

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



THE HOMOGENY PROJECT

I am writing this diary in hopes that I may one day smuggle it to the OUTSIDE, and its description of my desperate circumstances here may initiate my rescue from this hell hole in which I find myself. In the event that this diary CAN be smuggled out to a rescuer on the outside, I have calculated from the angle at which the sunlight shines through the window in the ceiling, that I must be incarcerated at some location at about fifty degrees latitude in the northern hemisphere. And judging by the accents, we must be in England.

I must first relate the events leading up to my abduction. I was giving a lecture at a government research facility near Boston about how to learn the psychological strategy of broadening one's perspective outside the normal technical parameters (thinking outside the box) to solve technical problems. My audience was a group of engineers working on the missile shield program. A stunning brunette was sitting in the front row. She kept crossing and uncrossing her legs. It became apparent to me that she was not wearing panties. It was obvious that she was sending me a message. After the lecture, I struck up a conversation with her. One thing led to another, and I found myself with her back at her apartment. I soon found myself receiving the best blow job of my life (how had a northern girl learned the southern swirl??). I fell asleep shortly thereafter and woke up here; in this cage.

In response to my cries of indignation at using sex to lure me into my abduction, the woman who must run this facility (given the deference with which everyone else treats her) added insult to the injury of my abduction by explaining it thus, "Men are like little puppy dogs once they have an erection. It's possible to lead them around by it as if it is a leash (with a choker chain collar). I could probably have talked you into giving yourself the injection of the sedative, but I thought that you'd screw it up. I only blew you to put you to sleep (works better than an injection) and to make sure that you were producing sufficient quantities of semen for our purposes."

I demanded in horror, "What purposes?"

"We have finally recognized that if the human species is to survive past the end of the twenty first century, fundamental changes must be made to curb its aggressive and destructive tendencies."

"Who the hell is WE I interjected??"

"Women my dear, Women.... Sooo we must find another solution; fast.

Recent developments in genetic engineering have allowed us to breed across species lines. We have developed a breeding program to accomplish pretty much the opposite of Hitler's eugenics program. Our motto illustrates the long term thrust of this program, "The meek shall inherit the earth".

Indignantly I warned her of the consequences of blasphemy.

This is definitely NOT blasphemy. It's an active recognition of the truth of that adage.

"So I'm expected to breed with??? What?? Sloth???"

"Meek is not the same thing as slow. No, we have found that the perfect hybrid to produce the desired psychological characteristics is human/Bonobo Chimpanzee. The psychological mindset (or philosophy if you will allow me to anthropomorphise) of the Bonobo is "Make Love Not War".

"What the hell dose THAT mean?"

"They fuck all of the time to relieve their tensions and aggressions rather than killing one another. "

"So I'm supposed to fuck a Chimp??"

Actually we won't allow you to have direct intercourse with one. Chimpanzees are much stronger than humans, and are very sensitive to the attitudes of the humans that interact with them. Given your predisposition toward arrogance you would get yourself killed in about ten seconds. And we have invested a lot to bring you here. We want you around to sire a whole lotta chillen for us."

"But, if you think that I'm such an asshole, why are you using me?"

"Although we are convinced that the meek will inherit the earth, we also are convinced that the meek and DUMB will not. Even though you are an asshole, you are at least a very bright asshole. That's your genetic asset. The Bonobo genes will counteract your aggressiveness (and obstinacy and narcissism and rudeness and small dick)."

"Now that's not fair."

"Perhaps not entirely, but we women learned this judgmental attitude from men. Does the phrase, 'Look at the hooters on that bitch', ring a bell?"

"I have never said that. I may have THOUGHT it once or twice."

"You represent ALL men here.

"And what if I refuse to participate?"

"You gotta come sooner or later Darlin'; and we'll be there to catch it."

"How do YOU know I gotta come sooner or later. I may abstain."

"Ya, and I'm gonna grow wings. We know that you have nocturnal emissions regularly. We have devised a sleeping arrangement that will catch the results. We know what turns you on."

"No you don't."

"We have sophisticated monitoring devices trained on you."

"Such as??"

"Like f'rinstance I can see your crotch as you are standing across the desk from me. I have noticed the bulge growing as have been talking about all this hot Simian sex."

Glancing briefly down, I noticed that her observations were correct. "But that's involuntary."

"You mean we're getting you aroused against your will. Oooouu, now you're getting ME turned on. "

With this she put one foot up on the edge of her desk exposing that same naked pussy that lured me into all of this mess in the first place. Then she reached down and slid three fingers into it and her pinky up her ass and began to massage her clit with her thumb, moaning exaggeratedly. Then she brought her hand up to her mouth and began to suck her fingers, continuing to moan theatrically.

