

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part one

Before this tale unfolds, I am fully aware that a fully grown and sexually mature gorilla has a dick about three inches or less in length. However, this is a story, based in fantasy, carrying licence to make it up as I go along. So just sit back, relax and let your imagination fill in the blanks; enjoy my friends.

Jane had left her job three months ago. The lure of money and working had long since lost its appeal. Ever since her holiday, touring the outback of Western Australia, she had felt time was slipping by. Unlike most women, whose body clocks ticked by in the female need to pro-create, Jane's body clock told her that there is a big world out there to be explored and if she didn't do something about it and soon, it would be too late.

Trailblazer ticket procured. Clothes and items necessary for survival all packed. Jane had deposited the remains of her life savings into an account she would be able to access from different countries and made ready for the trip of a lifetime. Her plans were to leave England by plane to the south of France. Then hike through Portugal, Spain and follow the northern shore of the Mediterranean until she picked up a ship to take her to Africa. Her travels then would take her through several counties in Africa all the way down to Cape Town. There she would fly to Java and tour the Islands. Flip over to Australia, eventually to stay with friends in Perth for a week. New Zealand would be the next stop touring the two Islands, then over to Florida to meet and stay a while with her ex flat mate. She had married an American who had made a fortune in Oil or something. From there her plans had yet to be formed. It would depend on how her finances were and what condition she found herself in, whether she carried on with the globe trotting, or returned to England and the hum-drum of being PA to the wanker who tried to convince her not to go on the trip.

France had been okay as had Portugal and Spain. She had had a run in with some Italian yobs that thought an English girl on her own was fair game. They found out, to their cost and bruised bollocks that she was quite able to look after herself. The self-defence classes had paid off and they retired quickly when she started kicking the shit out of one of the four guys.

She got through Africa without too many mishaps although, her intention of following a set travel plan got thrown out of kilter when she found herself travelling into a war zone in Namibia. Not wanting to end up as another western statistic, she wisely detoured away from the area and hitched a lift with two Aussies who were going in the same direction. They turned out to be nice guys who treated her with respect, but kept her at arms length. Jane thought that she was reasonably attractive, had a good body and felt a little miffed that these healthy looking blokes didn't even lay a pass on her. Their reluctance to make a move was explained after a few days, when she walked in on them coupled in the traditional doggy fashion. Their predilection was apparent then as she backed out of the tent and left them to it. Very soon after, she and they parted company to go separate ways.

A few days after leaving the two guys, Jane hooked up with a Kiwi girl who was heading towards Rwanda to study the forest Gorillas. The invitation from Sara to join her was an opportunity Jane didn't want to miss. It would take her off of her planned course, but she had seen so many of the wildlife documentaries of Dianne Fosse and her studies of the species, that she was very excited to have the chance of seeing these magnificent primates in the wild. Who knows, she thought, I may even get to touch one.

They arrived at the base camp of a multi-national study group of scientists a week later. The scientists, who promised to take them into the forest the next day, treated Jane and Sara with great

respect. Jane could hardly wait and slept only fitfully that night under the canopy of canvas and mosquito netting. The heat and humidity didn't help her rest, so it was a very sticky. It was a very tired Jane that emerged the next morning from the tent. She needed a shower, but was quickly told of the need to conserve water even though a stream or rivulet formed a defensive barrier on one side of the base. The water is tainted; she was informed, by oxidants from the rotted foliage of centuries. Even to bath in it was asking for a bout of illness that might actually result in debilitation or worse. The nearest supply of fresh water was in the forest where a river came over a fall of breath taking splendour. It also happened to be close to one of the sites where the Gorillas like to nest for the night.

Breakfast was a meagre affair of maize cakes and jerky. The former was tasteless and just filled a hole, while the latter was so tough; Jane thought she might leave her teeth in it. A Swedish scientist told her to suck on the jerky for a while until it softened, then chew it; that way, he explained it kept the saliva going and became quite nutritious. Jane tried it and still hated the stuff, but kept sucking and chewing the jerky as the group made off to find the gorillas.

