

READBEAST

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"Another quest successfully completed!" smiled Lara Croft as she emerged into the sunlight outside the Tomb of Zambusi.

In her hand she held the magnificent jewel that had been the target of her latest adventure - the 'Eye of Zambusi.' As she turned it in her hand the sun's rays glinted off it in sparkling blue.

'I'm sure this in the British Museum will delight visitors from all over the globe!'

Movement off to her left caught her eye. She spun round, whipping out her pistol as she did. Something was close by. Watching her perhaps!

Blam!

The bullet caused the whatever to back off but not to flee.

"Perhaps this quest isn't finished after all..." wondered the Tomb Raider.

Lara popped the jewel into her back-pack and scanned the Congo jungle with her keen eyesight. There was definitely something moving out there and there was more than one, but was it men or animals?

Mountain gorillas lived in the area and as well as been a protected species they were revered by the locals.

'I better be careful what I shoot, ' thought Lara.

As nothing was closing in on her Lara checked her compass and then moved off in the direction where she had left her transport.

As she jogged along Lara could sense and occasionally glimpse fast moving shapes moving with her, but not close enough to shoot at. Sometimes she would stop and brace herself to be assailed but always her trackers held back. It was unsettling and Lara's nerves were becoming frayed.

"C'mon!" she yelled guns at the ready, "here I am!"

Still nothing so Lara burst into a sprint and raced through the jungle as fast as she could.

'This should provoke something!'

As she glanced to her left Lara made out one of the shapes ... moving faster than she was!

Thinking quickly Lara turned her run into a forward roll, came up guns ready and blazed away at where the shape was. A yelp told her she'd scored a hit.

"A-ha!"

Lara ran to where the sound came from. On the ground, clutching his bloody shoulder was an African native. Lara felt relieved. They were just men after all.

"What do you want?" Lara asked.

Her question drew no reply as the man couldn't understand what Lara was saying.

Unwilling to kill someone for the sake of it Lara turned away...

... just in time to see another native hurtling towards her on a jungle vine!

"Ma-Harl!" he screeched as his feet touched the ground and he hurled a spear at the same time.

Lara ducked to her right as the spear swept towards her and drilled a bullet into the man as he leapt at her. Recovering her composure Lara could see more shapes, evidently more men, moving around her. Once more they held back.

'Swinging through the trees like veritable Tarzans, ' thought Lara 'no wonder they can move so fast.'

Idly she wondered if the locals had copied this from the apes in the area. She would have to ask her friends at the London Zoological Institute about such matters.

"You lot can swing around all you like!" Lara shouted towards the foliage, "when you get close, it's up to these!"

She waved her guns to make her point.

Shrugging her shoulders Lara made off towards where she parked her motorbike. It was where she had left it propped alongside a tree.

'I'd like to see the ape-men keep up with me when I'm on this!' thought the grinning Lara as she leapt on the bike and reached for the ignition key.

"Lost something, liebchen?"

Lara spun round to see the smirking figure of the German adventurer Klaus Kunkel standing ten feet away. In one hand the six-foot tall blond Teuton had a gun leveled at Lara, with the other he held up the key to Lara's bike.

"Kunkel!" said Lara slowly, "I'd heard you were in the area. What's a lazy German git like you doing here?"

"Oh this and that," smiled Kunkel, "making friends ... looking for jewels."

As he spoke several natives swung into view on vines. When they landed they produced spears and pointed them at the seated Lara.

"Now," continued Kunkel who was grinning from ear to ear, "stand up and lose the gun-belt and lets see the back-pack."

Warily Lara got off the bike. She unclipped her gun-belt and let it fall to the ground. A nervous native came forward and scooped up the weapons.

"Do your new friends realize what a complete shit you are?"

Kunkel laughed. He was looking immensely pleased with himself and this irritated Lara.

"Actually we have a mutually-beneficial agreement," he said, "Alte Klaus is good to his friends."

"I find it hard to believe you won't keep the jewel for yourself," said Lara looking round at the natives, "thieving is your usual modus operandi."

"Divide and rule won't work here, liebchen," said Kunkel moving closer, "these savages don't speak a word of English. I would worry more about myself if I were you. The back-pack if you please."