To hide the bulge that continued to grow at my crotch, I knelt on my side of her desk because there was no chair available. In doing so I lost sight of her gaping pussy and ass. I craned my head up slightly to regain sight of it.

Noticing this, Doctor `K' quipped sarcastically, "Ya, you're gonna be REAL difficult to train."

"You may have me this time, but now that I know what to expect, I will just avert my eyes."

"To where darlin'?? All the walls of your enclosure are video screens. And we'll pipe in an ongoing soundscape of sexual moans and screams of pleasure. You'll crack. And when you see your progeny growing in Bonobo bellies, you'll be hot for their pussies day and night as well. `I ejaculate therefore I am (a man)'. It's a truism. We can do this any way that you want, but if you cooperate, it could be whole lotta fun for you."

"I will NEVER cooperate with you."

"Your call. Oh, and by the way, a retired Australian farmer will be housed next to you."

"Housed?? Euphemisms are a wonderful thing."

"Yes, they are aren't they. As I was saying, he will be your only human contact insofar as someone with whom you can converse. You can learn a lot from him, so pay attention."

"What am I going to learn from some dumb farmer? I've had gorgeous and powerful woman all over the world."

"The first thing that you can learn is that farmers are not dumb. The rest I will let you discover on your own."

When I was shown to my quarters, which are in truth a glorified cage, I noticed that the bed was covered with a waterproof sheet. The bed had also been designed with a hole in the middle just where my crotch would rest. I decided that I would sleep on the floor to foil their depraved plans. Upon retiring thus on the floor the first night, my sleep was interrupted almost immediately by a series of sharp pins poking up from the floor at several locations beneath me. I quickly jumped to my feet, stepping on two more in the process. Finally finding safe spots for my feet to rest, I noticed that the entire floor surface was now covered with a grid of about one foot spacings in both directions of these fine pins poking up through it. I was able to walk to the toilet without stepping on any pins of I carefully picked the spots where I placed my feet, but I had no choice but to sleep on the bed.

I awoke again in the middle of the night lying on my stomach (as I always did [more spying on their part, I thought?]) with my erection projecting through the hole in the bed, just as I ejaculated. I could feel a feminine hand jacking me off as I was in the final throes. I could also feel the unmistakable slickness of a condom catching my ejaculate. Quickly and deftly the same hand whisked off the condom with its precious (to THEM apparently) cargo.

The hand then gave my balls a perfunctory squeeze and was gone.

I slept fitfully the rest of the night. I awoke tossing and turning in the morning to the sound of a deep gentle voice, "you might as well get used to it mate. At worst it's better than having to jack yourself off."

"Who the hell are you," I snarled, peering through the mesh that separated my enclosure from the adjacent one."

Reaching his hand through a small opening in the mesh he offered, "Bruce is my handle, and you?"

Out of instinctive courtesy, and because Bruce was a lot bigger and more physically imposing than myself, I replied, "Dick." It occurred from his accent that he was the Australian farmer about whom I had been warned. His congenial nature instantly grated on me.

A look that I could not recognize flitted briefly across his face before he cordially rejoined, "Glad to meet yu."

With this, he began methodically unpacking a suitcase as if he had just arrived for a prolonged stay at a five star hotel.

"Looks like you had time to bring everything that you need. They drugged me. I left EVERYTHING that I own behind. "

"I had lots of time to plan. I wound up the affairs on the farm for the last time and have been looking forward to this new adventure for MONTHS."

"You are here VOLUNTARILY??" I asked incredulously.

"You bet your ass Mate. Unlimited tail with horny animals; no bills to pay, no cooking to do, no schedules; no worries at all."

"You LIKE sex with animals??"

"Don't knock it till you've tried it. We'll make you into a believer yet, trust me."

"No, you won't."

"Time will tell."

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## **THE SECOND NIGHT**

I noticed during the day that my neighbor's bed did not have a hole in it. I inquired as to why.

"I'm a volunteer. They take my `draws' in a more pleasant way."

"How is that?" I struggled to control the jealousy in my tone.

"I go to the Chimp pens where a pretty little Sheila sucks me till I come."

"I know, and then they take the condom full of semen to some lab."

No, there is no condom. Skin on skin Mate (I've had all the shots). And then this sweet lady `injects' my come into the waiting pussy of the fertile Bonobo."

"With a needle or something?"

