

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter 1

Evelyn Tanner tied another microphone to a tree then stepped back to admire her work. Working for more than five minutes at a time caused her to sweat profusely in the tropical heat and she pushed a lock of lank black hair from her face.

The bent fronds and stripped leaves indicated this was a familiar route for the gorillas. Evelyn hoped with the microphones in place she would be able to get more detail on what kind of distances they were covering in a day.

She was just about to head back to the camp when she heard the approach of the gorillas. The sounds they made were unmistakable. She had been at this particular site near the Rwandan border for 4 months and in that time had been accepted by the tribe as one of them. The group consisted of one Alpha male, two Beta males, four females with one baby each. Following the methods used by Dian Fossey in her study of 'Gorillas in the Mist', Evelyn had attempted to ingratiate herself into the group by copying the actions of the gorillas and even eating the food they ate (the live bugs were the worst).

Now, she felt she had their complete trust. When she entered their group, or they came across her, like now, they accepted her immediately. She wasn't sure of her status in the group, but neither the males nor females seemed to see her as a rival. The most rewarding experience so far was when the Alpha male, Barney, she called him, had allowed her to groom him.

She stood casually in the trail as the gorillas emerged from the trees. The Alpha male gave his signal to the others that this would be a stop for food. 'Does he think that is why I am here?', wondered Evelyn. She hunched down and, carefully avoiding eye-contact, pretended to be looking for bugs.

She was rewarded by the alpha male coming closer. 'Maybe he thinks I've found a good spot', thought Evelyn rapidly. She felt the gorilla's arm come to rest lightly on her back. This was behaviour she had not witnessed in all her time with the gorillas and wondered what it signified. Barney was very strong and powerful, probably he could break her back with one blow. Her heart started to beat rapidly as it always did when she discovered new behaviours.

Barney pulled her towards him, away from her 'food'. She toppled against him and found herself pinned under his huge arm. With his other hand he started to paw at her jacket. Evelyn was unsure what he was trying to indicate or trying to do. She went through her repertoire of gorilla actions but none seemed to satisfy Barney. She had some shiny buttons on her jacket where Barney was pawing, so she ripped them off & handed them to him - this didn't seem to satisfy him and after tasting them with his tongue he simply swallowed them. Now her bush jacket was hanging open; Barney's hand went inside the flaps and he seemed to Evelyn to be trying to remove it. She attempted to remove it herself and Barney eased up the pressure sufficiently to allow her to do it. She handed him the jacket, again, eyes averted, but he simply sniffed it and threw it away. 'What the hell does he want?', thought Evelyn, wracking her brains Barney continued pawing at her shirt so she undid the buttons on that too until her bare midriff was exposed. This seemed to satisfy Barney. He grunted and sniffed at her bare, sweating skin, even tasting it with his rough tongue. Evelyn was very excited - this was fascinating and she couldn't wait to see what he would do next, she tried to remember everything for her journal, she wished she could whisper to her memo but it had been in one of her jacket pockets. Barney moved his head higher and sniffed and touched her breasts gently. Evelyn suddenly realised he probably was trying to work out what sex she was. She grunted gently to him, like the females did to acknowledge him and unhooked her bra strap to let her breasts swing free.

Evelyn's breasts weren't particularly large, but they were rounder and fuller than the females in the tribe. Barney was certainly interested, he rubbed them gently with the back of his knuckle, lifting them and letting them fall. Evelyn held her breath as he did it. He seemed unsatisfied though, and started pawing again, this time between her legs.

Evelyn's hypothesis was that despite the evidence of her breasts, Barney was still unsure about her sex and needed more confirmation. She decided that probably the easiest way out of this was to show Barney her genitalia. Despite his arm still pinning her she was able to kick off her boots with her feet and ease down the jungle pants she was wearing. She performed the action slowly so as not to frighten Barney into thinking she was peeling her skin. The gorilla looked on with curiosity. When she had managed to get her pants off, it was a simple matter of slipping her panties down to let the gorilla see her. She opened her legs to allow Barney to see that she had no penis. Of course, her genitalia was nothing like that of a true female gorilla's. Hers was much smaller and the lips less pronounced. She wondered if this was why Barney still seemed confused.

Barney now used his sense of smell to try and figure out what she was - he bent his head down and at the same time cupped one powerful hand under her bottom and lifted her hips towards his face with no more effort than if she was a doll. Barney sniffed at her vagina - Evelyn bit her lip at the sensation as his nose brushed her sensitive parts. Next he put out his tongue to taste her. Captive as she was, Evelyn could not pull away from the probing of the rough tongue. Eventually, seemingly satisfied, Barney put her down again. Evelyn breathed again for what seemed the first time in minutes. She did not relax for long, however, in putting her down she had brushed against something long and hard; Barney's penis was erect.

Barney began grunting and with mounting horror, Evelyn realised that Barney was making the sounds he usually made before mounting one of the females. Barney must have smelled that she was fertile and now intended to make her part of this tribe. Evelyn started thinking fast. The gorilla's penis was enormous, the size of her forearm and fist - if he mounted her he would surely rupture her insides, let alone crush her with his weight. She had only one alternative - to somehow relieve him outside of her body.

Evelyn had never committed fellatio - a previous boyfriend had once tried to force himself upon her but she had had no desire to suck something that seemed dirty to her. This time she would be fellating for her life. She went down on all fours in front of the gorilla and stretched out her hand to his enormous penis. Gently, very gently, she held it in her hand and started to stroke it. Barney was suspicious at first, but her hands were gentle and soft and when he realised she would not hurt his vital member he appeared to relax a little. Encouraged she drew closer and, staying in what she hoped was a submissive position, positioned her mouth close to the head of his giant penis. She knew if she tried to put her mouth on it he might think she was going to bite, so she waited for his first curious thrust. After some minutes of continuous gentle stroking and waiting with her mouth open, she was rewarded by the first probe of his cock on her lips. She licked them to make them moist then gently moved her tongue to make the head of his penis wet. The taste was, as she expected, foul, but she grimly stayed at her task, growing bolder as Barney seemed to relax at the treatment.

