligible noises to her. He tried again in a different language, but with no more success. He signalled that she should eat the food using signs. She bit into the hard strip then spat it out in disgust. He shrugged and returned to his own breakfast leaving her to eat the fruit.

Pretty soon, they broke camp and began the journey back to the village. A rope tied through her wrist restraints pulled her along. Progress was not very good; a combination of carrying the two

young apes and having to blaze a trail through dense undergrowth served to limit effective forward motion. Somewhere near noon, they stopped to rest and eat. The sun at its zenith, although diluted by the canopy, still managed to push the temperature up to unbearable levels.

She dozed until a bottle of water was thrust into her tied hands. She didn't know what to do with it, she hadn't ever had to work out how to unscrew anything and drinking from a vessel of any kind, was a long forgotten skill. Her captor, who seemed to have been voted as in charge of her, snatched the bottle back and unscrewed it. She was still bemused of what to do with it until he shoved it roughly against her lips and tilted it so that the water came out. She drank and grasped the idea.

Their camp later that day was in the middle of a small stand of bamboo reeds. It afforded an almost impenetrable barrier that couldn't be breached without raising a lot of noise, but was not too thick, that they could not see out. Her captors relaxed and shared a bottle of some acrid smelling liquor.

Later, when the effects of the drink took hold, their attention turned towards her. Her bonds were loosened, one by one; they raped her while she lay on her back, spread-eagled. Two held her arms outstretched while two more secured her legs wide apart.

She felt the detritus of the floor dig into her skin, it seemed every stone or twig had sharp edges and was flaying her back raw. The hands that held her ankles and wrists were strong, allowing for little movement apart from weakly twisting her torso in an effort to get away.

The first to enter her was much larger than her silverback lover. His cock was probably average for a man, but more than twice the length of a gorilla. He stood between her spread legs and, with a leer from his gap-toothed mouth; he slowly untied the string around his waist. His stained and grubby trousers hit the floor around his equally grubby ankles; his partially hardened cock sprang into view from below a holed and filthy vest. Then, after rubbing himself to hardness, he knelt at her parted thighs and pushed his cock into her.

Her screams of pain and torment went ignored, but were answered in kind, by monkeys and birds with their alarm calls. While he fucked into her, his tongue hung out between his blackened teeth, he grunted and spoke, but she could not understand him. Fairly swiftly, he reached his climax, loosing a stream of seed deep into her body. She felt abused, violated, but had little time to compose herself before the next was inside her and the first was clamping one of her wrists.

His entry was somewhat easier, where the semen of the first still oozed from her body, lubricating his passage. His cock was smaller, but no less uncomfortable; the unnatural position she was being held in, didn't make things any easier, her legs were cramping as was her stomach from trying to clench her self in an effort to prevent his access to her. Eventually, he withdrew from her body, but only to jerk himself to orgasm, spilling his seed in thick white globules, over her torso. Immediately, the unfamiliar smell of semen invaded her nostrils, making her recoil.

Her next ordeal though, was far worse. At a word or two from her next abuser, she was flipped over to lie on her stomach. She couldn't see which of her tormentors it was, but whichever, his entry into her body was into her anus. His whole length was pushed into her with little regard for any damage it might cause or her feelings. Then a rapid stroke set up, his cock pumping deeper and deeper into her. Gradually, the sphincter muscles relaxed so that it became less painful, but the friction was making her very sore. He grunted at last, signifying that he was coming. His seed filled her ass in several pulses that she felt. He at last pulled himself off of her, using her ass for leverage; his stinking come leaked out of her relaxed anus and dripped to the floor.

She cried in bewilderment, tears streamed down her cheeks, something she hadn't done since her

childhood, but it made little difference to these men, in fact, it probably added to their enjoyment. This was not about sex; this was all about power over her, as if they needed to prove their superiority.

But, if getting fucked in the ass had been a shock to her, the next assault was the ultimate indignity.

For the first time in her life, a cock was shoved into her mouth. She had licked the silverback's cock clean on occasion, but never had him between her lips. Roughly, a hand grasped the hair at the back of her head, lifting her off the ground and forcing her head back in an arc until she gasped at the reverse curve of her spine. The gasp served to open her mouth, only for it to be immediately filled by an urgent cock that passed between her parted teeth. Forcefully, he pushed himself into her, alternately pulling her head back, then, pulling it forward so that his length slipped over her tongue. His taste was unwashed, dirty, but manageable until he started to pull harder, so that more of him fucked into her mouth. He had every intention of slipping the whole thing into her throat. Helplessly, she had no option but to accept him, the tempo increased, as did the amount she managed to accommodate; then he pushed even harder, the root of his cock bashed against her nose while the business end of him slipped beyond her epiglottis. Her gag reaction was triggered on his next thrust, she almost threw up, but he carried on pushing into her until he shot his come, far back into her throat, she had to swallow or stop breathing. The worst though for her, was his callous laugh at her plight. What semen she had managed to avoid swallowing, dribbled from her lips, mixed with her own, bubbling spittle.