They made their way through dense forest and jungle. Vines and oleanders hung down creating curtains that were almost impenetrable. The rich loam under foot gave off a pungent smell of mulched down detritus that fed the trees, the canopy of which was some hundred feet above the jungle floor and allowed, only small glimpses of the sun to penetrate to the struggling saplings and ground based plants that littered the floor. The heat was unbearable, but worse was the humidity. Jane's safari jacket soon became soaked through with her sweat, but taking it off was not an option, the mosquitoes were up early today and would have reduced her fair skin to a mass of bites and stings. She listened to the advice of the scientists and kept her skin covered as much as possible.

After a couple of hours, the lead [SPAM] held up a hand to signal for silence and for the group to halt. Whispered conversations told Jane that the gorillas should be near, but they were a very nervous bunch; any sudden noises would scare them off without the group catching sight of them. It seemed that the gorilla troupe was just in front of them because the leader motioned for everyone to squat down in the brush while he crawled forward to see where they were.

Jane chose the wrong place to crouch down. Almost immediately, some ants whose line of march was interrupted by her feet and legs, attacked her. These ants, about one and a half centimetres long, managed to get inside her jeans and began to bite her ferociously. Trying to pat the devils only created a disturbance that got her some warning glares from the scientists to keep quiet. Jane scrambled out of the way, but she had already been severely bitten and was in a lot of pain.

A quick inspection by one of the scientists revealed that she would have to return to camp to get the bites seen to. The salve that he carried for just such an event didn't help too much. While she was having her legs looked at, the scout returned to tell them that the gorillas were on the move already and that they would have to move fast if they were to catch sight of them. One of the bearers was assigned to taking Jane back, the group soundlessly left her and Abou behind.

Jane tried to get up to follow her guide but the pain was so great, she could only limp slowly through the dense vegetation. After an hour, they had only made a couple of hundred yards from the stop the party had split up from. With every step, the pain became worse and Jane was beginning to cry from the combined effect of the bites, heat exhaustion and the lack of sleep.

Eventually, they got to the edge of a small lake that the group had circled earlier. Abou suggested they stop for a while. He thought that they would not get back this evening unless Jane rested and bathed some of the sting pain out of the inflamed bites. Jane could not have agreed more and slumped to the bank of the lake gratefully. She removed her jeans with difficulty and began to splash

water over her calves and lower legs, which had taken the brunt of the attack. The cool water helped to soothe some of the immediate pain away.

She asked Abou if it was safe to paddle in the water, or were there nasties that would make a meal of her in there as well.

"It's okay missy." He replied in his broken English. "The water safe and fresh, good to drink and no spiny fish or scorpions in this area, too shallow for one and not enough cover for the other to hide in; she would be safe."

Jane dangled her legs in the water, allowing the coolness to complete the job of relief to her tortured legs. She felt a little self conscious about showing her legs to the African. Although she would have given her eye teeth to have gone for a full dip in the cooling glass like lake, she thought it too much of a risk to remove any more clothing. She needn't have worried, because Abou had decided that he needed help to get Jane back to the camp. He explained that she would very quickly become as immobile as she was before the lake. Bite and stings in this environment soon became a problem and if left untreated, became life threatening. He had decided that he would go for help. He guessed that it would take him an hour or two at most to get to the camp and then roughly the same time to return. She was to remain in this place and wait for him to return. He left her a flare gun, which was for defence purposes only. Should she find herself in trouble, she was to fire a flare into the trees. The noise, smoke and disturbance would drive away any animals including leopards, but they were rare around here. With those comforting words, he melted into the surrounding jungle and left Jane to herself.

Jane stripped and immersed herself in the inviting water. The coolness was a stark contrast of the heat of the oppressive jungle. She soon forgot the discomfort of the bites and languished in the shallows, allowing the water to wash away the smell of sweat and grime from her naked body. She lost track of time, not having the sun to gauge the passing hours by.

After she had cooled down enough, Jane paddled back towards the shore, but stopped, knee deep in the water. Two female gorillas were inspecting her clothing that she had left on the bank. Their concentration on the smell and feel of the cloth was so complete that they had not seen Jane coming from the water. For a moment, she didn't know what to do. Should she retrieve her clothing and scare the animals away, or wait until they lost interest? What if they decided to take the stuff with them? She decided to try and get her stuff back by making some noise and splash about.

