

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Richard  
bestiality, sci-fi, bisexual, orgy

*Author Note: I want to give a special thanks to my good friend in Australia who penned many of the later chapters including the ones with the girls and the one with everyone left on the base with the dogs. He added some wonderful pieces to the work and deserves his own special shout out. If you want to congratulate him, his email address is Starfire1951[att]hotmail.com.*

*My address is always infinteinkz[att]yahoo.com. Any comments, positive or negative are welcome. Tell us what you liked about it and what you didn't like. Keep reading and keep learning.*

The Race of Man  
By Robert Scott MacLeod and Dean Hodgson

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## **Prologue**

Let me state for the record that I never intended to change the world. I never meant to alter the course that human history had taken for hundreds of thousands of years. It all just sort of happened.

I guess that is really no excuse for what I did, but I do find some comfort in these facts when I look back at all the chaos my actions have caused. It's not much, but it keeps me going... well that... and the fact that I am getting more ass now than anyone ever dreamed of.

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## **Chapter One: The Discovery**

Let me tell you a little bit about myself. I am, in all honesty and no modesty, a genius. I finished my bachelor's degree in anthropology when I was thirteen. I received my masters at fourteen and my doctorate when I was fifteen. I got my second doctorate in electronic engineering at seventeen and my third doctorate in microbiology by my nineteenth birthday. This was in addition to other assorted masters and bachelors' degrees that I picked up in my spare time.

I have a photographic memory and an almost infinite capacity for boredom. Also, at the age of 22, when all of this started, I was still very much a virgin. I like to think that I was not... unattractive at the time. I had brown hair that absolutely refused to cooperate with any comb or brush. My eyes were your basic hazel and I had good teeth. I was thin, but not skinny and kept a decent tan despite hours in labs and workshops. I just never seemed to find anyone that wanted to relieve me of my virginity.

Now when all of this started, I was working at USC in the Anthropology Department. My thesis on human evolutionary patterns had caught the attention of the department head and I had worked with him for almost a year to determine exactly where modern man had separated from his earlier relatives.

Needless to say that this was a daunting task since most scientists don't even agree which of the early stages of man are actually directly related to Homo sapiens. Still, it was an interesting exercise and it paid well. Then came the call that promised to make our job a hell of a lot easier.

We got word from a research team working on ice core samples in Antarctica that they had made an amazing discovery. While working in an ice crevasse they had discovered an entire group of proto-

humans frozen in the ice. The pictures they had sent us were understandably grainy, but they showed at least six humanoids and they looked to be perfectly preserved.

Doctor Asburg, the department head, suspected that they were probably early Cro-Magnon or even perhaps Neanderthal. We all saw the amazing opportunity this was and Asburg arranged for the two of us and three research assistants to fly to the Antarctic to study this find first hand. Most of you probably doubt the likelihood of people being frozen in a block of ice in one of the coldest places in the world.

Well, before this discovery was made, corpses of other creatures had been discovered in both the Arctic and Antarctic. Bodies of Woolly Mammoths had been discovered that had been frozen so quickly that uneaten plants still sat in their mouths and several small rodents had been discovered in the ice in the process of copulation. It theorized that sudden climactic shifts had caused such a rapid temperature drop that the creatures had been frozen before they had a chance to realize that they were dead.

Asburg and I believed that the same thing had happened to this group of early humanoids. (For a really good example of this effect, see if you can find a copy of the inaccurate, but highly entertaining movie, *The Day After Tomorrow*.) As we boarded our chartered flight, I studied the various members of our team.

Doctor William Asburg was the head of our team. He was 42 and the very epitome of your typical college professor. Slightly overweight with balding brown hair, he had green eyes that were usually hidden behind very thick glasses. He was one of the most respected authorities on early man in the world. He also played a really vicious game of handball.

Our budget wasn't good enough to cover real assistants, but we had managed to con three interns to come along with us for class credits. All three were freshmen and, from my vastly older years of 22, seemed to be very young. Barry Stone was the one I knew best. He looked like a linebacker, but had a brain like a researcher. We had teamed up a couple of times to complete some of Asburg's projects. He was six feet tall with more muscles than seemed fair. He had wavy red hair and deep blue eyes.

Angela Chen wasn't really an anthropology student. She was more like me and was too smart for her own good. She had started a degree in History, and then switched three more times. Anthropology was simply her latest interest. I suspected that she would eventually find her calling and become as famous as Einstein or Clark. For now, her magnificent brain was at our disposal.

Shamefully enough, her body was just as magnificent as her brain. Long blonde hair that was more than likely natural, breasts that would have shamed any pinup and a butt that you could rest a soda on was only three of the things that made her the subject of many of my masturbatory fantasies.

Paul Waters finished up our little group. Paul was working on his second master's degree and was the living embodiment of the stereotypical nerd. He was short, skinnier than a rail with an overbite so bad that he could probably eat both sides of an apple. He was probably the smartest member of our group, including me, and an absolute master at all things electronic.

Now this probably doesn't sound like the kind of people that would be safe flying off to one of the most inhospitable places in the world and if you are actually thinking that, well you are correct. The closest thing I had to arctic experience was the winter break that I spent in Colorado learning to ski. The others had even less experience than that. However, Asburg didn't want to wait until the specimens could be brought back to the states. He was terrified that someone else would find out

about this discovery and steal our thunder. So we were going to the Antarctic whether we were ready or not.

Our flight deposited us in the bustling city of McMurdo Station. McMurdo Station is Antarctica's largest community. It is built on the bare volcanic rock of Hut Point Peninsula on Ross Island, the farthest south solid ground that is accessible by ship. Established in 1956, it has grown from an outpost of a few buildings to a complex logistics staging facility of more than 100 structures including a harbor, an outlying airport (Williams Field) with landing strips on sea ice and shelf ice, and a helicopter pad. There are aboveground water, sewer, telephone, and power lines linking buildings.

It is not exactly Los Angeles, but it the closest thing to civilization you are going to find on the frozen continent. A heavily modified DC 11 and a thirty-year-old Sno-Cat that would be our base of operations during our investigation met us at Williams Field.

The pilot looked like a refugee from an old WWII movie with a pair of aviator glasses, Japanese bomber jacket and, God help us, a long white scarf. Still, he told us that he had been flying in this area for over twenty years so we felt fairly safe. We loaded the Sno-Cat and our gear onto the plane and took off. Our destination was over three hundred miles from our departure point and I swear we flew over the most deserted landscapes known to mankind. On a more modern aircraft in a friendlier environment, the flight would have taken about an hour, maybe an hour and a half.

Our transport was far from modern and our surroundings were hardly friendly. We battled headwinds of unbelievable speeds and turbulence that would make even the most seasoned flyer sick to their stomach. Poor Paul must have gone through at least ten airsick bags during the four-hour trip. When we began to make our approach, all you could really see from the air were snow, ice, and more snow. There was definitely nothing that looked like a landing strip. Nevertheless, our pilot set us down with only a few jolts from the landing skids.

The research team helped us unload the Cat and stow our gear in the dozen or so geodesic domes that served as their living quarters and labs. We would be sharing their quarters for the duration of our stay, but any research we were to do would be done in the back of the massive snow vehicle. This wasn't a major concern to us considering the main problem we would be presented with would be keeping any specimens we recovered frozen and safely preserved until they could be examined or sent back home. Well, when the average mean temperature rarely got above -45 degrees, keeping things frozen was not a problem. Hell, keeping us from freezing could become a problem.

It took us about twelve hours to get everything set up, then Doctor Asburg insisted that we all get at least nine hours of sleep. None of us wanted to miss a minute, but we followed the doctor's orders.

The next day, we shared breakfast with the researchers and then piled into the Cat with two of the research team for the two-hour drive to the crevasse where the bodies were found. They were extremely talkative and the woman, April Sanderson, actually seemed interested in me. I suspect that it was more because I was a new face than because she actually thought I was sexy. She'd been staring at the same faces for nearly a year so I would guess that Quasimodo would have looked good to her. Still it was fun having an attractive woman flirting with me. Made me almost forget the thirty-mile per hour winds blowing outside and the fact that it was a balmy -50 degrees.

The crevasse was pretty obvious. It was a massive black cut in the nearly perfect white of the surrounding snow and ice. April told us that the group had discovered it over two months ago and had been using it for easier access to the deeper pack ice. She said that their sonar had picked up a large opening directly beneath the area that they had been mining so they had set charges to blow

an opening. They had hoped to get even deeper into the pack ice without much effort. They had found something far beyond their expectations.

I thought I was prepared for what they had discovered after having seen the pictures they had sent. When we followed them down the metal scaffolding to the lower level, I realized that I had been wrong. Even through the distortion of the ice, they were magnificent. The lights set up by the researchers illuminated a scene straight out of prehistory. No one spoke as we studied the figures. It was like we all felt that speaking would somehow break the magical spell holding these long dead creatures here in our time. It was so quiet that I could hear everyone breathing and the quiet dripping of water freed from the ice by the heat of the lights and our bodies.

"I count eight of them," Asburg said, breaking the silence finally. He was shining his flashlight into the ice and studying the frozen forms. "Four of them approximately four feet tall, two perhaps a half foot taller and the remaining two seem to be children."

"Maybe a family grouping?" Angela was filming what we could see with her digital camera. She seemed completely in awe of the scene and kept fingering the cross dangling from her ample bosom. I was wearing my Star of David under my parka and felt the urge to follow her action. There was something almost religious about what we were seeing. Like we were being given a glimpse at some of God's earliest work. "I thought that family groupings were much larger in early man? Didn't they run around in large groups, basically entire tribes of interrelated people?" Paul was using his Palmtop to make notations on positions of the various figures and any viewable features.

Asburg nodded. "Sites in Europe and Asia have always indicated that family groups usually consisted of thirty to forty persons. It's possible that this group is survivors of some disaster that wiped out the rest of their group. It's also possible that they were exiled from their group for some reason or another. Unfortunately for us, I doubt we will ever know the reason why there are so few of them. They didn't exactly keep written records, you know."

Everyone laughed at his little joke, except Paul who had gotten very close to the ice wall and was peering at the figures intently. "They don't look like Cro-Magnon or even Neanderthal?"

I joined him and tried to get a better look at the figures. "He's right, Doctor. I can't see them very clearly, but they don't seem to have any of the features of Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal, or even Homo erectus. Do you think it's possible that we have stumbled across an entirely new species of early man?"

Asburg waved his hands to quell the excited muttering that had started when I asked that. "Let's not get too excited here, folks. We won't know anything for sure until we can extract some of them and study them. Since no one has ever actually seen any of the early hominids as anything except bones, it is possible that they could be one of the known species. So until we know more, I don't want anyone speculating. We are scientists, not tabloid writers.

As excited as we all were, we nodded at his logic and began the laborious process of chipping away the ice and freeing some specimens for study back at the base. We had to be incredibly careful because the ice was very dense and the bodies were going to be very fragile. We extracted two of the larger ones and one of the ones that we believed might be children and carefully packed them back to the base to begin our studies.

Now, I will be nice and leave out the details of our research. Hours of long and very tedious work in our makeshift labs, repeating the same test dozens of times to make sure you got the right answer was the majority of our days. Asburg insisted that everyone confirm every test. I understood,

especially once we realized what we had discovered. We had stumbled across something that we knew was going to shake the scientific community to the very core and there was no way in Hell that Asburg was going to let even the tiniest mistake slip by to give doubters and naysayers ammunition to discredit our discovery.

During the two weeks that we worked, the only real thing of interest that happened was that I finally lost my virginity. Since I am certain that most of you are reading this only for the sexual content and not for the scientific information, I will do my best to let you know how, pardon the very bad pun, climactic this event was.

I was working late into the night studying cell samples and blood samples from our specimens. Since I was the only microbiologist on the team, it was my duty to study the amazingly preserved cultures we extracted. Needless to say, I was in Heaven to be able to study the biology of creatures that had died out long before modern man had taken his first steps on this planet. What I had discovered was beyond belief and the things that I would discover would be even more incredible, but more on that later.

I had just finished studying a slide of cell samples from one of the smaller creatures when I heard the lab door slide open very quietly, as if someone had been trying to make the corrugated steel door move as silently as possible, as if the blast of freezing air as the door opened wouldn't have let me know that the door had been opened.

We had backed the Cat up to one of the doors leading to the main dome and had constructed a temporary hallway out of pressed plastic sheets and metal stakes. This kept most of the winds off of us when we were going from the domes to the Cat, but it was still very cold outside. I turned, expecting Asburg or one of my team checking in on me.

I was very surprised to see April standing there, slowly unzipping her parka. Any questions I might have had were stifled when I realized that the courageous woman had braved the sub-zero temperatures without anything under her parka. She dropped the heavy coat to the floor of the Cat and smiled at me.

My first cognizant thought was that the old joke about, "Is it cold in here" was definitely based in fact. Her more than ample bosom was covered in goose pimples and her dark brown nipples looked hard enough to chip diamond. The anthropologist in me immediately identified her as being of almost pure Nordic descent. She had very light brown hair and the palest skin that I had ever seen. Her visible skin seemed to be dotted with an infinite number of light brown freckles and her ice blue eyes seemed to be laughing at me as I stared at her.

I don't really remember stripping off my pants and underwear. I do vaguely recall helping her out of her pants and thermal underwear because I took a very deep breath when her clean-shaven pussy was revealed. I remember thinking that it was the most magnificent thing I had ever seen.

Unfortunately for me and for you, dear readers, the back of an antique vehicle crammed full of research equipment and other supplies, is not the place where lengthy foreplay can be enjoyed. Not to mention the fact that it was close to minus thirty degrees outside the Cat and barely above freezing inside the machine.

April played with my erection for several seconds before my groans of pleasure told her that I was more than ready. We spread our parkas on the steel floor and I lay down on my back. She straddled me with a knowing smile and slid my cock into her very warm hole. There is no way to accurately describe the feeling of sliding your rock hard cock into a hot, tight pussy for the very first time.

I am certain the groan I released when she slid all the way down and our groins met could have been heard over the winds and through the steel walls of the dome and Cat. It must have felt very good for her too because she let out an almost animal growl and started riding me as hard as she could. Her humping increased in speed when I reached up and grabbed one of her wonderful breasts in each hand and began massaging her nipples.

Now I wish I could say that she rode me for hours before I released what seemed like years of sperm into her body, but I can't. I doubt I lasted more than ten minutes before I felt my balls tightening up and before I could even blurt out a warning, I was spewing what felt like gallons of cum inside of her. (Of course, the average male only ejaculates about a tenth of a teaspoon of sperm during orgasm, but I am sure that you can understand that my scientific objectivity had gone even further south than we currently were.)

Even with my limited experience with sex, I could tell that she had not cum yet and was about to apologize when she dismounted and crawled between my legs. The next thing I knew, I was getting my very first blowjob. She slowly began to lick up and down my shaft, cleaning it of all of our combined fluids. Next, she moved even further down and cleaned off my balls, lovingly taking each one into her mouth and cleaning it slowly. This whole time, she is looking up at me with those blue eyes to see my reactions.

I am sure that she saw a lot because I was twisting and groaning while trying to watch everything that she did. She reached up and took one of my hands to place on her head. I understood what she wanted and began gently moving her head up and down as she swallowed my entire shaft. From the grunts and happy moans that she was making, I was certain that she was enjoying this almost as much as I was.