Lara took off her back-pack and dropped it at the feet of the German. With a sigh Kunkel picked it up, opened it and started rummaging thru.

"What a lot of rubbish you carry with you," he tutted, "I'm surprised you can fit it all in here."

Lara wasn't listening to Kunkel prattling. Instead she was looking around and sizing up the situation. The odds didn't look good. With Kunkel distracted she could take out two natives with a sudden assault. A third could probably be swiftly dispatched ... but that still left four. All armed with spears and she unarmed...

"Here's what we want," announced Kunkel as he pulled the Zambusi jewel out of the back-pack. He held it up to the light and slowly turned it between his fingers.

"If that was in a museum many people would have the opportunity to enjoy it," protested Lara.

"Do you think I care about the unclean masses?" laughed Kunkel, "the money I will get for this will set me up for life. Perhaps the new owner will be more responsive to your public-spiritedness. HA!"

Kunkel stuffed the jewel into the pocket of his jacket and tossed the back-pack away.

"Now then," he smiled in a falsely-friendly way, "I have a few minutes to kill before heading off for my plane. How shall I spend that time?"

Kunkel barked orders to the watching natives and two of them seized Lara's arms and held her tightly. At a measured pace the German holstered his gun and pulled out his knife, six inches of glistening steel with a serrated edge. Fixing his cold blue eyes on those of Lara he brought the knife up to her throat.

"Why don't you be nice to your old friend Klaus," Kunkel whispered, "it might be healthy."

Lara's mouth felt dry and she could feel fear rising in her stomach. But she was determined not to let this sadistic bastard see it.

"If you were a real man," she said steadily, "you would tell your friends to let go and fight me one-on-one."

Kunkel burst out laughing.

"Now that I have you right where I want you do you seriously think I'm going to give you a chance to escape! You English and your fair play! So outdated!"

He moved the knife down to Lara's stomach.

"However I am a man," Kunkel licked his lips, "and intend to prove it."

Roughly he tugged Lara's shirt out of her shorts and used the serrated edge of his knife to slit it upwards exposing Lara's bra-encased breasts.

Lara could only gasp in surprise at Kunkel's effrontery. She tried to wriggle away but the two natives either side of her tightened their grip further and held her fast. All she could do was blush crimson as she seethed with impotent rage.

"Now, now, liebchen," admonished Kunkel, "I told you to be nice. Particularly when you have so much to be nice with..."

A quick movement with the knife and Lara's bra burst open. Kunkel licked his lips once more and grabbed one of the exposed boobs.

"So very much indeed," he murmured as he squeezed Lara's jug.

"Bastard" growled Lara thru gritted teeth as Kunkel mashed and kneaded her breast until it hurt. She was forced to let out an involuntary groan which seemed to please her tormentor.

"I wonder what other nice things your clothes conceal," said Kunkel running his hand down Lara's stomach to stop at the button of her cotton shorts.

"Ma kanwe het fo masbib!"

The brusque intervention from the native holding Lara's right arm was totally unexpected by both her and Kunkel. Lara couldn't understand a word of it but recognized that it's tone brooked no argument.

"Trouble in the ranks?" asked Lara, sensing a chink of light in her predicament.

For a moment Kunkel seemed not to know what to do but then he asked the native something, gesturing at Lara as he did so. This produced an affirmative grunt. Kunkel smiled again as Lara's heart sank.

"Don't get your hopes up Fraulein Croft," he said, "it is merely that part of you is already spoken for. That is all."

Kunkel said something to the natives whilst pointing to the ground and in response they forced Lara to her knees.

"Other parts," he continued, "are available for public use."

With that Kunkel opened his zipper, took out his stiffening cock and shoved it Lara's face.

"Suck it!" he ordered.

Lara looked at the dick a mere inch from her face. The end was glistening with pre-cum as it grew larger with each passing second.

"Go to hell!" grunted Lara thru gritted teeth.

With a sigh Kunkel got out his gun and held it against Lara's forehead.

"You will suck or you will die!"

"You and your friends are going to kill me anyway," said a breathless Lara, "Do it now!"

"You're not thinking straight liebchen Lara," said Kunkel, "perform well and alte Klaus might let you live..."