The remaining two of the poachers both fucked her in the conventional way. By now, all fight had long since left her, so they had no difficulty or need for restraint while each took his turn in filling her womb with their filthy spends.

She hurt all over. The skin on her back felt as if it had been flayed off while the pain in her ass was a much deeper and worrying thing. Unnoticed by her, they had been clawing at her breasts, raking her skin and pulling viciously on her nipples. Now that the ordeal was over, at least for now, the nerve ends informed of their discomfort. The taste of come was in her nose and throat. She couldn't swallow to be rid of the unusual saltiness of seminal fluids; neither did trying to spit help. The viscous fluid sat, like a lump in the back of her sore throat, refusing to budge.

She was dragged over to one side and dumped with no more thought than garbage. She curled in a foetal ball on her side and felt every bruise and hurt with small gasps of pain. They ignored her and went to sleep in their bedrolls while the two young gorillas tried to comfort her with strokes and their body heat as they snuggled up close to her.

The morning found the poachers up early, eating a quick breakfast and downing a cup of bush coffee. She was given some water in a canteen; the lid had already been unscrewed. They wanted to break camp quickly, but she was in no fit state to walk, being too sore and swollen in places. The two young gorillas were not faring much better; neither had eaten or drunk anything since their capture. They were fast becoming dehydrated, indicated by lethargic responses to prods from the men.

Hunger eventually overcame their natural fear of man; at last they ate some of the fruit placed within their grasp and drank from a bowl filled with water. Soon, they were in a reasonable condition and now they had overcome their fear of eating anything given to them, they would fare better for the remaining days of travel.

She on the other hand, wasn't doing so well. The brutal treatment she had received had rendered her too hurt and sore to move. In the end, the poachers built a simple travois frame to put her on so that they could drag her along.

The rest of the trek was mostly uneventful. By the time that the poachers had stashed their finds in a safe place, she had healed somewhat. A dip in a cold pool had helped with the abrasions and bruises. It also cleaned her of most of the grime that covered her skin. Reasonably clean, they noticed her nakedness for the first time and that she had rather more hair over her body than was normal for a European white girl.

Rene, when he heard about their captive, was elated, thinking of huge profits at the sale of such an unusual cargo. The poachers, delighted with a bumper payday, handed over the two young gorillas and the cleaned up, but somewhat battered white woman.

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### **Chapter 3**

Rene took possession of his new prizes and immediately posted them on the website he used as a trading vehicle. Traffic on his site was always pretty high because of the various special cargoes he handled, but as soon as the gorilla girl, as she was now being called, was posted for auction, the traffic went through the roof. White girls in Africa are always a hot item for sale, but the blog he had posted with her picture boosted interest way beyond even his expectations.

An opening bid of five hundred thousand US dollars was very quickly over taken. The auction had begun in earnest.

Over the next few days, her infamy among the collectors of the unusual grew as did the bids. Rene was amazed at the traffic on his website where he had advertised her, a digital photo of her as she had come from the forest and another showing her cleaned up into some resemblance of humanity; raised an unprecedented amount of interest from all corners of the globe. He neglected her somewhat, leaving her tied with a thong of leather around her throat attached to a chain, looped around a ring in the floor. Fortunately for her, his servant woman kept her bowl full with fresh water and brought her fruits and meat from his table. To Rene, she was only merchandise, once she was off his hands and money had replaced her, his interest would go to the next order.

But his plans were thwarted somewhat, a newspaper had got wind of the developing story of a strange woman being found in the forest, apparently living wild with forest gorillas only to be rescued by a small band of hunters and brought back to civilisation. Conveniently, the true saga of her capture was glossed over as was the brutal treatment at the hands of her captors.

Arthur Bell, an investigative reporter for Reuters, paid the first of many visits to Rene. Effectively, though not purposely, he had stopped the bidding on her, Rene would be universally condemned if he had gone through with the sale even through the bidding had reached over two million dollars. Rene was stuck with the curio that she had become. Now, he had to look after her a little better if he was to keep her. Arthur Bell was taking a rather personal interest in her welfare and immediate future, he began to investigate who and where she had come from. A nagging memory was pinging away in the back of his mind, but without research, it wouldn't come to him. He would need a few days; in the meantime, he would make sure she got the proper medical attention she needed for the injuries she had sustained in her capture.