While fellating Barney thus, making her movements bolder and bolder until she was licking up and down his shaft, she felt for his testicles and cupped them gently in her palm - he was definitely full and she could feel them beginning to tense. Evelyn realised, to her disgust, that to complete the illusion and satisfy Barney she could not allow his semen to spill all over the ground - she would have to swallow it. An average male gorilla could hold almost half a pint of semen and she knew Barney was no exception. She stretched her mouth as wide as it would go across the head of Barney's penis and gave the shaft a vigorous rub and the balls a squeeze. She was rewarded with a

powerful gush of semen against the back of her throat. Fighting her gag reflex she bravely swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the thick, hot, salty cum. Only a few stray streams emerged from her mouth to run down her sweating body.

After what seemed like ages, Barney relaxed and pulled away from her, satisfied. Evelyn almost collapsed with relief from the tension of the last few minutes. Her stomach felt heavy from the thick cum she had swallowed. She felt drowsy and lay back, naked in the hairy arms of the sated gorilla. Her last thoughts, before sleep overcame her, were how on earth she would write this up in her journal.

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## Chapter 2

It had been two months since she last seen Barney. On that occasion she had risked death when he had sensed her femaleness and attempted to mate with her. By quick thinking, Evelyn had averted his arousal by relieving him with hand and mouth. Returning to her camp later that day she had realised that she had progressed far beyond what any other animal behaviourologist had achieved. As she sat, writing her journal, she realised that she still needed to know more and only by allowing Barney to mate with her would she be satisfied in being truly 'accepted' as a gorilla. Of course, this dream was impossible, Barney's huge penis would probably kill her or he would become so frustrated in attempting to mate he would become angry enough to kill her anyway. The slaps that he sometimes gave his female mates would have been enough to break her bones.

That night she dreamt of Barney. Dreamt of him coming at her again, but this time entering her. She awoke sweating inside her tent, her sleeping bag soaking. For the first time since a young woman she used her fingers to bring relief. The terror of the day gave way to an overwhelming sexual urge - she had survived, she was alive. Evelyn slept in a vest and panties and now she rolled the panties down her thighs, exposing the black curls of her pubic hair in the moonlight that spilled into the tent. Trembling with pleasure she gently touched her already hard clitoris then began to rub. Using the heel of her hand against her pelvis, she used the palm to brush against her clit in a circular motion. Her fingers pulled at her lips as they passed and her already moist vagina began to leak. Her other hand slid under her vest and cupped her breast while her fingers tugged at her nipples. There was no reason to fantasize now, the sheer physical pleasure was enough. The orgasm was tremendous. She had not come for probably two years and the release washed over her. She fell asleep almost immediately.

The next day she woke groggy and dazed. Normally she was up at first light, but this morning she lay on, exhausted. She remembered the previous day's adventure and as she went over the events one-by-one, felt the sexual tension rise again. She let her imagination flow and again pleased herself as she imagined Barney taking her as a mate. As she lay, gently rubbing herself again, she wondered if she really could take Barney's penis inside her. He really was bigger than her fist and forearm. She peeled off the soaking panties then knelt up in the tent, with her thighs parted. Reaching first in front, then behind herself, she tried to penetrate herself with her clenched fist. It was difficult, not only because of the size and shape of her fist, but because she was not supple enough to reach much beyond the opening of her vagina. There was nothing else in her tent that was suitable, so she lay on her back and tried again. This time she uncurled her fingers and slipped them in to her vagina. By pushing and thrusting with her hips she was able to slip in four fingers, almost to the knuckles. But it was no good, her vagina was just not big enough.

Her failure had turned her off the idea of more self pleasurement, there was only one way she would ever get Barney inside her, and that was to have her vagina enlarged. The idea was a joke, but it

stayed on her mind that day. Knowing anatomy as she did, she knew it was physically possible. Theoretically there was plenty of room inside her pelvis, certainly sufficient to pass something the size of a baby's head, although Evelyn herself had never had children. All that really needed expanding was the entrance to her vagina...

A week later she was in Kigali, stocking up on supplies to take back up the mountain - not that there was much in war-torn Rwanda. She asked at the hospital if it was possible for them to perform the operation but without her giving them a good medical reason they refused as they had more pressing demands. Evelyn was tempted to use her precious grant to leave the country and get it done elsewhere until she saw a crude notice advertising a clinic that was offering abortion services...

She went that afternoon and found that the 'clinic' was nothing more than a shack belonging to a Rwandan doctor. His wife, a large, poorly dressed woman answered the door and let her in. Evelyn was led to the front room - an ancient operating table stood incongruously amongst the couple's personal effects. After being introduced to the Doctor Mwanza the wife showed no signs of leaving so she decided to tell them in no uncertain terms what she wanted.

"I need it wide enough to take a fist and deep enough to take a forearm" she said bluntly.

Mwanza did not blink.

"You are the gorilla woman?" he asked.

Evelyn saw no use in denying it.

"Yes", she said.

"After I have done this, no man will ever be able to pleasure you again" he stated.

"I know", said Evelyn, as calmly as she could, "I don't need a man....."

The doctor asked no more questions.

"How much do you charge?" she asked

"Five hundred dollars" he replied.

Evelyn knew she was being charged high for being white. Five hundred dollars would finish off the rest of her research grant.

"I can get much better terms elsewhere", she lied.

"No", he replied simply, "You can't."

Evelyn was flustered, she tried another tack, "Can we discuss terms?"

The doctor smiled. He motioned for his wife to leave the room. Evelyn watched the woman disappear behind a bead curtain.

"I will not drop my prices, but..." At this point he looked her over as though she were a piece of meat, "...you are not unattractive and I will only charge you one hundred dollars if you let me fuck you".

Evelyn blushed furiously, she had not been prepared for such a request. Frantically she tried to think and stay in control of the situation.

"Your wife...", she began, looking towards the curtain.

"...will not be a problem" he finished.

Evelyn looked at the doctor. He was not an unattractive man, tall, in his 50s, with a touch of grey to his black curls, but he had stated the deal so simply and with such lack of passion that she shuddered at what it would be like to have this man inside her. She knew that she had very few options unless she wanted to give up her research. She tried to pull herself together.

"In that case, I agree", she said as calmly as she could.

"Good", he replied, "Now, please take off your clothes."

"Now!?" Evelyn said, stunned.

"Yes, now please", he replied and stood, patiently, looking.