Just when I seemed like I was going to explode, she stopped what she was doing and straddled me once again. God, if I had thought that she was hot and wet before, the heat I experienced when I reentered her was indescribable. I had felt certain that I was about to explode when she was sucking me, but the moment I entered her again, the impending need to come seemed to fade. I was still rock hard and my balls were definitely full, but I felt much more in control. I am happy to say that we fucked for at least a half hour with her achieving multiple screaming orgasms before I finally felt my balls tighten up again. This time, I didn't even think about warning her.

My hands came up to grab her hips, pulling down as hard as I could while I shoved up with all my might. We both groaned loud enough to drown out the howling winds outside as I spewed inside her. When we both had finally recovered from the amazing experience, she kissed me fiercely and whispered, "Maybe next time we can do it in my bunk. It's a lot more comfortable." With that, she got up and got dressed. She smiled at me, and then left me lying on the floor of the Cat with a contented grin on my face. I was convinced that nothing would ever top what I had just experienced. Well, it turned out I was wrong.

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## **Chapter Two: Curiouser and Curiouser**

After two weeks, Asburg was comfortable enough with our findings to reveal them to the research team that was serving as our host. We all gathered in the communal dining room where I had set up the A/V equipment. The air of excitement was almost palatable. Our hosts were excited because they were about to find out what we had discovered and we were excited to finally have a chance to reveal the anthropological discovery of any millennia.



“When Galileo first observed the heavens, his discoveries changed the world forever. When the Manhattan Project first successfully split the atom, our boundaries of understanding were expanded a thousand fold. What we have discovered, with your help, is on par with those discoveries.”

He paused and used the remote for the DVD player to call up an image of the humanoids encased in ice. “When we first began our observations, we believed that the creatures were either Homo Neanderthal or perhaps an early version of Cro-Magnon since both of these species of early man were very well traveled.”

The image was replaced with a series of x-rays and ultra-sound images. “We have since discovered that neither of these assumptions was true. By cross referencing these images with known fossil remains, we have discovered that these creatures are actually Australopithecus.”

The excited murmurs from some of our hosts indicated that at least a few of them had some grounding in the history of early man. Asburg nodded and continued. “As you may know, Australopithecus is one of the earliest species of true humanoids ever discovered. They evolved somewhere between three to four million years ago in Africa and thrived for over a million years.”

April, my lover of the past two weeks, raised her hand. “Doctor Asburg, what would a species that evolved so long ago be doing in this region? I mean, even given the fact that the climate may have been much warmer, why would they leave Africa and make such a long trek? How would they have done it?”

“Probably over some sort of land bridge that existed at the time, just as early man is believed to have come to the United States via a land bridge. As for why, we are not sure at this point. Our best guess is some sort of natural disaster forced them from their natural home. Perhaps some sort of drought, disease, or even confrontation with later species of man could have caused it. We may know more once I get the specimens that we unearthed back to the university. For the next part of the discussion, I will turn the floor over to my colleague, Doctor Silverstein.” (Oh, in case I hadn’t mentioned it earlier, that’s me, Aaron Silverstein.)

I got up and smiled at everyone just like we were at one of my lectures at the university. “Biologically speaking, these humanoids are astounding. Of course, we have no records of what Australopithecus was actually like except for very fragmented skeletons. It had always been assumed, because of their very small skulls that they were simple creatures. Evolutionary speaking, they were believed to be only a couple of rungs up from animals.”

I called up an image of an ultra sound of the largest specimen’s skull. “As you can see, the brains of these people were drastically different from anything we could have ever imagined. Even though it is smaller than a modern man’s brain, it is much more convoluted and complex. We had believed that these early men had no pre-frontal lobes and thus would have been unable to process complex and abstract thoughts. It was the development of pre-frontal lobes in later species that would ultimately give Homo sapiens the edge they needed to essentially conquer the world. It is my belief that these structures located on the four ‘corners’ of the brain may well have served the same purpose as pre-frontal lobes do for us.”

Charles Langdon, the leader of the expedition spoke up. “Are you trying to tell us that these creatures may have been as intelligent as we are?”

I shook my head. “No, no where near it. Their brains were still very small compared to ours, but they would have been much more intelligent than originally believed and much more complicated than we have ever dreamed. If Australopithecus had not died out, it may have well become the dominant life



form on the planet instead of us." I let this sink in before continuing. "Even more amazing is their bodies. We were amazed to discover that all of the individuals were male. The three we unearthed were all closely related indicating probably that they were a father and sons. The ones remaining in the ice seem to be male as well, but we won't be absolutely sure until they are uncovered. We were also able to determine that the largest was only thirteen years old."

Langdon nodded. "But isn't it pretty certain that early man aged much quicker than modern man?"

I shook my head. "More recent research indicates that early man, at least the more modern forms such as Neanderthal actually lived much longer than originally thought and probably aged at a rate comparable to modern man. This was one of their downfalls because of their low birthrates. The creatures had to have aged, at least to adulthood, at an incredibly rapid rate. This would have given them a major advantage over later life forms if they had survived."

April grinned at me. "Well, I guess it's lucky for us that they got caught in a flash freeze. I kind of like being the dominant species."

Everyone laughed and I let it go on for a second before switching to an image of the smaller specimen. "The last significant discovery that we have for now is this. The youngest specimen is approximately seven years old." I let the image zoom in on the creature's genital area making everyone gasp. I understood that reaction. It wasn't every day you saw a seven year old with a thirteen-inch penis and balls that looked like they belonged on a bull.

"As near as I can determine, the boys mature sexually at an amazing rate. It is entirely possible that they can successfully impregnate a female almost from birth. This combined with their accelerated growth rate make this life form an incredible evolutionary attempt."

A few days later, Asburg announced that he was going to fly back to the university with the three specimens we had been working on. We had already made arrangements for more detailed tests to be done and some experts that Asburg felt he could trust to help with the studies. I was to remain behind with the assistants to finish removing the other specimens from the ice and preparing them for transportation. So Asburg packed him and the specimens onto the old airplane and flew off.

It was only about twelve hours later that we were hit with one of the worst storm in Antarctica's history. The domes were buffeted by winds of over sixty miles an hour and the temperature dropped to -75 degrees. We were forced to bring everything in from the Cat because the vehicle was in the very real danger of being blown about and dashed into a million pieces.

After that, it was simply a matter of waiting out the storm. We weren't too worried because the domes had been designed for such weather and we had plenty of supplies. I set up our lab in one of the storerooms and kept working. The others were also working, but they could literally work anywhere there was a tabletop since they were simply studying the visual records that we had already made of the creatures.

About three days into the storm, I was studying cell samples and blood samples from the specimens and made an amazing discovery. Almost by accident, I ran a test to determine any hormonal imbalances in the blood. I was shocked to discover that every single sample from every single specimen had the exact same chemical make up as a pregnant female.

I ran the test again several times to make sure of my findings and every single one of them came back the same. Every one of the apparently male specimens had been pregnant! Once I made this seemingly impossible realization, I went back and studied all of the x-rays and ultra-sounds we had made. They had not been made with the intent of determining pregnancy, but the ones that had been

made of the chest, stomach and groin area did show several anomalies that we had not noticed the first time around. What I had assumed were distortions caused by the ice and the relatively cheap machines we were forced to use could very well be fetuses. These males had indeed been pregnant.

This prompted me to study the images even more intently. I noticed even more anomalies now that I was actually looking for them. It wasn't clear, but there did appear to be an additional structure in the specimen's anal passage. It looked like there was a secondary passage attached to the anal course. Added to this was there seemed to be a sort of flap or trapdoor directly in between the connecting area. I didn't see anything that might be analogous to ovaries, but the images might not have been able to pick something so small or delicate. All of my observations seemed to indicate that these early men were fully functional hermaphrodites.

I revealed my discovery to April during our next love making session. She had been particularly energetic and I had needed something to slow her down enough for me to catch my breath. She gave me a look that was, at best, skeptical. "Are you insane? What are the odds of such a mutation cropping up? Even more importantly, what are the odds of it breeding true?"

I reached out and toyed with one of her nipples, making her shiver. "First of all, I am not comfortable calling it a mutation. There are far too many variables that came out just right in these people. If you were talking about random mutation, you would be talking about dozens or more random mutations occurring at once to create them."

She giggled and gave me a mock serious look. "So what are you saying? Are you implying some superior force at work?"

One of the few things I had against April was the fact that she was an atheist. Being very religious and the proud recipient of a classical rabbinical education, I firmly believed in the existence of God and could see his hands in pretty much everything that I studied, but to placate the woman that I was coming to care for a great deal I simply shrugged. "Even the hardest nosed scientist has to admit, even if only to himself, that the universe and everything in it is just a little too orderly to have just happened. Everything from cellular division to planetary formation happens with almost clockwork precision. Everything happens exactly the way it has for billions of years. Call it God or call it celestial mechanics, everything happens for a reason."

"So what do you think the reason was for these proto-humans to evolve this way?"

"That's easy. Survival is the most common trait shared by all creatures. These people evolved or were given these traits to give them a chance to survive. I mean, think about it. Early maturation combined with allowing every single member of the clan to produce offspring gave them an incredible edge over other forms of early man."

I had regained my energy and my erection so I moved a little closer and slid back inside of her. She moaned in response and wrapped her arms around me. "If these early men had survived, they could easily have conquered the world."

I rolled on top of her and pulled her legs up so that they were pressed against my chest and began thrusting into her harder and harder. During our many sessions, I had gained some degree of skill and a lot more stamina and I fucked her for nearly half an hour before I erupted inside of her. She came with me and we both collapsed onto the bed.

"Well, I'm just glad that they didn't because I really like being who and what I am." She paused and a very serious look appeared on her face. "Aaron, I know that we started this as something fun and never intended anything to come out of it, but I think that something special is happening here."

I nodded and beeped her nose. "So how do you feel about converting to Judaism? I am pretty sure that I can get my folks to overlook the fact that you are the wrong race if you join the right side."

She chuckled and then turned serious again. "Aaron, I'm late."

Now every man alive knows what that means and every man has probably imagined how he would react when he heard it. My reaction was of pure stunned ecstasy. Whereas April and I were not in love, there was definitely something there and I had no trouble imagining us making many babies together. "Well, you know what this means, don't you?" At her puzzled look, I smiled. "You got us pregnant, so now you are going to have to do the honorable thing and marry me."

The next morning I was practically floating on air. Somehow, during the brief time since her telling me that she was pregnant and breakfast, the entire station had somehow found out the truth. If you think the two of us had been the subject of jokes and good-natured ribbing when we were just having sex, then you can imagine how bad it was now.

We came into the communal dining room and it was "decorated" for some sort of party. Rolls of toilet paper were draped from the light fixtures and hand made signs hung from the wall with badly drawn pictures of pregnant women and storks. We were greeted with applause, which we took good-naturedly. The site cook brought a massive flapjack with congratulations written on it in syrup. Copious amounts of homemade alcohol also flowed so when I finally took my leave and returned to the lab, I was more than a little tipsy.

Before I had set out to frolic with April, I had set a series of blood samples in a special emulsion that was designed to separate any gender specific hormones. My idea was to see if these amazing creatures had the specific hormones of each gender or if some brand new types of hormones were present in what was essentially a whole new (old) species of creature. I had taken just a little longer than I had intended with April due to our conversation about marriage and babies and found that the blood samples had sat too long in the emulsion and had become completely unusable.

I decided to chuck the lot of samples and try again later. Now trying to safely dispose of biological samples when you are intoxicated is not the wisest of things and I knew this. However, these were simply blood samples that had already been tested for any dangerous pathogens, so I wasn't too concerned. I had taken all but the last of the Petrie dishes and placed them in the sterilizer when the accident happened.

I stumbled carrying the last dish and fell. The hand with the dish hit the floor and the dish shattered into hundreds of pieces. Several razor sharp chunks embedded themselves in my palm and my blood mixed with the blood of the specimens. Now had I been completely sober, I would have taken some precautions. Any contamination by a foreign object is supposed to be immediately reported to the medical team and notations made in the logs.

As drunk as I was, I simply cleaned up the mess, wiped off my hand and wrapped a bandage around it. I do vaguely recall making a mental note to see the nurse the next day, but mostly I remember wanting to go to bed because my head was spinning something horrible. So I wandered off to bed to sleep off one of the few drunks I have ever had.

Now have you ever heard the old saw about how the greatest of events starts with the simplest of actions? It is entirely possible that, had I gone to the nurse and gotten a simple broad spectrum antibiotic, none of the events that followed would have occurred. As it was, by the time I had stripped off my clothes and tumbled into my cot after brushing my teeth, it was already too late to have changed to the course of things to come. Deep inside of my body, cells that hadn't existed on

this planet for millions of years were already at work and nothing on earth was going to stop them.

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### **Chapter Three: Awakening**

I woke up the next afternoon feeling better than I had felt in years. During my early years, I had operated, ever so briefly, under the mistaken idea that I wanted to play ice hockey. My first game had cured me of that idea and left me with a dislocated kneecap. It had healed properly, but I had been left with a nagging pain that became even more pronounced in bad weather.

So needless to say, during my time in at the bottom of the world, I had been in a bit of pain. Since the storm had started raging outside, it had become even worse. I literally leaped out of bed with not a single ache. I felt incredible! Even my hand, which had been throbbing like hell the night before, felt better. When I unwrapped the makeshift bandage that I had put on it, I was amazed to see that it was almost completely healed.

I suppose this should have sounded warning bells, but my memories of the actual injury were fuzzy at best, so I just assumed I had imagined the injury to be much worse than it actually was. So after giving a very sleepy April a good morning kiss and grabbing some clean clothes, I headed for the communal showers to get cleaned up. When I got there, I could hear water running so I tossed my towel and shaving kit on the counter, stripped out of my thermals and stepped around the divider.

Barry was there and obviously just started his own shower because he was busy soaping up his body and didn't even notice me enter. Despite the fact that I had never had a homosexual thought in my entire life, I felt strangely intrigued by his actions. You know how most psychologists say that every one harbors some thoughts about doing it with the same sex some time in their lives? Well, I never had single one. Even though I remained a virgin until this trip, I had always been one hundred percent heterosexual. So this is said, why was I suddenly staring at Barry like he was suddenly playmate of the month?

As I stated at the beginning of this little story, Barry looks like someone you would see on a football field or a box of Wheaties. He was tall and had muscles everywhere. He was completely hairless and I wondered for a second if he shaved. I felt my gaze travel down his back and rest on his well-formed buttocks. I was fascinated by the way the water was trickling down between the cheeks and rolling off the very large ball sack that I could see dangling there.

Despite the sexual calisthenics of the night before, I felt myself getting a raging hard-on. Ordinarily, I would have been very embarrassed by this but now I felt perfectly relaxed with it and simply walked over to the showerhead next to Barry and started washing off. "Hey Doc, What's up?"

Barry seemed a little startled at my appearance and a quick glance downwards told me why. I also found my erection getting even harder at what I saw. Barry's very large cock was as hard as mine, and bright red in the way that only a cock that had been played with could be. Barry had obviously been masturbating when I had come up. This information only seemed to fuel my arousal.

"Not much, Barry. I was thinking about giving the ultra-sounds and X-rays another look today. I think there may some things that we missed the first go around." I wanted to see if any more details about what I had discovered could be seen, but I didn't want to reveal what I had discovered just yet. I had finished the rinse off and was starting to soap down as I was talking so I didn't notice the odd expression appear on Barry's face and the way that he seemed to be unconsciously sniffing the air as we talked. I did notice out of the corner of my eye that he had reached down and was lightly stroking his cock.

