

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part One

Lindsey tossed and turned in her bed and found sleep difficult which was unusual for her as she normally just crashed when she hit the pillow.

Tonight she had just finished watching a documentary about the truth and fiction behind the bigfoot legend. Her thought was awash with all sorts of fantastic scenarios both romantic and fearful.

Every continent around the world seemed to have its own stories of large hairy ape-like animals that inhabit the deepest forests or highest mountains of most continents. The Yeti, Sasquatch, Abominable Snow Man, and the Yowie to name a few. All seemed to have the same things in common, hairy body ginger to dark brown in most countries and white for those in the Asian Himalayan mountains, an oversized foot after all they were big, supposedly, and they smell rather badly.

Lindsey had recently moved to the mountain retreat of the blue mountains of New South Wales and had been comfortable with her new surroundings, just the right place to write her thesis. Her seclusion helped her focus on the task at hand and with all of the research behind her she was solely absorbed by the need to craft her arguments. That is until now, or to be more precise yesterday.

The visit to the Yowie museum run by a man who could best be kindly called a nut case by most people, he was amusing that was certain but fixated on the presence of Yowie in the deep forests of the mountains. David, the curator, had all sorts of so-called artifacts related to the Yowie, plaster casts of feet impressions, hair samples, apparently tested and were not of known animal or human resided in glass cases among many blurred photos on display.

The museum visit hadn't disturbed her, far from it, it was comical to the scientifically minded skeptic that she was. However, knowing that the documentary on the creatures real, myth or legend was going to air this evening Lindsey thought it would be fun to get some local background on the subject.

Now, this is what had her mind racing, many of the sights and sounds, particularly the so-called recordings of Yowie calls had a familiar parallel with sounds she had often heard during the night since she had arrived.

There was no stopping her mind from drifting back to those sounds she had heard and was told they were just the male Koalas calling. The sounds were tormenting her now more than ever and preventing her from sleeping. Could there be Yowie? Of course not she chided herself but it didn't help, besides her disturbing thoughts it was an uncomfortably warm evening.

The wind, that had blown gently throughout the day, had faded to a zephyr then died altogether. With the dropping breeze the night creatures came out to play, insects that were attracted earlier by the light from the house were easy feed for the bats. The occasional misjudgment of a bat resulted in a collision with the wire screens on the window. Each thump made Lindsey jump.

With the idea of sleep all but gone Lindsey rose from her bed perspiration saturating her flimsy nightdress. She decided that a shower and a change of night attire might help cure her insomnia. However, all that the cold water succeeded in doing was shocking her system to an even higher state of alertness.

When as she stepped from her shower into the living room which was not curtained because there

was nothing to hide from in this remote ridge top area that looked out onto a magnificent panorama by day, but by night, except for week starlight it was dark, very dark.

It was momentary but Lindsey, from the corner of her eye, caught the movement of a dark shadow that passed between the rising moon and the house. It was not a flash of a night bird but at slow deliberate and measured movement then it was gone.

As the shadow passed from her view a howling scream started low and built to a defining crescendo Lindsey froze to the spot, dripping and naked. She wanted to move but couldn't. That was the very sound the guest, a so-called expert on the show, and David at the museum had described.

The frightened girl just stared at the darkness beyond the thick glass window, her heart racing so fast that her chest wobbled. Then without removing her eyes from the place she had seen the shadow Lindsey edged to the switch that fired the generator that provided her only source of electricity. When she heard the humming of the petrol engine she flipped the external light switch that bathed the space between the house and the dense tree line with yellow light.

Still shaking with fear Lindsey edged across to the big window and peered out. To the left then the right then straight ahead. There it was, she gave a start, a movement, not much granted but a movement never the less in the underbrush. The shaking leaves had caught Lindsey's attention and her heart rate lifted again and she took a step back from the glass and watched closely as the small underbrush parted. A warm trickle down her leg made her curse. She had peed herself with fear.

In the brief moment that it had taken for her to look down then up again the underbrush had stopped moving. There in the lonely house, naked, staring out into the darkened valley that spread before her Lindsey stood trembling. There would be no sleep tonight.

Unable to go back to bed Lindsey doused the outside light and turned on the reading lamp next to the lounge. For the remainder of the long hot night, she read through her notes. Sometime during the early morning hours, she finally dropped off to sleep still naked half sitting half lying supported by pillows.

The sun was well up when she finally shook herself fully awake. Ever mindful of the nights' events she went to the window to look out on the more friendly daytime vista that stretched before her. Lindsey had been standing there for several minutes taking in the view when she turned to go. Then she jumped back a look of pure fear on her face. Her eyes that had been focused through the window glass into the yard, the valley and forest beyond the window. Now as she turned she was looking more closely at the window itself.

There were two full dirty handprints about eighty centimeters apart on the glass. They were big palms and fingerprints, very big. Lindsey reached up to the impressions and it was as high as she could reach on the big window. She put her hand against the glass on the opposite the paw print and shuddered. This was one big critter she mused. Lindsey's empty stomach churned and her heart began to race as her eyes flicked around the once-friendly landscape that had turned foreboding.

A shiver of fear ran through Lindsey's entire body as she realised each print had only three fingers and a thumb. Right between the two paw prints and just a little higher was the clear imprint of a large open mouth. A line of dribble had run from one corner of the mouth leaving a glistening trail that clung, stickily to the glass. Several strands of dark hair were stuck to the otherwise clean glass panel. Something during the night had been watching her. Lindsey backed up to the bedroom. She slammed the door and threw herself onto the bed and began to sob. The events of the night had just been too much.

When the racking sobs subsided she just lay there thinking. She could have put it all down to her fertile imagination if it hadn't been for the hand marks on the window. The lip outline and dribble must have meant the beast had been watching her for some time, just how long made her shiver and start weeping afresh. It was mid-morning before Lindsey was able to regain her confidence and dress before re-entering the living area to begin work on the all-important thesis but her mind wandered away from the topic constantly.

Try as she may there was no way that she could focus on the task at hand, her mind kept returning to the events of the previous evening. Her imagination had developed a picture of a hairy Yowie pressed against the glass watching her sleeping, god knows what crude thoughts were running through its mind as it watched her laying naked on the lounge chair. The drool probably answered that question. After another hour Lindsey decided that she would drive back to the museum and talk to the strange man that ran the place.

"Hello, didn't I see you here yesterday?"

"Uh ... oh, yes, yes I was here," Lindsey replied to the man she recognised as the owner. There were only a few tired tourists in the little museum at this time with no tourist buses in the parking lot. It was the kind of place you stopped at more to break your trip than to satisfy your belief in Yowie.

"By the way my name is David, David Fardel. You are?"

"Lindsey Wilson."

"Can I get some more information about Yowie please, you know things like what they look like? the sounds they make? do they approach houses in the night perhaps? you know things like that." The proprietor went into his spiel, the one he used on all visitors each day.

"No, not the usual stuff, the other stuff. I think one has been around my house," suddenly the man's attitude changed. He was not talking to a skeptic but perhaps a new believer.

"You have seen a Yowie? Come, come into my office." he took Lindsey by the elbow and led the way into the tiny room that was only big enough for a desk and two chairs. There were also numerous books on Big Foot adorning the shelves that were placed high on the wall so as not to cut into the limited room space. He sat and signaled Lindsey to sit on the other chair. "So you have seen a Yowie?"

"No, not seen one, well maybe but not clearly. But I have seen evidence of one and also a brief glimpse of a shadow moving across the lawn on the edge of the forest." He looked a little disappointed at first then he gathered himself enough to ask

"What evidence?"

"Well, after I heard noises and saw the shadow of a figure moving across my yard I couldn't sleep and I sat up for most of the night before I fell off to sleep in the early morning. When I woke there were two big paw prints on my window where someone or something had watched me for some time, when I was sleeping, at least I think it was when I was sleeping maybe I was awake and all I had on was a lamp, it was dark outside you understand, don't you?"

"Yes of course I do, when did this happen Lindsey?"

"Last night."

"Okay, the hands, can you tell me just how big were they?"

"Oh, about this big," Lindsey held two index fingers apart to indicate the length.

"So they were about half as big as a human hand, anything else."

"Well it was the only marks on the glass but there were definitely only three fingers and a thumb on each hand." Now David was interested.

"These marks, you cleaned them off the window?" David asked what he hoped was not true.

"No there still there. I wasn't courageous enough to go outside, even to look."

"Will you be prepared to show me these prints" Lindsey agreed and they drove to Lindsey's holiday house on the escarpment.

When they arrived at the house David went to the narrow backyard. He was walked about sniffing at the air.

"Do you smell that," he looked directly at Lindsey and raised his eyebrows.

Lindsey sniffed deeply then sniffed again as she moved closer to the Big Foot Enthusiast.

"Yes... I think I do, It faint but smells something like, like a, a wet dog... yes a wet dog stench after it has rolled in something awful, that's what it smells like."

"Yowie!" David was excited. "That's the smell of Yowie, I have smelled it many times before where sightings have happened." He moved closer to the bush and looked about the underbrush that grew tightly together, impenetrable, or so it seemed. Lindsey stayed close to him and the short hairs on her arms and legs were standing on end. The feeling was electric.

The man caught Lindsey's arm and with his free hand pointed toward the big bay windows that overlooked the valley.

"That the window?"

"Yes, the one in the center." They both took the stairs to the landing two at a time so anxious was David to see what the evidence may reveal. He went straight to the window and immediately identified the handprints. Although they were now dry they were clear and crisp. He inspected them for some time then turned to Lindsey.

"Your wrong," he declared.

"Wrong?"

"Yes wrong, the thing that made those palm prints had four fingers and a thumb on each hand not three. See, see there just the tip of the finger. He put his carry case down, opened it and extracted a brush, and dusted the prints. "Yes, yes there are four fingers.

David then with a magnifying glass inspected the prints closely before making a copy of them. When he had done his detailed inspection of the hand and palm prints he moved on to the lip impression. Then he methodically worked his way down the window removing things with his tweezers as he went. He continued down until he reached the floor.

"Here miss Wilson come here and look closely."

On the wooden decking was a damp stain. Lindsey looked but didn't understand. "he dribbled a lot didn't he." she observed.

"Oh no not dribble," David blushed but said no more until he had collected as much of the material as he could and placed it in a vile. "That miss Wilson, he paused, swallowed and blushed, his semen."

"Look, look there and there he pointed at several large splashes above normal hip height on the glass. The thing that was here has masturbated while he watched you," the uncomfortable David observed... Lindsey shuddered at the vision of a smelly Yowie bigfoot jacking off at the sight of her nakedness.

David looked up at the standing girl, "can I ask a question, Miss Wilson?" She nodded, biting her lip as the vision still played in her mind.

"You were wearing Pyjamas? It's important to understand the cognitive powers of the beast otherwise I wouldn't ask such a question." his eyes burned into the girls' eyes.

"Not exactly."

"You were wearing nothing?" Lindsey nodded, "Nothing at all?" she nodded again. David stood and retreated from the landing and headed for the front of the house.

Once inside Lindsey made a pot of tea and took it into the living room and sat in the chair opposite the Big Foot hunter who was unpacking a second case that he had retrieved from his car.

"Would you mind me bugging the outside of the house with sound recorders and cameras?"

"No not at all if it helps me find out what was outside the house last night. I won't sleep soundly until I do and maybe not even then, depending on what you find." they drank their tea and David attached the recording equipment. By the time he had finished, it was becoming dark.