"I haven't washed or anything, I'm not ready...", she began, desperately thinking of a hundred reasons why she could not consent now.

"You are ready", he merely replied, "Now strip."

There was nothing else to say, so, with dumb acceptance, in front of this stranger, Evelyn obeyed. She was certainly wearing nothing glamorous; hiking boots, rolled down socks, bush jacket and shorts with just a simple vest and panties underneath. She kicked off the boots, and, resting against the operating table, took off her socks. The doctor did not even avert his eyes, but simply stared as she pulled off her clothes in front of him. Next she took off her jacket and lay it as neatly as she could with her trembling hands over a chair. She could not meet his eyes. She took off her vest and her breasts swung free. Finally when she had removed her panties, Evelyn folded her arms and summoned her courage to stare back at him.

As she looked at his eyes devouring her naked body, Evelyn suddenly had a vision that she was not the first woman to be treated in such a way by this man. She suddenly had a vision of all the young girls who'd ever come to this man for help and been abused. Evelyn, who'd never had much sisterly feeling, suddenly felt the sad companionship of all the women who'd ever been raped by this man, the company of the abused.

The doctor kicked off his worn out shoes, there were no socks; and dropped his baggy trousers to the floor and stepped out of them. Stroking his penis to an erection he pointed at the chair where Evelyn had placed her clothes and asked her, almost politely, to stand against it.

As she reached the chair, Evelyn picked up her clothes and looked round for somewhere to put them. A note of annoyance now crept into the doctor's voice as he asked her to just put them on the floor. Suddenly the fate of her clothes seemed important to Evelyn. She was stark naked, about to be raped and yet she wanted to make sure her clothes did not get dirty. Pointedly, she arranged them carefully on the operating table.

She returned to the chair and gripped the backrest with both hands. It was an old colonial style chair, heavily built. The doctor grunted his approval and kicked her feet apart with his own foot. He nudged her feet further and further apart until she was quite uncomfortable but her vagina was fully

exposed.

Evelyn braced herself but he seemed to hesitate. However, when Evelyn looked over her shoulder at the doctor, he was merely stroking his lengthening penis. His busy hand was rough and calloused, and none too clean. Evelyn again wondered if she really wanted to go through with this, but knew that, at this point, he was going to rape her regardless of any other considerations.

A rattling sound drew Evelyn's eyes to the curtain and she was surprised to see the shadowy figure of the doctor's wife through the beads. She wondered what kind of woman could watch her husband rape another. Her thoughts abruptly vanished as the doctor pushed her forwards over the back of the chair until she was almost bent double then thrust into her without any attempt to ease the entry. Evelyn was dry, and the doctor's vicious thrust almost made her cry out loud at the sheer physical pain. Evelyn bit her lip and allowed a small tear to trickle from her eye. By first opening her legs as wide as he had she had zero ability to resist the thrust of his cock. He was obviously an expert at raping women like this. After the initial few thrusts the doctor now got into his stride and began to make little grunting noises with each stab into her. He was aroused enough that his cock reached deep and hit the neck of her uterus, causing more than just an uncomfortable feeling; this was genuine pain. As the pain continued she first tried to block it out by staring at a point on the floor in front of her eyes, but her head, now filling with blood was moving too much with each thrust. She looked over to the curtain and realised that the doctor's wife was still standing there as her husband's cock slammed into her again and again.

Evelyn attempted to focus her mind away from the stabbing in the depths of her vagina. She desperately tried to think of what she was doing this for: Barney. She knew from her observations that even gorillas mated more compassionately than this sweat soaked brute. Imagining that the pounding she was receiving was from Barney's huge penis gave Evelyn the wetness she desperately needed; her hips responded to the savage actions of the doctor in an attempt to ease the pain.

Fantasizing about Barney gave Evelyn the ability to lift herself out of the situation, it was even sufficient to make her aroused.

"Yessss" she moaned, quietly to herself.

Evelyn could now feel that her own orgasm may be possible, but as she changed her rhythm to try and achieve it, the doctor pulled his length from her. Almost immediately she could feel something hot and wet over her buttocks, and she realised he had pulled out and shot his semen all over her buttocks. The reality of her rape struck her like a slap in the face, and with tears pricking her eyes again she turned her head to the doctor's wife, still standing just behind the curtain. Although she said nothing, her eyes challenged the woman to justify how she could live with such a monster. The woman returned her stare with the same blank and passive look, but after a while turned away and left. Meanwhile the doctor was putting his old trousers back on. His look also betrayed nothing, so Evelyn simply walked to the table and not even stooping to wipe off the mess now dripping down her thighs, picked up her clothes and dressed silently. Before she left, she made the appointment for the operation the following day.

The next day and she found herself at the 'clinic' again. There was of course no air conditioning and the heat that afternoon was terrible. Evelyn's clothes were already soaked with sweat.

Once again she went through the ritual of stripping before the doctor asked her to lie on the table. Evelyn lay her on the table with trepidation. The doctor had told her that the operation would all be done with local anesthetics. Evelyn was glad - she did not want to be unconscious while he was operating.



It began with a shave. The Mwanza's wife creamed her pubic hair with shaving foam then proceeded to use a cut-throat razor to remove it. Evelyn had never felt so completely helpless. The woman was obviously competent and had no doubt done this many times but Evelyn winced and could not help flinching away from the razor.

'Please - stay still', said the woman, crossly.

Evelyn tried desperately to keep her hips from moving, but felt too nervous. It was impossible for the woman to do her job. Eventually the black woman hitched up her skirt and climbed onto the table. She straddled Evelyn so that she sat on her hips and prevented them from moving while she went to work with the razor. The woman was big and Evelyn was unable to move, the legs of the woman pinned her arms down.

Eventually the tickling sensation subsided - the woman had finished and climbed off Evelyn, adjusting her skirt and still muttering to herself.

When the doctor returned Evelyn was glad to see that he had boiled his instruments and at least wore a mask, although no gloves. He gave her the local anesthetic and while waiting for the effects to begin began tugging at her labia. He was not in the least gentle and Evelyn winced as he penetrated her with two fingers and felt inside her vagina. As if that wasn't enough, his thumb also penetrated her anus, at least to the first joint, and he began to prod and stretch her down below. Evelyn bit her lip but refused to cry. The doctor's wife looked on impassively as he manipulated her below.

