

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Mid afternoon in the Serengeti, the sun was shining, cloud cover was thin; a perfect day. Markus Quincy knelt in his hide slowly looking down his telescopic, sighting in on a female lion out on her own hunting down an elderly gazelle. Markus's finger tightened waiting for the moment to be just right before taking the shot.

The lioness leapt her tawny body scything through the air, lethal claws extended her jaws parted for the neck of her prey, all in all a one in a million shot. Squeezing the front mounted button Markus claimed the image he hoped would make him famous.

Leaving the lioness to her kill he moved the camera around looking for any other interesting shots, when the sun's light glinted off of something in the nearby cover. Something metallic.

Markus gasped as he saw what was hiding, a poacher lay among the tall grass his rifle aimed at the lioness. Markus snarled, if it was one thing he hated it was poachers. Moving the tripod to see him more clearly Markus took his own pistol, a desert eagle, and took aim at the poacher. Markus fired hoping to drive off the poacher and warn the cat.

Markus fired and the poacher snapped off a shot in reply before taking Markus's round high in the chest.

The lioness yowled as she took a hit, from his point of view he could not see how bad she was hit, but she was down.

Markus swept up his pistol and ran over to the poacher, the other man was hit bad, dark blood flowed sluggishly across his chest and he was pale. Nodding to the man Markus again took aim and fished him off as a mercy before looking back at the still down cat struggling to get to her feet her own bright blood staining her golden fur.

Pulling the scope from the man's rifle Markus looked at the lioness's injury, there was a fair bit of blood but it didn't seem to be a body hit, turning from the body of the poacher marks ran back to his hide for his quad, taking the drive back to his base camp Markus grabbed up his first aid kit, hoping it would work as well on the cat as on people he drove back.

Carefully approaching the wounded animal Markus made soothing noises as he approached speaking softly. "Stay calm girl I'm not going to hurt you, that's right girl I just want to try to make you feel better."

The lioness took a halfhearted swing with her claws as he approached the pain in her leg causing her to forgo anything further as she hissed in pain.

Reaching out to her Markus put his hand on her fur and continued to murmur to her. Getting her used to his presence and scent, Markus removed his hand and opened up the first aid kit, pulling out an auto injector of morphine, Markus placed it into the cat's leg and leaned in on her as he triggered it, wincing as she yowled and stabbed her claws in to his back.

Freeing himself from her as she went glassy eyed Markus got a chance to look at her wound; blood still flowed sluggishly though but was beginning to clot of its own accord. Taking advantage of her drugged state Markus injected her with a broad spectrum anti biotic and began to clean out the wound using a small pair of forceps to remove the bullet from the muscle. Markus used Teflon adhesive patches on any ruptured veins, before stitching up the wound leaving a small gap for drainage as he had been taught in his advanced survival course.

After making sure she was as mended as he could and testing the movement of her leg to see if it tore any of his work open, Markus cleaned up her fur packed his gear and wished her well. The sun was just setting as Markus returned to his own camp, taking care of his housekeeping duties and putting right any damaged caused by the natives during his absence.

Small rodents and an inquisitive jackal had caused some minor damage Markus easily put right. Sighing Markus swept up a pile of jackal mess that was in the door way of his tent. "I know agreed not to interfere with the wildlife in exchange for the permits but still this is a pain."

After lighting his campfire and cooking his dinner, Markus examined the photos he had taken this week, with only three weeks to go on his permit he had yet to get a truly amazing photo the lioness one from today was good but not likely to secure the much coveted Pulitzer.

As darkness fell the sounds and smells of the Serengeti changed the nightlife coming out, It's predators of all types emerging from their lairs and dens to hunt for sustenance. The nighttime air began to take on a chill as heat faded. Markus heard a rustling sound coming from outside his tent.

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"Best have a look if its hostile I need to see if off but it's most likely just a wildebeest."

Picking up his pistol Markus leaned his head out the door, to his surprise not 2 meters in front of him and reclining calmly rested the lioness he had treated earlier that day.

Markus tucked his pistol away and stepped slowly out of the tent, moving slowly and deliberately towards the lioness. "What do you want girl?" Markus asked not expecting any sort of reaction as he closed in on her. The lioness answered his question by moving in towards him and nuzzling his hand with her head.

Awww just wanted to say thank you did you that's OK I was glad to help." Markus cooed to her before she swept his legs out from under him.

Falling to his face beside her he noticed she had lay down on her side and she seemed to be nursing. Markus's mind ignored his and her current positions as he tried to regain his footing only to be stopped by a loud growl from the lioness. Sighing and asking in a low voice what she wanted from him Markus petted the lioness's flank hoping that would suffice for her.

