

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



The following is a parody of characters created and owned by another. This is another story of the fate of a character many know....the first part is not mine, but another's. The second is all mine.

**di·lem·ma:**

*noun*

a situation in which a difficult choice has to be made between two or more alternatives, especially equally undesirable ones.

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While Tarzan was away dealing with a tense poacher situation, his wife, or at least wife by jungle law, Jane Porter, took a basket and went berry hunting. She was in her jean shorts and white shirt because, one, it was steaky in the jungle, and, two, she didn't want get her clothes stained (it was hard to find a dry cleaner in the wilderness, let alone a woman's apparel store).

Tarzan had taught her all about collecting berries. She looked for such things as birds that flew into trees, a chorus of monkeys that thought they were birds, or a python that hung from a branch by its tail as if it were a vine. Those were sure signs that fermented berries were nearby.

"I think I found some," she said, when she found an couple of elephants trying to climb a tree, before passing out on their backs. She tasted the berries. "Oh, yes. Definitely fermented. But this bush isn't the finest vintage. Only the best for our anniversary, after all. I'll try some from the other buses."

It wasn't long before Jane found what she was looking for up on a branch.

"What's this?" she tells herself, as she heard movement from above. "I think I hear something. Are they the hunters?" She was scared. And she should be.

Just then the jungle came alive with the howling a monkey. No...it was a baboon. She knew the sounds now. Jane heard a crash over to her left. She turned and out of the corner of her eye, she thought she saw movement within the trees just west of her position. She approached with caution as her heart beat. Like a lighting flash, something was upon her. It knocked her to the ground. Before she could struggle, a muscular form lifted her in the air. She felt the wind pass over her face as she was whisked through the branches. She turned her head to see that it was next to a creature's ass. One which she instantly recognized, it was the baboon which had kidnapped her before. Its ass was multi-colored, and much brighter than the other baboons. She had always seen it watching her in the trees since the first encounter. She tried to struggle but to no avail. "What do you want with me?" she cried out.

The baboon howled loudly in the sky as it whisked her away from her home in the trees. Jane heard the shouting throughout the jungle. Many animals responded to this kidnapping. But not her man, not Tarzan. He was far away.

Jane Porter gave a hrrrump as she was being pulled through the jungle. She didn't know how far this large baboon had taken her away from the area she recognized. It must be several dozen miles, she thought. Actually, it was at least a hundred. The baboon did not want to spar with the other hairless ape who called this female his mate.

The large baboon finally got tired, and jumped down next to a large river. He basically dropped Jane on her ass. "Ouch" she shouted, and hit the ground hard. Her ass ached ever so slightly. "He could have killed me with that drop," she mused.

The baboon went to the flowing water and cupped his hands to pull water to his mouth. Jane took in the beast with scared eyes. He was huge for a baboon, and brighter than the others. His nose had a bright blue tinge and on the end was a large red snout. His arms were long and muscular, and his legs were even more so. What scared her the most wasn't the large paws of the animal so much as its sharp teeth. Why did this creature keep taking Jane away, did he mean to eat her, surely if he had she'd be a goner by now. If she stood up, she was much taller than the beast, but he was twice her weight at least. She thought about escaping by the image of those jaws caused her to pause. When she attempted to stand the large baboon bared those fangs as if to say "SIT".

The ape began to rip a fruit down from a low hanging branch and brought his jaws down. The juices poured down his fur. He simply sat and watched Jane.

"What," she said, knowing that it couldn't possibly understand her. Its head turned to the river, almost pointing. "Ughh..." she gruffed, "I am thirsty". The young woman slowly crawled. She didn't want to stand again and anger this animal. At first, when she reached the river she attempted to drink directly from it, but seeing that this was fruitless, she cupped her hands as her captor had.

She was completely unaware of her positioning. As her ass pointed up and back at the baboon. Her jean-covered ass shown in the sunlight. The blue jean shorts were filthy now, but it was not the cloth that interested the baboon. No, it was the ass beneath them. For months, maybe years, this baboon had sensed and noticed this female. She was ape, there was no doubt in his baboon mind about that. Her appearance, her demeanor, her scent intoxicated him beyond his comprehension. He had watched this hairless ape prance about the forest with the male hairless ape. The one his tribe always quarreled with. He would watch her tend the flowers of the garden that the hairless ones created. To be honest, he hated those things they planted. They were not supposed to be in this area, did not belong. And they masked her wonderful scent. At his core, this beast was all male, and he could smell a female MILES away. This one's scent drove the animals in the jungle utterly mad. She had no idea that each and every time she bent down, the baboons would howl into the night. Jane thought it was just their way, she hadn't put two and two together.