“Coolness, do you need any help with that?” He may have meant the pictures, but I was suddenly aware of how he was staring at my cock. Instead of being bothered by this like I should have been, I just shrugged and began soaping my own package. I also noticed how he had edged closer to me so that we were practically touching. Even over the running water and the steam, I was starting to notice a strong odor in the air. It wasn’t an unpleasant smell, kind of like a strong animal musk. I was startled to realize that it was coming from me. I was even more startled when Barry reached out and wrapped his fingers around my cock.

Any objections I might have had were quelled by the incredible jolt of pleasure that ripped through my body when he did that. My cock seemed a thousand times more sensitive than it had just the night before. It seemed like it was wired directly into the pleasure centers of my brain. Instead of complaining, I just groaned and leaned forward against the wall as he stroked. Even through all of this, I kept studying his face as looks of confusion and pure lust warred on his face. He was panting and breathing deeply like he was trying to fill his lungs with the musky smell that was even stronger.

Suddenly it was like I was working on pure instinct. I whirled around and grabbed Barry with both hands. He seemed startled, but didn’t stop fisting my shaft. I applied pressure to his shoulders ever so slightly and he willingly dropped to his knees. He looked up at me with a questioning look then seemed to understand what I wanted. He leaned in and took the head of my cock into his mouth and began to suck. Now even in my limited experience, it was obvious that he had never done this before. Instead of giving me a blowjob like April would have given, he simply kept the head in his mouth and sucked. Still, it felt wonderful and from the look on his face, Barry was definitely enjoying the feel and taste of it being in his mouth.

I let him do this for a couple of minutes and then I did the same thing that I had done with April during our first fuck. I released his shoulders and grabbed his head with both hands. With April I had been gentle and careful, making sure that she was willing, but I simply pulled Barry’s head forward roughly and shoved my hips forward as hard as I could. Barry gulped and struggled for a brief second then relaxed completely. I groaned loud and long as I felt my cock slide completely into his mouth.

That was all it took to drive me over the edge. I felt my balls tighten and cum spewed out of me and into Barry’s mouth. I was more than slightly surprised to hear him gulping eagerly, like it was the finest nectar ever made. Like April had done many times before, after I was finished cumming, he pulled slowly out and licked every single inch clean as it came out.

Now you would think after such an intense orgasm that I would have felt at least a little satiated, but I was feeling even hornier that I had when we started. Barry seemed even more dazed and confused than he had been before, but my mind seemed to be functioning in crystal clarity. With more strength than I thought I possessed, I grabbed his shoulders again and pulled him to his feet. He actually managed to grunt slightly as I spun him around and pressed him into the wall.

Water still poured over us as I shoved down with one hand making his butt stick out and up slightly. My other hand was already wrapped around my aching cock. Barry looked back over his shoulder and looked like he might want to object, but couldn’t because of his loud panting.

I ignored the look and simply shoved the tip of my cock into his asshole. The tightness and the heat of it were incredible. Fucking April was a warm, slippery sensation. Barry’s ass was slick enough, thanks to soap and water, but it was much tighter and hotter than her pussy and God, it felt incredible! Without even thinking about it, I snapped my hips forward and buried the entire length of my cock inside of his bowels. Our groans blended together as my balls slapped against his ass.

The smell of musk was practically overpowering now as I began to stroke in and out of his tight hole. Barry was groaning continuously and kept bending lower and lower to give me better access to his ass. He was grinding back against me just as hard as I was fucking into him. There was no real finesse to it, just primal rutting with flesh pounding against flesh. I was rapidly reaching the point of no return and wanted Barry to cum with me so I reached down underneath us and grabbed hold of his cock. The hot, slippery flesh felt really good in my hand and I started stroking it in the same rhythm as I was fucking him.

Suddenly, I jammed my cock into him as hard as I could and stroked his cock as fast as I could. We both came at exactly the same second. As I filled his bowels with cum, he spewed his load all over the wall. He went completely limp and would have fallen if I had not kept holding his hips. I felt this incredible need to stay connected to him as long as possible and stayed in that position until my cock had gone completely limp and slipped out of his asshole. When it did, I was astounded at the amount of sperm that started oozing out of the hole. Much more than there should have been.

After about a minute, Barry struggled to his feet. The musk was slowly starting to fade from the air and my senses seemed to be returning. So were his apparently, because he turned bright red and quickly left the room. I understood how he felt. Now that the heat of the moment was over with, I was puzzled over exactly what had happened and why. I definitely didn't feel like trying to hold a conversation with the man that I had just fucked the shit out of. With a dozen questions still on my mind, I finished washing up and headed towards my tiny lab.

By the time I reached the over sized closet that I called a lab, I was thinking much clearer. The adrenaline and endorphins were slowly fading from my system and my clinical mind was starting to work on exactly what had happened and why. I sat down and called up all the information that I currently had and pondered it.

Admittedly, my resources were limited, but I could find nothing that could have possibly caused what had happened. All of the old science fiction movies I had ever seen about alien viruses taking over humans flashed through my head. I had eaten them up as a child, loving how some strange virus or mutagen changed people into aliens or horrible monsters. A part of me, that was still that kid, wondered if something similar was happening now.

Now logically speaking, I knew that this was impossible. Viruses need living hosts to survive and thrive. Human tissue crystallizes when frozen, destroying it. This is why we have never managed to successfully freeze any living creature and resurrect them. Even if some strange viruses had existed 3 million years ago, they would have all been destroyed when the specimens had been frozen.

Scientifically speaking, this wasn't a hundred percent certainty, but it was close enough that I put it aside as a possibility, at least for the moment. Having eliminated that for the moment, I brought up my notes on the laptop and studied them. The only real differences in the bodies from modern man besides the obvious physical differences were a series of hormones that had no parallel in modern man's biology. I didn't have an exact number, but there were at least a half dozen that I couldn't identify.

Logically speaking, if I had somehow become "infected" by these hormones, then they would also exist in my blood. So I took a sample and examined it under the microscope. What I found was not very encouraging. Not only were the hormones present and in incredibly large amounts, but I could see that my white blood cell count was way too high. This told me that my body was fighting some sort of infection and was probably losing the battle from the number of white blood cells.

Somehow I had become infected with something very powerful. Now as I pointed out in the

beginning of this little story I am a certified genius. I am fucking brilliant; that said I realized that my mind was working even faster and sharper than it had ever had in the past. Out of the blue, I came up with several more tests that I could run using what I had at hand. I cannibalized the centrifuge and one of our portable chemical analyzers and strung together a gadget that would have made any mad scientist proud. When I was done, I had my very own home made genetic analyzer. By wiring it into my laptop, I was able to make a detailed scan of my DNA and chemical make up.

I found that, somehow, I had acquired an additional sex chromosome. As even the most basic layman knows, there are two sexual chromosomes X and Y. The way they combine determines whether or not you are a little boy or little girl when you are born. XX and you become a little girl. XY and you become a little boy.

Sometimes you get doubling effects such as XXX, XXY, and XYY, but these are very rare and exceedingly not healthy for the lucky recipient. Besides my proper XY combination, I was suddenly the proud possessor of another one attached to the beginning. Call it an E chromosome with the E standing for Enigma. I had no idea what this chromosome did but I suspected that somehow, despite all of the impossibilities, I had acquired it when I had cut my hand on the contaminated glass. My body was obviously reacting to these changes as if I had some sort of illness, hence the elevated cell count.

Now I was faced with a dilemma of epic proportions. I was being affected by some unknown agents with no real way of determining exactly what was happening to me or what the final outcome would be. In an ordinary situation, my first action would have been to warn everyone and then contact the CDC in Atlanta. Unfortunately, these were not ordinary circumstances.

We were a very long way from the CDC or any sort of help. With the storm raging outside, we were effectively cut off from the outside world and I had been told by the base weather tech when the storm started that these storms could last for weeks or even months. So I was on my own. Of course, even if I had managed to contact the CDC, all they would have done would be to put the base under quarantine until they could figure out what had happened.

The base was already basically quarantined since we couldn't leave without serious risk to our lives and the world's greatest (see only) expert on these hormones and such was right here on the base. So I made the decision to keep quiet about the situation until I could learn more. If the storm cleared before I had discovered anything helpful then I would tell everyone what was going on. Until then, I decided it was better to keep quiet than to create a panic.

Now this may seem pretty darned irresponsible of me, but it made logical sense to keep this under wraps. If there was a danger, there was nothing we could do about it until the storm passed. I did decide to tell Langdon about what I had discovered so he could be prepared to move the moment that there was a chance. If he made the decision to tell everyone else, then I would go along with his decision. So I sealed up my lab and started looking for the man.

I found him locked up in a small room with one of the research station's team standing outside holding a very nasty looking revolver. "What's going on?" I remembered that the guy's name was Vargas; that he was an expert in climatology, 28 Hispanic. I had met him during the welcome party they had thrown us. What I didn't remember was just how sexy he was. He was about 5'11" and slender with dark brown eyes and thick curly black hair.

Almost against my will, I felt myself getting aroused again. I fought to resist the feelings and peered at Langdon through the door's tiny window. He was a mess with a nasty looking cut over one eye and a badly swollen face.



Vargas looked reluctant to talk about it and seemed about to tell me to mind my own business when I noticed his nostrils flaring. That made me notice that the musky smell I had noticed earlier was back. It wasn't nearly as strong, but it was definitely there. He blinked and then stared at me like he was noticing me for the first time. "Sorry, Doctor Silverstein but what did you say?"

I moved a little closer so that I was almost crowding him into a corner. I somehow sensed that he wouldn't make a move against me. The smell was getting stronger as I looked him right in the eye. "I just asked what happened. Why is Doctor Langdon locked up and look like he had the crap beat out of him?"

Vargas was breathing heavier as he spoke. "About two hours ago, Doctor Langdon tried to sexually assault Ms. Chen in the dining area. He was practically incoherent but tackled her and was attempting to rip her clothes off. Mr. Waters tackled him and managed to keep him on the floor until I got there. We had to get pretty rough because he was completely out of control."

For a second, I grinned imagining tiny Paul grappling with Langdon who was a very large and obviously strong man then I frowned because I realized that the assault had occurred at the exact same time I was fucking the crap out of Barry. I had noticed that the musky smell had been in the air outside of the shower room, but hadn't given it any thought at the time.

I realized that any scent that could inspire two normally heterosexual men into a rutting frenzy would have an affect on anyone else that inhaled it. The commissary was the closest room to the showers and thus the concentration of the musk would have been second greatest there. I counted myself lucky that it had been relatively empty and that somehow Paul had managed to keep his wits even though he had to have been affected by the musk too. I wasn't sure why he had been unaffected or why Angela had been unwilling to engage in intercourse with Langdon. There were mysteries here and I had no answers. I thanked Vargas and left him with a confused look on his face and an erection in his pants.

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## **Chapter Four: Girls' Time**

Now since I wasn't there for the next part of this story, I am going to hand the story telling over to my primary mate and let her tell what happened between her and Angela Chen. I didn't find out about any of it until I came back to April's room to talk to her about what had happed with Langdon. I would later find out that she already knew, having found out about the event from a first hand source. So without further ado, here's April.

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Now I'm no genius like my lover and I am not the greatest public speaker or writer, but I like to think that I can toss bull with the best of them so here goes. As Aaron has already pointed out, my name is April and I am geologist working with the US Geological Institute studying how climatologically changes effect land formations. If it's of any real interest, I was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York and attended Eastern State University. I have served in a lot of different climates ranging from desert conditions to my current assignment. Put simply, I am one tough bitch. Of course, being tough didn't keep me from falling for and getting pregnant by a Jewish nerd.

When my story starts, I was blissfully unaware of what Aaron had discovered. I was still in my bunk, recovering from some very wonderful love making when someone pounded on my door. I quickly tossed on my robe and opened the door. I was shocked to see Paul standing outside looking like he had gone ten rounds with Mighty Joe Young with Angela leaning on his shoulder. She didn't look

nearly as bad, but she did look terrified. When he told me what Langdon had tried to pull, I was shocked. I had served with Langdon for almost two years and had found him to be a logical and caring man. I couldn't imagine him ever trying to rape someone. Paul asked me to keep an eye on his colleague while they could figure out what to do with Langdon.

Of course I agreed to help in any way that I could. After Paul left, I led Angela over to my bed and went to get a cool washcloth. When I got back, she had stripped off her shirt and was sitting there in only her pants and sports bra. No as Aaron mentioned earlier, Angela is built like the proverbial shit house. I'm no slouch in the looks department, but Angela could have been a model. Despite the situation, I felt my pussy getting a little damp. Now this didn't surprise me since I have been happily bi-sexual since I was thirteen and Angela was a total hottie.

I put these feelings aside because the last thing I wanted to do was try to come onto a rape victim. I knelt on the floor in front of her and softly began washing the dirt off her face and arms. She quietly sat there and let me clean her like she was a child. She even raised her arms and let me wash her sides where she had rolled around in something during her struggles. I noticed that some of the grime and goop had managed to seep between her breasts and gently slid the rag in between them to clean it out. When I did this, Angela took a deep breath and shivered slightly. I also noticed that her nipples were become hard. She seemed to be relaxing and started talking.

"It was the damnedest thing. We were all sitting around in the dining area talking about the find, the storm and basically anything we could think of just to pass the time. Somehow the conversation got turned around to sex and I guess I can understand why because I was starting to get a little aroused. Paul asked me if I had a boyfriend back home. I told him that I didn't have anyone at all. That's when Langdon started coming on to me."

I nodded and kept passing the cloth over her flesh since she seemed to find it comforting. I also understood what she meant about feeling aroused. I was getting hornier and hornier the longer she talked. "What happened exactly?"

Angela shuddered again and seemed to unconsciously reach up and slip the straps of her bra off her shoulder. Her breasts were more than firm enough to keep the bra up even with the straps off. I took this a sign that she wanted me to go further. I wasn't exactly sure why this description of a rape scene was turning us both on, but I couldn't seem to resist pushing the envelope.

"Langdon grabbed hold of my shoulders and tried to pin me to the table all the time muttering about how all I needed was 'a good man to show me what I was missing.' I tried fighting him, but he seemed inhumanly strong. If it wasn't for Paul jumping him and pounding his head with a metal plate, he might have actually raped me." She paused and a far away look came to her eyes. "Hell, it wouldn't be the first time."

This made me slow down in my cleaning. "Someone raped you?" Angela nodded and tears welled up in her eyes. "My father raped me continuously from the time I was six until he was arrested when I was 14 for raping a nine year old boy in our neighborhood. I spent four years in therapy trying to get over what my father had done to me. I eventually learned to live with what had happened, but I never was able to feel any sort of sexual attraction."

I didn't know about before, but Angela was definitely feeling arousal now. She was breathing heavily and her nipples were practically ripping through her bra. She was crying freely now, but she was leaning forward as if she was begging me to touch her more. I decided to go with the signals and dropped the cloth. I kept a very close look on her face looking for any objections and slowly lowered her bra. My breath caught in my chest when her boobs were revealed. They were as magnificent as

the rest of her with dark skin and areola the size of saucers with very large nipples. "Until now?"

She looked me in the eyes and nodded slowly. I reached up with both hands and cupped her breasts carefully placing her nipples in the center of my palms. She groaned loudly, startling both of us before leaning down to kiss me on the lips. I shuddered as she pressed her bee sting lips to mine and happily welcomed her tongue when she pressed it between my lips. I felt her sliding my robe off and I moaned into her lips. We spent several minutes kissing and fondling each other's breasts before she broke the kiss and leaned back. "I've never even imagined doing anything like this before," she said with a shy smile.