The lioness shuffled closer and tried to pull Markus to her teats growling as he resisted. Sighing deeply Markus acquiesced to her will and gingerly put his lips to her teat applying more pressure as she growled again. Slowly over the next few minutes the lioness coaxed and threatened him into suckling from her properly her rich milk began to flow into his belly.

Markus kneaded her teat gently as he suckled; the sweet milk flowing into him moving onto the next teat as the one he was on ran dry figuring the lioness wouldn't let him up until he had drained her dry. Taking a break to belch Markus spoke to the lioness, "did you lose your cubs dear is that why you on your own?"

The lioness's only response was to push his head down to her remaining teats and purr. Sighing Markus continued to feed, hoping he could get his camera and take a snap shot of him up close to her before she left.

Twenty minutes later Markus lay on the lioness filled to bursting with her sweet rich milk. This lonely lioness had truly given him a gift like no other. Markus noticing she was sleeping quickly got up and got his simple digital camera, before returning to her side to take a few snapshots. They may

not sell but they were priceless to him.

A short while after the female had given him a tasty meal she awoke and after nuzzling him again, she headed off back the way she had come.

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Markus lay awake that night musing on the encounter the taste of the milk fresh in his in Mind.

His mind told him it was wrong, to nurse directly from a beast, his heart and logic said otherwise, the lion was likely to have shredded him had he refused and it felt good. "Damn it to hell I liked it and her, it didn't hurt anyone and I didn't force her, so to hell with it if she returns and offers it or anything I wont turn it down." Markus cursed as he tried to settle his mind now at peace with his choice and decision Markus was able to get to sleep.

Dawn broke over the savannah birds took to the air; the first rays of the sun drove away the chill and fine mist of the night, as Africa's day shift took over the wildebeests heading for there watering holes and the day to day struggle for survival began again.

Markus rose at seven, took care of his toilet and put a pot of coffee to brew. His plan for the day was simple free up his data cards and charge up his batteries. Unpacking the solar panel chargers Markus began to get things ready while pulling up a map on his laptop, there was a herd of elephants a few hours away he wanted to have a look at, once he got things ready Markus fired up the quad and after stowing the smaller of his first aid kits aboard grabbing his pistol and a array of cameras Markus headed out.

His drive across the plains was pretty if uneventful although Markus couldn't help the feeling he was being watched, shrugging it off as animals in the area Markus closed in on the elephants. A large herd dominated this area there stately bodies moving with defined purpose, a few adolescents and calves played under the watchful eyes of the matriarch. Markus sighed as he set up his blind, deciding to go with a video clip of the calves as the centerpiece of this shoot that's what he focused his twenty megapixel camera on setting his mike to pick up ambient sounds and omit any he made, Markus filmed all day making a simple dinner of energy bars and jerky.

The herd quieted down as evening fell and with his cameras batteries low Markus called it a night and began the long drive to his base, again thought the drive Markus felt he was being shadowed and the pack of hyenas he saw did nothing to alleviate his suspicions, Markus nonetheless marked the location of the pack to follow another day; Markus's base camp loomed up before him sighing Markus killed the engine and parked it taking his gear from the metal bin on the back he went back into his tent to begin uploading files.

He must have fallen asleep at some point, Markus started when his laptop beeped the low power warning at him, another sound came from outside a soft growling, stepping outside Markus noted with some pleasure the lioness was back and this time she had brought what must have been a male of the pride with her as well as another younger female.

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The wounded female approached him and after briefly nuzzling his leg flopped down on her side and growled at him. Smiling Markus knelt and began to suckle from her, his eyes on the larger male who looked over the nursing pair. Trying to ignore him and the younger female who nipped in to steal a bit of Markus's feed.

Markus and the female who he had decided to call Tawn on a whim. Continued to build on the bond they had started, Markus had suckled 4 of her teats dry when the larger male apparently decided enough was enough and batted him off of her with his large burnt orange paw. Knocking Markus onto his back, the male snagged his claws in his cloths obviously trying to get rid of them Markus winced as one of the claws caught him a line of pain flashing across his belly he got the point and quickly removed his cloths hoping the lion wasn't angry at his lioness.

The male snarled and sniffed at Markus limp manhood, his hot breath arousing Markus against his will, seeing this, the male turned and batted Markus rolling him over before squatting over him and spraying him with his scent marking urine.