Days passed into two weeks with little change in her circumstances, except that she was given a room to her self and was no longer tied to a ring on the floor. However, other subtle changes were occurring, she was less inclined to walk using the back of her knuckles in an all fours parody of a gorilla's gait. Gradually she was taking on an upright stance, copying her captors, but even more importantly, she was beginning to understand some of the language. She even tried on occasion, to

imitate the noises they made. Clothing was something she struggled with though. The woman, who tended Rene's needs, brought her a dress that was much too large. She flew into a rage when the cloth enveloped her body, ripping and tearing in desperation to get it off and smashing everything within reach while she screamed at the top of her lungs. Attempting to clothe her wasn't repeated.

Gradually, her curiosity value to the villagers waned, she passed from their everyday thoughts, probably because she was largely unseen, taking up a spare room in Rene's stilted house. Even he had almost forgotten her, passing on to another acquisition in his insatiable lust for wealth.

One who had not forgotten her though, was the reporter. Feverishly, he had scoured old newspaper clippings on microfilm, looking for the clue to her identity. Then Arthur found the series he knew he had been looking for; the jungle crash of a light aircraft with the loss of all of the family back in 1981. She looked to be about the right age, so the dates would correspond.

"Emma?" Arthur softly spoke to her on his next visit; hoping that she might remember her name and confirm her identity. She tilted her head, but made no other sign of recognition. He repeated her name, pointing to her and then pointing to his chest told her his name; "Arthur".

She tilted her head once again, blankly returning his gaze.

Resigned, Arthur rose from sitting opposite her to pace the room. She continued to sit on the edge of the cot provided as a sleeping place, watching his restless pacing, recognising at a fundamental level, that he was troubled.

He shrugged after a few minutes and left her to her room. He was certain that she was the child who had been lost so long ago, but was unable to prove it from her own mouth. Then another thought came to him; the family should be made aware that she had survived the crash, they might wish to take her home, but to the family. He ought to inform them he supposed. A little more research found the name of her uncle along with an address.

Arthur made contact a few days later and was shocked at the response he got. Her uncle had been vehement in this denial, but then said that even if it was Emma, he could care less, after the problems her father had caused him. The insurance companies had hounded him, not believing the story of a plane crash for a second; firmly convinced that it had been contrived. His own career had suffered greatly because of the scandal, but worse, he had lost a fortune with the collapse of Union Oil.

The call had been terminated abruptly, leaving Arthur with a feeling of despair for Emma's future. Rene would not keep her for much longer; her value was such that she was quite expendable. He decided to take Emma on as his own.

The transaction was agreed, a couple of hundred dollars secured Emma and she moved from her room to Arthur's house on the outskirts of the town. It gave him the chance to spend more time with her, learning as much from her as she did from him. She responded to his kindness, even smiled when he entered her room, but she resolutely refused to try and speak. She would answer to her name when he said it; looking up or glancing his way at the mention, but she didn't make any vocal attempt to converse.

They did become closer though; often touching shoulders as he talked at her, sitting side by side. Her nakedness was unnoticed by him, so familiar had it become. He cut her unkempt hair then, brushed out the tangled mess, teasing out knots until it hung in straight lines over her shoulders. She bathed in heated water and seemed to like the feeling of being immersed, laying back and closing her eyes.

Inevitably, there came a bond between them as a result of their continual closeness. To his surprise, Arthur found that he was falling in love with the woman, wanting to spend as much time as possible with her. His love was transmitted by his touch, gently cupping her face when he spoke, stroking her shoulders or holding her to him. She rarely responded to his overtures, silently statuesque, submitting to whatever he did with her, but in a trusting that he wouldn't hurt her. It was obvious that she didn't know how to respond or what was expected of her.

She had been with him for a month and had just stepped out of the tub of hot water where he had been bathing her. She stood, arms hanging limply at her sides while he towel dried her. Arthur stood from his kneeling position where he had dried her feet and was suddenly overcome by the urge to kiss her.

The towel dropped to the floor between them as he took her face between his hands and drew her forward to touch lips. She didn't respond, but didn't resist either. He took her hand and led her to his room, leaving the bathroom to be cleaned by his servant.

She sat on the edge of his divan where he had led her; knees together; hands resting on her knees; her head bowed. Arthur quickly undressed, throwing his clothes in an untidy heap on top of his portmanteau. He gently coaxed her to lie back on the bed, guiding her with encouraging pushes. He stroked her body, running his hands over her small breasts and over her stomach eliciting her skin to goose bump, raising her hairs. Not for the first time, he wondered at the amount of hair covering her body, although very blonde, still noticeable, especially when wet.

He kissed her lips again; hoping that she would respond of her own volition, but she lay as he had placed her like a pliable doll. He kissed her nipple, feeling her aureole pucker as it hardened, it was the first real response he had managed and delighted in it.