I began gently twisting her nipples making her shiver again and again. "We can stop if you want to. This could be some sort of weird reaction to the assault."

She reached down and covered my hands with her own. "April, I have dreamed of feeling like this for fifteen years. I don't care why I am feeling this way; I just want to keep feeling it."

I smiled and nodded. We both stood up and finished getting undressed. I was already soaked, but when I saw her ass uncovered, I almost wet the floor. She was literally perfect and I wanted her more than anything. Now you are probably wondering how I could be feeling this way after just figuring out that I was in love with Aaron. I should have at least been having some reservations about all of this, but all I was really feeling an intense need to fuck the shit out of this incredibly sexy woman. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her again. She kissed me back and wrapped her arms around my waist with her hands cupping my ass cheeks. I reached up and began fondling her breasts again.

When we broke the kiss again, she smiled then stopped. She sniffed the air with a puzzled look on her face. "There's that smell again. I smelled it all the time we were fighting with Langdon."

I stopped and smelled the air. There was a kind of smell in the air. It kind of reminded me of some of the scents that I used to smell when I went to the zoo with my parents. It was a strong, musky smell, but was actually kind of pleasant. "It is probably from the air circulation system. We are always having problems with that thing. It always needs servicing or repairing." She looked like she was about to say something, but I shushed her with my lips and duck walked us both back to the bunk.

She sensed that the time for talking was over with because she meekly allowed me to lie her down and climb on top of her. I licked her chin and then slid down so that those magnificent nipples were at eye level. Her areola had turned a deep, rich chocolate brown and was all crinkled and I swear that her nipples were at least a half an inch long. I eagerly took one into my mouth and started sucking it. Angela practically ripped my hair out when she wrapped her fingers in it and had her very first orgasm.

"Oh, oh, oh! Oh god!" were music to my ears as she thrashed about on the bed. I knew better than to let the momentum go, so I released her nipple and moved even further down her wonderful body. I spent several seconds licking her outie belly button making her giggle and squirm before sliding between her legs.

She had a wonderful little bush that was thicker near the top, but faded out the further down you went. You could tell that she never shaved, but that nature had given her a perfect bikini cut. I couldn't resist kissing her directly on her mound. "Ohh, April that feels so good!" She shoved her hips up to meet my lips and I happily licked her soaking wet slit.

I was shocked when her clit sprang up from between her lips. It was huge! As I licked it, it grew to nearly two inches long and was very thick. It was almost like licking a miniature cock. I even stopped

licking it and took it between my lips and sucked on it while licking the tip. This set her off again and I practically drowned in her juices as she came hard. The juices were incredibly thick and very pungent.

I have never tasted or smelled anything like it before. It was also delicious. I lapped it up like it was sweet honey. She must have come at least a half dozen more times before I got enough and stopped. Even then, I kept licking her lips trying to clean them off. Of course, the more I licked, the more she produced. I finally gave up and rolled over onto my side to rest. Angela propped herself up on one arm and looked at me with a look of pure reverence. She leaned down and kissed me, oblivious to the fact that her juices were coating my face. "Thank you, April. I love you!"

Now this kind of rocked me because I could see in her eyes that she meant it. Somehow, this girl had fallen in love with me. The scary thing was that I was feeling some very similar feelings. My head was swimming from her taste and the scent we had noticed earlier seemed to fill the entire room and me. I wanted to tell her that it was just the orgasms and adrenaline talking, but I couldn't seem to voice it. Then she reached down and started sucking a nipple and any interest in talking was lost. I laid back and let her have her way with me.

Her touch was obviously inexperienced, but it felt marvelous. She licked each nipple with love and nibbled on them. I began breathing harder and harder as she stopped kissing my nipples and slid downwards. She mocked my actions by giving my tummy a raspberry. I laughed out loud and shoved her head down to get her to stop tickling me. She took this as a signal and buried her face in my slit. She attacked me like she was starving to death. Her tongue shoved itself between my lips and screwed its way into my hole.

I came so hard that I saw stars and comets.

By the time I had come down from that, she was licking up and down my lips making me twitch even more. She licked up to the top and sucked hard just like I had done. I felt the most intense feelings that I had ever felt before and felt an odd movement. "Oh, it's so pretty!"

I was about to ask what she was talking about when I felt her hot lips wrap around something and begin to pump up and down. I am pretty sure that they could hear my groans back at McMurdo, but I didn't give a damn. I grabbed her head and held it as she bobbed up and down. I could feel something monumental building inside of me, and nothing was going to stop me from having it.

I lost control completely when one of fingers slipped inside of my pussy. I jammed my hips upwards and shoved her head down as I erupted in the biggest climax of my life. I shook and groaned for several seconds before collapsing back onto the bed. When I had finally recovered from the experience, Angela was curled up beside me and snoring lightly with a soft smile on her face.

I was amazed that she could fall asleep so quickly after such an intense experience, but the relief of years of sexual frustration in such a short time would have probably worn anyone out. I pulled her close to me and snuggled with her. I was drifting off to sleep myself and saw no need to sleep alone. I did notice that the odor was fading now as the ventilation system cleared the room. I vaguely remembered making a note to talk to Vargas about the air system to try and figure out what was causing the smell before drifting off to sleep.

I woke up several hours later with Angela still in my arms. I felt amazingly relaxed and well rested. I also felt incredibly comfortable holding Angela in my arms. There were definite sexual feelings there, but there was also something else underlying it. It felt almost like I had always imagined holding my child would feel. I felt a weird maternal feeling towards her that really made no sense,

but I put it down to the moment.

I decided to get us both some food because I was starved and I knew that Angela would be when she woke up. I gently pulled my arms free and was about to get up when I happened to look down at my crotch. What I saw shocked the shit out of me. I had fallen asleep with my legs slightly spread so I had a pretty clear view and I saw a decent sized cock sticking out from the top of my slit.

Yeah I said cock! Not an enlarged clit like Angela had, but an honest to gosh cock. It wasn't very large, at least not while it was soft, but it was nice and pink with a dull red tip like a man's. I could even see a small slit in the tip. Now I could see what had surprised Angela when she had gone down on me. Something really bizarre was going on here. I didn't know what, but I had a hunch that whatever it was, it was just beginning.

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## **Chapter Five: Answers and Questions**

Okay, back to me now. When I left Vargas, I had more questions than was probably healthy for someone to have. I knew that the hormones and chromosome were affecting me from our discoveries. Between what had happened with Barry and what had happened with Langdon, I had enough basic information to believe that everyone else was somehow being affected too.

Now the question foremost in my mind was why was it affecting people in different ways and why Paul didn't seem to be affected at all. Although two samples wasn't nearly enough to form a proper hypothesis, I could postulate from what I had observed of myself and Barry, the forces affecting us didn't seem to inspire any sort of violent reactions.

Hell, if Barry was any indication, they might even create a sense of docility in some subjects. So why did Langdon suddenly feel the urge to commit assault and battery? I had a very flakey roommate back in college who enjoyed locking me out of our room, especially when I had forgotten my keys so I had become pretty proficient at breaking and entering.

The door to Langdon's room wasn't much of an obstacle to my illicit talents so soon I was going through his things, trying to figure out exactly what was going on. I found nothing in his logs or on his computer. I was just about to give up when I found several small bottles similar to the kind you get prescriptions in from pharmacies. There were no labels on them, but one was still half full. I took it back to my lab and ran several of them through my newly invented analyzer.

I found that our Doctor Langdon had been ingesting Viagra. Now I am pretty sure everyone knows what Viagra is. It is a drug designed to promote sexual potency in older men and younger men suffering from issues such as Erectile Dysfunction. Langdon apparently suffered from something like this. Now this wasn't surprising, what was surprising was the dosage in the pills.

Langdon had been taking pills with almost three times the dosage most doctors recommend. Now it was starting to make sense. Take a man running on sexual overdrive, and then add in an unknown substance that seemed to inspire a level of sexual arousal like few people had ever seen. When I went through Langdon's room, I had found a letter from Langdon's wife telling him how much she was looking forward to his leave time.

Langdon had made plans to take two weeks leave and visit his wife who was flying to McMurdo to see him. He was scheduled to leave two days after the storm had locked us in. I had a hunch that Langdon had been taking the Viagra to get ready for his time with his wife. When the storm hit and blocked his leaving, he probably stopped taking the pills, but with the dosage level he was ingesting

there would have still been plenty in his system when the entire ruckus started. This meant once the pills got out of his system, he should be fine and completely non-violent.

That solved, at least conditionally, one of my mysteries. I still had no clue why Angela had resisted if she was being affected. I figured I could get answers once she had calmed down and April had a chance to work on her. (No pun intended here. Remember that I had no idea what was going on with the ladies.) So I decided to check on Paul and see if I could find some answers there. I found him in the dining area where all the excitement had happened. He had an amazing variety of foods and substances in front of him and was taking deep breaths over each one of them with a delighted smile on his face.

“Hey Paul, what are you doing?” I sat down beside him as close as I could. He blinked and seemed to notice me for the first time. “Hey, Aaron. I was just smelling things. About twenty minutes ago, I started smelling things and I was just trying to enjoy it as much as I could before I woke up from this dream and things were back to the way they were.” He must have noticed the confused look on my face because he continued.

“When I was three, I had a severe viral infection that completely destroyed my sense of smell. All of my life I have never smelled a scent from anything I ate drank or encountered. Right after the fight with Langdon, I started noticing things that I had never noticed before. I walked by the coffee pot and realized that I actually smelled the coffee perking. Since then, I have been trying to smell all of the things that I have been wondering about for sixteen years.”

All of a sudden, the final piece of my puzzle just fell into my lap. Paul suffered from Anosmia, which prevented him from smelling. Which means if the musk that I was producing was some sort of scent based pheromone, then he would have been completely unaffected by the odor. I thanked God for that, because if he had been affected too then Angela would have most probably been raped.

The news of Paul’s affliction also told me something else. I had noticed that I had been feeling better than I had ever felt before and that my cut hand seemed to have healed at an almost inhumane speed. The fact that Paul’s Anosmia seemed to have regenerated in a few short hours told me that whatever was happening to all of us was doing more than just turning us on.

Somehow, this was healing us and maybe even making us better. The very thought excited, terrified, and turned me on something fierce. I noticed then that Paul had stopped sniffing the various substances in front of him and was sniffing the air. The musk had returned with my excitement and was filling the room just like it had in the shower.

I decided that I should leave the room before something happened like it had with Barry. My sex drive seemed to be in overdrive, but I was still in control of my impulses. I had just risen from the bench when the musk scent in the air seemed to double. I looked up and saw Barry moving over to the coffee machine. He was wearing a USC tee shirt and a pair of sweats. From the tent in his pants, I could tell that he was feeling as horny as I was.

Unfortunately for Paul, he also seemed to be producing the same kind of musk that I was. All my reasons for leaving the room were washed away by the double dose of the musk and poor Paul was in serious danger of becoming my next conquest. I tried to find reasons for stopping what I knew was coming, but they seemed to flit away from me before I could lock onto them. In a very real sense, I was becoming as much a “victim” as everyone else. Barry plopped down on the other side of Paul and swatted him on the back hard enough to rattle his teeth. “Hey, Paulie! How’s the hero of the day doing?”

Paul blushed at the loud praise and squirmed away from him. Of course, that made him slide closer to me. "I'm not a hero, Barry. I just did what anyone else would have done in the same place." I had to grin at his modesty and even reached out to muss his hair like I used to do with my nephews back home when they were being a little too cute for their own good.

I noticed that he started breathing harder when I touched him and he kind of shuddered a little when I combed his hair with my fingers. Despite my fading worries over what I was doing, I was struck with just how cute Paul was. He seemed so shy and feminine. Heck, he struck me as even more feminine in his actions than April.

"Maybe Paul, but I doubt that many people would have jumped someone twice their size like you did. You probably saved Angela from a bad scene and saved Langdon from ruining his life. I think that deserves a pretty hefty reward, don't you think so Barry?"

It was almost as if Barry was reading my mind. He stood up and scooped Paul up in his arms like he was a rag doll. Paul seemed shocked, but didn't say anything. He was breathing so hard that I was almost afraid he was going to hyperventilate. Barry followed me as I left the commissary and walked back into the shower room. I let them pass and slid the door to the room shut. Every room in all of the domes had thick metal sliding doors that were designed to seal the rooms in case the domes were breached and snow started pouring in. They were hardly ever used, but I decided to use this one to give us a little privacy.

I had a hunch that things were going to get noisy and I didn't want anyone coming in to disturb us. When I turned around, Barry was already starting to undress Paul who was just standing there with a puzzled look on his face. Even as far-gone as I was, I was ready to stop the whole thing if Paul showed any signs of fear or resistance.

I was a little surprised by Barry's actions. When I had fucked him earlier, he had acted confused but now he seemed as dedicated to screwing Paul as I was. The fact that he seemed willing to follow my lead puzzled me too. I was never what you call a dominant person and Barry always struck me as about as Alpha as you could get. Why was he following me as if I was king of the world? I suspected that it had something to do with the musk and the hormones running rampant through my body. My musings were interrupted when Barry finished undressing Paul and started undressing me. Before I even fully realized it, I was as nude as they were. Paul was breathing hard and shuddering.

Almost as a single unit, Barry and I moved forward to wrap our arms around Paul. I almost came when I felt my cock rub against his butt. Paul moaned loudly and ground backwards against me. I glanced around Paul and saw that Barry had wrapped one hand around his cock and the other around Paul's. He was rubbing them together like he was trying to start a fire. I did notice that Barry's cock seemed larger than it did during our first encounter. I wasn't sure because I had been a little distracted and hadn't really paid attention to specifics. Still, Paul definitely seemed to be enjoying the attention and I was really enjoying the feeling of his ass on my cock. Hornier than ever, I reached forward and pulled Paul's head back.

His eyes went really wide when I turned his face and kissed him full on the lips. When I was screwing Barry, I had felt no desire to kiss him or do anything romantic, but Paul was definitely inspiring different emotions in me. I kissed him gently and let my tongue play across his lips. He shuddered again and opened his lips to allow my tongue inside. Our tongues danced for several seconds before he pulled forward again with a moan. I saw that Barry had dropped to his knees and started sucking on Paul's cock and understood Paul's distraction.

I started rubbing my cock up and down his ass cheeks. My cock head felt a thousand times more



sensitive than it had ever before. I was leaking pre-cum like crazy and his crack was getting slicker and slicker. His crack was feeling wetter and slicker than April's pussy. I wasn't really shocked when on one of my upward swipes, I felt my cock head brush his asshole and lodge in it.

Paul jerked and made a questioning noise. He seemed about to question my actions when he shuddered from Barry's sucking and went quiet. I took this as an okay and pressed forward. I groaned out loud myself as my cock slid inside. It felt incredible as I slid deeper and deeper into him. It also felt much different than when I had fucked Barry. It felt more like the times I had sex with April. He felt much slicker than Barry had and I knew that it all couldn't be from my leaking cock. The muscles in his ass felt different too. They seemed much stronger and more directing. I could feel them gripping my cock, moving it along even as I pushed deeper and deeper. Paul was breathing heavier and heavier and was shoving back and forth between my cock and Barry's mouth.