Markus gagged as the acrid liquid flowed over him, some getting in his mouth. "I have a bad feeling about this." Markus said to himself as he spat the urine from his mouth, watching the lion move to his side.

The large male lion stuck his paw under Markus seemingly trying to get him on all fours. After the first few failed attempts and the lion snarling at him before trying with claws. Markus gave up his dignity and stood on all fours, head bowed and waiting hoping what he expected wasn't about to happen. Sadly his hope was misplaced as the male reared up and placed his weight on Markus's back, his sharp pointed penis jabbing for an opening Markus's arms could support the weight of the male and his elbows gave way.

Markus's rapid change of position flustered and upset the lion who batted at him again with claws extended, to a snarl from Tawn. The younger female crept forward her head and tail low she nosed Markus back into position while she lay under him as a support

Grunting his assent the male again placed his weight on Markus, his penis guided only by his instincts finally found a place to pierce, hunching his rear up the lion began humping into Markus his claws kneading Markus's waist drawing thin rivulets of blood while he endured this humiliation. The knobby spines on the male's penis scratches at Markus during the males thrusting but fortunately the male was brief in his mating spraying his load inside of Markus before pulling out quickly leaping away in expectation of the usual snap from his partner.

Winced at the lion's sudden withdrawal Markus collapsed onto the female acting as his support.

"Thanks girl." Markus gasped out as the pain in his backside faded to a dull ache. Rolling off the lioness Markus winced as the movement pulled at his scratches. The large male lion watched him from nearby his head down his ears up. Tawn came over to her erstwhile cub and nuzzled Markus's head her rough tongue darted out as she began to lick his bleeding scratches, working her way lower to where the male's seed leaked from his abused anus.

Tawn paused as she smelt the seed, before looking back at the male and again at Markus she began to lick his anogenital region her rough tongue stimulating him. The texture of her tongue on him had the result she expected it to have as she toileted him like she would a very young cub.

Markus blushed furiously as Tawn licked him clean and stimulated his reflexes down below; all the while his hand was on the younger pale female's leg gently stoking the thick wiry fur.

Tawn moved away after her mothering duties were complete moving to sit beside the male Leaving Markus and the pale female, whom he was beginning to think of as 'Honey' laying beside each other.

Honey stood up and tentatively pawed at Markus curiously before looking back at the male and Tawn. The male returned the look with a sleepy yawn and a chuckle growl, before turning to clean

his own genitalia. Honey turned back to Markus her tail lashing the air as she began to pace as though trying to make up her mind.

Tawn rose and leapt at honey her large paws batting honey around in chastisement before snarling at her with her hackles raised.

Markus froze, the gentle lioness he had suckled from twice now was angry and he instinctively knew if he made the wrong move he was dead. Biding his time Markus remain in his squatted position waiting for some idea of what to do.

After being disciplined by Tawn honey lowered her tail and walked over to Markus, and began nuzzling and licking at his face before turning around and moving into a half bow position.

Markus was stunned he could now understand why honey was having a hard time deciding. The other lions wanted her to mate with him. Markus sighed and reminded himself of his promise if he was offered a chance to suckle or anything else he'd take it. "I've already had a male mate me I may as well mate her. He said to himself in an attempt to bolster his confidence. Lowering his hand to his penis Markus did his best to get himself hard for his prospective mate, approaching her cautiously with his growing member in hand Markus began to look for the hole, rubbing his tip across her fleshy folds Markus gasped at her intense heat, her body scorching him as he pressed his length in as far as it would go, her tight passage slowly stretching to accommodate him he began vigorously thrusting in and out of her.

"My gosh, Honey you're so hot and tight", he said grasping her hips with his hands doing his best to emulate the mating's he had seen before, knowing that lions were not slow copulators. The heat and pressure of her combined with the fur rubbing at his balls brought Markus to orgasm much faster than he had ever gotten off before with a woman or by himself. Spaying his load deep inside her, Markus slumped over her as she pulled away a puzzled look on her face at the lack of pain.

Honey turned around and sniffed at the softening penis that was inside her licking at it she began to growl softly in a non threatening way, pleased with what she had found she rose up to her hind legs and gave Markus a lick along his jaw line nuzzling his face as she did.

The male stood and Markus was able to get a good look at him in the lantern light. A dusky brown color with a dark striking mane, he was about 340 pounds in weight and missing the tip of an ear, smiling at him Markus decided to call him 'Scars'

Scars moved over to Markus and attempted to mount him again, seeing how refusal wasn't an option Markus mimicked Honeys posture from moments ago and was pleased when she returned to support him.