"No, no. They're not barbarians. The chimps `take' much better with the personal touch. The young woman curls her tongue into a tube shape and squirts my come directly into the Bonobo's pussy. Just the sight of it gets me ready for another go. We did six `goes' in a row today. And they let me do the last `go' just for fun. While my little come vessel was injecting my come I mounted her from behind

and gave her a real good go. I could see that she was finished with the come injection, but just to prolong the episode, she began licking the chimp's pussy until the chimp was writhing and bucking. And soon all three of us were writhing and bucking.

I offered to suck the come from her pussy and 'inject' it myself, but the young woman told me that that would come later when the Bonobos were more comfortable with me. But she generously offered to let me practice on her today so that I'd be ready when the time comes. I always have been a conscientious sort of fellow in all of my endeavors. And of course it made me feel good that I was doing the right thing by the scientific research here (with an exaggerated wink). She lay back with her head nestled in the Bonobo's pussy which she told me would prevent my come leaking from that pussy. "I'm sure that I can convince doctor 'K' that I'm working on a research paper studying the effectiveness of matted human hair in preventing leakage of semen."

The Bonobo seemed very agreeable to this arrangement. She took the young woman's head between her hands and rocked it gently back and forth on her widespread pussy. My friend tilted her head back so that the crown of the back of her head was rubbing the chimp's clit. And meanwhile I licked and sucked both of the little lady's juicy holes below."

I was embarrassed to find myself painfully erect at the conclusion of his tale.

With a slight smirk he pointed at my crotch, "If you just lie down on the bed, someone will see to that."

I did as he suggested despite myself. And someone DID see to it. And it didn't take long for that deft hand to bring me off. I consciously tried to avoid coming as long as possible. I tried to convince myself that I was doing so out of rebellion, but the naked truth was that I just wanted that sensation (and attendant fantasy) go on as long as possible because I was enjoying it.

I found myself in a moral quandary. In the space of less than a day I had been converted from being appalled at even the concept of bestiality to trying my best to prolong a hand job where I was fantasizing that the woman administering that hand job was in fact a female chimp. And that the long sinuous tongue of the Bonobo as she swallowed all of my cock and balls, was still long enough to wiggle its way up my ass.

Had my moral compass been wrong before I came here? Or had the pressures here forced me into this moral compromise? But what pressures here forced me to fantasize about sex with animals. None. That part was entirely voluntary. I had just never before been presented with the possibility. And now having had that possibility present to me I was plunging (so to speak) into it headlong. Morality is often a complex and confusing concept. No one was being hurt here. I certainly was not being hurt here (except when I stepped on those pesky needles poking up all night from the floor). Is that the ultimate litmus test for morality; that no one should get hurt? Or is there a higher standard against which morality must be gaged? I don't know. And it occurred to me that these were questions that I had never asked myself before.

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SLIDING INTO THE RAUNCH (AND LOVING IT)

Over the next few weeks, I became accustomed to the routine. And with the guidance of my neighbor, I learned at first subtle and then dramatic ways to improve my lot here.

At first I was recalcitrant, but soon found Bruce's stories so seductive that I couldn't help myself from listening (intently). One day after a couple of weeks Bruce presented a whole new sexual angle.

It turns out that he had been invited to watch some of the activities in the other wing of the facility.

"There's another wing?"

"Oh ya mate, it's the sexual mirror image of this wing. It's more experimental however. Women get bred there to any animal they choose; just as basic research to find out what sort of offspring result. Not every mating results in offspring, but that hasn't seemed to affect their enthusiasm for the project. It was discovered that the likelihood of impregnation was drastically improved if a woman was allowed to CHOOSE her breeding partner. They are encouraged not only to choose a species, but also to select an individual male that appeals to them. Apparently the cervix actually opens to admit the sperm in a woman when she is being bred to a male whose offspring she wants. This enlightened approach has resulted in a remarkable success rate."

"Women VOLUNTEER for this?"

"Oh, ya mate. Many a lifelong fantasy has been seen to in the east wing. They can't recruit through the normal channels of course. A full page ad in the London Times just wouldn't be on. The little Sheila that does my "draws" told me that she responded to an ad on a website on the Internet. [Www.beastforum.com](http://www.beastforum.com) I believe it is. She just does the work with me to pass the time until she can conceive by her horse lover.

She told me that for such small woman, she always had an extraordinarily roomy pussy. She could just never find a man who filled her up. She used to dream constantly of horses and those giant cocks. Whenever she had occasion to drive through the countryside, she kept a sharp lookout for giant cocks lolling out from or fully engorged standing straight out under any horse that she spied. She told me that the springtime was the best for horse cock viewing because the first warm days seemed to relax the horses and their cocks causing their minds apparently (just like you an' me mate) to turn to love.