"I'll sleep in the car if you don't mind," David informed Lindsey, "that way I'll be able to respond to any indication of activity."

"No stay in the house, I'll feel better with the company."

Although Franks was reluctant Lindsey made a bed for him behind the lounge so any visitor could not see him from the window. David then asked Lindsey to act as she had done last evening.

"Sleep naked on the Lounge?" there was a hint of panic in her voice.

"No, no please in pajamas but make sure you can be seen from the window."

The night was a long one and at first light, David and Lindsey were outside looking for evidence. They smelled the strong feral odour once more but it was stronger than it had been the previous day obviously because it was fresher but there were no other physical signs, not even a footprint. Lindsey felt a little strange the longer she was breathing in the musky aroma. Yes, it was unpleasant but after sniffing it several times it lost its nasty edge and, to the girl at least, became more fragrant and alluring. Lindsey shook her head to clear the crazy sensation and followed David to the cameras that also showed nothing except one strange blurred image on the camera that was focused back on

the window.

David remained at the house all of that day except for a brief trip to town to get some supplies. When he returned they discussed what could be done to entice the Yowie back to the house. Finally, reluctantly, Lindsey decided to do what had brought him to the house in the first place.

She would remain naked in the sitting room with the reading light on all night. Being naked in front of a stranger worried her a lot. However, she considered David to be strange and perhaps eccentric but doubted if he was a rapist. Still, Lindsey was young and attractive and she knew that even the best of men might weaken at the sight of her lush body.

By now her initial fear of the unknown beast had grown to a deep curiosity about the Yowie. The possibility of a strange legendary beast lusting after her made her feel a little excited. She needed to see the big-footed monster and the sooner the better.

It was eight o'clock before they finished a delicious steak meal and Lindsey opened a bottle of wine. She still needed the courage to go naked and wine always helped in lifting her courage.

As the late summer sun finally set, David took up his position behind the lounge and out of sight of the window. Tonight he had hooked up a small monitor to the adjustable outside video camera and he was going to make every effort to track the animal if it returned. Stalling, Lindsey decided that she would have a shower before taking up her spot on the lounge as Yowie bait.

Behind the cover of the lounge chair, David heard the shower stop and moments later Lindsey emerged from the bathroom naked. For a brief moment, David got a glimpse of Lindsey's luscious young body. Immediately he went hard and perhaps for a moment, if quizzed, he would not have remembered what he was here for. But, eccentric that he was, he was soon back on track as he dragged his thoughts from his aching groin to his monitor. The cameras he was using for surveillance were all ultraviolet night cameras and the greenish image flickered back at him with surprising clarity.

The evening dragged on and Lindsey spent her time trying to work on her thesis. Every half hour or so she would go to the window and look out into the semi-darkness beyond. It must have been near two in the morning when on one of her visits to the window she saw movement on the stairway leading up to the verandah. She froze her heart rate increased instantly.

"David, David," She hissed the name twice then her mouth dropped open as the shaggy head appeared above the landing deck followed by broad hairy shoulders before the entire body of what could only be a Yowie stepped onto the deck near her expansive glass window.

Lindsey remained frozen to the spot as the strange form moved cautiously toward the window. She stood with her mouth open in a silent scream as the Yowie came right up to the dividing glass. The beast's eyes were two liquid pools of brown that bored into the girl's blue eyes unblinking.

The Yowie pressed against the glass trying to reach out for the girl on the other side. Lindsey tried to move but fear held her immobile. The Yowie tried several times to reach out toward the girl but each time he did the glass foiled his efforts.

Realising he was not able to touch the girl the Yowie placed his hand on the glass in a similar position to the one he had been in two nights previously. Lindsey could hear faint crying whimpering noise that seemed to come from the beast creature as he gradually pressed his entire body against the glass barrier. Lindsey leaned forward and placed a hand up to the giant paw only millimeters away through the thin barrier in a sympathetic gesture. However, the Yowie grew more agitated at

the girls' response, and seeing the apparent agitation Lindsey withdrew her hand.

The Yowie remained pressed hard up against the barrier separating him from the girl. Sensing any immediate danger had passed Lindsey was now able to move. She stepped back from the window and her hand came immediately to her mouth. The Yowie was rubbing his lower body against the smooth surface that separated him from the girl and he had a large erection. It was like a baboon's penis that she had seen once. It showed light pink in the low light of the reading lamp, with a head that was much bigger than the shaft. Almost mesmerised Lindsey watched thinking that thing was like a pink club. It was human-like but defiantly not human and not like an ape either.

Even later Lindsey couldn't explain why she did it but without apparent thought, she stepped right up to the glass again so the hairy beast and the soft naked flesh of the girl were almost touching. Her belly button was at the same level as the Yowie testicles that were ponderous and bull-like. The animal's cock rubbing the glass and Lindsey could feel even feel the warmth of the animal through the thin barrier.

They remained like that for some minutes Lindsey looking up into the hairy features as the beast that was looked back down at the tiny girl. Then the Yowie raised his head and bellowed loudly. At the same time, Lindsey felt the glass against her stomach become warm and the warmth spread. Without looking down the girl knew the beast had cum against the window.

A flash broke the spell as David had tripped the colour camera located near the window frame. The Yowie screamed with surprise and as several more flashes seared into the darkness the beast cleared the rail of the deck in one bound and was gone into the night.

The flash also startled Lindsey as well as the hairy creature. Her nerves were so strung out so much that she folded to the floor in a faint. David had run to the window as the first flash turned the night into day for the briefest of moments. He looked down at the naked girl but didn't pause as he swung the door open and ran onto the deck. There was no sign of the allusive beast nor was there any indication of what direction he may have taken in his headlong flight away from, what was to him, a mysterious thing.

Some time had passed and Lindsey had recovered from her faint and was perched on the lounge drinking her favorite brew, tea.

David had immediately searched the grounds for a few minutes but was unable to find a trace of the allusive beast, nothing but its distinctive odor remained. He had returned to the house in time to carry the naked girl to the lounge and cover her with her dressing gown before she came to her senses. David was busy downloading the photos from his numerous cameras.

Sitting across from the still shaky girl he went carefully through the photographic record of the nights' events on his laptop. He didn't even notice the half-naked women-only feet from him. This was his dream come true, his life's work, that at times even to him had seemed more like a myth than a reality. The Yowie did exist, he had seen it, and he had clear incontestable photos of the creature both moving and still.

He also had DNA samples from the copious semen that the beast had discharged onto the window and now he could show the world that the bigfoot did exist and he was not just another strange nutter that lived a fantasy life.

David finally looked up from his computer. "How are you now Lindsey?" The tiny girl smiled hesitantly.



"Shaky David, real shaky."

"What happened at the window, you walked right up to him, why?" He had to ask but didn't want to.

"I'm not sure, I was thinking, walk away, and the next thing I was at the glass reaching for his hand. I'll tell you now David that creature has some sort of power, his eyes just draw you to him." David listened and nodded as she spoke.

"apart from his eyes what did he look like?"

"Well he was hairy but you can see that on the photos, it's was brownish-black and he had what looked like a long droopy mustache, a beard that seemed to grow right from his bottom lip and a deep fringe almost but not quite covering his eyes. His head was egg-shaped and pointy and his nose was broad, more broad than negroid. His lips, well from what I could see they were thin and he was slobbering a lot. His teeth were white and very even with just the hint of a yellow stain about the gums. I mentioned his eyes, didn't I. David nodded and Lindsey continued, "well they were close together and large brown and watery. The fur around them was matted and wet."

"About the only other thing I saw was his chest. It wasn't as hairy as the rest of him and he had nipples like a women's on small breasts, not like a man's chest at all. That's it I guess."

"that's all you saw?"

"yes, that's all." Lindsey paused and blushed, "well I did see one other thing."

"Yes?"

"His penis, It was erect and it looked like a fleshy club. The end was a lot bigger than the shaft thickness. It was quite long as well, longer than a man's and just as thick the tip was bulbous and I think it sort of flared when he ejaculated but I just caught the briefest glimpse."

"yes I saw his semen on the window I collected a good amount of several ounces I think and there was more. He seems to have more than a passing attraction toward you." Lindsey blushed hotly.

For some time David just sat thinking while Lindsey went back to drinking her tea. Finally, both fell asleep where they sat.

The following two nights the same trap was set for the bigfoot but it didn't appear. Lindsey had finally had enough and she needed desperately to complete her thesis. It was not going to happen here so she packed up and went back to the university which was less than ideal for Lindsey's style of writing. David stayed on with Lindsey's permission and spent another week at the holiday house before he to gave up any hope of seeing the Yowie again, at least for now.

When the story finally broke David became an even greater laughing stock than he had been. He had made no mention of Lindsey when he told his story as they had discussed. They had both expected that they would be believed and both were surprised by the response. The skeptics came out of the woodwork to shoot holes in Franks's story and they were at their pompous best when it came to bisecting the photos and video.

So-called experts claimed the Yowie was a man dressed in a furry suit. David was criticised for the quality of the night shots and video. That he had not been able to use any lighting for fear of discouraging the Yowie was conveniently forgotten for the sake of their arguments. Even the DNA was discredited as being contaminated.

Lindsey didn't speak up during this period but she felt bad for the man who she knew to be right. It wasn't until after her graduation with her hard-won doctorate that she sought the advice of friends and family about what she should do. Most were surprised by her admission to having been there. They were even more surprised that she claimed to be the one that lured the Yowie to the house. She pointed out that she was the faint shadow seen in one of the photos that people considered to be a reflection. The skeptics were using this photo to debunk the entire Yowie story. Her friend's advice was to forget all about it and pretend it never happened. Even David told her to let it go.

Lindsey couldn't stay quiet and went to the press and television with her story. Although most reporters and commentators tried to shake her story, they couldn't. After several weeks of persistence, she began to win some people over. One of her supporters turned out to be a university professor of anthropology who said that he could secure funding to try to prove one way or another the validity of David and Lindsey's claims but the two needed to be involved. Both agreed and Lindsey would be taken on a journey she would sometimes regret and sometimes enjoy.

It took another three months to organise what would be or should have been a well organised search for the allusive Yowie. The man in charge was to be Professor Long and he had got a magazine and television sponsorship that would support Lindsey, David, himself, and six undergraduates on a six-week excursion into the rugged and isolated valleys of the Blue Mountains. Initially, the people from the TV station wanted to send a crew along to film everything that happened. Professor Long and David were in two minds about the idea but Lindsey said no defiantly not. She reasoned that the Media finances were welcome and necessary but she considered them without scruples and that they would insist on doing things their way to the detriment of everyone's reputation. This resulted in weeks of negotiation that finally meant reduced funding but they did provide recording equipment and training for some of the crew to be able to use the cameras and recorders including the Professor.

The planning meeting had decided that instead of aimless wandering about in dense bush they would start where the Yowie had been last sighted, near the holiday cabin. If no additional sightings were made around the house then they would move into the valleys of the blue mountains national park, into the wild and remote area called Wild dog mountains then upward toward the headwaters where there were many 8th and 9th order streams that gradually fed into larger and larger streams closer to the coast. In this area the Jenolan Caves were located, a vast network of limestone caves, not all of which had been explored. It could be a target area if a Yowie was to be found. It would be a long hard trek and The professor hoped they would not have to go that far.