The two gorillas, looked at her dispassionately, they showed no fear of her, but watched as she continued to wade out of the water. Jane managed to walk right up to them and gradually ease her clothes away from their grasping hands. All the while, she kept her eyes on them, staring into the almost black depths of their intelligent faces. They relinquished the garment without a fuss, but took great interest in her body. Jane had never been so intimately examined as these two immense creatures smelled and touched her all over. She was desperate to put her clothes on, but every time she moved, a hand was gently placed on her preventing the act. They were so gentle, but Jane knew, could feel the strength of these two and didn't want to get them over excited to the point they might attack her. Probing fingers traced through her hair, feeling the bumps and pulling out strands of her blond tresses. The gorillas fondled her breasts, making small grunts and chirrups to each other as two wives might discussing a piece of meat in a market.

Her lightly downed snatch was inspected and smelt, as was her anus with a touch that was so slight that it took her a second or so to realise what the gorillas were doing. Suddenly, the two gorillas screamed and jumped away from her as if she was on fire. Jane thought to take her opportunity started to pull on her panties. It was just as she had one foot in, that she noticed another gorilla.

This one was much bigger and she realised it was a silver-backed male. Jane realised now, why the two females had backed off of her in such a hurry. Although gorillas are not known for their ferocity, given provocation, they had the ability to rip a man in two if they wished it. Jane froze and waited to see what he would do.

After what seemed like an age, the Silverback cautiously approached Jane. All the time, he sniffed the air, testing to see what or who she was. Gradually, he got closer, never taking his eyes from Jane who still was too frightened to move a muscle. Eventually, he reached her and sat down beside her legs, which trembled. He inspected the bites clucking his tongue as if to say, Silly girl; don't you know ants bite? Jane thought her legs would give way and decided to, very slowly sit down as well.

He smelled of fruit and the jungle. It surprised Jane somewhat, but then again, she had never smelled a gorilla before, so didn't know what to expect. They sat side by side for a little while' neither wishing to make any kind of move that would frighten the other. In Jane's case, she was worried that if she moved too fast, or did something to upset the huge animal, it would bite her or worse. Although he seemed to be very gentle, the power of him was very evidently just under the surface. She knew he could kill her with just one swipe of his huge forearm.

Gently, almost shyly, the gorilla turned and began to groom Jane's hair as the females had done before. His fingers dextrously combed through the shoulder length tresses as if searching for ticks or parasites. Jane submitted to his ministrations quietly and found that his touch was quite soothing. He offered his own head to Jane, making it plain that she should return the compliment. She applied herself to the job sifting through his hair as if she was looking for the little annoying burrs and creatures that the gorillas picked up.

After a while, the silver back took Jane's hand and put it on his cock. Jane was dumbstruck. Up to that moment, he had behaved very well, only touching her in a grooming capacity. Now however, his intentions were a little different. Jane didn't know quite what to do. She really was concerned that the animal would get annoyed with her if she didn't comply with his wishes. Gently, she stroked his flaccid member, not expecting him to respond like a man to the stimulation of her fingers and hand. She was wrong. Suddenly, his tool sprang to attention and nine inches of throbbing gristle rested in her hand. Worried that he might go too far, Jane stopped her ministrations and removed her hand. The gorilla didn't seem to mind too much, but stood up from beside her. Relief flooded Jane. She thought that the gorilla was going to treat her as his female. Although she had no problems with sex, with an animal was taking liberation a bit too far.

Jane was wrong again, because he grabbed her legs and forced them apart. His latent strength was more than enough to be able to control her with out using brute force. He easily flipped her over so she was facing the ground. A strong arm lifted her stomach and gave him access to her sex. Carefully, he smelled her readiness to accept him. He must have been satisfied because the next thing Jane knew was that he had entered her fuck hole, inserting the head of his cock until it pushed her inner lips apart.

Jane cried out with the shock of his actions and her powerlessness to do any thing about it. The gorilla seemed to be taking things very carefully. Gently, he eased him self into her body. Gradually inching his cock into her until she was sure she would not be able to accommodate more of him. But, more was to come and he slowly pushed the rest of him inside her. Jane whimpered at the size of him, her helplessness adding to the enormity of what was happening to her.

Eventually, he had his entire massive shaft shoved into her tight twat. For a moment, nothing happened and Jane started to relax, thinking it was all over. Again, she was wrong. Just as slowly, he started to withdraw the huge piece of meat until it was almost completely out of her. Suddenly, he shoved it roughly all the way back in making Jane gasp as it felt like her whole body was splitting

from the inside. The gorilla began to thrust into her, keeping a steady pace of roughly shoving it into her and then slowly pulling nearly out only for it to be thrust back into her.