So for what seemed like an eternity this baboon watched the hairless female, knowing she was ape like him, in some way. He utterly hated her mate, as he was weak, and didn't deserve such a fine female. To him, he was the top predator and primate in this land, and she was the prized female. Linked to such a fool and weakling of a hairless male ape.

He had watched and waited, and decided finally to take this female as his own prize. After all, he was the alpha, and she would learn what that meant in time. Now he just stared at that swaying ass, as it danced before him, mesmerizing him on a primal level. Jane's mind might not have understood what was happening, but if her ass was any indication, her body had taken to being in this jungle for an extended period. Like all females, this alpha knew she just needed to learn her place.

Jane's head picked up when she heard a low growl. It was a familiar sound. The roar of a leopard. A large cat jumped from the bushes, its head low stalking Jane. "OH MY GOD!" She shouted, she was surely going to be eaten. As the cat readied itself to pounce, the large baboon jumped in between the leopard and its prey.

Jane crawled backwards away from the fray, until her ass hit a large rock. "Oww" she jumped forward, her ass still sore seemingly from the fall. "I knew it, he hurt me," Jane told herself. She turned back to watch the baboon rolling on the ground with the leopard. Tarzan had fought many leopards and she knew how dangerous it was and that such battles took a lot of....."WHOMP!" Was all she heard as the baboon flung the large leopard like a little rag doll about ten feet. "Ok then," Jane thought to herself, "that was quick".

The cat whimpered and the Baboon stood on its hind legs and beat its chest baring its teeth and shrieking so loud it shook the ground beneath Jane's legs. As Jane's eyes widened at the scene she was shocked how powerful and strong he looked in that moment, and utterly terrifying. She found her loins heating up and turned red when she instinctively wet herself ever so slightly. The wetness and her sore ass made the filthy jeans and her panties painful and uncomfortable, but she dared not take them off.

Like she weighed nothing at all, the mighty baboon lifted her onto his shoulders and continued swinging through the jungle. After several more hours, they came to a clearing on a hill. She took in the multitude of creatures in this area, none more imposing than the band of baboons that scurried about.

The large baboon walked through his group, and they seemed to move out of the way taking in this new female on his shoulders. It was clear to Jane he had status in this tribe of baboons. He brought her to a waterfall, where there was rocks to sit upon, and baboons played and bathed. Jane cringed watching them pick insects off each other. Again, he flung her down on her ass. This time it didn't hurt quite as much, but still caused a jump from the female. Jane had never been treated so rudely. "Cut that out!" She seethed.

The baboon didn't understand, and wouldn't care if he could. It had been a long day, and a long trip, so he jumped into the grotto and began to swim, feeling the cool water on his body.

Jane heard movement from behind her, and turned to see a baboon skulking around her. Its eyes fixed on her, and it gave her the chills. His paw grabbed her hair and pulled, pushing his wet nose to sniff her long strands. "Let go of me," She cried out. This baboon wasn't as big as the one that captured Jane, nor was it as ornately colored. Still it had fangs, not as large as the other baboon, but sharp. She was sure she would be eaten, however, the large alpha baboon jumped between her and her attacker once again. He beat his large chest, and pushed the smaller baboon down off the rocks. Jane found herself watching intently, and her pupils began to dilate as the alpha made quick work of the smaller beast. He beat the smaller beast soundly. Her ass began to burn more now, she was certain she had maybe broken a bone or something. Still she couldn't take her eyes off the fight, and it was clear the others couldn't either. The alpha was obviously the older of the two, and stronger, and more experienced. This wasn't a fight, it was a beating. Something akin to pride built in Jane as she watched this weaker beast fall to the alpha. "Serves him right," she thought.