Finally she lost feeling and the doctor began to operate. Evelyn could not feel the scalpel, just the dull tug at her loins. There was plenty of blood and the wife was busy with water and towels cleaning her as he worked. Evelyn did not pass out, she merely lay back and studied the flies crawling across the ceiling. At one point the doctor asked her to pay attention. She lifted herself up on her elbows and watched as his fist slowly disappeared into her bloody vagina. He went deeper and deeper until he was up to mid-forearm.

"Is that sufficient?", he asked

Evelyn considered Barney briefly and gasped "No, deeper".

"In that case I am very sorry," he replied, "I will need to remove your womb to make it any deeper."

"Then do it," said Evelyn, then passed out.

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### **Chapter 3**

Evelyn looked out of the window of her hut in the mist covered Rwandan mountains. At last she was finally feeling ready to face the strength sapping climb to where her gorilla troupe lived.

She had suffered badly at the hands of Doctor Mwanza. 'Doctor' was too kind a word, butcher would have been more appropriate. After he had re-modelled her uterus and opened the interior of her vagina with his scalpel, he had been able to insert his forearm at least twelve inches into her. At the time of the operation Evelyn had been unable to feel a thing; but several hours later when she came round she had been in agony as the local anaesthetic had worn off. Supplies of morphine, purchased on the black market from corrupt Rwandan Army medics, had nearly turned her into an addict. The blood poisoning that nearly killed her was only cured by more black market antibiotics from the



same source. Evelyn's life had hung in the balance for several days; consciousness was a fire burning in her abdomen that could only be snuffed out with yet more morphine. Eventually it was Charity, Mwanza's wife who had become concerned and paid the Army medics with Evelyn's own video camera to have her moved to the Army's own hospital. This had probably saved Evelyn's life; and, coincidentally, cost her husband's life.

What he had done to Evelyn was revealed when she was examined by an Army surgeon. Being unconscious, Evelyn could not explain that she had asked for the operation, and nobody could believe that anyone would submit to such brutal treatment; so it was decided that Mwanza had been torturing Evelyn. They turned up in force at the clinic and when he tried to explain that she had asked him to do it, his explanation was met with derisive laughter. Mwanza showed no calm composure now, he begged and pleaded for his life, but as a Hutu, he did stand little chance of mercy. Young men of the victorious Tutsi militia, most of them still in their early teens dragged Mwanza out to the back of the hospital for a bit of target practice, laughing like children playing a game, their AK47 assault rifles were not the toys they should have been playing with. Mwanza's bullet riddled corpse became little more than another statistic in the ongoing conflict.

Evelyn only learned of the doctor's fate much later, as she slowly returned to something approaching health. She was surprised one day to see the doctor's widow sitting next to her bed, with a small pile of clean and pressed clothes that Evelyn recognised as her own. Charity explained (again in that strange, passionless way) that the soldiers had come to the clinic and killed her husband. They probably would have added her to the casualty list, but she had denied she was Mwanza's wife and instead insisted was Evelyn's maid. The lies had most likely saved her life, but now Evelyn was in a quandary: she could tell the Army medics the truth, which would be passed on to the Major in charge of the area, and so in all likelihood sentencing Charity to death, or, go along with the story and become involved with the deceit. Evelyn wondered, as she lay in the hospital bed, what to do.

Contracting malaria had made any decision unnecessary. Her already weakened immune system nearly gave in altogether as the fevers alternately burned her and then chilled her. Charity spent many sleepless hours doing what she could to try to ensure that her "mistress" survived. Evelyn pulled through this crisis as well as everything else she had suffered. The Army now decided that they wanted their bed back (Evelyn having run out of Walkman and cassette tapes, watch, sunglasses, gold neck chain, and just about all the clothes she had carried with her in the small rucksack she had when she visited the clinic).

Charity had helped her leave the hospital. Evelyn had no idea where to go but was stunned to find that the Land Rover she had left parked next to the Police Station still there, unmolested, still with half a tank of diesel. She could only assume that the looters had given the Station a wide berth and she had been lucky that the police themselves had not stolen it. Climbing in, she decided it would be best to recover in the mountains than risk staying in town any longer.

Charity looked at her passively as Evelyn climbed into the driving seat. Evelyn was unsure what to say. This was the woman who had watched as she was raped by her husband and yet had nursed her in hospital and was probably responsible for saving her life. Evelyn grimaced, in some ways they had saved each other. Evelyn felt some words were in order:

"What will you do now Charity?", she asked.

"I do not know mistress, if I stay I think I will be killed."

Evelyn felt the burden of responsibility falling on her shoulders again.

"I can't take you with me Charity.....", she began.

"Please mistress, I know you are weak, let me aid you recover in the mountains, then when you are better I shall return, it may be safer then."

Evelyn cursed softly, yet she knew it made sense. She still had ambivalent feelings towards Charity, could she trust her? Yet she knew she was dangerously weak and may need help. She decided not to dwell on the decision and told Charity to jump in. They sped away from Kigali and the nightmare of the past weeks.

Now, as she looked out of the window of her hut in the mountains, she could see Charity preparing some breakfast, and was reminded of how hungry she felt. Charity had proved to be quite useful in foraging for food; she had been surprised when Charity had rounded up chickens and a goat from God alone knew where. She supposed that, with the civil war going on sporadically, farms sometimes got in the way of the fighting, and animals ran away from the noise of the gunfire. It had taken three months for Evelyn to recover her strength, but in the past few weeks she'd been getting back into shape. Avoiding the valley, where occasional explosions still disturbed the quiet, she started going on walks in the peaceful mountains, gradually pushing herself further each day as she felt the muscles in her body regaining their firmness.

Over the past few nights the old dream had started to torment her; images of the big Silverback Gorilla, Barney. Evelyn had woken the previous night with her hand between her legs, and had started to masturbate furiously, forgetting that she now shared the hut with Charity. Evelyn now had no trouble in pushing her hand into her vagina, up to the wrist; her forearm pressing against her clitoris. In her imagination, Barney was fucking her with his huge black erection, and he was going to fill her with cum. Evelyn moaned softly as these images drove the orgasm through her like a runaway train. As she lay back exhausted from the effort she realised in the moonlit darkness that Charity was up on one elbow in her camp bed, looking towards her. It was too dark to read any expression on her face. Evelyn assumed that her moaning had woken her and spoke quietly to reassure her.