On one such shove, I felt Paul's muscles grip my cock and it suddenly slipped slightly upwards. I felt my cock head pop between some entrance that should not have been there. Paul screamed loudly and I was terrified that I had hurt him, but a quick glance at his face told me that he was in absolutely no pain at all. I can only describe his expression as one of pure pleasure. I heard a loud gulping noise and realized that Paul had erupted in Barry's mouth and that Barry was hungrily drinking it all down. Thus encouraged, I pushed forward and upwards until I was fully embedded in his ass.

Barry got back on his feet and took Paul's head in his hands. Paul put up no resistance as Barry pulled him down to his crotch. Barry moaned happily as Paul took his cock into his mouth and started sucking loudly. This put his ass on the perfect level for fucking and I took full advantage of it. I pulled out slightly and began fucking Paul as hard as I could. The shower room was filled with groans, sounds of sucking and the sound of my balls slapping Paul's ass. I was fucking as hard and as fast as I could and Barry was literally pounding Paul's mouth. By all rights, Paul should have been in considerable discomfort, but he was right there with us. He was sucking on Barry's cock like he was starving and the way he was twisting on my cock told me exactly what he was after there too.

Finally, I felt my balls tightening and shoved as hard as I could. I felt most of my cock bury itself in the strange new place that had mysteriously come into being inside of Paul. This seemed to set him off on a massive orgasm even though no one was touching his cock. He groaned and this set off Barry who grabbed his head in both hands and buried himself in Paul's mouth. Seeing this was all I could take. I felt my cock erupt inside of him and it felt like I was pumping gallons of sperm into his ass. It felt like my cum lasted for an hour before I finally relaxed.

Barry literally collapsed to the floor with a huge grin on his face. This left Paul unsupported and he slid forward slowly which made my softening cock slide slowly out of his ass. I actually felt myself squirt slightly as my cock head popped out of the new place, but felt a small degree of relief when it had slid completely out and Paul slumped to the floor beside Barry. Within seconds, both of them were sound asleep on the bathroom floor.

With all of the adrenaline ebbing from my system, I still managed to make it to a wall before I keeled over completely. My last thought before sleep claimed me as well was to wonder how I was going to explain all of this to April.

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## **Chapter Six: Going To The Dogs**

Okay, as with April and Angela, I wasn't there for this part so once again I am going to hand over the

story telling reins to another member of my clan. He claims that he could never write worth a damn and even bought term papers during his brief stint in college, so I hope he can do a good enough job to keep you entertained. So here is Vargas.

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Hey everybody, my name is Vargas Montoya. I am 32 years old and originally from Brazil even though my family immigrated to the US when I was nine. I'm not really much like the others you have met so far. I don't have a degree or a super brain with all kinds of shit in it. I managed two semesters of college before I dropped out and joined the Marines. I served two six-year tours and got the exalted rank of Gunnery Sergeant before I mustered out about a year ago.

Thanks to some of the contacts that I had made during my service, I scored this high paying gig working as a security expert with the research team at the ice station. It was a cushy job since none of these egg heads ever caused any trouble and the nearest other people were hundreds of miles away. I spent more time carrying crap and taking care of the work dogs than I did actually securing anything. Still I was being paid more in the six months I had signed on for than I had made during either of my tours of duty, so I wasn't complaining. I have been told that I am very easy to look at. I have brown eyes and a body that the corps spent twelve years trying to make perfect. I have lots of muscles and the six pack that most body builders only dream about. So needless to say, I never had any trouble getting some ass until I took the job here.

Most Latinos will tell you that we are a highly sexed people and there's a lot of truth to that. There's a reason why we usually have large families. So even when I was deployed to different places around the globe, I always managed to get me some at least two or three times a week. So you can imagine how horny I was when all this shit started. I was two months into my six-month stint and hadn't gotten any unless you count my hand.

After we had locked up Langdon, Paul came and asked me what had happened. While we were talking, I was shocked as hell to find out that I was getting stoked just by standing next to him. My cock was so hard that I thought it was going to pop. Now this really freaked me out because I had never gotten the hots for a guy before. Hell, I had plenty of offers from my fellow soldiers during long lonely tours of duty and I had never been tempted to try it. I ain't got nothing against it, just isn't my style. Still, if he hadn't left when he did, I would have probably been suggesting something that would have gotten me punched in the face.

Langdon had finally calmed down and seemed to have fallen asleep so I decided it was safe to leave him for a while and stretch my legs. We had him locked up pretty tight and there was no way for him to open the door from the inside because I had removed the handles and fixed the lock so that it could only be opened from the outside. Superman might have been able to get out of there, but there was no way Langdon could.

I wandered down to the dining hall to get some coffee. This took me past the shower room and even through the door; I could hear the sounds of someone being royally fucked. This did nada to decrease my horniness since it seemed to me that everyone on the base was getting some ass except me. To make things worse, the same damned smell that I had smelled when Aaron was talking to me was pretty much everywhere. It was even thicker than it had been before and just smelling it was making me hornier and hornier.

After I filled my mug with stale coffee, I decided to check on the dogs. The station had three wolf/husky mix dogs that were used to pull sleds for equipment when the temperature got too cold for the diesels on the snowmobiles to work right. They didn't see much use since most times we just

stayed inside when it got that cold. It was one of my duties to keep them fed, exercised and happy. I didn't mind too much because I had always liked dogs and it gave me something to do. Their "pen" was an unused storeroom in the back of Hut 2, which also served as our garage and machine shop.

I left Hut 1 and walked through the connecting tunnel. When I did this, the smell seemed to get a little bit fainter, but not a lot. Since all of the domes were serviced by the same air system, this told me that the filters probably needed cleaning again, which I would have to do as soon as the storm cleared.

When I got to the pen, I was greeted by happy barks and tail wags. Now the three brutes we had would never win dog shows for beauty, but that really didn't matter up here. Bear was the leader of the little pack and the biggest dog I had ever seen. He stood about three feet at his shoulders and probably weighed as much as a good-sized man. He was covered in solid white fur except for the tip of his tail, which was gray.

When I stepped inside and closed the door, he trotted up to me and started nosing in my pockets for the treats that I usually bring with me. Since this had been an unplanned trip, I didn't have any, but I gave his massive head a scratch anyways. Even though there were no treats inside my pant's pocket, he kept nosing around in there any way and started making a kind of low growling noise in his chest.

I had worked with these dogs long enough to know that he wasn't threatening me, so I just ignored him. Charlie was almost as big as Bear, but colored coal black. He was also the friendliest of the three and had never really outgrown his puppy stage. He came over and sidled up beside me with an eager whine. I reached down to pet him with the other hand. Just then, Bear shoved his entire snout into my pocket and jammed it hard against my cock. Madre de Dios! I almost collapsed to the floor from the way it felt.

I pushed his head away and it took almost all of my strength to do it. Bear sat back on his haunches with his tongue hanging out and a puzzled look on his face. That was when I noticed that he was sporting a hard on that would have made any man envious. I didn't know why I suddenly found it so interesting. I felt hypnotized by the way it was shoved out of his hairy sheath. I seemed drawn to the dull red tip that was already dripping some liquid.

My own cock was harder than ever and I could feel it oozing in my pants. (For the record here, I never wear underwear. I always like the feel of everything hanging down free.) A quick look at Charlie at my side showed me that he had a hard on too. It wasn't as big as Bear's but it was still very hard and dripping. I decided to beat a hasty retreat and try to figure all of this out later. That was when Charlie grabbed onto my belt and yanked as hard as he could.

Now I was already off balance, squatting down to pet the dogs so Charlie's pull sent me tumbling backwards onto the floor. I hit pretty hard and saw stars. When I came to my senses, Bear was back at my crotch, nuzzling me again. Charlie had placed his paws on my shoulders, which kept me from getting the leverage I needed to sit up.

The last dog, Elvis (White with black spots, in case you were interested.) was sitting off to one side watching us. His cock was just as hard as the others were but he seemed to be content for the moment just to watch. I didn't know what the fuck was going on, but I knew that I had to get up and away from these loco dogs. When I started to struggle, Bear closed his mouth over my crotch and growled loudly.

This had a mixed effect on me, believe it or not. The feel of his teeth on my dick and balls and the

loud growl scared me because I knew that, if he wanted to, Bear could rip out my crotch and have it for breakfast. It also felt incredible. The pressure on my cock and the vibrations from the growl almost made me faint like a little schoolgirl getting her first kiss. I stopped struggling and Bear released my jewels.

A second later, he grabbed onto my belt and waistband and tugged as hard as he could. I was shocked to feel the leather belt and the khaki fabric part like tissue paper. I had never realized just how strong these dogs were. Seconds later I was naked from the waist down except for my boots and socks. A second after that, Bear started licking my cock.

Now I am no big thinker and I was already confused by all that was going on so I wasn't thinking very clearly, so the moment that dog's tongue hit my cock I was gone like tequila at a fiesta. It felt so fucking good and I was so fucking hot that I didn't give a damn that it was a dog licking my cock. I just spread my legs like a cheap whore to give the beast more room to work. Bear seemed to really like this because he crawled between my legs and really started licking.

Every time he dragged that huge tongue up my cock shaft, I just groaned and jerked my hips for more. Once he was done licking my cock, Bear started in on my balls. He opened his mouth as wide as he could and took both of them inside. He started licking them while he was holding them inside his mouth. It felt so damned good. His mouth was hotter than any woman's I had ever had was and he kept "chewing" on my nuts while he was licking me.

I couldn't take it any more and came like never before. I must have spewed gallons of cum all over my chest as I pumped out load after load. Of course, this got Charlie's attention. He leaned down and started licking the stuff off me. First, he cleaned off my chest and then went to work on my cock, which was slimy as hell. Between him licking my cock and Bear still working on my balls, I didn't even start to go soft.

I was doing my best to think and try to figure out what was going on, but it wasn't doing much good. The dogs seemed much smarter than they had ever been before and I wasn't really dumber, but I was really having a lot of trouble thinking straight. Like any Latino male, I have been accused of thinking with my cock, but today it seemed like my little head was definitely doing all of the thinking.

I could smell that damned smell again, but it was a like a million times more powerful than before. Even though I knew something funky was going on, I just didn't care. When Bear stopped sucking on my sack and shoved his tongue up my ass, I just spread my legs wider and raised my hips up to meet him. I'm pretty sure that I howled just like a dog myself when I felt his thick hot tongue slide into my ass. I know I was squirming around and panting like a bitch in heat when Charlie started licking my cock and balls.

When I felt something hot and sticky dripping onto my face, I wasn't the least bit surprised to see Charlie's cock hanging directly over my face. He had stopped trying to hold me down and had moved forward to get better access to my crotch. His thick slab of meat was right over me and as horny as I was, it looked delicious. Like a thick juicy steak and I felt like I hadn't eaten in weeks. From the way he yelped, I don't know who was more surprised when I leaned up and licked it.

Charlie's cock had a thick, slightly slimy feel to it and had a really gamy taste to it kind of like really old beef jerky, but I didn't care. He was sucking on me so the least I could do was return the favor. I leaned up some more and turned my head to one side. This let me take his cock tip into my mouth.

This really made him happy and he shoved almost two inches in with one thrust. I sucked as hard as I could while I reached up with one hand to play with his balls and the other to stroke the part of his

cock that I couldn't reach with my mouth. The pungent smell and taste were driving me insane with lust so I sucked harder. I must have sucked him for a half hour while Bear kept doing his best to shove his entire head up my ass before I felt his balls began to get really tight.

I watched in pure heat as his knot came sliding out of his sheath. The hand that I was using to stroke him reached out and cupped that massive ball of flesh and rubbed it hard. Charlie howled loudly and shoved another two inches of cock into my mouth. I felt his cock swell up and then I was being drowned in dog cum. I was in shock at how much there was of it.

I had once entertained the foolish idea that I wanted to be a veterinarian when I grew up so when I was in my early teens, I read pretty much everything I could about animals and how their bodies worked. I knew that dogs actually produce very small amounts of cum each time they orgasm. This is why they have the knots. The knot locks them together with the bitch so that they can keep pumping cum into her for a very long time. Charlie was filling my mouth with more cum than I usually shoot when I jack off and it tasted incredible. I took every drop and kept trying to suck more out of him until he finally pulled away from me and stepped back several feet. He was still rock hard, but seemed to be satisfied for the moment.

Meanwhile, Bear finally get tired of licking out my intestines and pulled his tongue out. The break in the mind numbing pleasure I was feeling kind of helped clear my head. I realized just how fucked up what was happening was. I licked my lips and tasted dog cum on them. Part of me wanted to throw up at the taste, but a part of me didn't care. I decided that the best thing for me to do was to get the hell out of there and figure out what had happened later. I didn't trust my balance enough to get up the way I was so I rolled over onto my hands and knees to make it easier to get up. Big mistake on my part, after all they don't call it the "Doggy style" position for nothing.

The second I was kneeling Bear leaped forward and tackled me. He wrapped his fore paws around my waist and jammed his rear paws between my legs to keep me from getting up. I started cursing at him in Spanish, Arabic and even some Chinese that I had picked up from an old girl friend, but then he jammed his cock head into my asshole and the cursing stopped.

Man, if his tongue had felt incredible, the feeling of his cock head sliding into my ass was heavenly. I could feel his cock spilling his juices into my ass and also some sort of weird wetness coming up my ass to meet his cock. It felt kind of like when you have the runs and everything comes out, but much nicer. I could feel every single inch of his cock as it slid into me and I wanted more. I kind of waggled my hips like I had seen female dogs do to encourage him.

It worked better than I could have imagined. Bear barked loudly and shoved his hips forward hard! Before I could even blink, he had jammed all seven inches of his meat into my asshole and I could feel his knot knocking at my back door. I was panting just as loudly as he was and my cock felt like it was going to explode again.

I could feel something really incredible inside of me and wondered if I was feeling what a woman felt when she was about to cum. Just when I was thinking that it couldn't get any better, I felt Bear's cock twist inside of my ass. It was like my ass muscles suddenly grabbed his shaft and moved it. I felt his cock tip slide up and any kind of thoughts I had were wiped away. Suddenly, I was nothing more than a bitch that needed breeding.

Bear seemed to agree with me because he started yelping and pushing harder and hard into me. I felt his knot press against my sphincter and then shove it open hard. It should have hurt because the damned thing was as big as my fist, but all I felt was pleasure and satisfaction. He kept pumping harder and harder, driving the knot deeper as his cock slid further into me. This had to go on for an

hour before he stopped shoving and locked his legs.

I felt something thick and slick being pumped into me and that sent me off on the first orgasm that I have ever had without someone touching my cock. I shook like I was having a malaria attack and came all over the floor. I must have cum for a good three minutes, even though my balls were drained in ten seconds.

I don't know how long it took for Bear to finish and shrink down enough to slip out of me. He got down from my back and walked over to stand beside me. I swear that he was smiling at me as I crouched there on the floor panting. I was just about to try to get up again when Bear looked over my shoulders and barked loudly. I wasn't sure what was going on until I felt Elvis jump up on my back.

I was too weak to even try to resist as he jammed his cock inside of me. I saw Charlie sitting off to one side with his own massive erection and remembered how I used to watch as the neighborhood dogs would take turns with a bitch in heat for hours and hours. I looked over and saw that Bear's cock was already getting hard again and realized that was what was happening here. As my mind gave out to the powerful fucking, I prayed to God that it would last forever.