The tempo was having an effect on Jane. After the initial pain of his thrusts, her cunt lubricated naturally him and began to stretch in readiness for the next violation. With out any warning, he held her neck with his enormous teeth, biting her neck which made her bring her rear up to arch her back. This made his entry into her all the more easier and his next thrust took her all the way. His cock head entered her womb and past her cervix. She was being fucked right into her baby carrier and there was fuck all she could do about it. Pain wracked her body as he kept fucking her so deep. His thrust became more and more urgent until he lent back and roared his orgasm. White-hot spunk flooded her inner depths and her body betrayed her as she returned his thrust and buried him inside while his seed flooded her and seeped out around his tool.

Eventually, he pulled free of her, but instead of letting her go, he flipped her back over and thrust his rapidly diminishing cock into her face. It was obvious that he wanted his cum covered cock cleaned. He grabbed the back of her head and forced his glistening cock straight down the back of her throat. Jane's instincts again betrayed her. Without any further prompting, she drew his cock into the back of her throat and began the rhythmic manipulation of his meat with her tongue and the roof of her mouth. He grunted and almost pulled his cock out of her mouth, but she grasped his haunches and pulled him into her. The gorilla may have been caught unawares, or never had his cock sucked off before, but he didn't put up much resistance and quickly took up the tempo of her movements.

Jane could feel the resurgence of flooding blood to his almost flaccid member. An increase of its girth told her of his renewed interest. Needing to rest for a few seconds, Jane pulled him out of her and gently massaged his balls with one hand while stroking his stiffening cock with the other. It was her first real chance to see the rod that had so recently violated her body. Her fingers could only just close around it and several inches protruded from the width of her fist. She guessed him to be around 11 or twelve inches in length and all of three inches in thickness. It was no wonder that her cunt felt like it was on fire.

She resumed sucking the monster dick and decided that she would like to swallow primate spunk. It made a change from the usual boring louts that thought they were the answer to every girls dream once they had had enough booze inside them. Jane's choice of lovers was limited to Friday night cruises of the local bars.

Suddenly, the gorilla's rod thickened all the more and he threw back his massive head to scream an ululation of triumph. His cock erupted into her mouth. Too much of his seminal fluid flooded her mouth for her to be able to swallow, but enough remained for her to gulp down. He tasted much sweeter than the salty musk that her usual mates provided.

Without warning, the gorilla looked to the jungle. Immediately, his attitude changed and he grabbed Jane by the shoulders and pushed her away from him. A low, deep growl reverberated from his chest as Jane hit the floor. Then he took off, leaving her there like so much discarded trash. Jane had only just enough time to retrieve her clothes from where the two females had dropped them and get them back on, before the [SPAM] burst into the clearing by the bank of the lake. The flare gun was still on the floor where she had dropped it after Abou left her.

Abou was mortified about the time it had taken him to find his way back, but was pleased to see the bites were less inflamed now. Jane wondered to herself how he would feel if he knew what she had been up to while he had been away. Jane decided that she wanted to find the silverback again, but it might be awkward if she was in a group of people, but she also decided that she was going to give it

her best shot and that she would stay at the base camp for a couple of weeks.

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## **Part two**

Told you this was fantasy didn't I.

After the loss of her job and her buying a Trailblazer ticket, Jane found herself in Rwanda with a company of scientists, studying forest gorillas. On her first day there, she had been very badly bitten by Soldier Ants. A guide called Abou had taken her back to the base camp, but she couldn't complete the journey and he had decided to leave her while he went for help. While he was away, a huge, silver backed male gorilla had taken advantage of her weakness and used her for his own pleasure. Jane had been scared stiff at first, but soon found that she liked the gorilla's massive cock inside her and decided that she wanted more. So, to try and see the gorilla again, she stayed behind when her travelling companions left to continue their tour.