"Hah!" was Lara's sole comment on that.

“Refuse and your death is certain,” Kunkel cocked his weapon, “you have five seconds to decide.”

In those five seconds Lara went from a determination to die a defiant death to a more pragmatic decision for survival.

“Alright you bastard,” she said sadly, “you win.”

Kunkel gave a triumphant laugh and put his gun away. Once again Lara was greeted by the sight of his cock in her face.

‘If I’m to do it I’d be better do it properly’ thought Lara, ‘perhaps this shit can be satisfied with just violating me.’

Tentatively Lara reached out and took Kunkel’s manhood in her hand. The sweaty monster responded to her touch by throbbing with life. Lara gulped and held it up by her finger tips. Slowly she leaned forward and kissed the base of the Teutonic todger. The musky stink of the meaty prong filled Lara’s nostrils as she kissed it again, and again, moving along to the end. Above her Kunkel groaned in pleasure.

“You bitch Lara,” he chuckled, “you want to embarrass Klaus by making him cum quickly, ja? Make him look foolish in front of his new friends?”

Kunkel paused to lick his lips as Lara licked something else.

“But I am not one of your pathetic English boyfriends,” he continued, “This boy from Bavaria cums when he wants. Many ladies have I enjoyed and all would say that.”

‘Raped would be a more accurate verb than enjoyed’ thought the redhead giving him oral pleasure.

Lara moved her hand to the base of Kunkel’s penis and, closely her eyes rolled her tongue over the end. The taste of salty stickiness was nauseating by with tremendous self-control Lara kept licking.

“Now liebchen,” groaned a breathless Kunkel as he put his hand on her head, “open your slutty English whore mouth.”

For a moment Lara’s body refused but then her brain kicked in and down dropped her jaw. Kunkel jabbed his dick in and Lara felt it hitting the roof of her mouth. With his hand pushing on the back of her head Kunkel drove his dick deeper into Lara’s hot mouth.

Grunting, Kunkel started to force her head back and forth on his cock as Lara it sucked as best she could. Her red lips were tightly clamped on the cock fucking her face as Lara desperately tried to make Kunkel cum quickly. In her mind Lara tried to reduce what she was going thru to some mechanical process but the sense of disgust wouldn’t leave her and her eyes filled with tears.

Thankfully it wasn’t long before Kunkel reached blast-off. With a grunt and a final thrust into her Lara felt her mouth fill with hot, fresh semen. Instinctively she tried to back away but her three captors held her firm. Briefly she gagged but then with a tremendous effort forced herself to swallow the Hun’s mess.

Chuckling all the while Kunkel withdrew his deflating dick from the helpless woman’s mouth. With a smile of sadistic glee he smeared Lara’s upper lip with his dick, forcing her to endure the stench of his cum in her nostrils.

As he backed away and put his cock back in his pants Kunkel motioned the two natives holding Lara to pull her to her feet. The Tomb Raider was sweating and could feel a tear running down her cheek as she awaited Kunkel's next indignity.

Kunkel grinned broadly.

"Would like to know a secret?" he asked.

Taking Lara's silence as consent Kunkel continued,

"You remember the mutually-beneficial alliance I have with my friends? Well what it involves is that I get the jewel and they get you."

Lara's dazed mind tried to work out the implications of what he had said.

"Apparently," Kunkel went on, "their chief wants to fuck a white woman. And they seem to be very keen to appease their chief."

Kunkel leaned close to Lara.

"So you see, liebchen, it would have been impossible for me to have harmed you if you had refused my little oral request!"

"Bastard!" yelled Lara when she realized how she had been fooled.

She spat at Kunkel with all the force she could muster, hitting him on the chin.

"A fair price to pay for having the beautiful Lara Croft suck my manhood," smiled Kunkel as he wiped away the spittle.

"And now," said Kunkel as he turned to leave, "I bid you auf wiedersehen. Not that I expect to see you again. I doubt anyone will."

"You'll pay for this, Kunkel!" yelled Lara.

The German ignored her. To him Lara Croft had been dealt with and was now an irrelevance.

"Let me go!" Lara futilely ordered as the natives dragged her off into the jungle.