As the day went on, Jane found that being the top dog so to speak, or top baboon as it were, was a demanding and stressful job. The alpha constantly fought off "attackers" who moved close to Jane. At one point when a very small dark furred beast came up to her, she shook her head, "Don't even try it!" But again, the beast was beaten soundly by the alpha, all while Jane watched with wide eyes. By now her ass was extremely sore. "Damn it," she thought, "I knew something was wrong". She figured the alpha had hurt her when he threw her down so harshly. So rude, she thought.

Food was presented to the alpha by others, and some was placed in front of Jane, but she refused to eat. She was still scared to death. But now, she surmised that they weren't simply going to eat her. What did they want with her? She thought about it long and hard, but couldn't come to a conclusion. Instead of merely being a frightened little girl, she decided to approach this situation in a scientific manner. Like her father would. Like he had with Tarzan. Ugh...where was Tarzan..her man. For a protector and provider he sure was late to the party, she shook her head. Probably off dealing with something MUCH less important than the fate of his woman. Right then she was mad at him. For not being there. For not paying proper attention. Again, she refused to show fear. She was proud and strong. Observe them, she told herself, and maybe you can report this activity back to the Geographical Society.

Even though she had only been with this group for a short period, surprisingly, she had begun to feel safe. The Baboon that had taken her was definitely the leader of this bunch. And he was not going to let her come to any harm. Well....that he didn't cause. She guessed.

When Jane smelled her tattered jeans, and thin t-shirt, she almost vomited. "Uggh!" she thought looking at her clothing. Her shirt and shorts had been ripped to shreds, and she was filthy. The other females constantly threw fruit, waste, or whatever they could at her. They didn't like her presence, especially her place with the alpha male. She realized she was too high on a ledge to just jump down. She had to buy some time. But a low rumbling made her stop. It was her stomach. She was famished.

As if sensing this, the alpha Baboon returned from the river with a large fish. He plopped it in front of her. Jane shook her head, "NO!" she said annoyed. The young girl looked around at the others. They were all feeding the females. Surprisingly again, Jane's place was a benefit as she had the largest of the fish. Come to think of it, the alpha males "lair" was larger and more comfortable she surmised.

Defeated, the hungry girl picked up the fish. She closed her eyes and bit into it quickly. "It's just sushi" she told herself. As she bit into the live fish the meat hit her tongue. "Hey" she stopped, "Not half bad"

As she eagerly ate the fish, the alpha male slowly watched her. He found this strange hairless female fascinating. The others were weary of her, but he saw her potential. He looked at her long slender legs and waist. She would provide strong muscular children, unlike the other females. Further, she was smart. All things one would want to pass off to offspring.

What drove him insane was her scent. The smell of a bitch who would breed. Yet, it was hidden beneath garments. The alpha approached the young female and ripped her clothes from her body with ease, exposing her large mammarys and a pussy that was delicious to his nose. She wasn't ready though. Not yet. The baboon pushed her to his "nest" and laid behind her. Her eyes wide with fear. "What does he think I am?" She wondered. Despite her intense fear, she finally drifted off to an uneasy sleep. She had needed it after such a day.

Jane Porter awoke the next morning. "YEEEEOWW!" She bit her lip. Her ass burned like fire. It must be from the fall, she thought once again. She looked down at her exposed ass. As she stood up, she found she couldn't quite walk straight. She almost fell off the side of the perch she was now on.

She heard cries from below. A crash of branches came to her right. She curled up in a ball as the alpha baboon returned. He looked at the beautiful naked hairless ape with confusion. Surely, she understood her place. He handed her some fruit.

Jane shook her head, "Go away!"

The baboon just stood looking at her awkwardly. He left the fruit and continued his daily business.

Jane stayed still for several hours, wondering how to get away. She couldn't quite climb down just yet. Hunger gripped at her stomach. She turned to the inviting fruit on the perch. Sitting down, she eagerly devoured the food. "Where was Tarzan," she thought, not realizing they were over a hundred miles away.

She soon realized she didn't recognize this part of the jungle. "I'm no where near home," she thought. She looked down at the pride of baboons. Or was it a tribe. No wait it was a flange? Or a congress? The notion of a "congress" of baboons made her laugh as it seemed fitting. No, the term

is troop, she realized. This was the alpha's troop.