"I'm ok, Charity, it was just a dream, I'm all right, go back to sleep."

But Charity didn't reply, her body was moving to her own rhythm, her fingers worked between her big strong thighs, her other hand crushed her huge breast, pinching the very prominent nipple. Evelyn was shocked by the sight she saw, she felt she had never been near such intense animal feeling since Barney had wanted to mate with her. Evelyn went rigid with something approaching the twin emotions of fear and wonder as Charity worked her body more violently than Evelyn had ever done with her own. As Charity approached her climax, she began to cry out in her own language and Evelyn thought she saw milk spurt from her breasts. Evelyn fell into an uneasy sleep, images of Barney filled her mind again, but now Charity was there too. Charity was a gorilla and Evelyn was being suckled by her...

Now, this morning, as she looked through the window, Evelyn watched the sensual sway of Charity's hips as she walked toward the makeshift chicken coop in search of eggs. Charity's big backside seemed to have a motion of its own as she walked, and her large breasts bounced, unfettered by any bra. She watched as Charity searched through the straw for their breakfast eggs, her thin faded cotton dress stretched across her well rounded buttocks. Even from here she could tell that Charity was naked beneath the dress.

Charity was now walking back to the fire which she kept burning day and night. The gas bottle which had fuelled the stove inside the hut had run out, and now there was precious little money to

buy a refill, even if it were possible to get it. Either looters or the Army were almost certain to have taken what had been available in town.

Evelyn watched as Charity knelt by the fire warming the frying pan. Charity's dress buttoned up the front, but as half the buttons were missing, it gaped open revealing her big breasts, with their large chocolate nipples. Evelyn noted with interest that the dress was stained around the nipples which brought back the image of Charity's spurting breasts from the night before. Evelyn wondered why she was producing milk when there was, and never had been, a baby in evidence.

Later, as the two women sat under the trees eating their breakfast of fried eggs and doughy maize bread in silence, Evelyn announced:

"I'm going to carry on my research, so I'll be going up into the mountains for several days."

Charity looked up, and Evelyn could see genuine fear in her eyes.

"Please Miss Evelyn, don't leave me here; if the soldiers come...", Charity didn't finish the sentence.

Evelyn was surprised at the strength of emotion in Charity's quivering voice. Seldom had she displayed much expression over anything. Apart from the pure unbridled lust of the previous night, it had always been difficult to know what was going on in Charity's head.

Evelyn began to think of reasons why this woman, who's black, big bodied sensuality had begun to physically disturb her, should be left behind.

"My journey is going to be difficult, and possibly dangerous; I'm going a long way, and it's all on foot, apart from moving the Land Rover to its hiding place. I can't wait around for you. Besides, you've got no clothes for the mountains, and it gets cold at night."

Evelyn expected this to be the end of the discussion.

"Miss Evelyn, if I stay and the soldiers come, they will torture and kill me; I am Hutu. If you leave me then you sentence me to death."

She was practically begging.

"You realise what my research entails don't you?" Evelyn asked.

"Yes, you want to be fucked by a gorilla." Charity answered evenly.

Evelyn felt herself turning red with embarrassment and anger as the woman had put in to base language her glorious scientific endeavour.

"No, I'm carrying out research into gorilla family groups and the interaction between the alpha male and the other members of the troupe." Evelyn said.

"That work may involve me having to get close the alpha male and I must be prepared in case he wants to mount me." She continued.

It was hard for her to say the words calmly as the images of Barney and his erection came rushing to her mind unbound.

"You want to be fucked by a Gorilla, and I will stay with you." Charity announced this as her final statement and got up to gather the breakfast things and wash them.

## Chapter 4

Evelyn closed the hood of the Land Rover; having first removed the wire running from the start solenoid to the starter motor. It wouldn't stop a determined thief, but it would make things difficult. First, any would be thief would have to find the vehicle, hidden as it was in a dense thicket of thorny Acacia.

The mountains rising in front of them looked daunting. Evelyn knew from experience that the journey ahead was even more arduous than it looked. She looked at Charity, wondering whether she should have insisted on the woman staying behind, but at the same time realising that Charity was so stubborn that she would have followed her anyway. Charity was dressed in the most impractical outfit for mountain terrain that Evelyn could imagine. The spare boots Evelyn had given her were too big by a size and a half, so Charity had put on three pairs of Evelyn's socks. The thin cotton dress was still the only clothing Charity wore. To fend off the cold, Evelyn had cut a hole in one of the blankets, and given it to her to wear, poncho style for when they reached the higher, and colder altitudes. Apart from this, Charity had her pitifully few possessions tied in another blanket which she hoisted over one shoulder. Evelyn picked up her rucksack and slipped her arms through the shoulder straps. Adjusting her shoulders to get the heavy pack comfortable she picked up her long bladed machete, and strode toward the first slope of what would be a succession of ridges before they reached their destination.

The sun was sinking behind the peaks to their west as Charity started a fire to heat water for food and drink. Evelyn sat on a large boulder looking at the sky, watching the towering clouds change colours as the sun descended behind the neighbouring mountain tops. The sky behind her was already a darkening blue, and in the distance a lightning forked from ominous thunder clouds. Evelyn shivered as the thin air chilled rapidly without the heat from the now almost vanished sun to warm it. She looked at Charity; she was too busy with her cooking pot, and too close to the fire to be feeling the cold as yet. Evelyn stood up, and walked over to the fireside to warm her bare legs. It was quite dark now with just the light from the fire to illuminate the two women; overhead, the stars shone in the cold night air; with no towns or cities anywhere near, there was no glare to compete with the heavens. Evelyn again looked at the distant thunder storm, and realised that it wasn't as far away as before.

"I hope this food won't take long, we're going to get rain tonight." she said to Charity.

Charity looked up, pushing her braided hair away from her sweating forehead

"It needs some time to cook the chicken." she said, poking the contents of the pot with a wooden cooking spoon.

Evelyn realised Charity must have killed one of the chickens before they left.

"Let's hope there's time enough" she answered...