Two Months Later

Klaus Kunkel strode into the foyer of the London Hilton Hotel. He was feeling exceptionally pleased with himself today. Earlier he had used some of his new wealth to purchase a Ferrari and had used it to whizz around the streets of London, knocking over as many motorbike despatch riders as he could get away with.

"Good Evening, Herr Kunkel," grinned Geoffrey the receptionist, "in the mood for something to eat tonight? Some meat perhaps?"

Kunkel laughed and gave Geoffrey a conspiratorial wink.

"I certainly am mein little English friend," he said, "part of me craves feeding."

He pointed at his crotch as he spoke and both men laughed. 'Meat' was the codeword they used for prostitute. Since the German booked into the hotel six weeks ago Geoffrey had made a mint keeping him supplied with hookers.

"Some sweet meat, I think," said Kunkel, "Young and tender..."

"Right away sir!" answered Geoffrey brightly.

Kunkel headed up to his suite leaving the obsequious receptionist to arrange matters. Once in he took a shower and got himself ready for his guest. Out of the shower and soon dry he pulled on his thigh-length boots (hand made in a seedy sex shop) and put on his fleecy burgundy-colored dressing gown. Nothing else.

Next he got his 'toys' ready. Four pairs of handcuffs, a box of matches, a studded necklace (for himself) and last of all his favorite - a black leather whip. In the past some of his harlots had complained about the injuries Kunkel had inflicted on them but giving Geoffrey extra money had shut their mouths. Verdammt cheeky sluts!

A knock on the door caught Kunkel's attention.

"Come in, liebchen!" he called.

The door slowly opened and a figure shuffled in. The woman - that much was just about recognizable - was dressed in a ghastly knitted jumper and had a shawl that covered her head. The shawl and the woman looking down concealed her face.

"M-me Anna," she stuttered, "me-me here to ... to ... be nice to sir..."

Kunkel smiled. This slut was clearly one of those Balkan refugees. Perhaps his rough treatment of previous hookers had caused Geoffrey a recruitment problem. Kunkel wasn't concerned. This woman had fled her troubled homeland and come to England with hope of a better life and here was Klaus to destroy that hope and replace it with sordidness.

Such a corruption turned him on.

"Would you care for a drink?" Kunkel asked pleasantly, turning to where two glasses and a bottle of champagne stood on a table.

Kunkel had discovered that a taste of alcohol always made his sluts more amenable to his unusual requests. Tonight he had a special reason to give this woman a drink. After getting out of the shower Kunkel had jerked off into one of the glasses. Watching this unsuspecting whore drink his spunky cocktail was bound to bring a smile to Kunkel's face and, for him at least, get the evening off to an entertaining start.

"Do you like champagne?" he enquired, picking up the glasses and turning back to face the woman.

"No thank you, I never drink when I'm working," replied Lara Croft removing her shawl and pulling out a revolver.

Klaus Kunkel was too shocked to move. He just there wearing his gown and boots holding the two glasses of champers. His eyes told him that what he thought was a Balkan prostitute was actually the English adventuress Lara Croft but his brain refused to accept it. Lara Croft was surely dead in the middle of Africa. She had to be!

"You look a little pale," said Lara smoothly, "Surprised to see me again? Knock back both those drinks to put some color back in your cheeks."

Dazedly Kunkel downed the first glass in one go. He had raised the second to his lips before he remembered it was the glass he had prepared for his supposed whore. That wasn't bubbles!

"Drink up!" chided the woman with the gun.

Kunkel closed his eyes and swallowed the contents of the glass in one go. As he felt it descend his throat he coughed and his eyes watered.

"So liebchen," he wheezed, "you survived the Congo jungle! H-how?"

"Yes," said Lara ignoring his question and waving him to be seated in a chair, "I bet this is quite a surprise for you. What fate did you presume had befallen me?"

There was a look of cold intensity in Lara's eyes that made Kunkel sit uneasily in his chair.

"Forced to serve as a tribal chief's personal whore?" continued Lara, "Raped by every man in the village perhaps? Or just roasted over an open fire?"