The alpha baboon finally returned. He wondered why the female had not gone to the river to wash with the other females. He pushed at the frightened girl to swing off the branch. Then, he noted something strange about her, she had no tail. He was clearly smarter than the others. Using his brain he grabbed a vine and handed it to Jane.

She didn't know what to do. The baboon offered the branch as if to say, "Take it!"

Jane was afraid this baboon would hurt her if she attempted escape. She merely used her knowledge of the jungle to swing down into the makeshift encampment. The alpha followed her. When she reached an area of larger baboons, one came at her. She backed away in fright. The alpha male stood in front of her and thumped his chest, and bared his teeth. The smaller baboon, just turned and presented his ass in submission and then...then...he peed....right there and then. Jane knew this was a true sign of submission to the alpha.

The alpha male looked at Jane. She saw an anger in his eyes that scared her. He lunged at her. She backed away inch by inch, until she was with more docile baboons. "These are the females," she realized. As the day past, Jane sat with the females. They threw fruit, branches, and even their own feces at her. She was horrified. Clearly, they didn't want her here.

She watched as they picked bugs from each others hair. An elder female came up behind Jane and petted her hair. Her initial reaction was to move, but the elderly female attempted to ease her fears. She rubbed Jane's long hair.

This female was strange to all the woman, the elderly female sensed this. However, the alpha had chosen her, and it was the elder's duty to help this new female adjust.

As night fell Jane found herself being pushed back towards the perch. She climbed the vine, and the alpha followed. He smacked her in the face when she crawled in the corner. As he layed down he pulled her to him. She was rolled in the fetal position as the alpha had his paws around her waist. He almost fell asleep instantly, but not before checking her ass.

Jane waited several hours. When she heard the beast snore, she slowly crept to the ledge of the perch. Jane climbed down quickly and walked stealthy through the woods past the other baboons. There must be hundreds, she thought. She found a way to escape the clan and ran into the night. She ran far and fast. Her breathing became labored and she decided to rest.

That was when another huge leopard, but black jumped into the clearing. It eyed the female human up and down, looking at a potential meal. Jane's heart stopped with fear. It jumped to pounce on her. Suddenly, the woods came alive with the howls of baboons. Several rocks flew at the leopard. It scampered off.

Jane opened her eyes to see the alpha male baring it's teeth at her. She found herself bowing her head in submission, and again, against all her better judgement she peed. Good, thought the alpha male, she is learning her place.

Jane spent the next several days trying to escape. However, she found more dangers beyond the troop than with it. This area was strange and dangerous. She didn't stand a chance on her own. Soon, she just accepted that for the time being, the safest place was with the baboons.

Today, Jane bathed in the river. It had been several days, and with all the things the women threw at her, she clearly stunk. The alpha could take no more, and he pushed her to the elderly female, who

grabbed Jane's hand and pulled her to the river.

A large female attempted to wade in the river first, but the alpha male jumped down to block its path to the water. All eyes turned to Jane. "Me...I go first?" She was confused. She quickly began to understand what it meant. She was the alpha's pet. Jane walked to the water and dunked her head in. The other females all followed suit.

As days past, Jane began to understand this life more. Being the pet of the alpha. It was a simple life, to say the least. All these baboons did was eat, bathe and play around. They seemed unencumbered by the stresses of life. After bathing, they merely laid about on the rocks in the sun. Jane was always offered the highest rock. She soon had a golden tan about her body.

Jane's escape plans still formed in her head, however, she accepted that she might want to just ride this out until they returned to an area near her home. Then Tarzan could save her. Every few days they moved further down the river. Jane realized, judging by the sun, they were moving south. Hopefully, back to her home area.

At first, Jane had trouble keeping up as the baboons swung through the forest. This caused problems, as the females waited on her movements. The elderly female baboon's job was hard, as she had to teach this fully grown woman as if she were a child. Soon, Jane was swinging through the trees with ease, using branches and vines to swing and almost surf forward.

Weeks seemed to pass. She was curious as to why the alpha checked her ass each day. Jane often looked back at her ass. Since the first night, it had remained slightly red. In fact, as the days past, it seemed to get rather redder. She simply thought it was the sun baking her ass. Or maybe she was injured.