Scars seemed pleased by the willingness of this creature and sought out the hole with his penis, jabbing it in harshly.

Markus cried out with pain, the first penetration reopening the small abrasions Scars spines had caused. Gritting his teeth and burying his head in the warm side of honey Markus braced himself to endure another brutal assault.

Scars thrust in and out rapidly oblivious to the pain he was causing the young man, his simple mind intent on impregnating him, roaring out his success as he ejaculated; Markus matched his roar with a cry of pain as Scars tore himself free.

Once he was sure that Markus wasn't going to attack him scars chuckle-growled to the others and

very briefly gave Markus a muzzle rub, honey and Tawn followed his example as the trio headed out into the savannah once again leaving a naked and bemused Markus dripping lion cum and a small amount of blood.

Winching as he moved Markus got dressed before sitting gingerly down on his cot, Markus groaned, twice he had a fabulous opportunity for close photos of lions, twice he let it slip through his fingers. Moving over to his small desk he took out a reporter's notebook and began to write up what had happened. "Only the facts Markus only the facts" he muttered to himself as he began ascribing human characteristics to the lions.

Noting down their behavior and actions in a scientific manner Markus was able to give reality to the dream like quality of the first two encounters.

Noting the encounters had both taken place in the evenings Markus decided to set up his cameras on a timer with motion triggers. As he finished setting them up Markus muttered to himself "just in case they show up again," taking his precautionary measures further he set himself a quick grab bag containing camera memory cards and a portable solar charger, and lastly his first aid kit.

Yawning widely Markus felt the full effects of his creamy dinner hit him, finishing preparations, and backing up his files from the days shoot, Markus left himself a note to look into the hyena pack for the next days shoots. Before retiring to his simple cot and sleeping bag, his dreams that night were muzzy, and peaceful, simple thoughts of warmth and youth filled his mind, slowly morphing from images of his much-loved mother to those of the lioness Tawn.

Hours passed in muzzy happiness, before the birds cried to the dawn, rousing the day watch of the savannah, for the day's tasks of hunting and mating. Cubs and calves all over began the day clamoring for milk and play.

The distant clamor and rising light woke Markus. Stretching languidly he stood and after taking care of nature he put off pot of coffee on the still hot remnants of the night's campfire. Seeing his note pinned to the freestanding cork-board Markus sighed, stretched again and poured a cup of the near boiling stimulant.

Pouring fuel into the quad and grabbing his standard photo gear Markus packed a quick lunch of protein bars and water. Markus headed out into the still warming savannah. The muted roar of his two stroke engine displaced the birdsong and distant animal growls as he drove. Stopping a good hour or so out from his base camp with no sign of the hyena pack he was seeking, Markus grumbled to himself before stopping and unpacking a kite, letting the kite soar up to its altitude of three thousand feet, its internal camera, searching around for the wildlife viewing the cameras out put Markus noted the hyena were about 5 miles away near a rocky outcropping, sighing he reeled in the kite and headed out there his mind intent on his task his heart less so.

The rocky outcropping sheltered the hyena pack letting the harsh creatures rest from the scorching sun, a small stream fed into the boulder strewn area providing a watering hole safe from aquatic predators. Setting up his blind Markus began to record the packs antics, gathering background sounds. He relaxed into his task, the actions coming by rote rather than desire. Leaving a camera recording the fortuitous mating of the matriarch of the pack, Markus broke for lunch, unwrapped a protein bar, he watched the pack, and hesitantly he brought the bar to his mouth before sighing and pulling it away.

Discarding the uneaten bar with a grimace, Markus sighed and packed up, his heart not in his work. Driving back to the camp, Markus was shocked at how a few encounters could radically change his



outlook. Arriving at the camp in mid afternoon he was astonished to find honey and Tawn apparently waiting for him, dunning themselves on his supply crates. Its not every afternoon you come home to a pair of lioness's resting on your stuff, Markus tried to hide his astonishment at the trust in him and there cavalier attitude towards him as he approached.

The duo must have known his scent, and even in there doze were not worried. As it was Tawn raised her ears as Markus spoke and cracked an eye open, strangely she didn't offer him a teat, and Markus wondered if she had changed her mind about him being her cub, Tawn rose and stretched in the impossible manner only a cat can manage before lightly leaping off of her perch and walking over to him nuzzling his hand and thigh, she gave a semi imperious snarl growl to Honey who was still dozing. Honey rose and repeated Town's stretch before walking over and rubbing against Markus with her body, as though pleading for a mating. Honey walked in front of Markus and presented herself to him.