In fact on the odd nights when he had not been abusing prostitutes Kunkel had fantasized about Lara's fate. All of the scenarios just painted by her had featured in his masturbatory musings. All his fantasies featured the helpless Tomb Raider naked, humiliated and screaming in vain for mercy.

"Would you like to know what really happened?"

"Indeed liebchen," replied Kunkel, "tell me all, in intimate detail."

It was obvious to Kunkel that Lara was seriously pissed off at him. She had suffered in some way and if she was going to kill him he wanted to die laughing.

"Alright then!" smiled Lara, "where did you leave me? Ah yes I recall. After ripping my shirt and bra off you raped me at gunpoint and then waved goodbye while seven men dragged me off."

Kunkel recognized a slightly crazy tone in Lara's voice. He racked his brain to think of how he could reach his gun but it was too far away and Lara kept him covered with her own weapon.

"Too be honest, as soon as you were out of sight I expected them to throw me to the ground, tear off my shorts and take it turns to have their vile way with me..."

"You mean they didn't?" interrupted Kunkel, "you must be losing your charm!"

Lara gave a humorless laugh.

"As a matter of fact they looked after me quite well, albeit I was their prisoner. All the way back to their village I was allowed rest and refreshment."

"Were they a tribe of homosexuals?"

"No," replied Lara positively, "It was obvious from the way they looked at me that they found me attractive but something held them back from rape. I noticed that as we neared the village all the men grew more and more nervous. The opposite to what you would expect from people nearing home. When we arrived at our destination - a typical African village with a wooden stockade and

mudhuts - my captors were in a state I would describe as controlled terror.”

“Please continue,” offered Kunkel.

He was slightly disappointed with Lara’s tale so far. The natives he had dealt with had given him the impression that their intentions for Lara were crude, sexual and painful. Not a jungle safari.

“As we entered the village I got another strange reaction,” Lara resumed, “many people came to look at me but instead of catcalls and jocularities I was greeted with silence. Some seemed horrified to see me, some seemed relieved. But most looked at me with what I now realize was ... pity.”

“Pity!” snorted Kunkel.

“I knew it was a word you wouldn’t be familiar with!” snapped Lara.

For a moment her eyes flamed with hostility but then Lara regained her composure and continued.

“I was led thru the mudhuts to the other side of the village and there I noticed that there was a gap in the stockade fence, the village was open to the jungle. My captors left me standing by the gap in the fence and backed off. Soon the whole village formed a semi-circle facing the jungle with me in the middle. I turned to face them all and waited for something to happen. Nothing did. I didn’t know what to expect. They weren’t intending to rape me and I couldn’t believe they would just kill me...”

“Does this story go anywhere?” interrupted Kunkel growing bolder, “I was hoping for some, you know,” he thrust his hips back and forth, “action!”

“I’m almost at that part,” said Lara sadly.

After a pause she continued with,

“All of a sudden one of the woman gasped. As I turned to her a couple more joined in. They had a look of fear on their faces. One of them pointed past me into the jungle. I turned and saw him coming...”

Lara took a deep breath.

“At first it was just a something approaching. Something big. The jungle seemed to part as it moved. As it got nearer I could hear branches snapping and this eerie low rumble. All around me the villagers fell to their knees, shaking with terror. Momentarily everything went quiet and the thing seemed to have vanished. But then a large branch was pulled away and there standing less than ten feet from me was a huge gorilla!”

“A gorilla!” whistled Kunkel, “well clearly it didn’t attack or you wouldn’t be here now pointing that gun at me. So what did it...,” he grinned eyes wide open, “... surely not!”

Lara nodded sorrowfully.

“Like you I presumed it had come to kill me as part of some ritual for the villagers. The beast stood up on his haunches and let out a great roar. Then he knuckled towards me, sniffing my scent. I backed off and glanced around for an escape, but there was none.” There was a slight croak in Lara’s voice, “Some of the villagers levelled their spears to dissuade me from further retreat. As I looked back on the advancing ape it was then that I noticed. He was erect. The villagers served him and had brought me to have sex with their master.”

"Oh please!" laughed Kunkel clapping his hands with glee, "this is too good!"

Lara tried her best to control her seething disgust with the smirking Hun.