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## **Chapter Seven: Escape Overture**

Okay back to me for the moment. When I finally came too after the three way with Barry and Paul, I felt like I had slept for hours. My watch told me that I had only been asleep for about an hour or so, but I felt completely rested and reenergized. I was still horny as hell, but decided that this seemed to be the natural state for whatever was happening to us.

Once again I was struck by the severe lack of embarrassment or regret for what I had done. I had cheated on the woman who would bear my child and practically raped Paul. I should have been feeling at least a little shame or regret, but I wasn't. Part of it was the strange new hormones coursing through our bodies, but I sensed that something fundamental was changing in our very mindset.

I had no idea where this journey was taking us, but it was definitely changing us even though I was not sure if it was for the better. I disengaged myself from my two lovers and smiled at the way Paul was still clutching Barry's cock possessively. They hardly even stirred as I got dressed again and left the room, closing the door again behind me.

I started back to April's room to see how she was doing and to check on Angela, but stopped when I realized that the door to the room where Langdon had been locked up was standing wide open and there was no sign of Vargas. After knocking on April's door and telling her to keep the door shut and locked just in case Langdon was still dangerous, I set out to find Vargas. This wasn't easy because the base was pretty large and currently only held seven people. Since two were asleep in the shower room and two were hiding in April's room, I didn't have a lot of help in my search. (For the record, there are two other members of the research team, but they left with the Professor for some leave in McMurdo so the place was pretty deserted.)

After searching all of the residential dome and the dome where we kept the lab equipment for both teams, I checked the storage dome. To say I was surprised to find Vargas on the floor of the dome naked would be an understatement. To say I was shocked to find him being screwed up the ass by a dog the size of my motorcycle back home would be the understatement of the millennia. From the way two other dogs were lying around asleep with contented looks on their fuzzy faces, I judged that

all of this had been going on for a while.

I was just about to try and pull him off of Vargas when it hit me. The musk was overpowering here, much more powerful than it had been with any of the other situations. It was like all of the O2 molecules in the air had been replaced by the musk, but somehow you could still breathe. My hard-on, which had never really gone down, sprang back to full erection and then some.

When I approached the dog and Vargas, the mutt looked up at me and whined, but I just glared at him. I was already unzipping my pants when he kind of dipped his head down and dropped his tail below his legs. He backed off of Vargas and climbed down. His cock made a loud popping noise as it slid out and more cum than I had ever imagined started oozing out of Vargas' asshole. These dogs had been obviously fucking him for a while and from the look on his face, he had loved it the entire time.

Almost without thinking, I dropped down to my knees behind Vargas and grabbed onto his ass. Had I been thinking clearly, I would have been shocked and even grossed out by what had happened and what I was about to do. But with my mind fogged by the massive amount of musk in the air, I just shoved myself balls deep inside of his slimy ass and started fucking. Vargas could obviously tell that I wasn't one of his canine lovers because he seemed to come to his senses. He straightened up and glanced behind at me. I could see the questions in his eyes, but I didn't care. I slid my cock out about half way and then shoved it back in again. This made him close his eyes and groan.

God, he felt good. His ass was white hot and slicker than oil. I could feel the dog cum oozing around my shaft as I slid in and out. Vargas was panting so hard that I was afraid that he was going to hyperventilate and I wasn't much better off. My balls were slapping his ass cheeks and I could feel his ass muscles gripping and guiding my cock as it went. I was only a little surprised when I felt them grip me tightly and shove my cock head upwards. Just like with Paul, I slid into a place that shouldn't exist and just like with Paul, it felt like pure heaven.

My cock almost seemed to lengthen so it slid even deeper. When this happened, I truly lost it. I started pounding into Vargas as hard as I could, making him moan louder and louder. As I screwed him, I happened to look over at the dogs and was amazed at what I saw. The smallest of the animals was crouched down on the floor and the biggest of the brutes had mounted him. I was shocked to see that the bigger one was shoving one of the biggest cocks I had ever seen into the other dog's ass.

Now I know that certain animals do practice what we would consider homosexual relations mainly because most male animals are always ready for sex and females are only ready during heat. Dogs, gorillas, chimps and many others hump each other and anything else they can get their paws on, but I had never seen two male animals actually screwing, but the biggest one was definitely sliding his cock in and out of the other dog's ass.

Even more amazing was the fact that the other dog loved it. This made me even hotter and I could feel the cum boiling in my balls. I wanted Vargas to cum with me so I did something that his doggy lovers couldn't do. I reached around and started pumping his cock with my hand while I screwed him as hard as I could. This made him buck and moan.

He started fucking back against me harder and harder. He started whining almost like the dogs over beside us as I started filling him with even more cum. He started spewing all over my hand and the floor. I could feel it, as my cock head seemed to expand and plug the entrance to the new place.

When I recovered from my orgasm, I pulled very gently out of Vargas and sat down hard on the



floor. Vargas slumped forward and slowly rolled over onto his back. I could tell that his pleasure drunk mind was starting to fade because he actually looked aware of his surroundings again. I glanced over at the dogs and saw that they had finished too. The two smaller ones were lying on their sides with cum leaking out of them. The bigger one was sitting to one side watching us with what seemed to be a highly intelligent expression on his fuzzy face.

Once our orgasms had faded both Vargas and I seem to come to our senses. The musk was still in the air, but it didn't seem to have a great a hold on us as it had before. Vargas rolled over onto his side and stared at me intently like he was trying to figure out what had happened. I was watching his eyes looking for any signs of anger or aggression for what we had done, but there was nothing there but curiosity. "So, Amigo. Do you want tell me what the fuck is going on here?"

I took a chance and gave him the Reader's Digest version of what I knew and what I thought was happening. It actually felt good to finally tell someone what was going on. He listened to everything without saying a word, and then shrugged. "My parents would make some smart ass comment about water and bridges. You didn't know what was going on until it was probably too late to do anything about it so no fault on you. We have got something more important to worry about. If Langdon is lose, no telling what sort of trouble he might cause."

I agreed and gave silent thanks to God that Vargas had a good head on his shoulders. We did a complete search of the base, but found no sign of him. We were at a loss until we decided to check and see if he was hiding in the Snow Cat. When we opened the door that led to it, we were blasted with ice-cold winds. The temporary tunnel between the building and the cat was torn to shreds and the massive snow vehicle was gone. We now knew how he had gotten away from the base.

"Dios! Now I wish we hadn't kept that damned thing idling all this time. The engine would have frozen up and there would have been no way he could have cranked it without days of thawing."

For those who don't know and as I found out, diesel engines are very vulnerable to freezing temperatures. To keep them from freezing up completely, they have to be kept at a low idle so that the heat of the engine can keep the fuel from freezing. I had known that the engine on the cat was still going, but hadn't realized why until Vargas explained it to me. "He must be headed for McMurdo, but why?" I remembered what I had found and snapped my fingers. "His wife is supposed to be there. They were going to get together during his leave. He must be trying to get to her."

"How bad will it be if he gets around other people?"

"Worse case scenario is that we could be looking at a world wide Pandemic. It takes a while for the symptoms to manifest themselves and even longer for any physiological changes to occur. If we don't find some way to stop him and at least isolate him, then people could become infected, leave McMurdo and spread the changes to the entire world."

"Okay, that definitely counts as bad," Vargas said. He pondered for a second, and then motioned for me to follow him back to the dog's dome. He approached several objects covered with heavy tarps and pulled the tarp off. Underneath were four very large snowmobiles, complete with helmets. "You are insane. It is below zero outside and the visibility is next to nothing. There is no way in hell we can make it through all of that to McMurdo."

"Hey Amigo, if we want to stop Langdon from turning into the next Typhoid Mary, then we have to do something." Vargas shrugged. "Hey, they are gasoline powered, can go over 80 miles an hour and they have enough range to get us there at least with a little luck. Our only other option is to hope that Langdon doesn't make it to the town."

I nodded and we split up to get the gear we would need. Vargas had a spare suit that he said he would loan me that had heating elements that could be plugged into the mobile's electrical system so I went back to my lab to pick up my palm top that also had a satellite GPS built into it. It should allow us to plot a relatively straight course to McMurdo, if we didn't fall into a ravine or get blown away by high winds. Then I stopped by April's room to check on her and Angela.

When I knocked on the door, April stepped out clad only in a smile and sandals. I had seen the look on her face enough times to know what she had been doing. The words "freshly fucked" came to mind. I ached to ask her what was going on, but realized that I didn't have the time. I quickly informed her of what Vargas and I planned to do. I didn't want to worry her so I just told her that Langdon had flipped out and stolen the cat. She seemed to buy the story that Vargas and I were simply going out to try and rescue him. She also seemed to want to tell me something, but couldn't seem to find the words. I gave her a passionate kiss and told her that we would be back as soon as we could.

I got into the suit that Vargas gave me, feeling like a small child wearing their parent's clothes. Vargas and I were close to the same size, but he was much more buff than me so the damned thing fit very loosely. After that, it took us nearly an hour to fuel up the mobiles and drag them outside. As Vargas gave me a quick course in driving the things, I did notice that the storm seemed to be lessening. The winds were much calmer than they had been just an hour ago and I imagined that it also seemed a little warmer. This gave me some hope that we were going to make it to our destination alive, but it also worried me because Langdon would have a much easier time too.

"Hokay, Aaron," Vargas said as he mounted up. "If you know any prayers or have any favors that Dios owes you, now might be a good time to cash them in." He pointed to the fuel cans strapped to the back of the snowmobiles. "If I figured it right, we got just enough gas to make it there with a little bit of margin for error. If we fuck up or miss, we are going to be the greatest scientific discovery of the next million years."

I nodded and tried to smile encouragingly as we headed out. I didn't want to mess with his morale so I didn't tell him that the only prayer that I could think of after years of school was The Prayer for the Dead. Somehow I doubted that bit of information would have made him feel better.

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## **Chapter Eight: Once More With Feeling**

I watched Aaron go down the corridor then around the corner before I turned and went back into the room. I hoped he was going to be OK. I just couldn't believe all the crazy things that were happening to us. At that moment, though, I didn't care. That wonderful musky smell was back and along with it, all my thoughts vanished. Except for Angela. I gazed over at her asleep form, literally spread-eagled and naked on the bed. She was so beautiful, with those long legs, absolutely inviting.

I couldn't help myself. I moved between her legs, lowered my head and placed my palms on either side of her hips. Gently I kissed April's pussy, then ran my lips and then tongue up and down. Gradually I worked my tongue between the folds and up toward her clit. I knew it was large but I wasn't prepared for the shock. From between her lips a small cock popped up. It definitely wasn't a clit, it was a small cock, complete with slit and crowned with foreskin. Oh my God, it happened to her, too! It was the most marvelous, amazing thing. I ran my tongue below it, between the lips to check and sure enough she still had a vagina.

Then I dived onto that cock as if it was the last one I'd ever see. I sucked it and ran my tongue

around and around, bobbing my head up and down. It grew more, swelled larger than I thought possible. Angela began to move. Her hips pushed up and I felt her begin to sit up. I looked upwards, past her breasts with those lovely hard nipples.

I didn't want her to freak out - this was so nice - so I reached up, place a hand on her left breast and gently pressed her back down. She moaned and I think she said, "I love you." It was a little hard to tell with the noise I was making. Angela closed her eyes and began to move her hips up and down in time to my sucking and bobbing head.

With my right hand I worked Angela's magnificent nipple - I knew from before that she got off on that - and with my left, I inserted one then two fingers into her cunt and started stroking. The combined effect of my fingers and my sucking and licking worked quickly.

April suddenly tensed, shoved her hips at my face and cried a very loud, Meg Ryanish, "Yes, yes, yes!" And much to my surprise, although I shouldn't have been, Angela's cock actually squirted in my mouth! It was only a few small squirts but it ballooned just like a real man's cock and from the experience I had had before, it must have felt very intense for her.

By this time I was thoroughly turned on, nearly ready to cum myself. I am one of those women who are blessed with the ability to orgasm just from sucking a guy off. My cock - My COCK! - was very hard and demanded attention too. Carefully hiding Angela's cock from her sight, I spun around, swung my leg over her body and presented my erect cock to her face. I have no idea how large it was - it felt absolutely huge, and stiff and fantastic I can tell you, unbelievably different from any feeling I had had before - and it was definitely taking control of me. I now know why men's brains are where they are, and for a very good reason.

As I once again began licking Angela's still erect cock, she reached up, put her arms around my ass and gently pulled me down to her. I felt her kiss my cock and then her warm lips start to slide up and down, and her tongue lapped and teased the head and her sucking made it feel just even bigger and harder and better. All at once. My God, it was wonderful; I don't know how to describe it. Men always seemed to enjoy having their dicks sucked and licked. I loved having my clit licked, too, but this, this! was something else, something more intense and focused.

It didn't take long at all, maybe less than a minute, and I came very, very strongly once again. I mashed my head down on Angela's cock and made as much noise as I could - I've always found that making noise, even faking it, added to the pleasure and certainly told my partner I enjoyed whatever they were doing. I sucked Angela's cock hard and pushed my own cock into her face. I could feel it hit, that intense orgasm, and I knew that I started to squirt. Angela gurgled but didn't stop sucking. It was like the volcano going off. No wonder men like sex so much!

I raised my head a bit and panted. Somehow, I knew I could have more, that I had the best of both sexes, male and female. I could enjoy the intensity men feel and the sensation of release but I could also enjoy my own long-lasting multiple orgasms. I knew that I could fuck and be fucked easily and that it was better and, well, more powerful. That simply. Keeping my hand over her cock, I swung my leg over Angela and turned around, looked down at her lovely face.

She had the biggest smile. Her eyes were closed, her dark nipples still crinkled She had not cum a second time. Angela reached up with her arms, placed her hands on either side of my head and pulled me down for a long, very toungey, passionate kiss, the best kind. She broke, placing her cheek next to mine and whispered, "I love you so much," again.

I knew that I loved Aaron very much, but Angela was becoming - had become - someone very

special, too. This was a bit strange: I didn't realize that I was polyamorous. I briefly wondered what a tri-marriage, a three-person relationship might be like, with all three of us not only in bed together but sharing a life together. I didn't know how either Aaron or Angela would feel about that.

Angela became insistent. Her hands started rubbing my shoulders and back, then moved down to my ass and she began pushing, wanting to fuck. I didn't want her startled yet so I pushed my head up above her face, spread my legs wide and using only the feeling between them, I carefully worked Angela's still erect cock into my cunt.

Wham! A feeling hit me. I sat up suddenly and started fucking Angela quickly, literally bouncing on her. I was panting heavily, and started to "uh, uh, uh" with each breath. Angela's cock wasn't very big but it was having a terrific affect, I can tell you.

Angela started up at me with wide eyes.

"I didn't know women could do this," she said. "It is so wonderful!" And she arched her back, closed her eyes again, and started to fuck back. I had never, ever fucked anyone like that before. I had been on top countless times, but never had I actually bounced. It was the most amazing feeling and it was working for me and for Angela.

Angela suddenly pushed me up, her hands clenching my legs, and she squirted into me. "Unnngh!" she yelled, writhing beneath me. And I thought how beautiful she was in the midst of rapture. Just positively the most beautiful, lovely, loving thing ever. It was an enormous turn-on just to watch.

I hadn't cum again and I badly needed to. Fuck it, I thought. I got off Angela, slid down and literally jammed my swollen cock into her cunt. Angela didn't see anything as I lay straight down on top of her and started fucking into her. That's right, fucking her. I had used a strap-on once before, and it was clearly a different sensation driving into someone than being fucked, even being the dominant one, but this was different again. This was powerful, urgent, and splendiferous. Unbelievable. I didn't have the words.