Before Markus could free himself from his trousers to acquiesce to Honeys request Tawn leaped onto honey and began pummeling her with her paws growling as she did. Markus stepped back, his eyes widening as he realized these weren't tame cats who had been sharing there lives and bodies with him but wild animals capable of killing him in a heartbeat.

Tawn, her placid nature reasserting itself after disciplining the errant youngster walked over to Markus and began nudging him out of the camp, with a thoroughly chastised honey trailing behind her posture radiating subservience. Pausing as Tawn nosed him onwards Markus broke from her herding and ran to get his grab bag, unsure of where they were taking him.

Once they were a ways clear of the camp Tawn and Honey flanked him, the latter having regained some of her cheer. As they walked Markus noted both lionesses held the 'I'm not hunting posture.'

After couple of hours walking, the trio passed a watering hole whipping out a empty canteen and a water purification tablet Markus knelt at the side ready to fill his jug, when Tawn snarled shoved him bodily aside before nuzzling him and offering a teat.

Markus took the teat and suckled happily for a few minutes while Tawn nuzzled his head and cleans his face with her large rough tongue. After about 10 minutes of nursing her unusual cub, Tawn gently pushed him off and rose to her feet nosing Markus back on to the path she and honey continued to shepherd Markus down the trail, a while later the trio arrived at a large sandstone slab with wind driven holes in it, many lions dotted the area around it engaged in all aspects of pride life.

Markus was ushered into the encampment by honey and Tawn, a few lions followed there entrance, interest visible in there golden eyes, A pair of middle-aged females, seemingly on perimeter duty slowly approached the trio blocking their path. Tawn took the initiative and stepped forward challenge evident in her posture, a series of snarls and grunts and half charges, was sufficient to get her point across as the two females fell back allowing the human access to their home.

Honey nuzzled Markus's thigh before bounding off in the direction of a group of females. Honeys abrupt departure left Tawn to shepherd Markus to their final destination, a rocky outcrop which rose slightly above the ground. Tawn pulled herself up the sandy stone and lay down seemingly waiting for Markus to join her. Sighing Markus sought out a few hand holds and pulled him self up and sat by the now lounging lioness. Looking out over the pride engaged in its activities Markus pulled out one of his digital cameras he began taking some shots of the cubs at play, standing up to get a better angle Markus switched the camera to record, and moved to jump off the rock to get closer.

Markus gasped as Tawn stirred and clawed at Markus her curved talons raking his flesh as she



pulled at his leg sending him crashing to the rock.

Markus attempted to rise as an irritated Tawn stood over him cuffing him soundly around the head leaving his head ringing. Satisfied that her punishment of her erstwhile cub had its desired effect, she licked at the rents in his pant leg before lying beside him and offering a teat.

Markus had noted that's Tawn's moods were like fire, sudden, hot and unpredictable. Yet unlike fire she always returned to her placid nature, Markus wasn't very hungry but he accepted Tawn's offer and nursed from her briefly satisfying both of there needs.

Markus righted himself and rubbed at the bruises he had acquired from his discipline Tawn I like you but I wish you weren't so strict," Markus said as he pulled out his miniature med kit rubbing the claw marks with a thin antiseptic gel to prevent infection.

Tawn looked at him and growled warningly as he moved his position. Markus raised his hand in placation, soothing her with murmurs. Honey, ran over to a small group of female lions and began some leonine greetings with her friends, always in view of Markus and Tawn. Watching honey and her friends seemed to be putting Tawn into a bad mood any movement from Markus brought a cuff or a snarl from her.

Markus decided to play it safe and sat as still as he could, snapping shots with his camera. The lionesses who were out hunting during the day returned as dusk approached Dragging the warm carcasses of a pair of zebras, activities in the lion's home changed as the meat came into view two additional males came over from the opposite sides of the encampment, one the larger was an immense dark colored lion his fur was the shade of burnt amber, his mane black as coal, walking with a deliberate menace in his step he approached the meal that had been brought in by the females roaring out loud near the meat causing a small cloud of dust to rise up and drift away, he called the others to feed.

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The second lion approached the dark one and after rubbing muzzles stood near him, this one was young but strong the, the typical leonine stereotype shades of fur lending to his majesty. Scars rose from his resting place and moved to accompany the other lions, in calling the pride to feast.

The cubs and females began to circle near the meal, older cubs bounding out ahead looking to the males for there permission to approach the feed.

The dark male growled and gently cuffed the most forward of the cubs before laying down and beginning to feed on the zebra the other two males graciously allowing the younger cubs to feed at the same time as them, Markus attempted to leave his perch, only to be pounced on by Tawn.