The first night at the cabin was uneventful and the outer and inner perimeter, surveillance cameras recorded nothing but possums, koalas, wallabies, and bandy coots. That was unusual and Lindsey wondered if the Yowie had seen the new arrivals who had crowded into the house. The big panoramic window hid nothing at all. However, there may be another reason altogether and although neither David nor Lindsey wanted to mention her being nude the only two times the Yowie had appeared, they felt that they should let the Professor know.

After two nights of no show and no Yowie hint of scent in the vicinity; David encouraged Lindsey to tell the professor about her being nude. Well, when she finally did Professor Long was not a pleased person; after some ranting and accusing Lindsey of being very unprofessional, considering her education status, he decided on staying another night at the cabin.

It was Autumn but only just. The weather was mild but far from the hot summer night that had first encouraged Lindsey to remain naked which had allowed the Yowie to see her without a human covering of clothing.

Two of the undergraduates in the party were young women so the professor decided that they would stay with Lindsey in the Living room of the cabin for the company while the men would set up their monitors in the bedroom, none of them pointing in the direction of the nude Lindsey and pajama-clad women.

If the beast was interested in women then three young women alone might be the bait that was needed. This night, like all of the previous nights, was a disappointment and resulted in no contact with the Yowie. After breakfast, a decision was made to move out into the valley immediately.

They hadn't gone more than a mile down a steep path then veering into the thick undergrowth when David called back along the now strung out line holding his finger to his lips for quiet.

"Use your noses," He whispered, "can you smell anything strange." He asked when everyone had bunched up.

"I can smell something like wet dog fur that's been in swampy water Sam, one of the undergraduates observed It stinks most of the men and Vanessa agreed.

"Yes," Michelle also agreed with the men, "it is like that and it is certainly smelly, but there is something different, different to anything I have smelled before, it's awful but... kind of well I can't explain but it sort of makes me feel tingly if you know what I mean." Lindsey nodded agreement with Michelle and the rest just frowned.

What is it?" Michelle asked David. Then all of the others were offering an opinion to what it might be, trying to describe the stench some were unflattering. Lindsey and Michelle both decided that yes it was foul but both were disturbed by the odor in a different way. Michelle whispered to Lindsey it kind of makes me all runny," Lindsey frowned but nodded agreement

"It's Yowie," David answered as he looked about the thick bush. "He was here sometime early this morning. It smells too strong to be much older. That pong lingers and I have smelled it before near the house. David and the Professor talked while one of the young men filmed their discussion as he had been doing on significant occasions for the last few days"

"Is he still around do you think," The Professor inquired

"No, I don't think so. He won't hang around he would have taken off as soon as he heard us and we were making plenty of noise bashing our way through the scrub the way we were. Still, we now know he's in the locality. It might be a good idea to make a camp close to here.

"Quite a good idea. Look down there, Near that split boulder. Just through the trees there is a cleared area at least the underbrush has been thinned out ," David agreed.

A hundred meters lower on the slope, where the thick scrub turned into a more open vegetation that had most likely been cleaned out by a recent fire after a lightning struck a tree that was now a dead skeleton of its former leafy self, they made camp.

While things were being set up the professor was sitting alone and appeared deep in thought. After a while he walked back up the slope and disappeared into the thicker scrub. Several minutes passed before he returned and called Lindsey aside.

"Now you say no if you don't want to do this but there is a spot about sixty meters up the slope where we could set up cameras and trip wires pretty easily. It would be an ideal spot to get photos of the beast if it appears," Lindsey creased her lip and nodded as she looked where the Professor

pointed. He continued when he received no verbal objection, "I was thinking that you may consider being the bait that lures the beast into the camera trap. I shouldn't ask, of course, it is damned unprofessional of me but if we alarm the place well enough it will be safe and if help is needed we could be there in seconds with the stun guns. I don't wish to or even expect to use them but they remain a good backup"

Lindsey looked at the professor for a while then lowered her head and walked away several yards, turned, and face him again. She saw the clear danger of making herself the bait, it was stupid and dangerous but this entire expedition to find a Yowie was just that. However, she also saw the chance to prove she was not making this all up. It was a scary idea. Sure she may not be alone but she would be vulnerable the bush here was the Yowie's back yard or that's the way it seemed to be.

"You want me to stay out in the bush all by myself, alone just waiting on the Yowie to attack me?"

The Professor looked ashamed, "Of course, I shouldn't have even considered it. It's just that well I want so desperately to help David and yourself convince the skeptics that the Big Foot does exist. Your right I shouldn't have even considered the Idea." He lowered his head and shoved his hands in his pockets and walked back to the other expedition members who were sitting around the fire.

Lindsey watched the man, who was the only one to back her publicly, looking dejected as he walks away. She was annoyed at herself for being afraid. She reached a hand out then took a step forward.

"Professor, could we at least talk about this further she called out," He looked up and tried to suppress the slightest of grins.

"Yes of course Lindsey." he was quickly back with the girl.

"Okay Ill do it," Lindsey surprised herself as she agreed, "but you have to promise that you will come at the first sign of the Yowie."

"Ill do everything in my power to protect you, you have my word. There is one other thing though. It seems that this Yowie creature has some sexual interest in you. You realise that?"

"Yes, Professor I do realise that only too well." She felt her tummy churn and wondered just why she had said yes to such a dangerous thing.

"He has only appeared for extended periods when you were naked and each time he has masturbated." A long pause ensued as the professor avoided Lindsey's eyes. " Would it be asking too much for you too," he paused again before continuing. "be naked," he said the last two words quickly then clenched his teeth and made a little frown as he said naked.

Lindsey walked off toward the group who were preparing a cold lunch before she turned to the Professor.

"You will need plenty of time to set up professor." She smiled weakly and took a sandwich that was offered.

One of the undergraduates who was setting up the cameras and sensors returned and offhandedly observed that he could still smell that horrible stench out there.

The professor asked the others if they could smell the distinctive Yowie smell and they all agreed that they had done especially on the upper slope where everyone had smelled it earlier. They all agreed that it was especially strong out near the two big rocks that seem to have tumbled from the

hillside relatively recent past and split apart.

"Makes your stomach turn it does," Sam observed

The days were becoming short now and by five o'clock in the afternoon, it was cool in the valley. Lindsey was already organised for the evening and finally, the others had gone downwind of her location. Everything was ready.

After the last of the party move out of site Lindsey moved inside the monitored area she looked around and gave a nervous sigh and finally began to undress. This was crazy, she thought, How could she let herself be talked into this? Well, it had been part a convincing argument and part her wanting to prove that the Yowie existed and be able to convince others, for certain that it did. That is why she had succumbed to the idea of being a piece of naked bait she rationalised her agreement.

Being naked and alone in the bush was liberating and scary equally and she felt both emotions. However, with others so close to help and protect her she had nothing to worry about. She shuddered and looked at her bumpy goose flesh then looked around for the blanket to cover herself with. At first, she had intended to just remove her jeans and pants but finally, she removed all her clothing. A hot blush spread from her toes to her head at the realisation.

Was this how nudists felt she wondered. The freedom of being naked in the forest alone was a special feeling. It was quite cool now. The chill of the mountain air would be seeping into her bones before too long. An early hunter of the night winged past like a dark shadow in the dimming light its broad wings almost soundless. The insects had gone quiet and the day birds were settling in for the night, their final noisy chatter subsided and all was quiet. If she didn't know there were eight other people just sixty meters away she might be forgiven for thinking she was the only person in the world.

The moon was already above the horizon and that was a comforting ball shimmering through the trees. Without fire or lamp, it was going to be her only light. Lindsey knew that total darkness would be the scariest of situations even with people close by. Already her pulse rate was elevated. She tried to overlook her tensions as she scouted her immediate surroundings for the tiny orchard-like flowers that grew close the forest floor. The soft earth pressed between her toes as she walked. The flowers were most numerous near two large sandstone boulders that had parted from the escarpment thousands of years before and now nurtured the most delicate of bush flora.

If she had looked up at that moment she may have been very afraid. Between the twin boulders, unnoticed by anyone who had set up the trip wires and infrared beams at the last moment before departing was a well-concealed bundle of fur. Lindsey had smelled the Yowie's scent like the others had and presumed, like they had, that it was the lingering odor that she and the others had detected earlier. The two big pools of brown looked at the naked girl with unrequited lust.

As Lindsey moved back to her bedroll the Yowie's eyes followed her. She was different too his female, she had no fur except on the top of her head and between her legs. Her breasts were firm and not sagging like those of most Yowie females. She probably had not given birth he observed. What he had seen were many males paying attention to her and following her all day. He could smell her female scent, not strong but unmistakable when she was close, perhaps she was in season, he would find out soon.

The last time he had seen this female was many moons ago when she was in her cave. She had tried to come to him then but something had come between them, something the fur-less ones used on their caves. This time the fur-less female would be his, this was his environment and he could

outsmart the other puny males, if that is what they were, that was following her like a dingo bitch in heat.

As Lindsey settled on her bedroll the Yowie unfolded himself from his hiding place and in the fading light moved silently, using his abundant stalking skills, in getting close to the naked girl who was now partly covered by the rug. His mastery at silent movement and concealment kept him hidden from view. He had seen the humans with strange things, placing them at different locations. They took many hours to do what they were doing and they had even stretched a long thread around the place where the female now rested. That puzzled him.

Lindsey thought the smell of Yowie was stronger as she stared into the gloom but could not be sure. She looked about nervously but saw nothing. Lindsey realised she was getting jumpy and her nerves were on edge.

A short time later she was sure she was not becoming overwrought. The smell, beyond question, grew stronger each second and she knew that the Yowie was defiantly here somewhere. She looked all around pausing on anything that looked out of place but Lindsey couldn't see anything suspicious. She strained her eyes in the moonlight but still saw nothing. It couldn't be too close, the tripwire, although not originally planned, and infrared beams would be broken if anything passed through them. There was no unusual sound coming from the camp to indicate that they had any concerns. She relaxed.

Then as if a curtain had been drawn back the Yowie appeared in front of her. Lindsey opened her eyes wide, her mouth formed a scream but no sound came. Her throat had tightened, constricted with dread allowed only a croak to pass her lips. The Big Foot appeared huge standing there in the moonlight and Lindsey cringed away from the hairy beast who stood motionless near her feet. The terrified girl clutching the rug tightly to her nakedness. Why hadn't the alarms activated?

The Yowie drew closer and the creature's stench made her gag but there was something about that smell that excited her as well. Lindsey just stared up at the hairy beast with terrified eyes. She wanted to turn away but she couldn't. Even in the dim light, those large penetrating brown pools held her gaze. The monstrous, fur-covered beast stood over the tiny naked girl who was partly concealed by the blanket. Her eyes were huge blue watering pools of fear. Her heart raced alarmingly.

Lindsey could not have, at that moment, explain her feelings if she had been asked. Fear certainly, Uncertainty unquestionably, anger perhaps there was a little anger but most of all there was a growing sense of excitement. The undeniable stench of the creature was fading and being replaced by a stronger more overpowering and alluring odor.

The confused girl felt uncomfortable with her feelings at that moment. The fear of being harmed seemed to be diminishing and although her heart still raced she seemed drawn to this creature in a way that was as beyond explanation as were all her other emotions. The alarm, where was the alarm. Lindsey looked about for help but there were just the regular camp noises.