The weather turned bad just after the two guys and Sara who she had been travelling with left. Rain fell in straight lines. Heavy rain drops hitting the red earth like bullets and quickly turning the camp into a quagmire that threatened to swallow the tents whole. For five days, all Jane could do was to sit in her tent and watch the rain fall. Mosquito's seemed to be the only thing that thrived in the deluge. Swarms of the vicious little insects invaded the tents, questing for blood. The nets that had been hastily erected stopped most of them, but one or two always found a chink and her skin. Jane's mood fell almost as fast as the rain. The whole camp seemed to share her misery. Meals were quiet affairs and the usual banter was left muted by the roar of the rain striking the hard packed dirt.

On the sixth day however, the sun shone and the temperature shot up with the humidity. Steam coalesced into clouds of vapour, which resembled the fog she had left behind in England. Brian, the team leader informed her that they would be going out the next morning to see if the gorilla's had stayed in the area, or if they had gone off to another spot they often stayed in that was several miles away. If they had left, it meant that the whole group would have to pack up and re-locate nearer to the troupe in a less well-protected site. He thought it unlikely because the trees locally were about to produce their annual abundance of fruit, that the primates could not resist. They often ate so much of the prickly skinned seedpods that they became drunk where it fermented in the gorilla's digestive tracts. On occasion, they would get so inebriated; they would fall out of the trees to land in an undignified lump on the forest floor. Jane thought she would like to see that.

She didn't sleep very well that night; the mosquito's loved the high humidity and flew into the netting, getting trapped and dying from exhaustion. The trouble was that if enough of them became caught, the weight of them would drag the netting off of her cot and leave her exposed to swarms of the biting demons. So it was a bleary eyed Jane that emerged in the morning. Thankfully, the ambient temperature had cooled a little and the mosquito's had retreated for the time being. A quick breakfast of scrambled eggs and several large rashers of bacon were eaten while the guides prepared tools and equipment to set off on what promised to be an arduous trek through the dense jungle.

As soon as the breakfast things were washed and stored, the group set off. The guides led the way through the forest, cutting and blazing a trail as they went. The paths had become overgrown in the few days since their last trip with a low level vine like plant. That choked anything in its way. The four scientists followed. Jane had only spoken to one or two of them, language being a barrier. French had never been her best subject at school and it seemed that everyone spoke it except her. Jane followed the chattering scientists with two guides bringing up the rear.



The day passed, taken up by the trail blazing that had become necessary after the deluge. Plant life grew so fast in the tropical conditions; it was almost possible to see the growth. Low-level vines grabbed at ankles, the thorns and rough bark scratched unprotected skin. The lunchtime stop gave the travellers a chance to rub salving ointment on the various abrasions. Even a small scratch could prove to be very troublesome if not treated quickly. Infection, or even gangrene flourished and set in before the sufferer knew it.

After their lunchtime rest, the guides decided to cut a different path and angled off at a tangent from the previous one. The going became slower where the density of jungle closed in around them. Jane was positioned at the rear of the single file troupe being unable to wield a machete to any great effect. Even though the path had been cut in front of her Jane started to lag behind the others. This was not really a problem, they were in sight and the way was quite evident from the cut down foliage. She would be able to catch up at the end of the days hike.

Suddenly, Jane felt herself lifted from the forest floor. A hairy arm circled her waist and lifted her completely off the ground while her mouth was clamped, preventing her crying out to the rest of the party. She was swiftly pulled up into the branches; the strong arm lifted her effortlessly until she was sat on a thick tree limb. The silver backed gorilla had, it seemed come back to reclaim her and she was about to get her wish.

In a matter of seconds, Jane found herself being whisked through the canopy, tucked under the arm of the silver back like an old rag doll and with all the substance of a Raggedy Anne doll. Trees and branches whipped past her in a blur of colour and movement, too fast for her to disseminate and take in. It seemed she was weightless in his strong grasp, but she felt the exertion as his breathing rasped through his open mouth and his heart hammered against his ribs and vibrated through to Jane.

After a few minutes, he stopped in a cleft of a tree and unceremoniously stripped Jane of her clothing. The niceties of buttons and zips completely lost on him, her clothes became shredded and fluttered to the forest floor below like so much confetti. The thought briefly flashed through her mind of weddings and how she was, in a manner, wedded to this black and silver brute.

Once her nakedness was achieved, he pulled her round behind him in the classic piggyback position and resumed his progress through the canopy at lightening speed. From her vantage, Jane was amazed at the dexterity of the huge animal as he negotiated seemingly impossible leaps and hand holds. The sheer speed of calculating the distance, strength and ability to take both their weight staggered Jane and soon, she gave up trying to second-guess his movements.