The tent was barely big enough for the two women as they settled down for the night, just as the first flashes of lightning were lighting up the now cloud filled sky overhead. As Evelyn had expected, Charity was now shivering with cold, even with her poncho, and all the spare blankets wrapped around her generously proportioned body.

Evelyn had stripped down to underwear and zipped herself into her large warm sleeping bag. She felt Charity trying to snuggle up against her in her attempt to keep warm and even through the

layers of material separating the two women she could feel Charity's heavy breasts against her back. Tired from the trek, she slept almost immediately.

"Miss Evelyn."

Evelyn woke, it was dark and raining, she had no idea what time it was, but pretended to be asleep anyway.

"Miss Evelyn." Charity repeated and shook her slightly.

"What?", said Evelyn, irritably.

"I'm so cold." Charity complained.

"Then you should have stayed at the hut." answered Evelyn.

"Please, Miss Evelyn, I'm so cold." Charity repeated.

"Oh for Christ's sake!"

Evelyn sat up.

"Okay, lay your blankets on the groundsheet for us to lie on, and I'll unzip the bag and cover us both."

Reluctantly, Charity unwound the blankets from her body, and with some difficulty because of the shortage of space, spread the blankets on the floor of the tent. Evelyn unzipped the sleeping bag and opened it out like a duvet which she now spread over both of them. Only by huddling close together could the two women be covered by the makeshift duvet. By now the rain was pouring down, and the fire which had been illuminating the tent was now out; only flashes of lightning dazzling them for split seconds in otherwise total darkness. The thunder sounded like an artillery barrage.

Charity snuggled hard up against Evelyn's back and put her arm around her, her big, meaty hand lay across Evelyn's breast. After a while Evelyn was conscious of a wet feeling against her bare back, and struggled to turn and face Charity. She groped for her torch and dazzled them both when she switched it on. Aiming the torch at the roof of the tent reflected the light off the white polyester, illuminating the interior. Looking at Charity she realised that the wetness on her back had been caused by milk, leaking from Charity's breasts, soaking the front of the thin cotton dress, and Evelyn's back.

"I'm sorry Miss Evelyn, I can't help it." she almost whispered.

"How is it that you have all this milk when you don't have a baby?" Evelyn asked.

"My baby died, but I earned good money as a wet nurse." Charity replied.

"But you aren't wet nursing a baby now."

Charity, for the first time Evelyn had ever seen, looked coyly at her.

"I milk my breasts myself, because if I don't the milk stops." she answered.

"How often do you have to do it to keep the milk?" Evelyn questioned. She was interested from a scientific aspect, but at the same time felt a small thrill of excitement at Charity's 'secret'.

"Every night, I do it by hand, or..." she paused, "I suck them myself."

"Do you have to do it now?" Evelyn asked.

"Yes, or I will make the blankets wet." Charity answered.

Evelyn's stomach was full of butterflies and she felt her crotch start to moisten.

"Then do it now, if you have to." she managed to say, but she felt her throat start to tighten.

Charity undid the few buttons holding the dress together and pulled it open. Reaching under her right breast with her hand, she raised the nipple to her mouth and began to suck it. Evelyn was amazed, astounded and yet aroused by the sight. Her own breasts spasmed in sympathy but she could never give birth now and would never suckle a baby. As Charity sucked at first one breast and then the other, she looked up at Evelyn. Evelyn was unable to take her eyes away from the sight. Charity's hand slipped down to the tangled mass of black curls that hid the lips of her vagina and she began to pleasure herself.

Evelyn's own hand slipped into the front of her panties beneath the makeshift duvet to relieve the mix of feelings as she watched Charity. Charity now lay back on the blankets, thrusting two fingers into her wet hole, her other hand reaching down to spread the dark lips of her vagina to give herself maximum contact with her pink clitoris. At the sight of this wanton abandonment, Evelyn too dropped all pretence. She propped the torch against the rucksack and peeled off her panties. She lay down next to the big black woman and began to work her vagina too.

When she had finished, Charity propped herself up on one elbow and watched Evelyn in action. Evelyn shivered as Charity caressed her small breasts and cooed gently as Evelyn rubbed herself. Leaning over Evelyn she let one of her giant nipples brush Evelyn's lips. Evelyn's mouth opened automatically and sucked the big, soft nipple inside. Almost immediately she felt the gush of warm, sweet milk fill her mouth. She guzzled hungrily as Charity continued to coo and brush her forehead, saying "my baby, my baby", over and over. As she suckled, Charity replaced Evelyn's hand with her own, pushing her big fist deep into Evelyn's vagina. Evelyn opened her legs wide and lifted her hips from the ground to allow Charity to penetrate her with her fist and forearm. She felt as though she was being smothered by this woman. Charity sat back on her haunches and went to work on the vagina that her husband had created. Evelyn lay back, arms wide and legs doubled underneath her to lift her hips from the ground. Charity's arm ploughed mercilessly in and out of her. Evelyn's head lolled from side to side, she felt like she was on another planet as the new sensations coursed through her body. Charity was so deep inside her that she felt almost as if they had become one. When she came, it was like no orgasm she had experienced before.

Evelyn collapsed on the rough blankets, her face still damp from Charity's milk. The experience had been mind-blowing. She wondered if an arm could give so much pleasure, how would Barney feel? Sated, the two women huddled together again and slept until morning.

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## Chapter 5

Evelyn woke the next morning feeling cold. Coming to, she groggily realised that Charity was nowhere to be seen. The smells of sweat, stale milk, and unwashed sex reminded her that their torrid night together had been no dream. The clattering sound of a metal pan told her that Charity was up and already preparing breakfast. Unzipping the tent, Evelyn was immediately assaulted by the pungent smell of wet wood and paraffin from Charity's makeshift fire.

Evelyn scrambled out of the small tent and stretched her aching muscles. The hard ground, combined with leftover adrenaline, had made sleep difficult. Charity did not look up from her work so Evelyn wandered around their makeshift camp site and to her delight found a quite substantial pool of crystal clear water, most likely left by the night's storm. Going back to the tent, she gathered her wash bag and then returned to the pool. Quickly, with her back to Charity, Evelyn stripped naked and scooped the freezing water over her slender body, raising goose bumps and erecting sore nipples. She washed quickly, trying to warm herself with rapid movements.