Slowly the beast knelt at Lindsey's feet and her eyes followed his every move. Hesitantly he reached out one large paw, she gasped as the rough fingers gently fondle one of her ample, though not huge, globes. Lindsey let the blanket fall from her hands.

The creature was curious, perhaps unsure of this tiny naked creature who was female but different, very different, from his own kind. She smelled strange as well, a human smell but that smell was tainted by the unmistakable smell of a female in heat.

The girl gasped and the creature paused but didn't let his fingers part from the smooth warm breast. Lindsey kept staring into the beast's eyes with a furtive look down to his exploring hands as he jiggled one then the other breast in fascination.

Two large fingers squeezed her nipple until she winced. The Yowie immediately removed his hand from her and looked at his finger as if expecting to see something. The alarms, the flashes Why hadn't the activated Lindsey's mind screamed out for the helpers to arrive?

Lindsey bit her bottom lip and trembled as she reached out for the hand of the creature while still unable to take her eyes from the Yowie's fur-covered face. Thick lips flaring nostrils sloping chin and brow. The beast pressed closer and again the body odor was making her ill but she still didn't scream, couldn't scream. Where were they she was thinking but no sound other than her heartbeat and the purring sound of the Yowie could be heard. Lindsey felt a wave of nausea wash over her as she neared a faint. The nausea passed and the other smell returned as the Yowie drew even closer. It was a weird alluring odor that seemed to seep into her senses.

The intimidated girl was gripped by a fascinated fear that she tried to suppress. As the Yowie sniffed the air several times then he lent forward and sniffed her legs, his shaggy head moving up to her crotch. The long lank hair tickling her inner thighs that, until then, she hadn't realised were slightly parted.

Immediately Lindsey clamped her legs tightly closed. The creature's pungent odor grew more overpowering the closer he got. He sniffed the sparse fur on Lindsey's mound. A reflex from surprise lead her to inhaled with a deep gasp, her stomach tightened then heaved. She had felt a sudden bitter rush of bile into her throat. With so little warning she threw her head to the side, her tummy heaved sharply, she gagged then heaved several more times more expelling her vomited onto her blanket.

The Big Foot lent back as the girl's stomach heaved and she threw up. He looked at her quizzically. Undeterred he continued to explore Lindsey's beckoning odor. He was sure she was in season but she wouldn't show him her sex.

He stroked her legs with both hands knowing his other females had responded to being stroked. Lindsey attempted to wriggle away from the hands but with little conviction.

The beasts seemed to exude a powerful odor now. It had been present and alluring but now it was a more powerful feral, sharp musky scent odor that made Lindsey feel giddy.

The vile-smelling fur remained sickening but it no longer dominated. The musky smell was a combination of smells like ammonia, wet decaying wood, and a damp earthy smell. It was neither pleasant nor unpleasant to her olfactory senses.

It was a feral smell that Lindsey likened to the smell she had first encountered when she had been near a buck goat's enclosure at a farm she had visited. The female goats found it irresistible, her male companion, on the day, found it disgusting but she had found it magnetic and it lingered in her nostrils for hours afterward.

It was this feral muskiness that made her head dizzy with a new sensation. Lindsey's eyes grew even wider. Her fear persisted but it was no longer a mortal fear it was a fear of the unknown. It was a feeling of remoteness, a strange comfortable feeling. The Yowie ran his paws along her leg and feet and Lindsey just watched.

Her voice had returned as she became more relaxed but she didn't scream she spoke with a

wavering, little girl voice, directly to the monster. "Please Yowie please don't hurt me."

The Yowie frowned and tilted his head first one way then the other and made a soothing cat-like purr.

"Oh god the alarms please please ring," she whispered as her resistance dwindled. She could have should have screamed but didn't. She had been abandoned but worse still she didn't care

On his knees the Yowie moved along the reclining girl's side, she trembled and flinched with an expectant fear as the beast continued stroking her. He was close, very close now. Lindsey felt her belly tighten and her heart rate that had steadied, increase.

Lindsey had continually focused on the Yowie's face, ugly and brutal except for those brown pools that seemed hypnotic. Now she rolled onto her side and lowered her head to look upon the Yowie's body and there it was, the source of the new smell. His club-like erection glistened shiny and black pink in the moonlight. A bead of clear liquid clung to its bulbous tip. Her hand to her mouth she bit her finger and watched mesmerised, she was shivering and sweating and making silly noises as she watched and drowned in the musky maleness so close.

Please Mr. Yowie do not hurt me," she wined the Yowie continued to purr softly, hypnotically, and like in the house months before she felt drawn to the beast.

The bigfoot lent forward and again began to stroke Lindsey's breasts and nipples. She shuddered as she felt her nipples harden and tug at her chest in response to the beast's gentle but insistent kneading. She groaned and rolled into the large cupping paws.

The Yowie's eyes lit up. He was familiar with this response and looked down to see if the girl had relaxed her legs a sign of acceptance. They hadn't parted much but her behind was lifting a little from the blanket and her knees were now bent, he knew she would be ready soon.

Lindsey bit her lip and looked at the smelly beast's light pink and thick erection in front of her face. It protruded from a furry sheath, It was human-looking but the sheath was dog-like and the tip of the penis like a stallion though much much smaller, it was dribbling with anticipation as it jerked about erratically stiff and rigid. Her head was buzzing, her senses overwhelmed by the drug-like effect of the strong beast musk. Her nostrils flared inhaling ravenously the acrid musk that made her feel dizzy, moist, and loose.

The night air gently caressed her swollen labia as Lindsey ever parting thighs. She was beyond caring.

The Yowie continued to play with this human female's breast as she moaned and writhed under the constant stimulation of the smelly creature. The musky odor of his leaking sex was working on her brain and she felt herself becoming runny and receptive. She moaned out loud with disgust and denial. It was wrong so wrong but she ached as only a woman can. She couldn't deny her body's demands.

She could no longer resist every thought about being fulfilled. She groaned, at her lack of willpower but her resistance was gone and she vaguely realised that she defiantly felt like she did the night she had gone up to the window.

The beast seemed to have some strange attraction and it wasn't his hygiene. No rational thoughts were dominating her mind she was at this moment a female animal deeply in heat. Something deep inside her, maybe the musk of the creature or those deep watery brown eyes she didn't care or know



which one it was had carried her to the primal level of need.

The Yowie smelt the rush of women's scent as Lindsey grew even wetter. Her signals were strong. His ever-watchful eyes saw the white legs begin to flutter and part as those almond blue eyes of the tiny girl next to him stared into his demanding pools.

The beast sensing achievement moved back to her feet. As he did he slid his paws along the writhing female's body and clutching a leg with each paw, gently parting her. Lindsey moaned loudly but didn't resist. The beast lowered his head to her exposed sex and sniffed loudly as his nose touched her distended petal. Lindsey jerked at the touch then trembled and parted her legs willingly.

Perhaps unsure he began to lick at the sparse fur-covered pussy, it was wet and hot. Lindsey's folds had engorged and parted open, glistening, as he licked along the length of her pussy exposing her pink tunnel. The Yowie Lent back and looked at the opening of the unresistant female in front of him. She was ready to be mated as he knew she would be.

Then with his erection taut and leaking, his testicles demanding relief, he slid along the length of the girl's body to cover the tiny stunned but willing female with his abundant foul-smelling fur. He was heavy and she was engulfed by his bulk but at that moment she was a woman needing to be mated.

Lindsey flinched and sighed as the Yowie eased into the saddle of her groin. It was a sudden move and she was pinned down, smothered. She felt his rigid warmth pressing into her lower belly. Their bodies were in contact from shoulder to toe. She couldn't move or breathe then the beast eased up and held most of his weight with his arms.

His overdeveloped man breasts brush against Lindsey's milky white mounds and she felt a tingling in her already hard nipples. The Yowie's underbelly was less hairy than his back, sides, and head, the warmth that radiated from him was comforting against her cold naked flesh. The night and the night air was blocked by his warm, lank fur and hot body. Lindsey lifted her knees and rolled them outwards in acceptance as the bulky hips demanded room between her milky white thighs

The long lank tendrils of matted stinking hair enveloped her. She seemed almost oblivious now to his stench. Only her legs below the knees and her head near his powerful arm were visible. Lindsey made a feeble movement under the massive Big Foot but that was all.

Lindsey's arms appeared from under the beast's chest as his back arched. She retched at the smelly locks that whipped against her face as both his stench and his musk vied to control her feelings. He positioned his head in the hollow of her neck as he arced menacingly over the tiny girl. She thought she would vomit again but her belly was empty. The first nudge of the club-like penis tip startled her as the Yowie began a prodding search for her sleek open pussy.

Lindsey whimpered as the penis rubbed along her distended folds her slit now totally parted and inviting. In many ways, it felt nice and she responded to the touch as only a woman can. The Yowie had opened her fleshy petals like a gorgeous flower when he had licked her.

The beast rubbed his ample chest against Lindsey's tender breasts. The secreting man nipples of the Yowie covered the girl with his marker scent from the glans of his chest.

Then with short searching pushes of his hips, he forced his shaft hard against her resisting vagina. He knew he was close to her soft, warm portal. His heavy club-like penis slid along her smooth wet groove, She whimpered. A slight adjustment and he poked at her again, In an instant, his bulbous penis head sank into the girls clutching warmth.

Lindsey gasped loudly then groaned and tried to beat her hands against the Yowie's shoulders in protest. So lank and tangled was the fur that the flailing arms were soon entangled in his long greasy mass.

Her eyes were closed tightly now and her head shook vigorously as the Big Foot worked his hips with gentle pressure, sinking uncomfortably deeper into the tiny girl with each short jab.

Lindsey groaned and gurgled into the rank neck fur while she tried to keep her mouth shut for fear of catching some of the smelly locks between her teeth. As the beast berried deeper into Lindsey her legs lifted and her heels locked over the beast's furry thigh.

The slight change of angle to her vagina allowed him to slide easily the rest of the way into her. Easy it may have been uncomfortable it was. The Yowie's swinging balls slapped into Lindsey's behind and for a moment the beast held himself hard against the girl's crotch adjusting to her tight demanding sheath then slowly, deliberately he partially withdrew.

Lindsey felt the Penis crown rubbing against her sensitive inner walls as the beast made tiny thrusts before it again plunged deeply back into her depths. The Yowie was trembling and growling incessantly. The tiny girl became afraid as she felt his body vibrating against hers and he was drawing her hardback onto his throbbing, plunging shaft. Lindsey felt helpless and afraid.

Still wanting and needing to possess the little female totally the rutting beast drew himself upward over her and deeper still into her pussy. Lindsey cried out once as the penis touched her sensitive spot deep inside. Then she gurgled with pleasure and pain as the beast set up a regular rhythm of plunging and slow withdrawals. He was powerful and vigorous and he had bred before. This was the tiniest female by far but she felt so tight and firm and wanton as he rolled over her like a wave.

In the camp, The undergraduate on watch heard the noise as did several others but a glance at each other, and then the computers that were monitoring the sensors told them it was probably a night bird on the wing.

The tiny body of the girl under the Yowie was on the edge. Her nerve ends tingled. Her vision blurred and she barely held on to consciousness as the beast worked the bulbous head of his prick steadily inside her pussy.