They travelled for ten minutes further, putting what felt like several kilometres between them and her companions. Not that Jane was about to call to them; she had no desire to be with human company at this moment in time. During the ten minutes, her nakedness became very obvious to her. Her arms were slung around his shoulders and short neck and her legs encircled his waist, bringing her sex into contact with the short, silver hair on his back. The action of being jogged and jolted was having a wonderful effect to her nerve ends centred at her mons and heat was building up from the friction, fuelling her desire. She guessed that she climaxed in little spasms, but was too busy clinging onto him to be able to concentrate on the pleasure she was receiving. His back was getting a royal soaking, but neither of them noticed.

Eventually, he slowed his forward progress and began to descend to the forest floor. They landed softly in a small clearing, surrounded by tree trunks closely packed together with the gaps between tangled up with vine and creeper. Gently, his leathery black hands pushed her down into a sitting position. His motions portraying that she should stay still and not move. The he swung up into the



trees again and disappeared from view in less than two seconds.

Jane took some time to check herself over and clean some of the scratches she had got from branches whipping her as they flashed through the jungle. Moistening her thumb she rubbed some of the blood and red welts and soothed the angry grazes. Idly, she wondered where he had gone and what he intended for her. She didn't wait too long. Only after a few minutes, he returned with some leaves in his mouth and a hand full of a fruit that she did not recognise.

Her landed next to her and chewed the leaves while passing her the fruit. Jane peeled the dry skin and revealed a milky white flesh concealed inside. It tasted unbelievably wonderful, refreshing and thirst quenching while giving her a rush of adrenalin similar to the heady rush experienced from smelling a popper. The gorilla took the mashed leaves from his mouth and gently rubbed the wad over her scratches and abrasions. It instantly relieved her from the discomfort and salved the hurt and soreness. She shared one of the fruits, offering it to him opened and ready to eat. He carefully took it from her and ate while regarding her with a steady gaze.

After a little while, he reached out and brushed her cheek with the back of a knuckle. The gesture struck Jane as so gentle and loving, more than she could ever remember from any of her human lovers. She responded by stroking his palm and wrist with her free hand while rubbing the salve leaves over some deeper scratches on her lower legs. His massive arm encircled her waist and drew her to him. His strength was apparent in the ease with which he pulled her across the clearing. She snuggled against his furred side and heard a contented sigh escape from him. They sat close together, both immobile as if they didn't want the moment of perfect peace to come to an end.

It had to of course. The day was spinning on toward sunset. Only dappled light filtered down to the forest floor, making the jungle a mixture of half-light and colours, but this light was discernibly muted and darker now. He signed the end of the quiet interlude with a gruff from deep within his chest. He helped Jane to her feet and swung her over his back piggy backed. It was obvious he believed this to be the best way of travelling through the canopy.

They didn't travel for very long, before he decided on a particular tree and set Jane down in a fork of two branches. She watched through the dimness as he folded branches over, creating a cradle and then lining it with mosses torn from the trunks of surrounding trees. When he was satisfied with his handiwork, he humphed his invitation for her to join him in the nest he had built. Jane scrambled from her perch and found herself kneeling on a stable and soft platform. It was almost total blackness now, the sun having set and past the horizon, light dropped as if a curtain blanked the wane sunset.

Jane wriggled and moulded her body to him, feeling the warmth radiate through his fur and the vibration of his breathing. She knew a moment of perfect peace and contentment, lying safely in his arms. She sighed and settled down into an even more comfortable position. She slept dreamlessly until the raucous noise of morning birds calling to each other in territorial disputes woke her.

He was already awake, studying her as she woke and stretched. His eyes wandered over her sinuous body and took in her scent. He lifted her and drew her to his breast, and touched her nipples with a forefinger. They responded and Jane felt a slight longing ache in her groin. His touch turned into a slight tweaking and rubbing which heightened the urge within her. Soon, she was gasping in need, but unable to force the issue in anyway. It was quite plain the he was not going to be rushed. Jane tried to relax and just enjoy the sensations his fingers were producing.