At first, Jane had been reluctant to accept her role as a pet, but now, she understood the hierarchy. She needed to be the first to eat, the first to move, the first to bathe. She was the first at everything. This was rather nice, as she noticed how the females lower on the totem pole were treated. She took special notice of the large female who originally challenged her. The young human female could feel that one's anger. She watched how the large baboon female watched the alpha male. In fact, all the females did. They seemed naturally taken by the larger male.

As Jane sat and ate fruit, she looked over the alpha male. His coat was a much brighter blue than the others. A rather beautiful assortment of colors. The other males' coats were much drabber. Something inside Jane began to take note of all the differences. He was quite bigger than the others.

Her sleep had come back to her as well. High up on their special perch, Jane would drift off quite quickly, even with the alpha male's strong hands around her waist. Her dreams were strange, she often dreamt of escape, but as the days grew to weeks, she dreamt of the simple life of the baboon troop.

She was never unclean, as the alpha male picked her hair of bugs each morning. It had initially disgusted her, but now she understood how it groomed her. Her hair had grown very long. Down to the back of her ass.

The young girl was taking it upon her self to almost be a documentarian of this primitive social class system. She wondered how her father would view the behavior of these animals.

One day, while about to enter the water, Jane watched as the large female competitor began to move ahead of her. To her amazement, Jane found herself shocked at the audacity of this female. She turned to the alpha male. He didn't move, but just watched her.



The female took a step forward and turned back to Jane with bared teeth. Something inside Jane snapped and she found herself on all fours baring her own teeth and growling at the cocky female. She had seen challenges and met this one with ferocity she didn't know she had. The clan watched as the pair of females circled on another. The elderly female was afraid for her human female that she had been training.

The larger female baboon jumped at Jane. The human girl stood up on her hind legs and caught the smaller female in her arms. She tossed the female aside. Jane turned with angry eyes to the rest of the females. She found herself beating her bare chest. The other females simply looked down in submission. The alpha male smiled. His hairless female was truly in her place now.

Jane actually felt a sense of pride as she entered the water. She had won the challenge. She began to feel a sharp pain in her bottom. She looked down at her ass. Her ass was beginning to scare Jane. It was now growing redder by the day. She was sure that it was swollen now. How could it have remained so red since the first night?

She watched the other females, and noticed ALL their asses were now bright red and swollen. The males began to sniff the air. Hoots and hollers echoed through the daylight forest. She caught a glimpse of the alpha male on the shore. It was watching her and pacing back and forth sniffing the air.

Jane felt a proverbial frog in her throat. She looked up at the sun, and judging by the position in the sky and remembering the light of the moon from the night before she realized what season it was. Mating season.

What she feared the most was herself. She had spent several weeks with this troop now, and acclimated to the life. Observing and documenting. She had not realized how she had become accustomed to her place among them until now. She looked at her swollen red ass, much redder and larger than the other females. It was then that she realized her TRUE place in all this. The alpha surely had not taken her as a meal, she realized that withing the first day. She had thought she was his pet. But now, as the howls filled her ears and almost put her in a trance, she came to a realization. She was not his pet. She had been trained, and groomed for another reason. It was why her eyes would dilate as the other females when the alpha fought for dominance. It was why she rose in prominence among the troop.

Speaking out loud for the first time in weeks, her eyes went wide. "I'M HIS MATE!" Jane shouted. She then looked down at her ass. "AND....OH MY GOD...." She finally realized what was happening, "....I'M IN HEAT!" This alpha male had won her. By all the laws of the jungle she was HIS now.

Jane Porter stood with wide eyes, "Now you've done it Jane," she said in her British accent. "You've been playing around with these beasts and got yourself in a HEAP of trouble". She did her best to cover herself, and turned when she heard heavy breathing behind her. She was standing up to her ankles in the cool water. She turned to the large eyed alpha baboon who snarled at her with its fangs. "Now listen here, there has been some kind of misunderstanding," she covered her boobs and her pussy with her hands.

Even if the alpha could understand, he could not care less about her pleas. Long had he waited to make seed this hairless beauty, and he would not wait a moment longer. She had no choice in this after all, she was his mate, and it was the law of the jungle. Her feminine scent wafted into his nose driving him wild. The pink head of his growing shaft began to poke out its sheath and grow...and grow.