Lindsey began responding to the beast's steady fucking. It was not a deliberate response but a reflex response. She lifted her bent legs gradually higher and they straightened, slowly, tightly pointing to the rising moon as he plunged into her hidden depths. Occasional the twitching of her legs indicated that the beast was giving her some pleasure than when the twitches stopped, she quivered, just a slight shiver of movement. Lindsey's legs stiffened and stretched, the beast held himself still. He was puzzled by the sudden tiny vibrations that shook the little female's body. He stopped fucking and lay over her heavily but still, she shook

For many seconds the beast did not move. Lindsey trembled, Then her toes curled, muscles cramped and her legs throbbed and shook uncontrollably. Her entire body shuddered violently. The beast and made a howling bark and Lindsey gave several gurgling screams. Her vagina clutched down savagely in pulsing surges onto the Yowie's invading member bringing the beast close to his orgasm.

The expedition party down the slope again looked up. No other sound was heard and the computers still not registering anything. the Professor grinned and declared it a mating bull Koala.

"Just a randy bull Koala looking for his mate folks." he declared and everyone relaxed but some were puzzled.

"It sounded so human," a concerned Michelle observed.

"It did at that, those bull Koalas sound pretty loud in the bush. Most of the time is just a rumbling chesty grunt but occasionally it can be a repeated scream like someone calling out a high pitched Ohhwaaaa over and over" The professor answered

Even as her orgasm subsided, the Yowie's penis end was expanding, flaring and pushing firmly against the walls of the girl's vaginal glove. The flaring crown covered her cervix sealing her vagina to retain his seed.

The sensation was sudden and uncomfortably pleasant for Lindsey who was breathing heavily. The glow of her orgasm was still with her when she felt the beast's testicles surge against her behind, it tickled her hypersensitive body. Then his tightly fitting penis shaft pulsed hard then pulsed again. The Yowie heaved himself hard against the tiny women beneath him brutally in an attempt to spurt his seed as deep as possible. It was simply an instinctive action.

Lindsey could feel the spreading warmth deep in her belly as the sticky slime began to flood into her. The swollen, flared tip blocking most of the semen from escaping. Lindsey groaned with resignation and her eyes teared up knowing that the beast had ejaculated his seed into her belly.

The Yowie was breathing hard. He groaned and grunted as he rolled his hips hard against Lindsey's wide-open groin. His penis gradually stopped pumping. The powerful jerking pulses as they diminished also decreased in power.

The Yowie stud remained inside his tiny mate even after he stopped ejaculating. Lindsey would learn that whenever possible Yowie's remained inside the female for as long as possible to ensure a successful mating.

Lindsey felt the spasms and jerks of the penis come to a stop and absently wondered at the amount of Yowie seed she had taken. Her belly felt tight.

Lindsey just lay there ravished and stunned, sickened. Her reeling senses slowly returning to normal, including her sense of smell. The beast vile odor, which had decreased as her primal needs were stimulated, now began to assail her olfactory senses once more. What had she done, why had she succumbed. She wasn't raped, not really. She had surrendered to her own needs, but why had she? her mind cried out in despair.

Seconds then minutes passed. The Yowie's tense body slowly relaxed and became unbearably heavy. Lindsey was uncomfortable and found breathing hard.

The Yowie in the afterglow of his success was reflecting on what he had done. He had put his seed inside the human women and he was pleased. For a long time, he had stalked this human female who enticed him in many ways. Now he had possessed her and mated her. He took two deep gulps of air filling his lungs before he lifted his head and arched his body, then howled. The howl came from deep within and resonated to every part of his body and into Lindsey to whom he was still embedded. He was declaring to any Yowie within earshot he had successfully taken a mate.

Lindsey could feel the vibrations of the terrifying howl. It penetrates deep into her body arousing and scaring her. Instinctively she knew what this beast was doing. It was the Yowie howl of victory. Her groin reflexively clenched on the shrinking penis.

As his howled continued the Yowie stiffened more and more. Lindsey became afraid for the first time since the Yowie first appeared. The howl went on and on and on. His penis hardened suddenly then

another surge of seed sprayed into Lindsey's belly.

The camp was now on high alert, some even afraid but still the computer showed that the perimeter had not been breached. All eyes turned to the professor who for the first time looked concerned. He turned to David for help. Like the others, David had thought that the sounds they had heard could be Owls or Koalas but this was a strange noise and very close to camp.

It was like nothing David, an experienced bushman and Yowie hunter had heard before but he knew by instinct that it had to be a Yowie.

"I think we had better check on Lindsey Professor, I have never heard the like of that before. It must be a Yowie and the howl, if that describes that sound, came from that direction" David answered the unasked question of the academic.

"Pass the flashlight please." The professor asked, still no one had moved they were stunned and afraid.

As the howl drew to a close Lindsey was trembling visibly. Her ears ringing with the howl. The Yowie looked down at the girl he had just mated and turned his head first one way then the other, listening.

Lindsey just looked back at the beast then down at her exposed belly with the penis of the beast inside still. Just some minutes before the Yowie had held her in his big hairy hands.

With no further response than the glassy-eyed stare from the female, the Yowie eased slowly from between the girl's spread legs. As he came to his knees he slithered easily from Lindsey's gaping pussy with a squishy plop.

His partly softened penis was thick and angry looking, though not huge by any means, with thick purple veins that stood out making it look bumpy against the soft pink of the glistening implement.

The head was still partly flared just like a horse's penis might be. Lindsey watched wide-eyed, heart racing as the Yowie finally stood away from her. Just as the first beam of light from the camp flashed into the trees the Yowie was relieving himself only inches from Lindsey's feet.

Lindsey yelled as she drew her feet away from the Yowie's stream.

For just a second the Yowie looked startled as several more flashlights joined the first, their beams swinging in all directions in the rising fog. The noise of people running focused the Big Foot's thoughts. He wheeled about and in an instant had disappeared into the brush. Flashes from several of the fixed camera lights signaled that the beast had broken the infrared beams in his haste to leave.

Lindsey sat with her knees raised clutching herself staring in the direction that the Yowie had taken.

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## **Part Two**

"Lindsey, Lindsey girl... are you Okay? What happened the puffing professor asked breathlessly? Was it the Yowie?" The questions came quickly from the anxious professor.

Lindsey, stunned, vacant, just looked at him for many seconds before she eventually spoke, "Yes it was professor it was the Yowie. The alarms what happened to the alarms" She spoke in a little voice.

David came up to the shivering girl, looked at the professor then hunched down taking the corner of

the blanket she was sitting on and covered her nakedness.

"He is truly worried you know, we all are," it was clear that David guessed what had happened from his actions the way he glanced at the shiny, dark, wet patch on the blanket, but he needed confirmation from her.

"So are you Ok or not? Just what did happen love? We are not prying my lovely but you must tell us, we are really worried about you?" Lindsey stared off into the scrub vacantly.

David waited but Lindsey didn't reply so he finally stood up and joined the boys looking around the area that was supposed to be monitored by the trip wires, motion sensors and infrared beams, then he returned.

"None of the security was broken, Lindsey. The first warning that we had of something being wrong here was your scream" David stared at the vile-smelling young woman who trembled, partly from the cold but mostly from shock.

"Lindsey, what happened?" David was more insistent this time as he reached out and caught both of the girls' shoulders and shook her gently, looking deep into her eyes as he did.

Lindsey began to sob, "He was here all the time David, just there and...and he...David he, he...mated me, he fucked me, David, fucked me." the last six words she almost spat at the Man in front of her.

"He raped you?"

"No! he didn't rape me, David, he didn't have to. Well he did, but it wasn't like that at all, I didn't resist, I let him, that musky smell David, I couldn't help it I wanted him to," Lindsey sounded confused, hesitant and her words were slurred.

"I let him Fuck me. I knew what was happening and I wanted him to, I honestly did. I really did, David. That dirty smelly beast, can you imagine? I let him put his thing inside me and spurt his seed into me, See," she drew a hand from between her thighs and spread her fingers that were webbed by a creamy slim.

"I could not stop him I didn't want to stop him. I wanted him to fuck me. It's that smell, that musky smell and those eyes when you are close to them they are hypnotic David. I wanted him to fuck me so bad" tears streamed down her cheeks and Lindsey's body was racked with shuddering sobs. She felt an unexplainable shame from what had happened to her.

David continued to hold her by the shoulder before one of the girls came over to join them. David signalled her to sit with the distraught girl while he went to join the professor who was downloading pictures from the cameras in a business-like manner. He was total, research-focused about everything. Not uncaring, but absorbed in what he saw as vital research.

A few hours later the camp was lit up by a roaring log fire. The pictures had been viewed. Lindsey had composed herself. She had cleaned herself up as best as she could by bathing in the freezing water of the mountain stream to remove the smell of the Yowie. She had limited success as the Yowie Musk was a durable scent that would take days to remove, as it was intended as a marker scent of ownership. Lindsey was marked by the scent of the beast. She was the beasts.

When Lindsey returned from the stream, in the company of the two undergraduate females, the professor had a look of disappointment on his face as he flicked through images on his laptop. David handed Lindsey a warm mug of coffee.

"Thanks, David."

"Feeling better?" David asked and Lindsey gave him a long sustained look. Would men ever understand?

"A bit," she replied tersely.

Lindsey was feeling more composed as the shock wore off, the cold water had helped. The sharp, lingering Yowie odor didn't seem to bother Lindsey or, oddly enough, Michelle, as much as it did the others.

Both Lindsey and Michelle acknowledged the repugnant pungent smell was different and perhaps unpleasant to many, certainly, most of the people here thought it was. The girls understood how the others felt but both of them found it sickly but not unpleasant, more arousing.

It was something all three girls had discussed while Lindsey washed in the stream. Was it a girl thing she wondered? No probably not as Vanessa seemed to find the smell as repulsive as the men. So why did Michelle and herself not feel that way? Something to consider, she thought absently.

Lindsey looked at the puzzled professor and found herself more than a little curious. Taking a deep breath to suppress her confused feelings she went to the dejected professor. For a while, neither one spoke then Lindsey cleared her throat.

"Can I see the pictures, Professor." He handed the laptop to her without saying a word. Immediately Lindsey saw why the man was disappointed. The Yowie had been moving so fast when he left Lindsey that the pictures were all blurred. Now, she also felt dejected. Had what had happened had been in vain?

Lindsay, arms folded across her chest, crouched near the Professor while he went through the rest of the surveillance with her. The best of the pictures came from the live video which did have some clearer enough images, but these were taken with a night vision lens turned on the camera. However, without lighting, they were not overly helpful.

"We're no further ahead are we Professor,"

"No, we won't convince anyone with these. There is plenty of fake stuff out there that looks just like this," he sounded despondent as he closed the computer. Then he shook himself out of his self-centred disappointment.

"Oh I'm sorry Lindsey, how are you feeling?" He paused and Lindsey saw that in his way he was showing genuine concern. "I would not have put you into harm's way, not for one minute, if I had thought that you may have been ravished. You know that, don't you?" She shuddered at the word ravished but tried to compose herself.

"I volunteered Professor no one could have predicted that the Yowie would remain inside the perimeter while we set things up," she accepted some of the blame and she was surprised at her composure after what had happened to her.

"No," the professor paused, "no of course we didn't, we should have but we did not," he said absently. Then both he and Lindsey looked up at the same time. "Yes of course! Of course, he is always close, dam it all?" the Professor became excited.

"He's close even now, isn't he professor? Probably watching us. There is something about me

making him take risks, to... to have sex with me," she shivered visibly.