After drying, she looked around for cover as she felt the demands of bladder and bowels. There was nothing but coarse grass for privacy. Still naked, she moved away from the pool, and, carefully placing her towel clear, squatted down and began to urinate, hoping that the stream would not soak her bare feet. Her bowels moved, and runny excrement gushed out of her. Squatting there, Evelyn wondered whether her insides would ever return to normal. It seemed that ever since she'd been operated on, and her subsequent illness, her system had not functioned as it had previously.

Looking up, she realised Charity had finished with the fire and was watching her activities intently, but as expressionlessly, as ever. Blushing furiously, she wondered why she felt always felt so vulnerable in front of this woman.

In an effort to break the tension she called, "Bring me some paper; it's in my rucksack!"

Charity rose and went to the tent, returning with some torn up newspaper. She handed it to Evelyn without a word, but instead of turning to leave, just stood there and continued to watch.

Evelyn wished Charity would turn away, but, as she wiped herself, she was determined to behave as if she wasn't there. She squinted up at Charity again.

"Why are you watching me?" Evelyn tried to keep her voice level, "Why do you always watch me?"

"Madam, I have never seen a white woman naked before", Charity replied simply.

Evelyn thought back to how intently Charity had watched her raped by her husband - "doesn't she think I'm a real person?", she thought

"Well," demanded Evelyn, "Am I so different to you?"

Charity laughed for the first time that Evelyn had ever heard. It was a magical, musical sound. Despite the lovely sight of Charity laughing, Evelyn felt excluded, as if from some private joke.

"Oh, Miss Evelyn!" cried Charity, "Visibly trying to contain herself, "I am still not sure if you are a man or a woman!"

Evelyn smiled too, her body was indeed very different to Charity's. She had none of the big curvy features that Charity had; despite the illness her body was still slim and toned. But what Charity had said also had a double meaning. What was it that had attracted them to each other last night? Evelyn had never had any feelings for women before - had Charity's overt femaleness pushed her into a male role? Or was it her own ambiguous sexuality in Charity's eyes?

Later, as they sat by the fire drinking black coffee, Evelyn wondered what to do with Charity. Now that they were getting close to the area where Evelyn expected to find the Mountain Gorilla troupe, it had become an immediate problem. One thing was obvious, Charity could not be with her when she made contact with the troupe again. Evelyn had spent a lot of time getting the confidence of these extremely shy but very dangerous creatures, and she knew that any mistake may be fatal. The



more she thought about the problem the more certain she was of her decision.

"Charity, this morning I will go on alone; if the troupe is still far away, I'll come back and we'll move camp," she explained.

"I should not leave you, you may need me" Charity answered.

"Look, you're quite safe here, I'll leave you the gun, just in case," she offered, referring to the Browning nine millimetre pistol she kept.

"Have you ever fired a gun before?" she asked.

"No Miss Evelyn, I have seen many guns, but the men always had them. There are too many guns." Charity shivered at the horrors she had witnessed, but kept buried at the back of her mind.

"Well, I'll leave it for you anyway." Evelyn said.

"Please Miss Evelyn, I don't want to be left alone." Fear showed in Charity's eyes.

"I'm sorry Charity, but there's no way I'm going to take you with me today, absolutely not, and I don't want to hear any more about it." she said, and to show that her decision was final she got up from the fire, and walked over to the tent. Silent tears glistened in the corners of Charity's eyes.

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## **Chapter 6**

The afternoon sun felt warm on Evelyn's shoulders as she crested the peak that she was so familiar with. Looking down from the bare ridge into the densely wooded valley she wished she hadn't been forced to trade her binoculars for antibiotics. This was the home of her troupe; and a sudden butterfly feeling flipped her insides as she thought of seeing them again. Was it the troupe she really wanted to see or was it Barney and the anticipation of what he may do when he saw her again?

She set off down the steep upper slope and within an hour, Evelyn was moving into the edge of the forest; stopping and listening for the familiar sounds of the gorilla family secure in their territory.

Her heart pounding, Evelyn spotted gorilla droppings that looked fairly fresh, and knew she was close. Stopping again, she heard the unmistakable grunts of a large male, possibly Barney.

Evelyn placed her rucksack on the ground and began carefully undressing. This time she would not confuse the gorillas by appearing with clothes on; let them see her skin and smell her. Very slowly and carefully, she moved, naked, in the direction of the sounds.

Crouching slightly and looking down to avoid threatening them, she moved forward. From the corner of her eye she saw a family group sitting in a flattened circle of grass. She moved closer; making sure that she did not look into the eyes of any of the adults. She was barely able to resist shouting her elation as she realised that the Silverback receiving all the attention of two grooming females was none other than Barney. She moved closer, and sat at the edge of the group. There did not seem to be any concern shown by the group at her presence; one or two of the troupe looked up but then returned quickly to their grooming. Pleased with her acceptance, Evelyn gently slid her right hand down to her crotch, and started to tease her clit. Her idea was to make herself wet enough that Barney would smell that she was 'on heat'.

Evelyn's fingers reached into her vagina, and she realised that she was already wet with anticipation. With her new vagina it was easy to reach in with her hand and scoop out some of her juices. She smeared her face, lips and breasts to make sure that Barney would know she was the source of the exquisite smell. As she finished wiping the remainder of the juice on her thighs she heard Barney grunting, and, looking from under her fringe, watched as he pushed the two females away. Carefully, she turned around until her back was to him and then got on all fours so that her buttocks faced him. This was the classic gorilla 'submission' position, even male gorillas adopted this position when they were about to lose a fight to a more dominant male. The signal of the naked, exposed buttocks changes the animal's behaviour from anger to lust and even a male gorilla would prefer to be buggered than risk death.

As Evelyn crouched on all fours, naked in the grass, surrounded by the gorilla troupe, she wondered whether she was really doing this for science or her own personal gratification. Maybe they were one and the same thing. She parted her legs slightly further, Barney must meet no resistance...

Discretely, she turned her head and saw that Barney was now standing upright, his huge penis was fully erect and dripping clear fluid from the head. Evelyn faced forward again and stared rigidly at a tree in front of her. She swallowed hard as she sensed Barney moving closer...