Once she got to look after a farm for some friends of hers while they went on an extended vacation. She spent most of that time with her head poked between the corral rails blowing the Arabian stallion and caressing his almond shaped balls nestled up against the back of his cock sheath. She marveled at the similarity in shape of her horse lover's magnificent tool to the (vastly inferior) human cocks that she had sucked. And she almost gagged trying her best to swallow every last drop of his seed as it splashed like water from a garden hose against her tonsils. She was too afraid at first to attempt more than this. Sixteen inches of cock pounding too roughly into her could be dangerous. And the risk of her magnificent horse lover's thousand pound weight crushing her scared her. But finally the stallion's excitement at all her sucking efforts gave her the courage to try to figure out a way for him to pump her full of his come. That had been her earliest sexual fantasy, and she became determined to make it happen while she had the opportunity.

Necessity IS the mother of invention, and she mustered all her ingenuity to figure out a way to make her fantasy come true. She welded and bolted and carved a hollow assemblage out of steel that when covered with burlap, resembled the back end of a mare. She made sure that there was room to crawl inside the contraption in a kneeling position with her good bits facing backward toward an opening in the back of the fake mare hindquarters. She left enough room so that she could crawl a few inches forward or back so her pussy was just the right distance from the back end of her fake mare. This allowed her to keep control of how deep the stallion was able to penetrate her. When she saw one of the mares squatting in front of 'her' stallion, winking her pussy at him, she sidled up to the mare and worked her hand up the mare's pussy and scooped a handful of horse aroma out of her. She spread this horse pussy juice around the opening of her fuck stand. She made sure that she saved some of the horse slime to smear around her own pussy.

As quickly as she could, she crawled inside her contraption panting and calling the stallion. She called him `Stud', ignoring the name her friends had given him. He quickly figured out what she wanted. With a big heave, he mounted the fuck stand. She told me his aim was perfect. The fake rubber mare pussy guided his cock directly into her own sopping pussy. Gradually as he plowed into her, stroke after powerful stroke, she crept backward toward him taking a bit more of his rod into her with every stroke. Finally she was taking about ten or more inches. When she couldn't stand the excitement any more her `Stud' sensed her climax and came with her, pumping gush after gush of cum into her. After emptying himself into her, he finally slumped off the fuck stand and stood nearby panting. My little Sheila had been finally fucked to her satisfaction.

She did a repeat at least twice a day for the next two weeks. She was finally getting fucked the way she had always dreamed that she could be. But near the end of her time being mounted by her stallion, her passion for him got so intense that she wanted to bear his offspring. At the time she only clung to the idea as a fantasy. But the fantasy wouldn't let her go. And one day a year ago, she read an ad posted by the people who run this place on her favorite website. Genetic engineering had made it possible that her final passion could be realized. She jumped at the chance. She managed to talk her friends into selling to her her beloved `Stud'. She concocted the story that she had purchased an acreage near a far off city which they were unlikely ever to visit.

She has been trying for several months to conceive to `Stud' without success, but has certainly enjoyed trying. And has brought a lot of joy to a lot of others in the process."

In response to my puzzled look, Bruce elaborated, "She gets quite a gallery for her screwings. She just loves showing off her `Stud' in all of his glory. Later in the day she called him up close to the viewing window and jacked him off; pulling his cock off to the side so that his come sprayed the window. That caused some hoots I can tell you. I noticed more than one hand (men and woman alike) down in their own, and some their neighbor's crotches; quite unconsciously; mind you, they were just so caught up in the action."

Almost to myself, and quite unexpectedly, I muttered, "I wonder if they would let ME watch?"

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## **ROMANCING THE `HAND'**

"They might, in time. But you gotta work up to it."

"How does one do THAT?"

"You gotta get into the Doctor's good books. You gotta romance 'em a bit. No matter how hardcore the staff seem around here, they ARE women. Women are suckers for romance Mate."

"I've had dozens of woman without having to buy so much as a single flower."

"And how many second chances did yu get with 'em?"

"I don't recall."

"The sex is always better when they get the hang of just how you like to have it sucked, and just how they like to have it licked and poked. It takes a few tries to get it right mate. You'd recall if you had a call back or two believe me."

"I'm one of the foremost engineers in the world. I AM the world's leading expert on laser technology.



I don't need advice on women from a damned farmer."

"Can you fuck 'em with a laser? Seducing women is a whole different kettle of fish from building weapons guidance systems."