"Have ever seen a gorilla penis fully erect?" she asked, "as thick as your arm and twelve inches long on average. And the one sniffing me in that village was bigger than average. As he sniffed me he got more excited. I don't know whether it was my sweat, my Western perfume or the spunk you had deposited but whatever it was pressed the button on this ape."

"So you hadn't lost your charm after all!" laughed Kunkel.

"For a moment I almost gave in to panic. I just wanted to scream and dissolve into tears. If I had done I would have died that day. But the old survival instinct asserted itself. Just like when I thought you were going to shoot me," Lara shot Kunkel a look of pure venom, "I realized that the gorilla wanted sex, so I decided to give him it. I pulled off my shorts, lay back on the ground, removed my panties and readied myself with my finger."

"Readied yourself!" repeated Kunkel struggling to understand the phrase.

"Gott in Himmel!" he gasped as understanding dawned, "in front of dozens of savages, in front of a gorilla with a hard-on you masturbated! Gott you're a slut!"

"I did what I had to!" Lara primly answered, "The ape wanted sex. If I had tried to fight I would have been raped anyway. Been anally raped or even raped dry by an adult gorilla would almost certainly have been death."

"Perhaps some things are worse than death," muttered Kunkel

"It's funny you should say that," answered Lara, smiling mischievously.

"Anyway," she moved on, "the gorilla let out a roar and leapt on me. His powerful hands pinned my shoulders into the ground as I felt his hot breath on my face. I had closed my eyes and turned away to avoid succumbing to the panic that was building up within me when I felt something damp between my legs. Of course I knew what it was and I wriggled my body to accommodate him."

"Was it really panic you felt or desire," chortled Kunkel, "I bet a slut like you loved having that big monkey dick rammed in!"

Ignoring the urge to pump Kunkel full of bullets Lara continued,

"As he pushed his into me it hurt. God how it hurt," a tear came to Lara's eye as she recalled the pain of that time, "Deeper and deeper he thrust his way into me. If I hadn't readied myself I would have been split in two. Whenever I thought he couldn't go any deeper he thrust again. I freely admit that I was sobbing with pain, sobbing at the sheer horror of what was been done to me."

In Lara's eyes was a faraway look as she recalled those terrible minutes. If Kunkel had leapt forward and attacked he probably would have snatched the gun out of her hand. Luckily for Lara Kunkel was also pre-occupied. Though he realized he was in mortal danger the picture Lara had put in his mind, of her naked, flat on her back sobbing in agony as an ape fucked his way into her was so delicious that Kunkel felt his own cock hardening.

Coming back to reality Lara couldn't help but notice.

'You sick bastard, ' she thought, 'you deserve everything you're going to get.'

"Anyway," she continued out loud, "with what little strength I had I wrapped my legs around the gorilla and tried to buck back to his thrustings. Thankfully gorilla dicks are built to get in and do the job so he came quickly. He withdrew, let out a roar of triumph and sped off into the jungle."

Kunkel manfully fought the desire to touch himself.

"I lay there completely shattered," continued Lara, "my shoulders ached from the grip of the gorilla, my breasts were covered in his drool and in my private parts was so much pain that I felt paralyzed. Between my legs I could feel hot gorilla jism dribbling out of me. I blinked away some of the tears and saw the villagers approaching me."

"Please say that they followed their chief's lead and pummelled you some more!" beseeched Kunkel.

"You would think that wouldn't you? Actually they treated with kindness," Lara held up a hand, "yes I imagine that's another word you wouldn't understand."

Kunkel had a look of disappointment on his face.

"The women of the village gently picked me up and carried me to a hut where they nursed me," Lara smile as she recalled their tenderness, "I was special to them, to the whole village. I later learnt that the gorilla regularly raped women from the village but I was the only one to survive. The others most have tried to fight him off and been beaten to death or had died of internal injuries. To the simple villagers by surviving I had shown myself to be their chief's compatible mate and mother to his offspring."