Seconds later she felt Barney's hot breath on her back as he closed the final inches between them. In spite of herself, she nearly shrieked when she felt his leathery hands on her buttocks. The big Silverback lifted her with ease, and she found her posterior raised high, with just her hands supporting her in a kind of wheel barrow position as Barney's broad flat nose snuffled at her sex. Her rational mind knew that Barney was aroused by her scent, but it was different enough from a female gorilla to cause him to hesitate. As she felt Barney's rough tongue tentatively probe her vagina, she could no longer resist moaning with the obscene pleasure of the act. Being held almost upside down by the giant beast, Evelyn could see Barney's groin through her parted legs; his giant phallus was fully erect and twitched with anticipation.

Barney dropped her hips to waist height and she realised he was satisfied with her scent and was about to mount her. Evelyn flinched as the hot glans of Barney's erection pushed into the softness of her thoroughly soaking vagina; but this went unnoticed by the giant beast as his organ thrust deep into her body. Evelyn nearly passed out as he pushed into her deeper than she thought possible; she grunted involuntarily as breath was forced from her lungs by the power of his action. The sheer girth of his penis stretched her to the very limit, and this brought her clitoris into hard contact with the shaft. Barney was obviously very satisfied with the tightness of her human vagina and, gripping her hips tightly, began to thrust, back and forth. Barney's massive weight was behind these thrusts, and he shook Evelyn like a doll. She was so much lighter than a female gorilla, he was almost using her as a some sort of masturbatory toy as he pumped in and out of her. Bestial grunts escaped from both of them, from Barney with the sheer feeling of Evelyn's tight cunt around his cock and from Evelyn from the sheer brutal force of his movement.

Evelyn knew from her observations that Barney did not mate for long. She knew he would be ready to cum soon and already the tempo of intense pounding was increasing, and his grunting becoming faster. Evelyn was dimly aware that some of the lesser, Beta males had gathered, around and were watching Barney. She was not concerned as this was not uncommon. She knew that from previous observations that if Barney ever lost interest half way through mating, one of the others would mount the aroused female and finish the job.

Barney came. The sheer force of the gush from the end of his cock was like someone turning on a hose pipe inside her. The sensation of triumph brought on her own orgasm. The feeling of pleasure and pain was so intense that she nearly passed out. Almost as suddenly as it began it finished,

Barney withdrew and ambled away on all fours as if nothing had happened. Evelyn felt as if some physical part of her had been wrenched away. Barney's cum gushed from her hot depths, soaking her thighs as she knelt, shaking, on all fours.

Evelyn was aware that, even after the operation to allow Barney's bestial lust to be satisfied; the sheer strength of his assault was probably the limit of what her frail body could withstand. She wondered if any of her bones had been broken and yet she could not feel any part of her body except her aching, empty cunt. She was covered with sweat which now began to chill her in the cool late afternoon air. She shivered and wondered if she could even stand up. Barney's behaviour was what she had expected, the gorillas were never intimate after mating, yet she wished he had shown at least some small sign of care for her following the violent session. She realised that to him she was nothing special after all. A tear dripped from her eye and rolled down her cheek, but she wiped it away, determined to stay rational.

Just as she tested her legs to see if she could walk, she felt a bump against her buttocks; one of the Beta males that had watched their mating had ambled over and was sniffing her behind. Evelyn froze. Normally a Beta would not mount a female who had just been mated with unless the male lost interest prematurely. Evelyn waited for the Beta to realise that Barney had cum inside her; the evidence was now dripping down her legs. However, the signals that she was giving out seemed to be confusing them, several other Betas were now gathering round her and drawing closer, sniffing her cautiously. Evelyn realised there was little she could do. Normally after mating a female would also amble away, but Evelyn was not sure she could move without collapsing. Her exposed buttocks and smell seemed to be exciting the Beta males. Nervously wiping a strand of hair from her face she saw that they had all become erect. Evelyn was not sure whether she could take another gorilla inside her and there were at least five males now gathering.

Soon events were beyond her control as the first Beta seized her buttocks and thrust himself inside her. The others became excited by this and tried to pull Evelyn away from him. Evelyn felt herself grabbed by furry arms and rough, leathery hands. She was surrounded by the shrieking and excited males. Their erect cocks banged against her and they all tried to rub themselves against her in a mockery of love making. Evelyn was pulled and shoved until she thought she would be crushed. One of the Betas was so excited that he came, showering Evelyn's hair and face with his cum. Evelyn was terrified. She had never seen behaviour like this and despite the imminent danger of being killed, tried to think what she had done to cause this.

Another of the Betas bit her arm. The sharp pain made her shriek out, but her cry was lost beneath the grunting and snorting of the frenzied pack. It was then that Evelyn knew that she was dead. Once the gorillas smelled blood and realised she was injured they would simply tear her to pieces and eat her. The terror left her and the calm acceptance of her fate descended.

At exactly that moment, however, a single shot rang out. The frenzy stopped and the betas dropped her and dashed from the clearing. Evelyn knew that the pack were scared of guns – hunters taking trophies of gorillas, usually their heads, had been stalking in these mountains for years. She slumped to the ground, too bruised and injured to move and then passed out.

Evelyn awoke to a wall of pain. It was nearly dark and she was lying on the ground under a blanket. Breathing in, it occurred to her that she probably had several fractured ribs. She moved her head slowly and examined her body that was still naked under the blanket. She was bruised all over but the bite on her arm had been expertly stitched with what looked like nylon fishing line. A smell of smoke assailed her nostrils, and she turned her head painfully to see Charity tending a small fire.

"How did you...?" began Evelyn.

"I follow you, I saw what happen," Charity answered, "the gorillas wanted to kill you."

Evelyn was stunned. "You FOLLOWED me...?" She didn't finish the sentence as she saw a big smile spread across Charity's face.

"Yes, I follow you, you didn't really think Charity would leave you, did you?"

Evelyn realised that once again, Charity had saved her life. She looked at this enigmatic woman again with curiosity and wondered what made Charity so faithful to her. Evelyn coughed slightly and winced at the agony she felt with her fractured ribs.

Charity looked at her in concern, "Please, be careful, you have many damages."

Evelyn looked up at Charity's eyes and suddenly understood. It was simple. Charity was in love with her. Nothing more and nothing less. Understanding that suddenly crystallised Evelyn's own strange feeling about Charity. It was also love. True love. Like no love she had ever felt for a man, or even, she thought grimly, a gorilla...