"How did you know that's.....?"

Faltering slightly Bruce quickly recovered and tossed off, "Isn't that what all of you types do? But getting back on track here, when it comes to women, the sledgehammer approach hardly ever works."

"Okay, then how can I romance a woman that I never see? All that I ever encounter is her hand on my cock. What opportunity does that present?"

"Kissing a woman's hand was, in the olden days, just about guaranteed to get a fellow laid. It's not in fashion too much just these days, but in difficult circumstances a fella's gotta use whatever strategy he can."

"Can't hurt to try I suppose."

That night I pretended to sleep while thinking about horse cum oozing out between a huge horse cock and a pair of delicate pink pussy lips stretched to breaking point.

Those thoughts had the desired effect. By some mechanism that I did not understand, the 'hand' was alerted to my condition and I soon felt the condom being slipped over my cock. Instead of just lying still trying to garner as much pleasure as I was able from the sensation of being stroked, I slid my hand under my belly and began to caress the 'hand' as it did its duty. At first the 'hand' tried to shake off my caress, perhaps thinking that it was an insect. But my persistence drew an unexpected response. I now felt two 'hands' at work. One hand continued to stroke me while the other caressed and squeezed my balls.

In response to this development, I manoeuvred my other hand under my belly and began to caress the other hand as well. This action had the further result of having the hand that caressed my balls sliding down to where it was able to work one finger up my ass, which is my favorite strategy when I jack myself off. (Could they have researched THAT as well?) At this point I didn't really care. I was having the best hand job that I had ever had. When I finally couldn't contain myself anymore I pumped my load into the sheath. I then helped the 'hand' remove the condom. As it pulled away, the other hand gave my balls a little goodbye squeeze. I thought to myself, "Well so far Bruce's advice had been working out marvelously. And he suggested kissing that 'hand'. So who was I to argue.

I quickly slid down on the bed so that I could grab the retreating hand (impaling my knee on one of the needles projecting from the floor). I ignored my impulse to leap off the bed to alleviate the pain to my knee and pulled that 'hand' as gently as I could to my lips gave it as long and sensuous a kiss as I was able under the circumstances.

Again, the reaction was immediate and surprised me. The 'hand' caressed my face gently. And ran its fingers through my hair. Then it pulled slowly and gently away.

When my next "draw" was due in the middle of the next night, I was surprised to encounter, not a hand but a long sensuous tongue on my cock. And there was no condom. I then received a better blow job than I thought was possible under these awkward circumstances. Throughout, I managed to work both of my hands through the hole beneath me and caress the cheeks of my fellatist. Upon my nearing orgasm, one of the 'hands' expertly slid two well lubricated fingers up my ass while the

other squeezed my balls firmly. After my spurts had subsided, I quickly (and more carefully this time) knelt on the floor putting my face to the opening in the bed. I reached down and gently pulled that mouth to mine. As our lips met, a curved tongue slid into my mouth and `injected' my own semen into my mouth. It was warm and salty. I swallowed without breaking our locked lips. We tongue kissed for several seconds until the awkwardness became too uncomfortable and we broke the kiss retreating then to our separate worlds. The `hand' touched itself to those retreating lips and then to mine.

I experienced an emotion then that was so dimly remembered that I didn't recognize it.

From then on, my `draws' were done orally outside my cage beside the Bonobo pen. It turned out that the `hand' belonged to another volunteer from the east wing. She was tall and willowy with straight long black hair. She came here to fulfill a lifelong fantasy; to be mated to her favorite animal; the North American Bison. In response to my vague expression, she elaborated, the bison here is like the lion in Africa, or the tiger in Asia. With his huge majestic mane, he is the king of beasts. It is the most indigenous and proud creature on the North American continent.

She explained that she was a full blood Oglala Sioux from the Standing Rock Indian reservation in South Dakota. She had heard many legends over the years from her native elders and the dream keepers, of matings between her ancestors and the fabled bison. Those legends had always turned her on as a sexual fantasy as well deeply affecting her as a part of her cultural history. She swore to herself as a young girl to make her fantasy a reality someday.

After our first "drawing" session, which she extended to an hour by repeatedly ceasing her ministrations just as she felt my cock begin to spasm. When she finally allowed me to climax, I almost instantly got another erection watching her expertly "inject" my semen into an ecstatic Bonobo. As she wiped her mouth on a towel, she asked sweetly, "Would you like to watch how me and my main MAN do it? I still haven't `taken' yet, but I'm now fertile so I must let him breed me many times a day until I do"

I didn't have to reply as the expression of enthusiasm as my face lit up was my answer. She took me by the hand and led me to an enclosure with a high fence surrounding it. "So no one crawls over and bothers Tatonka," she explained.