Snarling, Tawn repeatedly battered Markus with her paws discipline him for his arrogance, before she moved over with the lionesses and the rest of the cubs to complete the meal.

Standing up Markus groaned again pulling out one of his cameras to record the lions eating. Up close and personal, he could smell the blood and offal. As he filmed the lions, the thought came to his mind he as probably as close to this pride as that woman was to those apes. "Depending on how long I get to stay I might be able to make a pseudo documentary about them... who knows it might get some recognition." Markus said to himself as he watched the youngest unweaned cubs pouncing all over the larger menacing male while the females finished off the zebras.

Once the meat was gone Tawn trotted over to Markus blood coating her paws and muzzle her rough

pink tongue darting out to clean the gore from her chops. Upon reaching Markus Tawn lowered raised her head and brushed her bloody lips against his chest growling in a gentle manner, after greeting him she move behind him and began nosing him into the center of the camp before retreating to the ring of lioness and cubs surrounding the trio of males.

The male lions stood tall and proud in the center of their pride, young cubs antsy with anticipation tussled and played with each other, their youthful exuberance kept in check only by the gentle discipline of their mothers or caretakers, lioness sat in expectation m some heads cocked in curiosity others merely relaxing.

Scars took the initiative and approached Markus battering him to the ground with careful swipes of his large paws, designed to knock him down and force him to submit, scars positioned himself behind Markus and began trying to mount him.

Markus mind raced, as he realized that what was happening was a reenactment of what had occurred two nights prior, fending off the lion as best he could Markus stripped his cloths off as quickly as he could, if he was going to be raped, at least they wouldn't ruin his cloths. Scars growled with pleasure as the strange two legged males outer skin fell from him Growling an imperious command at the slim form of Honey, he stepped back allowing the adolescent lion to get under Markus to support him through the ordeal that was to come. Honey nuzzled Markus before slipping underneath him and growling to Scars.

Scars chuckle growled as he approached Markus, lifting himself on to his back and began vigorous thrusting seeking out Markus's tight ass. His short-ish, curved penis pierced Markus's ass, bringing a gasp of pain from him as it thrust between the walls of muscle. Digging his hands into honey flanks as the pleasure/pain brought tears to his eyes Markus rode out the initial onslaught the pain slowly fading to pleasure. Gasping as Scars humped into him, seemingly separate to breed the strange hairless creature, its own heat building as its member twitched spaying its hot seed into him searing Markus with its heat.

Immediately after Cumming scars pulled free dragging another gasp of agony from the young man as the tiny bards agitated the tender lining of Markus's bowels. Scars stepped away and in front of the young man his erection fading back inside his sheath, lifting his tail at Markus.

Groaning inwardly Markus squeezed his eyes and mouth shut as the acrid fluid flowed from scars bladder again marking Markus as his submissive. Scars walked back among the male lions growling gently to them as through inviting those to take their pleasure. The large dark male stepped forward menace and power event in his pose. The dark lion lowered his regal head and sniffed at Markus's leaking ass and face, smelling his fellow lions scent on it he cycled Markus a few times before moving his large mass behind Markus, honey whimpered, as though she feared this lion leaning his head down to hers the dark one growled.

Honey fell silent.

Markus braced himself as the lion rose up over him, its large member piercing his already wounded hole, he screamed not a cry or a gasp but a full fledged murderous scream tore from his throat and filled the night.

The dark lion cuffed Markus from above causing the earth to spin before continuing his vicious onslaught, the dark lion's sinister nature coming to the fore as it worked its member into Markus's ass without regard for the size of it or the pain he was causing the young man.

Markus cried silently as he was savagely taken this wasn't like the mild pain Scars had inflicted this

felt like someone had shove a sharpened banana into him. He wept into honeys flanks as the dark lion, Vader; he decided such darkness could only be called by a dark name. As Vader pummeled his ass wetness began to flow from his front, the pain from this mating had caused him to wet himself, enduring the humiliation Markus continued his silent weeping, for what seemed like ages but in reality was only a minute or so, as Vader climaxed flooding Markus bleeding ass with his filthy seed.

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Vader pulled himself free savagely leaving Markus gasping with relief as blood and cum leaked from his torn ass. Vader walked to Markus's front and completed his dominating of him by urinating into his face with his thick vile fluid.

Sputtering at the taste of the droplets that ended up in his mouth or on his lips, Markus wished at that moment to be released from this embarrassment, before raising his piss covered face and looking at the lions surrounding him, he thought of honey and how timid she was when he mated her and how he had saved, scars had dominated him in this manner twice now but at least he had brought some pleasure with the pain.