His hand brushed her breast and traced a line between the mounds to her navel. He was fascinated by the thin downy line of blonde hair that led to her sex and spread out, delta like in a fuzz of golden

pubic hair. He inspected every inch of her, smelling and touching in exploratory pauses, but always, he was travelling toward her sex. It was almost more than Jane could stand. The feeling of his hands and hot breath sent swirls of nervous twitches all over her skin and the anticipation fuelled a furnace of her over boiling passion. She experienced, possibly, her first ever orgasm, evinced from nothing more than a touch and the expectancy of where it might lead. Waves collided and then receded in ever decreasing peaks until he touched her hair covered mons.

A powerful and crashing climax ripped through her, causing something like a stomach cramp in its intensity. Jane gushed for the first time in her life and felt the release of her sex in a vortex of feelings. She almost swooned from the frontal assault on her senses.

His fingers found her soaked lips and deftly parted them. A massive finger slipped inside her, increasing her desire and need for release, a further climax, only to be removed and lifted to his nose so that he could smell her readiness for him. Her pheromones should have been crowding his neural receptors with her message of compliance, but he still continued in a slow and deliberate advance to taking her body.

Her smell must have registered as completely prepared, because he lifted her effortlessly with a hand around her waist, flipping her over and positioning her in the classic doggy position. Jane gasped and gulped a breath before it was forcibly expelled from the first thrust of his engorged cock as it hit the neck of her womb. She felt wonderfully filled and stretched and then, totally bereft as he withdrew from her to settle into a comfortable position.

With little warning, his cock smashed its way inside her again; passing what little resistance her muscles gave, he re-entered her like a ramrod through a flimsy gate. She gasped again and then rhythmically breathed as his body took up a tempo of lovemaking. He filled her in a delicious way; size creating a friction to the walls of her sex, while her outer gripped his pistoning black cock in an intimate embrace. She felt his cock growing inside her, increasing the friction and spreading her pussy lips further apart. Her delirium mounted as another unfathomable orgasm exploded in her brain, aftershocks reverberated through her nervous system. She was close to fainting from the onslaught her body was enduring and craving at the same time.

His encircling hands that were surrounding her waist in support lifted her and turned her to face him before lowering her and once again, impaling her on his glistening and twitching cock. He rode her for what seemed hours of blissfully fulfilled hours, but in reality were only a few more minutes. Jane became aware of his hugeness inside of her. The girth of his sex full engorged, was now spreading her more than she thought was possible without displacement of her pubic bone as if in childbirth. His thrusts were becoming less rhythmical now, more like short stabs as his own climax neared.

Then, suddenly, he roared as his seed flooded her body and his own climax overcame him. Jane felt his hot cum flooding her insides in continuous spurts, each hitting her cervix like a tsunami and rebounding to leak around his pulsating cock. She didn't think it possible, but her own sex responded to him and she came in a gush again, her own cum mingling with his and running in rivulets down her inner thighs. Waves of passion crashed and recoiled, each bringing spasm and something akin to cramp in smaller blasts of energy until her body settled down in sated pleasure.

They snoozed in a contented muddle of arms and legs. Sleeping the petit mort of two lovers entwined and satisfied.

After eating some more of the delicious fruit, Jane and the silver back set off once more. They traversed the canopy in easy swinging lopes until they came to a stand of trees much denser than

she was used to and looking impenetrable.

The silverback paused, made a deep-throated sound and cocked his head to one side, listening for an answering call. It came after a few moments and he swung to a lower branch then parted the enveiling fronds of creeper vine to reveal a large amphitheatre of intermingled branches that formed a lattice, almost level and approximately a quarter the size of a football pitch.

It took Jane's eyes a little while to adjust to the gloom, but as they did, she became aware of many eyes gazing at her from dark, unreadable faces. Her mate, for that is what she thought of him as, carefully unwrapped her arms and legs from his torso and neck. Jane slid into a standing position, slightly self-conscious of her nakedness for the first time since he had picked her up bodily and cast her clothes to the forest floor.

About twenty females of differing ages regarded her in steady stares, neither making any movement or discernable outward recognition of the new arrival. Nevertheless, their stares didn't waver from her and she felt that she was being critically examined.

It was a youngster that was first to approach, ignoring the bark of command from its mother. Boldly, the two or three year old came up to her and took her hand, turning it over and examining the white skin. The young gorilla smelled her, then dismissed her as uninteresting and returned to its mother who was still staring as the others were.