I fucked and pushed and shoved, in and out, over and over, and kissed Angela with her kissing me back, until eventually that incredibly intense feeling hit me like a missile and I came and shot into her. I know I made a great deal of noise and I didn't care who heard me. This was, without doubt, the greatest feeling ever. I have no idea how much fluid I shot into Angela, it felt like gallons but I'm sure it wasn't much.

I've heard all of these descriptions about how much ejaculate men give and how big their dicks measure and so on; I've never really cared about that and still don't, especially at that moment. The feelings themselves were far more important. I placed my hands on either side of Angela's waste and, smiling hugely, gazed down at her.

After I caught my breath, I rolled off, to Angela's left side. She turned, placed her right hand on my cheek and kissed me gently. Aaron had better like a tri-marriage I thought because I was not going to settle for less.

Then it happened. Angela looked down. She just stopped dead.

She saw her still-erect small cock sticking straight up out of her lips.

"Love," I said smiling, "I think we have something to talk about."

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## Chapter Nine: Three's A Crowd, More Is An Orgy

The rest of that day was a bit vague. Angela and I slept in for a few hours then we made love before getting up. This time it was slower, less urgent, more gentle and loving. I slowly explored her beautiful body, bit by bit, with my fingers, my eyes, my lips and tongue. She squealed when I took her cock into my mouth again and cried happily when she erupted. I relished playing the male role which my new cock gave me, exquisite. When we entered the mess we found Paul and Barry sitting together. Barry grinned at us. No secrets around here!

Paul avoided eye contact. Guilty about something? Angela stayed close to me, touching much of the time. I didn't care that they saw. I caught Angela sneaking looks at them, though, especially Paul. Interesting how she had changed. Maybe I had done some good. Maybe what was happening to us was doing a lot of good. We ate then went about our normal work. The storm raged and howled outside and I worried that Aaron was alright. It was a long trip to McMurdo and not a good one in these conditions.

Barry was gone a long time when he went to feed the dogs. I could hear them making noise while he was there; I guessed they were spooked by the storm or missed Vargas and were glad to see Barry. The rest of the day went quietly except for the never ending storm.

That night Angela and I slept together. She cuddled close and kept waking and stroking me. At one point, I got quickly hard, my cock just sprang out of hiding - it still seems a bit funny to think that way of my cock but that's what it felt like, and I loved every second of it - and I rolled on top of her, kissed her strongly, inserted my cock into her and just fucked her.

I pushed myself up so my arms were straight the way some guys have done to me. My breasts dangled down, my nipples brushed hers as I fucked, sending waves of wonderful electricity through both of us. Angela panted heavily and came first. I wasn't far behind. It was a very different feeling to fuck someone and come in them, more intense than I'd ever experienced but also more short-lived. I relished it.

The next day was more of the same. Storm outside and quiet inside. While we were all eating lunch, the dogs started barking loudly. Barry said, "What's got into them? They already got fed." and went to investigate. The dogs quieted down but started in again 20 minutes later. Barry hadn't returned so Angela and I went to the storage dome to have a look. I opened the door, Angela and I stepped through and stopped dead.

Angela gasped; her left fingers touched her lips. There on the floor before us was a naked Barry, on hands and knees, with a very big dog on his back going hell for leather fucking him in the ass. More amazing were the other two dogs beside them, one on top of the other's back, clearly fucking! Their speed was incredible; I had never seen anyone fuck that fast before. The one beneath sported a bobbing erection and was obviously loving it, howling and barking in appreciation. The big one on top of Barry howled, too. That's what all the fuss was about!

Barry hadn't seen us yet even though he was facing us - his eyes were closed - and from his open-mouthed smile and noises he was clearly enjoying being hammered very much. I took a step backwards and then it hit us: the musk smell was extremely strong here. I shook my head. The scene did not gross me out. One of my former female lovers had been into porn and one of her fantasies involved having sex with dogs. We laughed about it then, made jokes about their staying power. I had used a strap-on and pretended to be the male dog and her the bitch. She would have been envious as hell of what I was about to do now. My body literally shook in sudden anticipation.

Angela stepped up to Barry, dropped to her knees then crouched so her face was level with his. She reached out, placed her palms on either side of Barry's head and proceeded to kiss him deeply. His eyes popped open but he didn't fight it in the least; he kissed back, tongue and all. I knelt behind Angela, placed a palm on her back and started to rub up and down her spine.

She kept kissing Barry while he was being rooted by the big dog. I could feel my body responding, a tightening sensation between my legs, my muscles tensing, my cock hardening, beginning to poke out, so I stood up and quickly removed all of my clothes. Much better! I reached around and started fondling Angela's breasts. Her nipples were hard and ready to burst out of her bra and shirt.

When she pulled back from Barry and began removing her clothes, I took her place and literally shoved my cock into Barry's mouth. His eyes opened wide in surprise and for a moment I thought he might pull back. But he didn't. He closed his eyes and lips on my cock and started sucking and licking. From the way he did it, he clearly had had some practice. I placed my hands on Barry's shoulders and found my face about level with the dogs. He licked me on the lips and kept licking while fucking Barry. It wasn't bad and I even licked back a few times.

Angela came back to me and started kissing my neck and shoulders, running her right hand up and down my back. Her left hand played with my left breast. Both of my nipples responded: they felt even harder than my cock, which was in Barry's mouth being sucked. I felt wonderful! It wasn't love, it wasn't tender, it was something else, a lot of lust, and there was a sense of power, too, but not controlling power, just raw power. I had never felt this way before, not until my time with Angela. I had certainly been sexually assertive before - Aaron liked that in my very much - but I had never, ever felt this plain powerful before.

The dogs on the side had stopped fucking by now, and the one on top got off and pulled out. I had thought that he might have stayed tied with his swollen knot, but he didn't. The dog that was on the bottom went over to a corner and began licking his cock, cleaning himself. The dog that had been on top came over to Angela and sniffed her naked hip. He started to lick her. Angela stopped kissing my neck. I felt cool air on my back. I glanced left and saw her put her hands on his head then rubbed him behind the ears, gradually working down his body to underneath him, toward his cock.

I pulled back from Barry for a moment. I could see Angela's cock was also erect. It was clearly larger than before but still smaller than most men's and smaller than my own. My own cock was now about average male size but it felt immense, all consuming. Angela slid over and presented her cock to Barry and he began kissing, sucking and licking it. The large dog was still on top but had stopped moving. He seemed to be pressed into Barry's ass as hard as he could and was holding himself there.

Every once and awhile he would make a sound. The look on that dog's furry face seemed like pure pleasure. I didn't know dogs could express like that. I sat down on the floor, my legs tucked beneath. The dog that had been licking Angela put his nose in my crotch, sniffed, and then started licking. I moved, still sitting with my arms straight behind me, palms down, and opened my legs wide. It felt so good! His tongue seemed able to twist into every crevice, right into my vagina and up to my cock. When he licked my cock, I went ballistic and let out a loud, "UhhhAhhhhhh!"

Angela reached over and placed a hand on my shoulder. That was it, my cock erupted. I shook and yelled and spurted and I swear that dog licked up and savored every drop. I looked up and saw Angela smiling down at me. She blew a kiss at me before closing her eyes, enjoying the pleasure Barry was still giving her. I was going to get up but the dog before me had other ideas. He jumped on top of me, pushed my back down on the floor. My hands went up and grabbed his sides. I felt his cock probing. He wanted to fuck me!

I couldn't resist so I moved until the tip of his cock was against my pussy lips. He pushed and gradually worked the tip in. I pressed upwards with my hips and slowly started bucking. This caused his cock to go way in and eventually his knot entered me. While it really filled me up and had the most incredible feeling, I did not feel that we were locked together.

I could have separated at any time. Which I wanted to do - not! I was having the time of my sexual life here. If only my girlfriend could have seen me and tried this! The dog was really getting into it. He started to fuck his cock rapidly in and out of me with that incredible high speed I saw before. I held on, keeping his hind quarters low so it wouldn't pull out. I had never been fucked like that before, that fast and insistent. All kinds of love and sex have its place, and this was something else. I did not feel grossed, guilty or crazy. At that moment I was pure lust and being hammered was the most important thing in the world.

I felt all of the dog's cock inside of me, sliding rapidly in and out. Then something unusual and wonderful happened. The dog pushed his cock hard into me and it felt as if my vagina literally grabbed onto it and twisted it, making sure it was snugly fit. I could feel my internal muscles literally milk that dog's cock. Somehow I was fucking his cock from the inside.

He was still trying to fuck, but not as rapidly as before, more like insistent pushing, pushing, and pushing. That was it, I was gone. Another orgasm hit. It was a giant, wave after wave of sensation, on and on and on. At least that's how it felt, although it may not have been that long. I think my cock erupted, too, but I wasn't sure and I didn't care. At the same time the dog started cumming, squirting into me with every pulse of his amazing cock.

I think I howled as loud as the dogs that morning. I had read that dogs cum for a long time, in slow squirts. This didn't seem to be happening. He was cumming more than any man I'd ever known, it seemed as if he wouldn't stop, but it wasn't slow, it was more like the way a man would cum but it lasted far longer. Another, less intense orgasm washed over me. This was the life!

Soon my attention was broken. I heard the door behind squeak and looked over. Paul had entered. He just stood with his mouth open. Angela saw him, instantly disengaged from Barry and literally flew over. "It's all right," I heard her say gently. "It's all right." She put her arms around Paul and started to kiss him.

In a few seconds, he responded, kissing back. Angela slowly took off Paul's clothes. She kissed him all over his body while doing it, gently, lovingly, running her hands along with her lips. When he was nude, she kissed her way down his chest and stomach and then took his erect cock and began licking the tip. Then she took it into her mouth and began to suck. Paul closed his eyes, placed his hands on her shoulders and began rocking his hips slowly.

My orgasms (oh, yes, plural) had subsided by now and my vagina released the dog's cock. He pulled out and went over next to the other dog and started to lick himself. The other dog became interested and began licking as well. My head was still buzzing from the musk pheromones. Barry was still locked up with the big dog, although they weren't moving.

Barry had his eyes closed and seemed to be just enjoying the sensation. A thought crossed my mind, "This is it. You may not get another opportunity to try it."

I scrambled up and slipped behind Paul. At the same time, Angela released his cock and stood. Angela and I are both taller than Paul. She kissed him on the mouth then, reached around his head with her right hand, placed it behind my neck and pulled my head just over Paul's and proceeded to kiss me. Her left hand went down and I think she must have touched Paul's cock or maybe her own because

the both shuddered slightly. My left hand rubbed Paul's ass cheek and with my right I reached around and hugged Angela with Paul sandwiched between us.

That was exactly what I had in mind and I think Angela had worked it out, too. She stopped kissing me, stood taller then spread her legs. She then took Paul's very erect cock and guided it straight into her cunt. It must've gone right in and she settled a bit, squeezing her thighs together to create pressure. She closed her eyes, tipped her head back and made an "uhhhhhh" sound.

I slid both my open palms down her back to her ass and pulled her in. She started to move. My own still-hard cock pressed against Paul's ass crack. I was leaking what must have been plenty of pre-cum - either that or he was wet - because I had no trouble pressing my cock into his crack. Paul even helped by spreading his legs a bit as if he wanted it.

I pushed my cock in, found his asshole and felt myself slip inside. It felt as if my cock had somehow grown even larger and I had this overpowering urge to push very hard, which I did. Some muscles in his ass seemed to grab my cock, too. All of this happened in a second or two.

Paul had started slowly fucking Angela. They resumed kissing. But Angela's hands were hugging each side of me. They slipped back and she took hold of my breasts. With that I slammed into Paul and began fucking ruthlessly, fast and hard. They joined in.

I had been involved in a few threesomes before but this was different. I felt that sense of power again, that intense feeling centered on my cock which I was hammering into Paul while he drilled into Angela. Harsh words but appropriate for what we were doing. We were all breathing hard, panting, making plenty of noise. Angela could not stop smiling throughout the entire experience.

My cock suddenly slipped through something in Paul, angling upwards, and he yelled, "Yes!" Angela and I pounded Paul. He was literally the meat in the sandwich. I heard Angela suddenly cry out. The moment she stopped moving Paul also stopped. I could feel Paul's ass muscles pulsate, clenching and releasing my moving cock and other muscles inside of him rippling around my cock, the same as my own had done to the dog. He must have erupted into Angela, and she on him.

A few moments later, I shot into Paul what felt like an incredible amount of sperm. Where did I get all of it from? This joint orgasm seemed to go on for, well, it wasn't forever but it felt like an awfully long time. More likely a few minutes. Breathing heavily, Angela slipped off Paul's cock. She looked down at his chest. Her mouth opened, closed, opened again to a little "O" then she placed her hands on Paul's chest and said, "They're beautiful." I looked over Paul's head, down past his neck and saw Angela's hands kneading Paul's small breasts.

He had breasts! Complete with small erect nipples. These didn't look like the vestigial nipples on males but more like small developed female nipples and breasts. Paul was obviously loving it, as well as loving my cock still buried in his ass. He started rocking in time to Angela's hands, pressing back onto me. Angela rubbed her fingertips over Paul's erect nipples.

I heard a groan, looked over and saw that the big dog had finally gotten off Barry. He had collapsed onto the floor on his side. There was this enormous big smile on his face, teeth showing, eyes closed. He was clearly in heaven. He was also in great need for his cock was stiff as a surfboard. Across the room, I saw that the two other dogs had stopped licking and one had just mounted the other.

The big dog that had been fucking Paul backed up to the lower dog and that dog then proceeded to mount the big dog. I had heard that dogs sometimes do this when very aroused, line up in a chain, cock in ass, starting with the one whose cock was in the bitch. I never thought I'd see it. They started that rapid doggy fucking that so intrigues me. I remembered how good it felt.



I pulled out of Paul, went over and crouched above Barry. I knelt down, put my arms around him and hugged, making soothing, cooing noises. He turned over on his back and hugged me in return. I stepped over him, raised myself up and lowered myself onto his cock. My own cock had softened and pretty much retracted back into my slit so it didn't hinder what I was doing.

I leaned down, kissed Barry, and gently pressed my hips down, taking his cock smoothly into me. He groaned. I felt my cunt grab onto it and start milking it just as I had done to the dog and just as Paul had done to me. I then sat straight up, placed my hands on Barry's chest and started moving on top of him. First sliding forward then backwards, then I began to move up and down. As I said before, this type of movement had never done anything for me but since 'the change', it really turned me on and felt magnificent. The cock rubbing inside me was almost as powerful as my own cock sliding in and out of Angela or Paul.

Speaking of whom, both of them had come down to the floor next to us. Paul got on his back next to Barry, Angela on top of him but not astride as I was. Paul's left hand touched Barry's right. She laid down on him, mashing her breasts on his chest. Paul opened his legs, raised his knees as I had done so many countless times and Angela slid her cock into him.

She closed her legs and started fucking steadily. As she did this she turned her blonde head, looked up at me and smiled. I grinned back. Great communication, this. A definite, "I love you. I love this. I love them." And I realized that, yes, I did love them. Aaron was still my first, foremost and strongest love and Angela my second, but these two men were also now part of something special, something wonderful happening to all of us, something that would bring us together as no group of people had ever bonded before.