"Yes...yes of course he is watching us, he is and he always has been watching us closely, ever since we left the house," the professor mused, "but mostly watching you, most certainly watching you. I don't think he is very far away, at any time, not while you are still here. He won't let you out of his sight for very long, You are now his mate I am sorry to say. Because of that, we all must be alert. He may become aggressive to get to you. He may see the rest of us as a threat. He could try to abduct you."

Lindsey shuddered. She was oddly not afraid of being abducted. She didn't agree with the professor on that. The Yowie didn't seem to be aggressive at all. She may be wrong but she just had that feeling. Slowly, she looked around, not expecting to see anything but she looked anyway.

"You know professor the Yowie smells bad and looked fearsome but I don't think they are at all aggressive."

"We can't be sure of that at all Lindsey, we must assume the worst of it after all it is a wild creature." he was being the typical opinionated professor at that moment.

"Will we get a second chance, to get better photos Professor, I mean more convincing photos?" Lindsey asked out of deference to his superior knowledge but she felt she knew better on this score.

"I believe he will show himself when he thinks he can, yes?" the professor acknowledged.

Lindsey was not sure if she wanted the creature to show itself at all. Not for her safety, she was confident she was not going to be hurt, but for the Yowie's safety. Hopefully, she thought, it will now remain hidden and safe.

"I think he will come again if encouraged but maybe even without encouragement. The group waited at the campsite for two more days going out in small groups to search for him from sun up until sundown but no sight or sound of a Yowie was detected.

" We need to change our tactics, this is simply not working and I know he is here, I feel it in my bones," The professor announced on the evening of the second day to David and Lindsey, "It will require better preparation, we must be much better prepared than we were last time if we take the risk again," Lindsey frowned at the unstated, (if you take the risk) suggestion of the professor. After a long pause, the professor again spoke,

"Lindsey, this is a personal question, I realise that and apologise in advance, but I will ask it anyway. Do you know what part of your monthly cycle you are on? " He flushed red and Lindsey did as well. She had an idea where this was going.

"I have never thought about it, how does it go... I am most fertile twelve or fourteen days before my next period, is that right professor?" Lindsey's was looking down and her brow creased in concentration.

"Yes, I believe it is something like that if your cycle is regular."

"It is... mostly it is 29 days," she blushed at telling these men something so personal, "give or take a day, on occasions, but mostly 29 days." Lindsey paused as she did a quick calculation. " She then looked up, best guess Professor is I am thirteen or fourteen maybe fifteen days from the start of my next period. Lindsey felt ill. How stupid was she thought in a panic?

The Professor said nothing for a long time as he scratched his chin subsiding into deep thought. Then looking up slowly he said rather absently.

"That smelly bugger knows you are ovulating, I am certain of that. In beast terms, you are in heat and he can smell you, humans can't smell a woman like an animal can smell their females receptive period, well not too well, but he most definitely can tell when you are fertile, I am sure of that now. I haven't yet decided if this creature is an animal or a Homo Sapien but either way he must have a highly developed sense of smell, much like many animals.

He can find your aroma over a long distance I believe, he has shown that ability. Maybe he is close to the Homo Sapien family. In his appearance and the bipedal movement he is, but there is, maybe, a lot more in his makeup, perhaps a leaning to Neanderthal. It is that evidence that we need," Now started, the professor continued,

"In the past, research has determined that there is enough evidence present to suggest that sex between early modern humans and the Neanderthals was not a rare event. Evidence gleaned from DNA has been mounting up in recent times. The evidence is in the genomes of present-day populations around the world. There are tell-tale signs that cross-species mating must have happened on many separate occasions and," he paused before continuing, "and across a wide geographical area as well, across all the continents. Maybe these Yowie and other Bigfoot species are from another compatible branch of the tree." He lapsed back into thought leaving Lindsey to ponder her own newly acquired thoughts.

She didn't know how she felt about this Yowie hunt now. The vaginal swab taken by Michelle at the insistence of the professor two evenings ago, before she had bathed was going to show clearly what this creature truly was. Those forensic people are dammed clever at doing things like that when that semen swab is tested.

Lindsey's greatest concern was that when the creature got close to her his musk messed up her mind in such a way that it had been her wanting, no, she corrected, needing to be mated. It was as if she couldn't think for herself when under the influence of the Yowie musk. Although, the Yowie, by any human measure, was a gross, foul-smelling creature with no sex appeal at all she somehow found herself needing to be mated by him.

He was not present at the moment but he had stamped her with his musk that lingered still after two days. She guessed, while fertile, she would remain under the influence of that breeding musk. It was some sort of olfactory aphrodisiac that made her a needful and willing mate to the beast. For a long time that night, Lindsey found sleep elusive.

The next morning the valley was shrouded in a heavy fog. Without the advantage of the early morning sun, the group was struggling to keep warm while eyeing Lindsey with sympathy and awe. The fire that had burned through the night was rekindled. This was a state forest and lighting fires were frowned upon, no probably, almost certainly prohibited. But with fog cover, the fire lookouts in the fire tower on the high peaks would not be able to detect smoke in these conditions.

"Lindsey," the professor looking bright and scholarly, this morning, as he approached the tired girl, "I am sickened by what happened to you last time but if we are going to pull this venture off we need you to take one more risk." He was looking Lindsey in the eyes earnestly, "That Yowie seems to be infatuated with you, you accept that?" She nodded, "I suspect that if we tried to lure him in close enough today, in daylight, then we could get some great pictures, good ones, and recordings as well as video. The daylight will help us. What do you think?"



Lindsay had already given the situation some thought overnight and had realised that despite their fearsome size, horrific looks and vile, sickening smell the Yowie was not at all aggressive toward her. He hadn't been to this point anyway. That aside, she realised that while she carried his sickly musk on her skin and while ever it remained on her she accepted that she was inexplicably drawn to the beast.

She suspected that there were very few Yowie females in the small population that existed. It had to be a small population otherwise there would have been more sightings and a lot more physical evidence of their presence to be seen and found.

She guessed the male population was being forced to search beyond their own species to mate. Maybe this was not a conscious plan by them but it was happening. and that was dangerous for the Yowie as well as the unsuspecting human females.

Yes, that made sense to her, otherwise, the male Yowie would not now be taking the risks that their species, as a whole, seem to have avoided in the past. In a way, she thought, that was sad. Unless this was just a rogue Yowie, alone and desperate for a mate, that could be the case of course.

"I knew this was coming Professor, but as we decided last night I am ovulating and I am not as sure now as I may have been" She replied then took a deep breath. She was going to agree she knew but she was afraid of what she would be over-committing herself both physically and emotionally as well.

"There is one thing I would like to make clear before I agree to use my body as bait again. If we do get good pictures this time, I want to keep any that show me naked or in a compromising position, regardless of how good they may be of the Yowie." he considered the ultimatum for a time before replying

"Yes, of course, I understand, that's not a problem, quite reasonable in fact. I hope to get many good Yowie photos to satisfy everyone concerned," He agreed, "However, please understand that having come this far and we need you and only you, without you and your condition to draw the Yowie into the open, contact with the Yowie will probably never happen." I know we have a better understanding now of why the Yowie has been drawn to you. Although there is more to understand much more.

"Professor there is one more thing, we must also have to check that the other girls to make sure that they are not taking unnecessary risks." Lindsey had worried over this point last evening. She suspected that Michelle was close to, or perhaps even ovulating as well. This might account for her being less intolerant of the Yowie aroma.

"Of course we must, yes indeed, only the right thing to do," so many things to think about he muttered then continued, "After the last fiasco, I should not be asking this of you, but I have considered, in detail, everything that could happen within the limitations of my understanding of the beast, I believe that I think that I have but there is always some risk."

The Professor turned to the group without pausing. "Now this is what we will do. The four boys will head out. Up the valley toward Wild dog mountains, you will keep moving in that direction for two hours, no more, then return. Keep your eyes open as we have been doing and smell the breeze chaps that's the best indication. However, I suspect the Yowie is watching us at this minute and I want him to think we are searching for him, give him enough confidence to approach the camp with safety without being confronted by what he may see as many rivals. Not knowing how much this creature understands about people and their gender we must err on the safe side as far as the experiment goes, for Lindsey's sake."

"Now before you men go we will set up the cameras but no tripwires this time. The Yowie knows about them and it would be a waste of time putting things down that he will avoid with ease. Have to give him credit for critical observation until we know otherwise. Just infrared beams will do and point them closer in toward the camp, not away from it. We want to be sure that he isn't inside our perimeter as he was the other evening and if the cunning bugger is, we want to see him as soon as we can. David and I will look around while you are setting up."

"Michelle and Vanessa will provide observation of the camp, just up there girls," He turned and pointed to a deadfall on the slope, "that's a good line of sight, you will both have radios and field glasses, so use them, stay vigilant. Don't wait too long to call us when things start to happen ladies. David and I will move upslope and get someplace behind your position," he inclined his head toward David, "perhaps another sixty meters behind should do it," David nodded agreement, "We do not want to be bunched up and give the impression of this being a trap. However, we will be ready when called in. I think the cunning bugger is already inside our safe perimeter anyway. It is no accident that all Bigfoot creatures, all over the world, have kept hidden and mythical. Their skill at concealment is beyond reproach."

Lindsey agreed with the professor, up to a point, but had some reservations. She knew that the likelihood of this succeeding was good but, she got the impression the previous evening that the Yowie had a sharp intellect as well as the obvious high degree of bush cunning. If he was watching she felt sure he would know what was being done. He would know this was a trap, she was sure.

To get the best pictures of the beast the professor would have to get reasonably close so he was going to need enough time to get close to the creature. An early warning of the beasts' presence, if he came, from the two girls on the lookout, was vital.

The Yowie focus was Lindsey, she knew that, and sure she knew now knew why. She was a receptive female at the moment and that was maybe all that was needed to draw him to her. Her tummy gave a little flutter of excitement.

Was the Yowie an animal of some kind or Homo Sapien with an abundance of animal instincts? She wasn't sure of that. There were similarities to humans but also differences in physical things like his genitals, his long arms, the canine-like teeth, his feet, paws and more. until they understood the Yowie better no one would be sure what it was.

There was something else she should be thinking about, she frowned something important and it now hit her suddenly.

Oh! God, what was she thinking, Something that she had not thought about before that's what. Lindsey felt physically ill. No, it couldn't happen she desperately rationalised.

The Yowie must be some kind of animal. It simply had to be. An animal cant get women pregnant. But was it an animal? Or was it another branch of the Homo Sapiens family as the professor speculated?

If it was then...No... no her mind screamed but her disjointed thoughts kept saying Yes ...yes... yes. It was too late to back out now. Did that crafty old Professor realise the possible consequences? Lindsey suspected yes. The hairs on the back of her neck prickled and her stomach churned, she felt sick. There was a probable consequence to this search after all.

Animal or Homo Sapien, having mated her once would the Yowie try again if given the chance? The answer was easy enough and that was almost certainly Yes. Would the professor, David and the girls chase him away if he tried, Would she resist.

"Dam it there are too many if's that the professor had not thought about.

The beast was being drawn to her as animals will be enticed when the opportunity to mate is presented. It's a powerful emotion. The creature had explored her delights as they say. If delights they were. Would it be enough incentive for him to disregard the risks, as he had done last evening, one more time?