He brushed his lips over the flat of her stomach, her hairs tickled his nose. Then, shifting position so that he was kneeling on the floor, he parted her legs and pressed his mouth to her labia. His tongue snaked out to taste her, working between her lips to enter her body. She moaned softly, but he didn't hear, his ears were covered by her inner thighs. He tongue fucked her, pleased at the emissions of her juices that he could taste on his tongue. Then, he slipped his tongue over her clit and received the response he had so wanted. It was as if she had been scalded; her legs clamped together, trapping him between her thighs, her back arched and claw like fingers raked the back of his head. The next pass over her sensitive bud had her in reverse, opening her legs wide and lifting her cunt to his mouth.

Arthur, delighted to have made this connection, continued to tease her sex, alternating between her clit and labia. Her hips thrust upwards to meet him, her gasps pacing his tongue's actions until she came in a gush, soaking his face, the edge of the bed and the floor. By now, Arthur's cock was so hard; it had become painful with the need to be buried inside her body. He stood and then lay over her and worked his way between her legs until his cock was nudging her sex insistently.

Slowly, he pushed forward, feeling her lips part to accept him, feeling the outer muscles welcome the intrusion, then inner muscles work him into her depth, coaxing him further working his length, rippling over his cock, demanding that he fuck her until they both released their spend. He began to thrust, drawing almost out of her, then pushing back inside. Her legs rose and bent at the knee, she had never been fucked in this position before, but instinctively, her body reacted to his ministrations as if she had been doing it all her adult life.

She grasped him, digging finger nails into his buttocks, driving him forward to greater depths while her hips rose to allow him to enter her fully. He couldn't last; the pressure in his balls was such that

he needed to come quickly. His last thrust brought him to his climax with shudders as his spend shot from him in spurt after spurt.

They made love several times over the next few days, exploring each other and delighting in their bodies, but all the time, she was held in some kind of melancholy. While they were engaged in the act of sex, she was fine, but before or afterwards, she just looked off into the distance, perfunctorily eating when food was put in front of her and listless unless Arthur was touching her. Her unhappiness drew around her like a blanket, blocking out everything.

She needed to return to the place she had been happy in, back to the forest and those she had grown up with. Arthur couldn't hold her, even though he had found a love. That same love would not allow him to keep her, closeted as she was. Somehow, he had to take her back.

It took another week to organise enough trackers to make the journey and then, another week to actually get back to the approximate place she had been found. There was no sign of the troupe. They found the scene of murder, almost completely retaken by the forest, only the bones left and a few broken saplings. All through the trek, she had remained unresponsive, but as they neared her former home and familiar landmarks became apparent, she became more animated. Her growing excitement dissipated though when all trace of her family were gone. They widened the search area travelling in circles until signs of the troupe many miles away were seen.

Arthur, not knowing how things should go, grasped her in a final embrace, tears coursing over his cheeks as he kissed her one last time, then signalled that she should stay while they left.

He stepped back away from her, then turned to follow the trackers.

"Arthur". It was the first word she had spoken. He turned, sight blurred with tears. She was pointing at him. "Arthur". She said, pointing then to her belly before turning to melt away into the undergrowth.

She had to find food and water for several days before her former family would come anywhere near her. The smell of human stayed as a stink on her until replaced with the grime of the forest. It was the alpha female that approached first, appearing early on the fourth day suddenly from the undergrowth to allow her to return to the troupe.

When at last, she was allowed back into the enclave, she was welcomed with an enigmatic curiosity by the females. They remembered her, but found her to be different now, gravid, but that wasn't the only difference. She had learned of human ways and, bringing that knowledge with her, would mean that she could help to protect the family unit, being much better prepared in avoiding their close relatives completely.

The old silver back acknowledged her, but made no attempt at taking her. He was passed his prime now, in the process of handing over to his eldest son who, sure of his elevated station, did take an interest in her. Although she was not ready to mate, he raped her in any case, grasping her hips as he thrust his hardened cock into her until her shot his seed deep inside. He was claiming her for his own, expressing his dominance over her and the troupe. Once he had taken her, he left her to fend for her self with no further interest.

Arthur was born eight months later into a world of care and concern. The troupe had left their old patch and found a new area that had once been a volcano, long extinct and totally given over to the jungle; the surrounding basalt cliffs effectively making this an isolated area, a fertile bowl that was almost impenetrable to man.

She had at last, fulfilled her body's need to reproduce and, although she had no need for language or names, did call her son Arthur, the only word she had spoken since the plane crash.

The old silver back died to be replaced by his son. Almost overnight, his fur became silver to mark his rank. The matriarch also died that winter; with no natural successor, Emma was bestowed that privilege, being the eldest by some way and the one with the best mental map of the forest, where the fruiting trees would be, as the seasons rolled around, which would be ripe and at what time.

As far as is known, the White Ghost still rules in a remote section of the jungle, never seen, but often heard, calling her son to her.