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## **Chapter Ten: Race Against Time**

Now while the rest of my little group was having the time of their lives, please remember that Vargas and I were out on the Antarctic ice shelf on snowmobiles in the middle of a blizzard. Okay, the blizzard was starting to fade, but a good day at the bottom of the world is bad enough when you are out in the middle of it. Since you are all probably reading this for the sex and not my excellent prose, I will bore you with most of the details of our insane dash across hundreds of miles of ice.

It is all pretty much a blur anyway. I mean, you are going almost eighty miles an hour over mostly featureless terrain so not much stands out. Since I don't want to upset animal lovers, I won't go into detail about the penguin rookery (flock, herd?) that we plowed through. I am pretty sure we missed most of them. We lost the other snowmobile and almost Vargas too less than fifty miles outside of McMurdo when he hit a patch of ice that was covering a very deep crevasse.

He somehow managed to leap out of the driver's seat and grab the edge of the cliff before he followed his vehicle into black space. I have to say that his collection of Spanish curse words is amazing. My ride cut out on us less than ten miles from the town, but from there it was a surprisingly easy trek to civilization. I credit our newly changed bodies with helping us survive both the trip and the final hike. While we both felt cold as hell, we never seemed to feel the discomfort that you would have expected in such extreme conditions.

Now as I may have mentioned much earlier, McMurdo is hardly a booming metropolis. It is closer to size and feel to some small country town out in the middle of nowhere. I was confident that we could find our quarry because, quite frankly, there wasn't that many places to search. My hope was that the storm had kept him isolated if he had actually managed to make it this far. If it had, then we

could snag him, reclaim the cat and get back to the base.

If he had somehow managed to infect a large number of people, it would become a lot more difficult to manage. My hope that Langdon had gotten lost in the storm was destroyed when we found the cat parked outside of McMurdo's only hotel. I use the word hotel with some kindness. It was actually a small one story building that served as a sort of check in and restaurant with a dozen or so small Quonset huts spread around it.

I remembered reading in my handbook that each hut served as a room with its own small furnace and bathroom. "Hokay, he's gotta be in one of those huts," Vargas said. "Now how we do find out which one with out exposing other people to us?"

I just grinned at him and pulled out my cell phone. He gave me a look that questioned my sanity as I dialed information. "McMurdo, Antarctica please. Yes I need the phone number for the Hotel National please."

After getting the number, I dialed the front desk and asked which room the Langdon party was staying in. After that, it was a simple matter of finding the properly numbered room.

"Amigo there is no way in hell that should have worked. Dios must love you very much."

I just shrugged and jimmed the door using a pry bar from the cat. We shoved the door open and jumped inside, ready for a fight since Langdon had become violent earlier. We were not ready for what we saw. Now as an aside, I have to say that the room was actually very nice. If you ignored the rounded metal ceiling of the hut, it looked like a good priced room back in the states. It had nice carpeting and colorful curtains and a king sized bed that pretty much dominated one wall. It was a surprise to me that someone had spent so much effort on a room that might only be used once or twice a year.

Okay, aside over. When we burst into the room, we saw Langdon laying face down on the floor. From the angle of the body and the way he laid there, I guessed that he was dead. Of course, from the smile on his face I suspected that I knew how he had died. I was distracted from the thought of a man literally fucking himself to death by scene on the bed.

I recognized the woman from the photo of Langdon's wife. She was an attractive woman in her mid-forties with graying brown hair and a nice body that showed signs of exercise on a regular basis. The other girl was much younger, probably about seventeen or so. She had the woman's pretty hair and nice body. Her facial features reminded me more of Langdon so I assumed that she was probably their daughter. I heard Vargas mutter something in Spanish that sounded like "Holy Shit." I seconded his analysis of the situation.

The older woman was kneeling over the girl's head and the girl was hungrily licking at her soaked pussy. The woman was grinding down on her face making loud moans and squeezing her breasts while twisting her nipples. One of the girl's hands was gripping the woman's ass like she was afraid it would escape and the other hand was in between her own legs fingering her slit furiously.

I felt my cock get rock hard in seconds and realized that the musk that had come to be so familiar filled pretty much every single inch of airspace in the room. Almost without thinking, I began stripping off my parka and clothes. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Vargas was doing the same thing.

(Okay for those of you who are probably thinking that this was incredibly callous of us, you are absolutely right. There was a dead man on the floor and we were about to screw his wife and

daughter. Maybe I hadn't known Langdon long, but I had come to respect the man and he truly hadn't done anything to deserve what had happened to him. We should have wrapped the body up, gotten the women dressed and gotten the hell out of there. However, the room was filled with the sex musk which drove Vargas and me into a breeding frenzy and there were two available females just waiting for us. I can honestly say that there was no thought in my head except for getting my cock into one of them.)

It was a race to the bed and I won by about two inches. (Small penis joke there or is that a large penis joke?) I grabbed the woman and tossed her off of the girl onto the bed. A split second later, Vargas was between her legs with his cock jammed inside of her. The girl blinked up at me with a confused look on her face. Her entire head was coated in leakage from her mom's pussy and even in her confusion; she was still licking at what she could reach with her tongue. I just smiled down at her and crawled between her legs. A copious amount of sperm was already leaking from her pussy so I suspected that her father had fucked her at least once before his collapse.

I was able to slide my cock inside her with almost no effort at all. Both daughter and mother let out nearly simultaneous moans of pleasure as Vargas and I slid home. I don't know if was the almost overdose level of musk in the air or the sheer excitement of having survived one of the most insane things I have even done before, but I was hornier than I had ever been before and after the events of the past few days, that was saying something. I leaned down slightly and placed my hands on her apple sized breasts as I began to royally fuck her.

There was no finesse this time, no gentleness of any kind as I screwed her. I fucked her as hard and as fast as the dogs must have done to Vargas. Our hip bones literally made thumping sounds as we came together on each thrust. My balls, which felt absolutely huge, were slapping against her pert little ass as I jammed as much of my cock into her on each stroke. Instead of complaining or resisting, the girl jammed her hips up to meet each thrust.

I was really getting into fucking this eager little girl when I heard Vargas groan loudly beside me. I deduced from the sound that he had just dumped his load deep inside of the woman. I was just getting started myself and was nowhere near cumming inside of my partner despite the fact that she was having multiple orgasms around my cock. I started twisting her nipples the way that April liked and this made her practically scream in ecstasy and her cunt muscles started squeezing my cock.

Just then, I felt the bed shift slightly and felt some very strong arms wrap around my shoulders. I could hear Vargas breathing heavy behind me and something very hard and wet pressing against my ass cheeks. A quick glance over to my left told me that the woman had collapsed onto the bed and passed out from pleasure. This meant that Vargas was still locked into the breeding frenzy inspired by the musk and, with the position that we were in; mine was the only available hole.

Amazingly enough, through all the sex I had experienced up to this point, I had never been on the receiving end of anal sex. I had fucked Vargas and Paul, but never gotten it in return. So needless to say I was a little surprised when Vargas grabbed onto my hips and jammed all of his cock into me with one stroke. God it felt good! I felt like my cock grew another three inches from the sheer pleasure of feeling that long hard piece of meat slide into me. I was as slick if not slicker than the girl I was screwing and I could feel every single inch of it as he went inside of me.

I could barely focus on the girl in front of me as he started moving in and out. I just kind of knelt there and let him fuck me, loving the feel of his balls slapping against my ass. The girl must have felt neglected because she started moaning underneath me and shoving her hips up to encourage me. "Easy, Amigo, just relax and let me do the driving this time," Vargas whispered in my ears. He reached around me and grabbed the girl's hips and literally started fucking her with my dick.

Now unless you are bi-sexual yourself, you cannot imagine the amazing feeling of someone fucking you while you are fucking someone else. It felt incredible as Vargas' cock rubbed against my prostate and his thrusts shoved me into her. I literally lost all control of my body and simply hung between the two of them while he screwed her.

I thought it couldn't feel any better, but just as I felt the cum boiling in my balls, I felt my ass muscles grab onto Vargas' cock and I definitely felt his cock elongate inside of me as it turned upwards slightly and slid home. I literally screamed like a girl as I came inside of her when I felt Vargas pump his load inside of me. We orgasmed for what felt like hours before Vargas and I went soft. He dropped back onto the bed which freed me to fall to one side. I doubt either of us could have moved even if the world was coming to an end.

It took us almost three hours to recover and get any useful information from the women. The wife, Sheila, told me that Langdon had called them and found out which room that they were staying in and had come directly there from the base. She had invited their daughter to come with her as a surprise for him since she had been away at school in Europe for nearly a year. When he had arrived, he had been like a madman and had practically raped her in front of the girl. She had no clear recollections from then until we had gotten them cleaned up and calmed down.

This was a relief to me since if Langdon had come directly to the room; he would have had little to no interaction with anyone else. This reduced the chances of an infection to practically zero. Now I just had to deal with the consequences of Langdon's actions.

It was surprisingly easy to convince Sheila and the daughter, Marie to come with us back to the base. Once again, I noticed that strange acceptance of my orders and directions that I had noticed earlier in Paul and Barry. I was beginning to formulate a theory on much of what was happening to us, but further analysis would have to wait.

Vargas went out and checked out the cat while I got Langdon's body ready to take back. I took all the sheets off the bed and wrapped him up in it. I ordered the women to clean as much of the room as possible to eliminate as much of the musk and other aspects of Homo Enigma. When we had transferred the body to the cat and gotten them comfortable, I went back inside and opened the one window in the hut and left the door standing wide open.

I hoped that the freezing cold would finish off any possible mutagenic effects that might linger in the room. I pondered for a moment setting fire to the place, but decided against it. The cat wasn't the fastest vehicle in the world and with the weather finally clearing, it would be too easy to track us and catch us. I just had to pray to God that nothing would remain of us once the cold had done its job. It wasn't the best of plans, but it was the only one I could come up with.

Compared to our race to McMurdo, the drive back was relatively relaxing and uneventful. The ladies curled up in the back while Vargas and I took turns driving. We had just enough fuel to get us back to the base and I had never been more glad to get to the middle of nowhere before in my life. I pulled the cat right up to the garage doors and we each carried a lady through the three feet of snow to the doors. Of course, you can imagine what we saw once we were inside. Pretty much the entire population of the base, including the dogs, spread across the floor in the midst of an orgy that would have done any porn producer proud.

Well, you can imagine what happened next so I won't go into details. Needless to say that it was a long time later before we got around to bringing the body inside.

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## Epilogue

I guess that is pretty much the end of the story or at least the interesting parts. Like I said when I began all of this, I never intended to change the world. My life time goal had always been to find a nice girl, get married and get a nice cushy tenured job somewhere. I never really wanted to be famous, just happy. I guess fate had other ideas for me.

It took weeks to get everything sorted out and get everyone up to speed on what was going on. By then, our bodies had finished all of the changes they were going through and things had returned to some semblance of normalcy. The uproar and anger that I had anticipated once everyone found out what had happened to them never arrived. Everyone seemed accepting and even happy about the radical changes that had affected everyone.

I'm not sure to this day if it was some sort of affect of the hormones and chemicals pumping through our bodies or just a matter of "water and bridges" like Vargas had said.

By the end of the adjustment period, everyone at the base was pregnant except me. No matter how many times I got screwed, I never got knocked up. I deduced that it was a function of the mutation where the dominant member of the family grouping remained more able to protect the other members during pregnancy.

Since I had been the first one to be altered by the Enigma Effect, I became the Alpha of the group. Like I had observed earlier, everyone seemed to defer to me in pretty much everything, so the Alpha influence was obviously transmitted via the pheromone musk that we all produced.

During the adjustment period, I did learn one sad note. Doctor Asburg, who had taken the specimens we had gathered back to McMurdo for transport to the states, died. Apparently his plane got caught in a massive storm squall off the Antarctic coast and it went down with no survivors. As saddening as this was, it was also a relief. I had been paranoid that if the cadavers got back to the states, that some accident prone grad student might have sparked the exact same chain of events that had happened here.

Admittedly, there was a one in a billion chance that the Enigma chromosome could find its way into the food chain and slowly work its way upwards to man, but it was doubtful and even if it did, it would take thousands of years to do so. I figured those were good odds and stopped worrying about it.

Once the changes had finished, we began to ponder what to do. We couldn't very well return to normal society. Once in amongst Homo sapiens, our pheromones would have started a chain reaction, spreading across the world in a true pandemic. None of us had any wish to cause the extinction of the human race or start a war that we couldn't possibly win and war would be inevitable.

It is a simple lesson of history that when an advanced species encounters a lesser advanced species, war or extinction is the natural result. Neanderthal was replaced by Homo sapiens just like Neanderthal replaced earlier man. Homo Enigma would devastate Home Sapiens just by existing and Homo sapiens would not go quietly.

A part of me likes to believe that our genetic benefactors felt the same way I did. Imagine, early Homo Enigma with brain capacity light years ahead of their brethren with bodies that were stronger, more durable and healthier than Australopithecus. There is no reason why they shouldn't have become the dominant species. I like to believe that Homo Enigma wanted no war, no violence with only a desire to live in peace. So they left their less evolved brothers and wound up perishing

before they could thrive. This is kind of what we wound up doing without the perishing part that is.

With Angela and Barry's help, I developed a sort of hormone blocker that prevented us from manufacturing the musk which was how our very invasive mutagen was spread. That done, we returned to the outside world with a plan. A slightly crazy plan, but a plan nonetheless.

The next decade could fill a few dozen books, some porn and some comedy. With our newly enhanced minds, it only took about a year of working the stock market to get the money we needed. After that it was a matter of developing the technology we needed without anyone getting the wiser while keeping our raging hormones under control. I won't say it was completely successful. The time that Elvis got lost and found by some college girls comes to mind.

Three days with his blocker injections, one horny and very intelligent dog was the king stud of a group of five happy bitches. Needless to say, they joined our family. The puppies were cute though. I won't even go into the time that the injection for Paul turned out to be bad and actually had the reverse effect. Luckily, the restaurant he was at wasn't very crowded.

By the time our plan was ready to be enacted, our little family wasn't nearly so little anymore. Between the original members, the offspring and the accidental recruitments, we had grown to over a hundred. Luckily, our plan allowed for lots of leeway.

Now, of course, you are wondering what the plan was? Simple, instead of competing with you all, we moved. With almost unlimited money and the resources of a very grateful foreign nation who stands to make great strides in certain areas of technology very soon, we built a very large space ship and moved to Mars.

We are now in the process of slowly terra forming the red planet into a place where our new/old race can call home. It isn't easy and not something that is going to happen over night. Slowly melting the polar caps to release carbon dioxide, using the recycled parts of our migration ship to shift comets out of deep space orbits to bring much needed water and minerals and trying to survive on a hostile world while we do it is not a simple matter.

Still, it's working and within twenty years or so, Mars will be much greener and habitable. Homo Enigma has come home. So that's it. The end of the tale or at least the end of it for now. After the birth of my third son, I felt the urge to share the story with our kin back on Earth, so I typed it up and beamed it back to our old world where it would find its way into the internet and to your eyes.

I realize that you probably think that this is just another internet story. You believe that this could have never happened. Well, maybe you are right. Maybe I am just some lonely guy writing up his own personal fantasies for the entire world to see. Maybe so or maybe I am telling the truth.

Either way I leave it up to you to decide. Just one thought in parting though. Don't be too surprised one day in the not so distant future when you guys send up one of your probes to stare around at the Martian surface and find one of us staring right back at you.