"Besides if I try to fight they'll kill me, no choice but to hope poster boy there isn't as well endowed," Markus muttered to himself as the image of leonine perfection approached him and began the sniffing and circling in preparation to his own domination of him.

The near perfect specimen lowered his head by Markus's in a manner obviously meant to be comforting and nuzzled Markus's face before walking to his rear and placing the weight of his body on Markus. After waiting a few seconds the paragon of lion hood thrust inwards his member seeking out the well lubricated passage, still leaking blood and semen from the previous mating's, eased his passage.

Hilting easily into his passage, the lion, whom Markus was mentally calling 'Paragon', Began his thrusting, humping his hips into Markus, the tip of paragon's penis pressed up to Markus's prostate, bringing with it a gasp of pleasure from his mate. Paragon continued his rapid thrusts as he swiftly reached his peak filling Markus's hole with yet more seed before pulling free and urinating all over Markus.

After completing his domination paragon walked back to the others, where the 3 of them roared in harmony as though they were in ceremony.

The lioness's who were nursing stirred from their repose around the circle slowly the first of them came over to Markus as he sat recovering next to Honey. The lioness sniffed him over briefly fixing his scent in her mind before lying down and offering a teat, Markus smiles as he took the offering, the strange lioness milk flowing into his mouth cleansing the male's piss from his palette. After a moment or so Markus was disengaged and the lioness walked off allowing another to take her place, wherein the scene was repeated.

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Markus was dumbfounded briefly as his mind searched for a reason before his own studies and observations provided him with one.

"Communal nursing" he said to himself as the 5th lioness suckled him, "all cubs can nurse from any female, and I must be a cub to them..." His thoughts broke off as another teat filled his mouth.

Pleased that his mind was working out the reasons behind his treatment by the lions Markus was

shocked to find that the line of lioness had come to an end.

Tawn gave him a head nuzzle as she pulled free from him and walked off with the other lioness's.

Honey rose from beside him as the last lioness's stood and readied themselves, nudging Markus's member with her head she began to lick him to hardness. Succeeding just in time as the first lioness walked in front of him and presented herself to him.

Shrugging Markus placed his tip at the new female's entrance and gently slid inside doing his best not to hurt her as he hilted out inside her.

The lioness underneath him yowled with pleasure as he began to stroke in and out, stopping when Vader growled at the lioness Markus was mounting.

The female pulled herself off of Markus allowing the next female to take her place.

Markus sighed as he began the task he was quickly growing to enjoy, that of mating a lioness, just as he began to get his pattern going and bring pleasure to the lioness, Vader called again, forcing a break in his, and incidentally the lioness's pleasure. Markus did his best to bring hold himself in readiness as one by one he briefly serviced the remaining lioness's panting with the effort involved as the last lioness he could see pulled away at Vader's call.

Honey who had been sitting by his side all this time rose and walked in front of him her tail waving in the air, as she presented herself to Markus ignoring Vader's roar.

Smiling Markus stood up, and gently began to rub her back, before grabbing her hips and sliding inside her. Slowly beginning gentle thrusts into her, his already aroused member didn't take long for him to cum, bringing Honey to her peak in the process.

As Honey pulled away from him her tail swishing gently behind her Paragon roared out and turned his back on the gathering seemingly calling an end to the entire affair.

The massed pride broke up much like any gathering of friends or family, small groups headed for the seclusion of the rocks, other nursing females herded cubs away from the gathering and headed for there own chosen dens Markus stood up, wincing with pain, his cloths dusty and abandoned on the rock that had been his seat for the past few hours.

Tawn nuzzled one of the other females, pausing to give a lick to the bumbling cub following her before turning and loping back to Markus her head high with pride. Honey remained by Markus's side occasionally rubbing her face into his groin with predictable results.

"Well now where am I going to sleep?" Markus said to the two lioness's surrounding him.

A harsh growl emanated from Tawn as she nudged into Markus herding him as she had before. Leading him to a small alcove in the base of the rocks large enough for several so nestle down into.

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Poking his head into the wind worn hole Markus could smell the spoor from lion's habitation for years. Smiling Markus found a smaller niche and lay down trying to get comfortable with the rocky walls and sand pooling in the crevices.