"The engineers here cater to our fantasies enthusiastically. Some work for free on their holidays just to get the chance to witness their sexual contraptions in action. For me and Tatonka they built a stand similar to the one Marcy built for Stud to use to mount her. However mine allows me to lay in it on my back if I wish, or to kneel. The height of the stand can be adjusted so that when he mounts, my waiting vessel is at just the right height. As you probably know, bovine species have rather pointy tips to their penises unlike the head on the cock of a man or a horse. Their penis just shoots out of its sheath like a dart and injects a sticky wad of cum all in one motion. Some say it's not as much fun to be done that way, instead of a long pumping session like a horse. But I think that fifteen quickies a day is as good as two or three `longys'.

Since Tatonka has a very long slim cock, and I want to make the most of his semen, I use a practice dildo ahead of time and insert its pointy tip right into the opening of my cervix and stretch it as wide as I can. So His penis can plunge right into my womb and leave his seed there in contact with the waiting eggs.

I have managed to train him to stay mounted to me for several `injections' at a time now. We're both having much more fun because of it. And Doctor `K' keeps telling us that "The more fun you are having, the more likely you are to take."

And so the next several days were an orgy of blow jobs and voyeurism. And somewhere in the middle of it I remembered Bruce's answer to my jealous question as to whether I would ever be able to watch a spectacle like this. At the time, I hadn't believed him. But here I was in Nirvana. And it occurred to me to realize that I had gotten here mostly under my own steam; albeit with some guidance from Bruce. It seemed so simple when one went about it in the right way. Visions of cocks and cum and soft lips and slippery wide open pussies soon crowded out these philosophical thoughts.

When Chases The Wind had finally conceived and was no longer 'visiting' Tatonka so often, she increased her visits to me. I was allowed into the chimp pen with her as she did her 'injections'. At first the Bonobo females all gathered about me gently pulling my hair and pinching me and running their smooth hands all over me. At first it was disconcerting. Finally however I just relaxed and let the sensations wash over me. I just laid on the floor of the pen on my back with the interlaced fingers of my hands cradling my head. I did not encourage any attention or reject it. Soon an expert mouth was sucking me and so thereafter, another female took advantage of the result for a ride. Several Bonobos had gathered around me on the floor and were stroking my hair and squeezing my balls, and stroking my cheeks and slipping fingers up my ass, and biting my toes. I came very shortly thereafter in response to all of these unfamiliar but pleasant erotic sensations. I had officially 'injected' my first non-human partner. It turned out that she was not a fertile chimp just then, but that was not the point.

Soon I took to spending the time between 'draws' in the pen with the chimps, grooming them. I couldn't bring myself to eat the rare flea that I found searching through their coats, but they were happy to oblige. And they thought it funny that I had so little body hair for them to groom. And they NEVER found any fleas on me. But, again, that wasn't the point of all of this.

Soon, I was able to be selective of which chimp I wanted to breed as directed by the staff of the facility. The chimps were quite receptive to whatever position I happened to be in the mood for that day. Even so, I would usually just initiate the breeding by rubbing a pussy or an ass, and let the chimp direct the action from there on. Often when mating one chimp, several more would gather around and lick and suck my balls or nipples to help things along. I became caught up in the pervasive sense of community displayed by all the chimps to the project of getting them all pregnant.

On occasion, chimps that were not fertile, but had just come to like the feel of my cock in them would sidle up to me and bend over and hold their pussies open. At first I was in a quandary because I was not sure if the staff wanted me to waste valuable semen on non-fertile chimps. The staff soon re-assured me that in the spirit of promoting an overall heightened sexuality, which would inevitably lead to a higher fertility rate, it was perfectly alright to mount ANY horny chimp once in a while. And so I did, whenever the opportunity presented itself.

I was amazed at the strength of the vaginal contractions of which these chimps were capable. They milked my cock like it was a large nipple; sucking every drop of cum into themselves. Just for fun, and because we had struck up a bona fide relationship, Chases The Wind would help out with these direct breedings. She would lay underneath our crotches and guide me into the chimp. And all the while that I was stroking that beautiful simian pussy, my 'helper' would lick the chimp's clit and lips and my balls and ass. And when I was about to shoot, she would grab my balls hard as if to squeeze more jism out of them. She also lapped up the drippings.