"Oh my!" Jane cried and stepped back. "Wait," she held out her hand exposing her large breasts, "this is a BIG MISTAKE! My husband," she stopped herself. This beast couldn't understand her words let alone the concept of marriage. Such institutions had no place here. She brushed her hand towards him, "Shoo...shoo...you...you brute!"

The large male stood on his hind legs and beat his chest in what appeared to be rage, bearing his large fangs. It was time for this beauty to be bred properly. In the annals of biology, it was known that some males succeeded in taking a female from another's harem. It was called a "takeover". This was not uncommon, and in the alpha's mind, he had successfully "taken-over" this female hairless. Everything in him told her this female ape could breed. She had learned her place, it was time to do her duty.

The bearing of teeth caused a gasp from Jane, and she stopped in her tracks, like a stone. Her knees weakened, and she felt trickles of pee run down her long legs. She was behaving like...like THEM. When the mighty alpha baboon roared, it sent shivers through her spine, on a level she couldn't comprehend. Jane bowed her head, taking in the large beast, its muscles, its bright colors, much brighter than the others. The howl rocked the trees around them, and the others stopped and watched, all bowing their heads.

"He's the alpha Jane," she told herself as her eyes dilated, "watch it, he's stronger than the rest." Her hands touched the water and she felt them sink into the mud. He could kill you in an instant if he wanted, he could do just about anything he wanted, she told herself. He was the strongest beast in these jungles, her mind all but screamed at her. By far stronger than Tar...she didn't even say his name. At that moment, that man..MAN...seemed so small and pathetic compared to this creature. "Keep your cool Jane," she muttered turning her body towards the sun on her hands and knees. The howl was dying out, but it was still reverberating through her very core. "You'll figure a way out of this! You're Jane Porter, you're brilliant," she looked down at her reflection in the cool water, "and you're beautiful." Her head lowered to look at the face staring back at her. The howl had subsided, but somehow she still heard it deep within her. "You're the most beautiful thing in this jungle," she smiled to herself. It was no wonder this mighty alpha male had chosen her. "Chosen her", those words echoed in her head. He had chosen HER! She had seen all the looks from the other females. This male could have any he pleased, but he had chosen her. She filled with a new sense, a sense of immense pride.

The alpha closed his distance watching as the female responded properly, lowering her head, than assuming the position before him, her swollen womanhood all but dangling before him. It dripped with wetness, small "plinks" into the calm river.

Jane was in another world, literally and figuratively as she felt his large hands grip her hips. Hips that had grown in the past few weeks, a fact not lost to Jane. She had thought she was getting fat off fruit and fish, eating all she pleased as the top female of the troop. Now she knew it was in preparation for this, in the same manner as her swollen nether-regions. Here she wasn't the British socialite, but merely a female, whose body was responding to the jungle and nature around her, even if her mind wasn't.

As she had for the past several weeks, she was looking at everything pragmatically, and scientifically, almost robotic. She felt herself pulled back in the mud easily by the strong hands. She had documented everything mentally during her indoctrination into this troop. Now she was going to document her own rap....again she stopped before even thinking the word. This is the jungle. This is not the streets of London. There is no such thing out here. That vile word and act held no place amongst this troop and nature. The strongest survived, and the strongest lead, and the strongest fed, and the strongest bred.

That is when she felt the heat of his tip slip into her folds, causing her to gasp. It was happening, she told herself in fear. Was it fear? Or something else? The words that people would use to describe what was occurring popped into her head, and she ruled them all out. It wasn't the "r" word. That didn't exist. She wasn't being "shagged" as the low-life's of London and some of her more randy friends would say. It wasn't really even the "f" word that boorish American's would use. There was only one word to describe what was occurring...mating.

The alpha grunted as he met resistance after only a few inches. He pushed forward hard, and his member began exploring "virgin" territory. The pressure from this tightness and the heat of her womanhood were heaven to this alpha. He was achieving all he sought, and why shouldn't he.

"I'm being MATED!" Jane's mind raced, unable to even move as the spear inside her delved further, causing her to almost fall over. It was painful, yes, but her body seemed to open in all the right places, allowing this "mating". For all her scientific thoughts, and apprehensions about this, her body began to respond to the very real feeling of a cock deep inside her pussy. She let out her own grunt, and a low rumbling moan as an orgasm exploded from her core, causing stars around her eyes. She lost control and buckled under the intense experience, something far greater than she had ever felt. Her head fell into the water, and arose seconds later, baptized by the jungle.