Lindsey began to realise, with a sinking feeling, a deep sense of despair and desperation. She had to go through with this now, she simply had to know more about the Yowie, the wheels had been set in motion. There was an element of not wanting to let people down but, ultimately, it was her body at stake no one else. However, to turn back from this chance of discovery would be unthinkable. The confused girl shook her head to dispel the negative thoughts. If a bait worm could think would this be how it felt while on the hook?

For now, she just wanted to prove that the beast existed, she had to do that and she had to be prepared to take a risk. Her body had been violated once, twice would be uncomfortable but not too difficult to cope with. She was a tough sister, she told herself.

That was a silly thought she felt angry at herself for thinking such a thing but somewhere deep down inside her, she hoped the creature would come to her again. That overpowering musk, the way it made her body feel and respond was playing with her mind now. She felt as a young female animal might feel, reluctant but compelled. It was simply a primal instinct, but it was how she felt when his musk clouded her senses.

If their chromosomes were compatible all the x's and y's lined up then she was going to be made pregnant. It was far too late for those concerns now, that job was likely already done. The idea of a beast baby forming in her belly made her shudder but a shadow of a smile also crossed her face for the briefest of moments as well.

Animals seemed to get it right the first time, don't they, Lindsey thought? there was less chance of missing in the animal world. Her head was spinning and her gut was in knots. However, she had already crossed the Rubicon last time without realising it, she rationalised, now she was determined to prove the doubters wrong. If this was what it took to do that then it had to be.

The images and especially the smells of the first evening flashed through her mind. The thought of the earth-shattering orgasm under the smelly beast aroused her all over again. Unbeknown to Lindsey by becoming horny she was already sending stronger signals out on the breeze, her receptive calling card. Those secretions were just another lure to the Yowie's highly developed sense of smell.

An hour later, with the fog lifting eerily through the foliage she sensed more than a hint of rain in the air. All arrangements complete, the young men had left the camp. The Professor waited until Michelle and Vanessa were in place before he and David moved further up the slope. Lindsey was alone.

The Professor had been right about the Yowie's presence near the camp. Not thirty yards from the fire the beast was concealed in a thick mat of leaf litter watching, planning, sniffing the air for his new mate.

Under the leaf litter the concealed Bigfoot seemed overly agitated, his nostrils flared and his eyes darted from side to side. He seemed to be looking for something, something that worried him, something that was a threat.

Things grew quiet with everyone taking their allotted places and settling in to watch and wait. In the camp Lindsey looked hard into the thick vegetation that surrounded her, seeking what she knew was there. Unable to see anything Lindsey sighed deeply. Resignedly she listlessly got close to the almost dead fire to shed her clothing. She stood quietly reflecting with her hand cupping her belly as a pregnant woman would, but was she? It was unlikely, she hoped once more.

The cold air on her warm naked skin made her shiver violently and sneeze. Lindsey hugged herself tightly trying to preserve her body warmth while, at the same time, she felt invigorated by her naked freedom.

The fire had died down to a few odd glowing embers and was useless in providing warmth. Lindsey nevertheless sought the meagre warmth of the fire for comfort but the dying coals offered little. As she hugged herself and sat down by the faintly glowing embers Lindsey looked about for the Yowie, she knew he must be near.

The breeze that had just kicked up as the fog began to waft and filter upward through the lower foliage and disburse. A faint hint of fetid Yowie scent floated into the camp on the breeze. It wasn't strong, it hadn't been there a short time ago Lindsey was sure but neither had the breeze.

"Where are you, you devil you are up there somewhere dam it, I'm freezing, make a move dame you," Lindsey mumbled under her breath as she looked upwind but saw nothing.

Then from the corner of her eye, as she had turned, a faint movement from a short way down the slope, in the opposite direction to that of the Yowie smell caught Lindsay's attention. She stood up, naked and elf-like in the rising mist, to see better. Lindsey continued to look into the misty undergrowth for some time in the direction of the movement.

It's funny how you notice these things best from your peripheral vision she thought. Her brow creased, a puzzled look crossed her face. It wasn't the direction that the Yowie smell was coming from so she decided it must have been a low branch moving or maybe a small animal scuttling away brushing against brush when it did.

Moments later the pungent smell seemed a little stronger or was the breeze stronger? Lindsey was not sure which it was. Out here alone the bush can play tricks with your senses.

The stench was coming from up the slope, she was certain about that, and it was floating in on the breeze. She glanced back to where she thought she had seen the movement. The Yowie couldn't move that quick between two paces in opposite directions so it wasn't the Yowie moving the brush. Lindsey shook her head and shuddered with cold. It was confusing, a movement downslope and a distinct smell from up the slope drifting in on the wind.

The stench was getting stronger as she was thinking. She was aware their smell did linger for some time, but no one had smelled the smell for two days, except on her. If what she had seen downslope was a Yowie he was on the move down there and if it was a Yowie smell coming downslope then there wasn't just one Yowie. "Oh! Dam it," she almost cried with frustration.

Lindsey knew she had seen something move and was equally sure that it was not small. She strained to detect any movement from among the trees and shrubs. Minutes passed and when nothing else moved Lindsey sat back down, close to the fires weak red glow.

The concealed Yowie, seeing the naked girl sitting, wriggled out from under the thick leaf litter and slid quietly toward her. What disturbed him a lot was the immediate presence of another Yowie, and he knew that scent well. He couldn't delay a moment now. The female was his and he had to fuck

her again, to be sure that he had impregnated her before any other rival arrived to claim her.

He knew now that the rival Yowie had smelled the female's pungent Sex Pheromones that the girl was giving off and he sensed that more than one rival already had got her scent. The female odour was very strong, stronger today than it had been two moons ago.

There were a few rivals in the valley and the number of males both young and old outnumbered the available females. There were other females in the labyrinth of valleys but not in this valley. He had found this little one some time ago and had kept a close watch on her waiting for her to come in heat again.

Then he had finally taken her. He hadn't mated for a long long time and his seed was both abundant and potent. His groin had ached for release. The Yowie had finally been able to join with her and unloaded his copious cum into the tiny female.

She had his seed inside her right now but he needs to be sure she was with his child before any other Yowie took her to them, and they would if they got a chance.

In his time in concealment, he had noted where the other two women were and knew they were both watching this camp. He also smelled one of the other females and suspected she was also coming into heat. So powerful was his senses that he knew it was the one with dark hair that was giving off just a suggestion of breeding pheromones. She would have to be explored later, right now the one by the fire was naked and ready to be mated.

It was not natural for humans to be without their cloth covering and he wondered why, was she getting prepared to mate? Was this how they signalled all of the males in the vicinity perhaps? That's what Yowie females do. So why shouldn't a human female behave this way? Well maybe she was and he was the closest male at this moment. The faint whirring of a concealed camera went unnoticed in the rising breeze that ruffled the leaves of the thick bush. The rustling leaves created just enough background noise to mask the increasingly busy camera noise.

Lindsey grew confused, she smelled the very strong Yowie odour. It was quite close, just up the slope from her, she was sure about that, but she could see nothing. Dam these creatures, they could hide in the open it seemed. She felt a rising excitement in her loins. Down the slope, something moved and she turned, It was the Yowie. The shivering girl was almost relieved.

"Your back!" she said lamely as the beast boldly approached her long arms swinging. His penis was clear of his sheath and growing. He was fearless, confident in his actions but he seemed to be overly alert, and he should be.

The Yowie knelt beside the Lindsey. It was extremely clear what he wanted. She hadn't got a clear look at the beast last evening but now in the daylight, he was a disgusting tangle of matted red/brown fur. His penis was extending from its yellow-stained sheath as she watched. They were peculiar appendages, she observed, not like any male human she had seen or had seen pictures of. It resembled nothing she had ever seen. It wasn't overly long she thought, actually she hadn't enough experience to compare, it was long enough she supposed, with a flattened mushroom crown that was bulbous, much thicker than the shaft that seemed to be a consistent thickness for its full length.

The air was full of confusing Yowie smells. Body and musk vying for dominance but there was more, different smell's, the same but different. She looked about her appearing scared, as she was. Her intuition told her there was another Yowie someplace close.

Had the girls seen him approach? Lindsey hoped so or did she. That compelling smell once more had

her confused. She had been fucked by this creature, well she thought it was this creature, but it had been almost dark when it happened, so it was hard to tell. All Yowie must look-alike she supposed. Now she was about to be ravished once again. She watched the beast with wide-eyed anticipation.

Then the sound of feet thudding from up the slope, snapping twigs and voices told Lindsey that the girls had been alert, help was at hand. That could only be the Professor and David maybe the girls as well. The Yowie sprang back and he made to turn, to retreat then paused, and stopped. Just to his right stood another Yowie perhaps taller by a good 15cm. Lindsey's heart gave a massive thump in her chest when she saw the newcomer.

By the bulk of the new arrival and the streaks of grey in the matted fur, this boy was older and more powerful-looking than Number One. He too was most certainly a boy, with large scrotum hung heavily. He was an impressive specimen Lindsey observed.

This newcomer seemed agitated, confused, unsure of what he saw. He expected a female Yowie but this was a naked human. He hadn't come closer than the edge of the clearing for the moment. Seeing the hesitancy, Number One Yowie crouched and took up a threatening pose ignoring the humans who were careering down the slope behind him.

For an instant Lindsey expected a fight between the two males but even as the new arrival began to make threatening sounds toward Number One the Professor, David and the girls burst into the camp clearing puffing hard.

Both Yowie was startled and edgy but neither one retreated. The fur-less female was in heat they both knew that. She was a more powerful incentive than either one of the Yowie's fear of humans.

None of the humans looked threatening, both Yowie observed, two were slender, and looked like juvenile females but may be older but they couldn't tell humans were strange creatures.

Both of the Yowie turned to face the new arrivals. Yowie prefers to stay out of sight but with two males interested in the lone female they weren't going to be backing off. It was a male thing. The professor and his group also stood their ground. For more than a minute there was a face-off broken only when Number One moved back to Lindsey's side, challenging the other Yowie, with bared teeth and a snarl as he did.

The new arrival was uncertain, confused shifting feet nervously. He smelled a female in heat, but she was hairless and strange and now the other humans, all with human covering, had appeared. He had avoided humans all his life, up till now, but he was aware that humans wore rags, he had seen many such creatures, wearing coverings of all de\*\*\*\*\*ions this made the uncovered one all the more strange and ugly to him.

This female looked tiny and frail. However, she was certainly a female, strongly in heat. As ugly as she appeared he had a driving need to breed her. For two days he had been prowling close to here after he had heard the successful copulation call of Number One Yowie. He had smelled humans so didn't come too close. However, this morning the powerful smell of a female in heat had drawn him to this camp. Now looking upon the female who both attracted and repulsed him, her tiny naked body hid nothing, he was unsure.

Lindsey observed that the new arrival had a distinctive grey moustache and beard to match. He made a move toward her, and Number One who was on his knees at Lindsey side, stroking her hip, snarled a threat.

Perhaps because of the human presence, Grey Beard backed up again. Lindsey was sure he wasn't

afraid of Number One and oddly this excited her. She was aroused by the blended Yowie musk and her arousal had further inflamed the breeding urges of the Yowie.

The presence of the older more dominant male Yowie had made Lindsey feel rather queer and gooey. She felt her groin become creamy as her primal female response of needing to mate with the strongest male became urgent.

She had no emotional commitment to the Yowie. Of course, she didn't, she was still rational enough to know that. However, this was not emotion this was a basic need enhanced by the musk of the Yowie males.