"You mean," gasped Kunkel incredulously pointing at Lara's stomach, "There is a monkey baby in there!"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Lara irritably, " I'm a modern girl who takes precautions. I meant that the villagers assumed - wrongly thankfully - that I was pregnant and so looked after me. For a week I couldn't stand up, another week went by before I could walk on my own. Learning to run took longer, but the news that my mate was due to come any day for some more passion rations hastened my plan to flee. I slipped out one night, found my motorbike and the key you had carelessly discarded and made my escape. From there it was back to dear old England, some R&R at Croft Manor, and looking for you. That wasn't hard seeing how you've been throwing money around London. The odious pimp on the desk gave me an entrance and here I am."

Kunkel looked at Lara and then at the gun in her hand. Sweat was covering his forehead and his mouth felt dry. He expected to die any second.

"Y-you're a fool, liebchen," he said rapidly, "you were a fool to tell me that story!"

He was nodding his head excitedly.

"Y-you think I will beg for my life? Ha! Klaus Kunkel will die with a vision of you screaming in shame as a giant monkey fucks your stupid brains out!"

"I didn't tell you my tale to provide you with amusement," said Lara slowly, "I did it for two reasons. Firstly as therapy, I had to tell someone even if it was a sick bastard like you," Lara pulled out another gun, big and black, "Secondly to give you a taste of the future..."

Lara fired the black gun at Kunkel. He felt a sharp pain in his arm and looked down.

Tranquilizer dart!

He tried to move his hand to pull it out but before he could darkness overcame him.

When Kunkel woke up he felt firstly groggy, secondly cold. He was outside and all he had on was his boots. Dazedly he tried to rise but his wrists were handcuffed. Unusually his hands were restrained in front, rather than behind.

“A-Ha! Sleeping Beauty awakes!”

Lara Croft’s voice came from behind Kunkel. When he turned to face her he noticed that she was standing behind bars. It could be the German a couple of seconds to realize that he was the one in a cage.

“What you doing, bitch?” he growled.

“Helping you make friends, making friends is what you like doing, isn’t it? How about your cell-mate?” replied Lara nodding off to the rear of the cage.

With the hairs on the back of his neck rising Kunkel turned and peered in the direction indicated. At first he only saw a dark mass. But then he made out two yellow eyes looking at him. As his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom the outline of an ape revealed itself. Kunkel backed up to the bars when he realized the beast was slowly getting closer.

“His name is Bruno,” he heard Lara’s voice brightly say.

Kunkel gave a nervous laugh.

“H-ha! this-this won’t work, liebchen,” he jabbered, “I obviously know more about animals than you! If I stay still he will not see me as a threat and will not attack!”

“Attack?” muttered Lara, “what an oaf!”

“Yoww!” yelped Kunkel as a cold liquid hit him in the lower back.

He spun round to see a grinning Lara waving a water pistol at him.

“A water-based solution of female gorilla pheromones.” she explained, “that should get him interested!”

Indeed, Kunkel’s belly turned to jelly as the lumbering gorilla starting sniffing in his direction. He could feel the liquid running down his back passage.

“It’s not natural!” Kunkel gasped, “he can’t!”

“And this should really get him jumping and humping!” chortled Lara firing the black pistol at the ape.

The huge gorilla rocked back on his heels, gave a whooping sound and then started moving from foot to foot.

“The equivalent of male gorilla testosterone,” explained Lara waving the black pistol, “and that I can

tell you from first-hand experience is a mating dance.”

“Fraulein Croft! bitte! please!” begged Kunkel, “this is not right! W-what about English fair play!”

“Let me think,” said Lara wistfully, “when you left me I was helpless and got raped by a gorilla and now you are helpless with Bruno feeling fruity. Sounds fair to me! Goodbye, liebchen!”

Lara Croft walked off. Behind she could see sounds of animal noises interspersed with human jabbering. She took out her mobile phone and dialled a number. Her call was quickly answered.

“Hello, Evening News?” asked Lara as behind her animal noises were now mixed with the sounds of a struggle, “there’s been a terrible accident! Some drunken bridegroom on his stag night has broken into the ape house at the zoo and been attacked by a gorilla! You should send a reporter right away!”

There was the sound of someone shouting ‘Nein, nein, nein’ and then a horrible scream rent the air. The scream seemed to die midway to be replaced by the sound of rhythmic animal grunting.

” ... and a cameraman!”

The End