"What is happening to me," she asked herself. Her scientific mind called back, "Your mate is breeding you!" Surely this couldn't be, she responded to..well...herself. But she felt the pressure of his member saw in and out of her small frame. She felt so small compared to him at that moment. He seemed so massive so mighty as he bucked and thrusts in and out of her. There is no marriage here, her pragmatic brain told her, no such ideas. The strongest survived, and the strongest lead, and the strongest fed, and the strongest bred. The strongest choose there mates, and he chose you. Be honored. As she debated herself, her hips began rhythmically thrusting back.

Jane heard the noises around her. Howls and shrieks and screeches all around. There was a different noise in her ears. The noise grew louder, but it was strange, as if something was trying to imitate the surrounding cackles. The strange sound was emanating from her own throat. See, her cold brain told her, you are one of the troop. Don't worry, her mind tried to ease her, you can do this.

"Do what?" Jane questioned her own mind.

If her mind could laugh at herself, it would, and sort of did, at such a foolish question. You can be bred by your wonderful mate. There was now confusion amongst the dueling personalities. Jane felt fear. He is a higher-order ape, and so are you. It's nature. Words appeared in her head, as if indexing the union. Wolphin.

Tigon.

Liger.

Mule.

Zebroid.

Her mind continued, you're will be the first of its kind. It will be glorious.

That's when it happened. The alpha bellowed as he erupted deep inside her. Jane felt his hot seed enter her body, and it caused another mind blowing orgasm, causing her dueling minds to fuse. They were the same mind after all. Just a female struggling to accept her place.

The alpha pulled off of her, and his semen poured from her into the water. He hopped back to the shore to retrieve some fruit. He was famished.

Jane stood up and held her hand to her vagina, instinctually trying to prevent more from escaping. Her face flush from the mating, sweat and water rolling down her nude form. Her ass eased some of its pain, she noticed, still taking note of all the experiences that occurred. "Hey" she cried out to her mate, who seemed disinterested. Other females strode up to the alpha and sat with him to eat fruit. This caused Jane's face to turn bright red with utter anger.

A loud shriek resonated through the troop. They all turned at the odd but understandable noise. They understood the broken shriek. "I baboon. I eat to. I eat first. Prime female!" They watched as the hairless one called out beating her chest in anger. She was speaking their language.

Jane sat eating fruit with a huge smile on her face. She laughed and spoke english, "These bitches better understand their place!" Words from earlier rolled back into her head, and she calculated them all...

Grizzly Bear + Polar Bear = Grolar Bear. ...

Male Leopard + Female Lion = Leopon. ...

Zebra + Donkey = Zonkey. ...

Goat + Sheep = Geep. ...

Male Jaguar + Female Lion = Jaglion. ...

Zebra + Pony = Zony.

She realized there was no word for what may happen. I'm a baboon, she told herself, she was sure of that. Not just any, the alpha female of the troop, the mate of the mighty alpha. Science wouldn't except that though. What was science going to call...she held her stomach. Fuck the English language, she laughed at her bold unscrupulous words, no place for it here. Fuck science, for that matter. Science was a thing of men. This was nature. Besides, they would try and categorize her and what was happening. This was nature. Fuck the world of men entirely. Jane had been taken from that world by her mate. Taken by the strongest alpha in the jungle. Well...the strongest alpha who was compatible with Jane. This mate with his abilities and strength had rightfully taken Jane and made her part of the troop. Made her baboon. It made her heart swoon with pride and confidence. The idea that the largest and strongest compatible mate had chosen her over all. This was right. She was his by right. She could not leave even if she wanted. She could not return to that world of men, because she was baboon now. Taken by the laws of nature. Every fiber of her being understood this, and she would never dream of denying the law of the jungle now. Why should she. Here she was top of the chain with her mate, wanting for nothing thanks to his strength.

The world of men would judge her. How could their judgment matter here in nature. She looked over to her mate and smiled, he looked downright handsome, with his bright colors and those muscles. She thought about how they'd view her if she brought her mate to London. How they would look upon her as she walked through the streets. He'd kill anyone in an instant if they so much as touched her.