My incarceration had progressed to the point where my enclosure was never locked anymore. I came and went as I pleased (within the confines of the compound of course). I was allowed to mate with any chimp that was fertile, and was not castigated for engaging in the occasional extra-procreational session. Beyond this, my lovely little lass had given birth to her little bison/human

baby. Both her and her baby spent most nights sleeping with me. She managed to have the single bed with the hole replaced with a proper king sized bed without a hole in it.

In between breeding sessions, I was encouraged to spend time visiting the Bonobo maternity ward. There was a whole wing of that ward devoted entirely to my offspring. Upon my arrival, several of the Bonobo mothers recognized me. And, upon recognizing me, they would bring their babies over to the mesh that separated the maternity ward from the observation area. They would hold the babies up to me so that I could see their little faces. A strange unfamiliar sensation washed over me then. I found myself scrutinizing those faces intently, somehow hoping to catch a glimpse into my own soul mirrored there. What is stranger still is that I frequently DID catch those glimpses.

From time to time it occurred to me to try to remember what my life had been like before I came to this place. That dim memory was so crowded to the side with more immediate pleasures that I barely had time to mourn it's absence.

One day Chases The Wind sat me down and sweetly told me that she had a treat for me. She told me that we had been invited to watch Stud mate with her friend Marcy. Marcy was having trouble conceiving to stud, but was fertile now again, and would be turned on to have an audience of supporters. And in response Doctor's `K's' admonition to Chases The Wind regarding fertility being enhanced by pleasure, I felt it my duty to attend, for the advancement of science; and I suppose as a minor side benefit to see a huge horse cock slide into an eager hot wet human pussy.

`Stud's' first reaction to Marcy entering his corral was to sniff and nuzzle her face. Than he nibbled his way down her body stopping a while at her breasts. These he exposed with his dexterous lips by pulling down the zippered front to her top, and pulling first one side, then the other of her blouse open. With those same dextrous lips, he sucked her nipples until Marcy could barely stand from the spasms in her crotch. Soon he had worked his way down and was aggressively licking the juice that was squeezed out of her pussy by those spasms. Then, to keep from collapsing on the ground, Marcy crawled inside her fuck stand. Stud barely gave her time to insinuate herself into it before his cock was stabbing through the opening into her warm waiting hole.

While we watched Stud plunge into Marcy deeper than I thought that it was capable for a woman to take a cock; I commented on this remarkable ability to Chases The Wind. She explained that Marcy had confided in her that, partly out of her passion for sex with Stud and partly out of her passion for having his offspring, she had spent much time the past several weeks preparing for this breeding session. She had been told by Doctor `K' that part of the problem with her not being able to `take' to stud might be that his semen being chemically different than human semen, was not able to migrate through the mucous plug in her cervix.

Chases The Wind had suggested to Marcy, "Why don't you do what I did to get pregnant by Tatonka? I stretched my cervix open before breeding to allow the semen direct access to my womb."

The more that Marcy had thought about this strategy as a solution to the conception problem, the more turned on she became to the pure erotic potential of it. If she could stretch her cervix wide enough, Stud could actually fuck her womb and her vagina as one. She would be allowing her `man' to penetrate her most intimate self; over and over again. The issue then became how to stretch her cervix enough to allow that to occur. Marcy had given birth to her daughter when she was sixteen, and knew the pain involved in dilating her cervix to the three to four inches that would be necessary to admit the head of Stud's huge cock. But she was determined to do this for her `man'. Marcy and Chases The Wind had brainstormed late into the night with another volunteer woman named Jennifer. Jennifer's project here was to be bred to her Malamute lover `Albedo'. Before she had acquired him as her lover, she has tried to satisfy her canine passion with a dildo shaped like a dog's

penis. In browsing the Internet, she had discovered a canine dildo that had an inflatable knot.

Her eyes lit up as an idea occurred to her, "Why not use my inflatable to stretch yourself? The tip is very pointy and slim, and the shaft before the knot is quite short. You can probably work the point gently into your cervix, then gradually continue to insert it until the knot enters your womb. Then over many weeks of this, you can inflate the knot a little more with each insertion until you are gradually stretched out to `Stud's' proportions. He will LOVE you for it. And those eggs won't have anywhere to hide from those ravenous spermatozoa. "

"I'm sold. When do we start?"

"I happen to have said dildo in my purse."

Laying back on the bed with her legs spread wide holding her labia open Marcy cooed, "Yum, do me girl."