The Impasse lasted for some time; neither side moving or giving anything away. Inscrutable stares continued and looked as if they would become a fixture until a call from the other side of the veiling vines broke the spell. One of the older females answered it with a short bark and a new gorilla entered into the arena of darkness.

The Huge silver back who had just entered circled the outer limits of the byre, greeting each female and child in turn with a touch to their cheek or arm. Eventually, he made it around to her mate. She compared their size and saw that the new arrival was at least a third bigger. This was obviously the Alpha male; her mate lay in supplication, averting his eyes so that he would not be considered a threat to the supremacy of the huge male.

It was Jane's turn to be regarded. He didn't reach out to touch her, just stood in the half crouch typical of mountain gorillas and regarded her for a few minutes. Jane didn't know quite what was expected of her and decided to crouch as the others, also averting her eyes, but keeping him in peripheral vision. The huge male came closer and lifted her arm, smelling her skin near her elbow, and then smelling under her arm at the pit, where she had allowed hair to grow over the last couple of weeks.

He seemed satisfied that she presented no problems and moved away to the centre of the circle of females. Jane was conscious of him keeping her in his vision and wondered what he made of her.

Later, some of the younger females inspected her as she had been beside the pool when she first made contact. Their dextrous fingers explored her nooks and crannies, they paused as if to discuss with each other, their findings. Jane began to relax, but still kept an eye on the Alpha male who, although being attended to by a clamour of the females, rarely looked away from her. She knew she was being judged and had no idea how to impress him. Mutual grooming began as a group practice, with partners swapping and constantly shifting, keeping a bond and strengthening the family ties or allegiances. Jane took her turn with the succession of fur-covered bodies. Inspecting chosen places for irritating ticks and burrs.

Eventually, her mate presented his head for her inspection. Jane dutifully began to sift through the

coarse hair to his scalp. Suddenly, a roar that almost split her eardrums assaulted her. The Huge male stood screaming at her and her mate, challenging them and commanding what? He stood to his full height and beat his chest, seemingly winding himself into a frenzy of anger. He ran around the arena, grasping and shaking the vines while screaming his anger. The females upset by the sudden change of mood, screamed in counterpoint to the male. Jane couldn't stand the cacophony; magnified as it was by the dense foliage around them. She sat cross-legged and covered her ears in a vain attempt to shut out the noise.

Jane was picked up in one huge hand by the alpha male. He could easily have crushed her, but instead, threw her at her mate who caught her just as easily as she was thrown. The screaming stopped as suddenly as it began and the silence was almost as loud. From her prostrate position, Jane could watch the tableau of silent communication between the two males.

They were cast out. With no ceremony or visible emotion, they were cast out and excluded from the safe haven of the vine-covered arbour. Silently, they crossed from tree to branch. It seemed random in the choice of direction. They ate in silence, sharing fruit, but nothing else. He didn't touch her except to lower her to the ground. He didn't look at her or really acknowledge she was there. Jane's heart sank. She knew it was over, her adventure was soon going to be finished, but what would he do with her? Abandon her in the wildness of the jungle or kill her. She found that she hardly cared.

After a short meal break, they continued travelling, more on the ground now than in the trees. Hours past and the light began to fade to dusk. Once more, he bent smaller branches over and lined a nest with moss, making a soft, downy bed. They lay down as the last of the light died and darkness dropped like a curtain. She lay in his arms and, as had the light, hope died in a flux of sorrow and pain.

Later, before early light, they woke and he fucked her, but this time, it was with little passion. He came without sound other than a rasping sigh. Jane didn't come, but was willing to accept his advances as the token gesture that it was.

Then it was light. Emerald glints dappled over her skin, but Jane didn't notice the temporary colouring she had. They ate without enthusiasm and continued travelling with only a short break to defecate and clean up in a stream.

Eventually, they descended to the ground and he pushed Jane down gently to the ground. He brushed her cheek with the back of a knuckle, a tender action she had become used to. The Silver back crouched down beside her, his warmth making her skin tingle. No sound was made, just the chirrups of the insects and birdcalls. He touched her face once more and then in one fluid motion, swung up into the canopy, pausing once to look at her before disappearing silently, the way he had come.

Soon afterwards, Jane heard the unmistakable crashing of her rescuers as they cut a swathe through the forest.

She cut short her world travel and never returned to the jungle or ever once mentioned her greatest love.