Her mind raced, and an image of the baboon leader in a tuxedo made her laugh. Walking down the aisle with him. How foolish, she giggled. It would serve me well to learn their language completely, so one day I can have a little "jungle wedding". Not so much as to make her a "proper" lady, since this had no meaning here. More to make a fun day of it, and really stick it to the handsome bastard. Damn, he is handsome, Jane kept saying. She wanted to "mate" again, but had more on her mind.

She rubbed her legs. The pricklyness of her hair caused her to pause. "Maybe some human customs

can be kept," she laughed in her mind. Surely, she can't be blamed for shaving her legs and...other regions. She'd have to find a rock.

Jane shrieked to her dearest friend the elderly female who helped her realize her place in the baboon hierarchy. "Need nest", she screeched gutturally in baboon. The two went about gathering supplies. Fuck the English language INDEED!

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One year later....approximately.

Nigel Hawthorne, famed biologist swatted another fly as they crept deeper into the African Jungle. "Are you sure this is the place?" He asked his guide. The man nodded. Stories of mighty baboon "Bakongo", who the local tribes feared and venerated as god-like for his strength, had spread far and wide. It was said that he had taken a human mate. Many laughed it off a rumor, myth, local legend, and folklore. Hawthorne, however, had a specific interest in this legend. He spent his life trying to prove the existence and possibility of hybrid humans. His research was frowned upon by the scientific community, and he was shunned as a pariah. With some rather shady financial backing, he was finally here to prove his theories once and for all.

The guide pointed to a clearing. He informed the expedition party that the troop would be through at the clearing this time of year, but he refused to go further. The translator explained that the locals all new the tales of Bakongo and his ruthlessness when approached. Some even said his mate was far more aggressive, attacking unprovoked.

The biologist pushed his way to the thickets, and peered into the clearing. A large grotto could be seen, quite beautiful with a waterfall and bright blooming flowers. He saw the troop wading in the water. "My god," he whispered as his eyes took in the site of a brunette haired human female amongst the baboon females, laughing and smiling. His eyes bulged, when he took in her massive breasts as they came out of the water. He blushed, as his eyes weren't the only thing to bulge. Her form emerged from the water, water trickling down her lovely body. Truly a thing of beauty. "A Jungle Goddess", he whispered. That is when his eyes gazed upon her swollen belly. "MY GOD," he uttered, almost too loudly, "SHE'S WITH CHILD!"

A massive baboon was on a rock, lounging, his bright blue fur shimmering in the light. "The alpha!" He took note in his pad. A truly remarkable creature, thought Nigel. When it growled, Nigel felt shame as a trickle of urine escaped his penis. He looked around to see the others, who luckily had not noticed. They were downwind, so as not to have their scents picked up. Something told Nigel, that beast had the keenest of senses.

He watched her tanned body walk towards the grass, she moved so much like the other baboons. He heard her grunt, a pitch almost perfectly mimicking a baboon's. She was brought fruit and ate while the others watched. "She eats first. Like a prime female!" He jotted everything down in his notes.

Out from the left, a large group of baboon children raced to the females. Nigel was in awe, when he saw two baboons, very different from the others race to the human woman. The older one swatted the smaller younger one, even though both were much bigger than the other children. To his shock, the older one latched onto the woman's breast and began to suckle. The woman laughed and pulled the other child to her other teat. As they nursed, Nigel noted the hue of their fur. It was an exact match for the blue of the alpha. He gawked in utter amazement at their human-like features. Faces that could be mistaken for blue haired young boys.

He grabbed his people and raced back to camp. He wanted to get his cameras set up to document

the very first evidence of human hybrids. He had a name for the documentary....Humboon.

As they were watched, Jane took no notice. She was too busy nursing her children, and making sure to eat for the third. While many noted the remarkableness of the alpha, Jane was truly a specimen to behold herself. The alpha soon found that there was no need to wait for mating season. The alpha had a mate to match his verility and stamina. She was always in heat, and they mated nightly, even when she was with child. The alpha was truly happy. Through his strength he had achieved all his goals, and now he had a mate that defended their troop with equal ferocity and strength.

Humboon...foolish humans and their categorizations. They'd be wise to avoid this troop and its two leader...