And so Marcy's preparation had begun. The girls had had to find a way of pushing the dildo far enough up Marcy in order that its tip would actually penetrate her cervix, and continue on into her womb. They ended up cutting the end off the dildo that Chases' had used to stretch her own cervix. Then the girls had the engineers here bore a hole through the center of the decapitated dildo through which to pass the inflation hose for the inflatable dildo. This done, the decapitated dildo was glued end to end to the base of the doggy inflatable.

Chases The Wind and Jennifer took turns working their invention up Marcy's hole. They were careful to closely observe Marcy's reactions at all times in order that they did not proceed too quickly and hurt her. With each pump of the inflation bulb, Marcy's back would arch and she would moan, but as the slight pain subsided, it was replaced with a sensation of fullness that engendered an attendant sense of contentment and subsequent to that, a pure sexual response that resulted in orgasm after orgasm. During the final few weeks of these `Afternoon Tea Parties' (which became the girl's euphemism and code word for the stretching sessions), Marcy had begun to realise that her dream to be womb-fucked was going to become an actual reality.

During the later sessions with the inflatable stretching her cervix as wide as the toy would inflate, she constantly imagined that it was the head of Stud's magnificent cock stretching her. One orgasm segued uninterrupted into the next in response to this fantasy. After an hour and a half of watching Marcy have almost a continual orgasm, lost in her reverie, the other two women would inevitably find themselves so turned on that they could not help from fingering and eventually sucking one another's pussies.

Marcy would eventually snap out of her reverie to witness the spectacle of Chase The Wind and Jennifer in the sixty-nine position with their tongues firmly inserted up each others assholes or pussies. Marcy would usually de-inflate the dildo and let it slide out of herself and join in the girl/girl/girl action. Usually the introduction of a third player would cause the other two to rearrange themselves with Marcy into a daisy chain. For another couple of hours they would poke and suck and lick one another's various holes with tongues and fingers and whatever pointy instruments on which they could lay their hands.

And so the extraordinarily deep penetration that I was witnessing Marcy allow, was the culmination of months of preparation for this event. I felt honored to be invited to witness it. Chases the Wind was apparently turned on also because midway through it, I found her hand fishing my erection out of my pants and jacking me while she slid her other hand down her own pants and aggressively rubbed own clit.

Marcy finally `took' that day. But to make sure, she had Stud mount her and womb-fuck her many times over the next several days. Chases The Wind and I were present at most of those breedings.

And so my days unfolded; an endless feast of sensuality and lusts satiated almost as soon as they occurred to me.

For the first time in my life, I was unqualifiedly happy. I told this fact to Chases The Wind that day, almost as an embarrassing confession. A slow smile crept over her entire demeanor, "Good."

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EPIPHANY

That same day Doctor "K" called me into her office.

Once I was inside, she closed the door and sat down slowly. "You probably don't know it, but today is a milestone; for us and for you. You have crossed a threshold that we did not expect that you would ever be able to cross. You have not seen much of me since you first arrived here, but I have been monitoring your progress. It has been nothing short of astounding. When you first arrived, I told you that you were here to assist in the creation of a genetically newer, gentler `master race'. That was a ruse. This has never been our intention. We had to distract you from an understanding of the real thrust of our research here which is sociological. What we have really been studying is whether intimate contact (sexual and otherwise) with the rest of the animal kingdom can invoke a psychological change for the good in someone even as jaded and insulated from his primal urges as yourself. We have conclusively established that it can. That discovery gives us hope. Much, much hope; for the future of our species here," casting her hand casually around to indicate the entire planet.

"Throughout history almost all cultures have had myths of intercourse with other species and tales of the mythological offspring from those unions. Our culture has become so isolated from the rest of the natural world that we have lost those myths and the attendant self imposed restraints that would normally prevent us from abusing that world. This project in trying to aggressively re-establish mankind's lost connection to our natural world. The only advantage that our modern culture has in trying to re-establish that broken connection is that we have the technical capability to produce actual physical offspring from the unions of humankind and animals. And therefore we have used this potential to influence your personal reconnection to the natural world. We must use any tools at our disposal in this desperate struggle to help our species regain its sense of place in the order of the world.

This project has conclusively established that intimate contact with at least part of the animal kingdom at the sexual, reproductive, and attendant emotional levels can result in a profound psychological transformation even in someone as hardened as yourself. It is obvious from our observations of you that this transformation has resulted in an enhanced reverence for the rest of the animal life on the planet. And in turn, that reverence will inevitably manifest itself as a recognition that our continued existence as a species is predicated on the necessity of our being an integrated part of that animal life.

We must now prevail upon you to go back out into the world and use your influence to try to initiate a wider societal reconnection to our natural world. "

"I would be honored."