Folding his vest containing his cameras and placing it on a harder outcropping, he placed his pants

and torn shirt behind him as an improvised pillow. Markus lay down to get some rest.

honey seeing that he was not very comfortable walked over and lay down behind him uttering a pleasant growl as she did. Tawn followed suit positioning her to cover Markus's legs making sure her teats were within easy reach of her adopted cub. Once the trio had positioned themselves Markus was able to fall in to a deep and comforting sleep.

Morning broke, but the lions remained asleep, having gorged the night before most if not all were content to doze in the warming sun.

Markus stirred his eyes flickering as he rose through the layers of sleep attempting to close his mouth Markus found a largish black teat in his mouth, he must have instinctively sought her teats during his sleep.

Shrugging Markus took to opportunity to fill his belly with the warm creamy milk from the lioness. Sighing as the drowsiness hit him yawning as he switched nipples gently kneading the flesh around it to stimulate more milk he moaned in contentment.

Tawn stirred in her own sleep maternal instincts' informing her she was being suckled cracking open her eyes she growled with contentment as Markus fed from her. After she had loosed herself from Markus she gave both him and herself a quick tongue bath and proceeded to attempt to toilet Markus again.

Once her parental duties for the moment had been finished she rose and nudged Markus to rise as well honey stirred in her sleep but the nights activities had worn her out and she remained asleep

Outside other lions were rising and taking care of business young cubs tousled and played with others while parents looked on with tolerance.

The lion pride was at peace in the midmorning sun, a warm breeze cooling them somewhat.

Markus sat on the rock snapping photos with one of his cameras catching a group of lions in play in the loose warm dust on the ground.

A particularly strong gust of wind sprung up with most the adult lions closing there eyes and allowing the cool breeze to flow over them, a trio of cubs ignored the wind and played in the dirt amid a cloud of fine dust particles stirred up from the passing breeze, Markus saw this with his camera and managed to frame the shot perfectly, his mind, quick at the best of times had already thought of a title for the shot and had placed the shot into a much larger work.

"That's it" Markus said to himself as he reviewed the shot he had just taken just like Dian Fossey with her gorillas I've been given a chance to do something similar, my time may be shorter but I'm a damn site closer to the lions then she was to her apes."

Glowing with purpose Markus set his camera to record while he roughed out a plan for what to cover. Typing away on the laptop Markus was oblivious to the fact he was being watched Honey had woken up from her sleep and had followed him out.

The next few days fell in to a pattern of feeding, filming, and playing as Markus gathered images and video of the intimate life of lions. Days passed and Markus filled his memory cards and hard drives, his time was nearing an end and he was saddened at the thought of leaving them, his adoptive family even the harsh Vader had warmed to him, even though he was still rough.

Finally about a month and a half after first moving in with the lions they came to him at dusk, the

males honey and Tawn, along with a few others. Gently began to lead him away from the pride, back towards his old camp.

Arriving at the dust covered and animal ruined tent they formed a semi circle and roared in harmony at him. Before the lions parted and a very young female stepped forth, carrying a nearly newborn cub in her jaws she place the cub into Marcus's outstretched hands before moving beside him and lying against him, her expression one of peaceful comfort.

Marcus stroked the tiny animal noting it was male, its fluffy downy fur almost intangible against his hand. His thoughts whirling at the sudden change of events, transpiring around him

The massed lions roared again as they began to walk away, one familiar lioness grunted out to the males leading the procession and stopped, a chorus of growls and snarls took place between them ending with the female giving Vader a cuff. The great beast growled but lowered his head seemingly in assent, the lioness nuzzled Vader and the others before walking back to Marcus and kneeling in front of the adolescent lioness at his side.

The adolescent, he seemed to recall was the one he had named pepper, due to a sprinkling of dark black hairs covering the top of her back, while the newcomer was his friend and guide honey.

Pepper stood and cuffed at Honey who lay on her back submissively, huffing with satisfaction pepper permitted Honey to get to her feet having shown her dominance.

Honey stood and nuzzled Marcus and the tiny cub he held.

When he looked up from the scene at his feet the other lions the pride he had lived with were gone leaving nothing but footprints in the sand and memories in his heart

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EPILOUGE

It took a while to get the camp up and running, and even longer to bribe and convince the African government to allow him to take the lions home with him, getting licenses and exotic animal clearance for 3 big cats was no easy feat, the sale of his work enabled him to get a much larger house and the recognition he received kept him in work. Months of labor and paperwork got him to this point.

But in the end it was worth it. As he looked down at the 4 month old cub in his lap and at the Pulitzer on his wall, Honey strode over from her preferred perch and lay at his feet, he smiled reveling in her body heat, and grateful for all that had happened. For it wasn't the awards or the money it got him that was the real.