They in turn wanted to breed her and the push-pull of a female in heat and the aphrodisiac of Yowie musk was a chaotic situation. If it came to a fight the winner would be her next mate and she didn't care which one it would be. After all the strongest male was most desirable of mates. The Yowie musk was making her think crazy thoughts in a very nonhuman way, she knew that, but couldn't help it.

"Jesus Christ why am I thinking like this" she hissed, "I don't want to be fucked by either one of these brutes." she hadn't realised that in the fear and excitement of the moment she was responding like her primal sister might when they were in heat. Her pussy was distended and glistening. Number one hadn't missed the budding flower between her thighs and the slight pulses of her groin. His penis was bobbing and strained as he closed on the female always watching Number Two who was showing clear signs of arousal as well.

Although repulsed Grey Beard was no less aroused by her scent. Lindsey's eyes were flicking from one Yowie to the other and her excitement grew. Never in her life had she been fought over. Her lower body ached, her heart raced. It was dangerous but exciting.

While Number One made threatening growls that were almost verbal toward both Grey Beard and the professor's group. Lindsey watched, trembling, scared but prepared. Butterflies churned in her tummy as she looked from one male to the other then back to Number One. She looked across, warning the Professors group with a frown and a shake of her head.

She then turned to the Grey bearded one and trembled. There was something about him that aroused her even more than she was already. Lindsey whimpered as she caught herself now hoping that there might be a fight over her and that Grey Beard would win. Unfortunately, Grey Beard, although painfully aroused seemed unwilling to fight at that moment.

Then shaking her head to clear her crazy thoughts Lindsey refocused as best she could. The Professor and David were both taking photos and the Grey Beard though still agitated and growling, seemed more settled.

Satisfied that neither the professor nor Grey Beard was making a move Lindsey lay back slowly on the camp rug. Then very slowly, almost wantonly she spread herself, submitting herself to Number One.

She wasn't sure, that allowing Number One to fuck her was going to prevent a fight. She wasn't sure how she felt about that. It might precipitate a fight but... there were too many butts for the highly aroused girl to think clearly or rationally about.

Her body was screaming, under the influence of the Yowie's musk to be fucked. She hoped it would prevent a fight over her but she no longer cared. If there was a fight she may be hurt. She shivered with excitement and reached her hands toward the Yowie begging.

Number One played with Lindsey although he was distracted by Grey Beard's presence. She groaned as the smelly fur brushed her, smelt the wafts of his intoxicating musk that ooze out from his breast ducts and made her concerns decline and her needs magnify.

She was dripping, distended and swollen, she vaguely realised what was happening to her body all she knew was that she was exploding with a primal need. Her long slender legs were as wide as she could open herself. It must have looked disgusting to those watching, she vaguely realised, but she no longer cared. Number One's musk had her beyond light-headed. He pawed then sniffed her dripping pussy as he watched the older Grey Beard perhaps the alpha male certainly the elder male.

Lindsey was also watching Grey Beard and saw his excitement grow further to a shockingly impressive size, bounce jerkily slapping his belly, his large sack seemed to churn. Lindsey licked her lips wantonly at the powerful male display just yards from her face. Grey Beard moved closer, but not too close. If Number One didn't mount her quickly Grey Beard would surely take her after a fight she had no doubt. She bit her lower lip and moaned.

She wanted no fight over her pussy, not if it meant being hurt but the idea excited her all the same. She realised her thoughts were wandering. She wasn't going to resist she simply couldn't no matter which one fucked her, her groin clenched and throbbed.

Getting pregnant was no longer on her mind at that moment. She looked anxiously at Number One as he diddled her absentmindedly while watching Grey Beard then occasionally glancing toward the Professors group.

"Oh dame it for Christ sake do it," Lindsey begged. Lindsey's needs were at a fever pitch Number One seemed finally satisfied that he was no longer being challenged. He turned his attention back to Lindsey and began to stroke her as he had done the previous evening but she was already more than ready. With the de-escalation of tension Lindsey slowly relaxed. Lindsey cleared her throat and made an effort to compose herself and speak.

"It's Ok professor, it's ok, stay where you are don't provoke them. There's a lot of tension going on here and I'm in the middle of it" The Professor held his hands out as if blocking David and the girls from approaching, but he had no need to do so they were not that brave.

Lindsey looked at Grey Beard as Number One began to fondle her legs. Her nerves were screaming for relief.

"Oh god forget the foreplay, dam it," she almost screamed her frustration at Number One.

However, there seemed to be a ritual to fulfil and Number One was now paying most of his attention to what he was doing to the little female so open and ready before him. Grey Beard growled. Lindsey looked at him, he was perhaps closer now. His penis dribbled from the tip and his man breasts were oozing Yowie musk adding to the sensory overload that filled the air around Lindsey.

Number One still cast many nervous glances in the direction of his competitor. Would he interfere? It wasn't clear but he was perhaps too close now. Lindsey saw and felt the tension rise again. Her pussy crunched down on an invading digit, she moaned.

Lindsey raised her bottom slowly as the Yowie fondled her belly fur. Her knees eased even further apart begging. The Yowie's erection twitched and spilled a clear spray of fluid that landed on her cold belly. Then in an instant, the smelly beast seemed to glide between her thighs. He shot one last look at Grey Beard before easing into the saddle of Lindsey's receptive body.



The girl felt the first prod of the Big Foots heavy penis nob. She wasn't as fearful as she had been the last time, at least not of the sex. She knew she was able to cope with that, she was as prepared as any girl could be.

"Put it in me for gods sake she almost yelled with a trembling voice." When she said that she looked toward Grey Beard and ran her tongue around her open lips then provocatively bit her bottom lip

Lindsey was sure that she was going to have to accommodate this Grey Bearded beast as well before the morning was over. Number One also showing his tension and concern by not coming right down over Lindsey. He held himself up from her body with his powerful arms to allow himself to watch Grey Beards every move. His jerking hips kept prodding at the exposed pussy that grew wetter with accommodation. For maybe ten seconds he prodded before her before he pressed firmly into the girls spread vaginal flaps.

"Arrrh," Lindsey cried out with surprise as the nervous Yowie entered her rather abruptly. The large knobby head stretched her before slithering deep into her slippery portal.

Number One began his rhythmic strokes, rubbing the club like penis tip against Lindsey vaginal walls. The girl immediately felt the friction in her groin and it made her tingle and whimper.

Inspite of the situation, or perhaps because of it, Lindsey was highly aroused oblivious to everything but the beast possessing her. She was consumed by all the physical senses that the Yowie cock was delivering inside her. The friction built steadily as his hips drove relentlessly in and out.

"Professor we should do something," David implored.

"Yes we should, but what? Look over there," Another Big Foot had suddenly appeared in the clearing only yards from the mating couple. Then as they watched a fourth beast appeared. The Professors despair was obvious. "This was terrible, terrible. I thought I had covered all things that could go wrong but I didn't expect more than one Yowie." All the Yowie present watched puzzled by the tiny naked female as Lindsey began to lift her legs high to wrap about the foul-smelling Number One's waist."

"My god she's getting into this," Michelle muttered.

"How could she do it with one of those revolting beasts. That is so gross" Vanessa who usually kept her council, now felt she could no longer hold back her disgust.

"What choice did she have Van, I mean really what could she do?"

Vanessa just watched Lindsey then seemed to light up with the excitement of a kind "my god just look at her toes curl,"

Michelle was getting excited as well. She became quite moist as she watched, and listened. Little did she realise that her wet arousal was attracting the attention of the other beasts.

For the moment the standoff remained between humans and beasts as Number One became consumed in his vigorous fucking of the now spirited female beneath him.

Lindsey felt the beasts, bloated testicles slapping against her sticky, wet ass cheeks each time he plunged brutally into the stunned girl. Yards away the professors and David heard the erotic smack, smack of wet sex.

Both the girls were aroused in their way. It was so wrong but it was happening. The Professors was as ever clinically interested. He probably considered that Lindsey was harvesting DNA for his research. The other three humans were deep in their thoughts.

Lindsey's bum rose and fell as her carnal excitement grew, her toes began to curl and cramp, her groin tightened and fluttered, then, Thwack, thwack thwack six or seven fierce muscle contractions, like bolts of electricity, jolted through her body. Her vaginal walls clamped hard on the invading penis of the Yowie. She let out a long satisfied screech her head swung from side to side.

Number One seemed startled and stopped humping the thrashing female until her spasms subsided then tentatively he recommenced. Now he was close to his orgasm, he shuddered, panting, His ass muscles clenched. The Yowie grunted and gave Several violent humps as he dug his toes into the ground and pushed deep into the tiny girls' sloppy sheath, he stiffened, shuddered then shivered again, his head snapped up sharply, his mouth open wide salivating, canine teeth bared as he gasped.

Deep inside the girl's belly, his penis head flared sealing her vagina, moments later he was flooding her with his life seed in prolonged spurts as his ass clenched in time with each discharge.

Michelle was panting as hard as Lindsey as she watched, enthralled not appalled. The crotch of her jeans was stained dark from her wetness.

The smell of her sex was strong. The long deprived Yowie males gathered watching and all were aroused by the events taking place in front of them.

Michelle's arousal had not yet attracted them. Although it was strong her scent was being masked by Lindsey's dominant pheromones which were stronger.

"That was fantastic," Michelle almost wept. Vanessa looked at her and frowned but there was just the hint of a wet stain in her own crotch as well.

"Is it finished, has he done her then?" Michelle gave her a startled look surprised at Vanessa's naivety.

"Yes!" she wanted to say more but let it slide.

Both Lindsey and Number One collapsed limp and satiated. The Yowies full weight was upon the little girl, both hearts thumping in unison, breath gasping, ragged and irregular. A minute passed then two. The fine misty rain started to fall.

The deadweight of the beast resting on Lindsey's tiny body made it hard for her to breathe as the adrenaline subsided. She pushed at the Yowies bulky frame to get him to move. Then a growl caught both their attention. Number one Jumped back and away from Lindsey with a wet slurp of departing penis as it slithered free from her distended sheath.

Number One, now free of the girl, snarled back at Grey Beard's impertinence for interrupting him. Grey Beard snarled back and made a chattering noise as if speaking. Number One replied sharply but slunk back a metre or so, snarling as he retreated.

Grey Beard was not going to be denied the pleasure of putting his own seed into this ripe female. It had been as much her fertile scent as it had been Number One's victory howl last evening that had attracted him here.

This was not familiar surroundings to him, but the pull of the female had brought him here. For many seconds they faced each other but seeing Grey Beard determination Number One moved away from the female. It was no time to challenge the Alpha male. Number One was momentarily spent from the tension and the mating. Lindsey Knees still raised felt the warm slithering discharge seep along her butt crack in what seemed to her to be a copious flood.

Greybeard knelt at her side with intent, Lindsey carefully closed her legs. She was not going to be used by this beast until she was ready. At the moment she was both saw and exhausted. Grey Beard looked mean, his lip had been damaged sometime in the past giving him a permanent snarl behind his fury features. His leg fur was yellow from his urine even more yellow than Number One's legs. Lindsey surveyed the Bigfoot and his appearance sent shivers through her entire body.

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### **Part Three**

Graybeard looked like an aggressive creature, one to be feared, not challenged or denied. Lindsey wondered how Number one had managed to defy this beast.

Lindsey cringed when Graybeard began to sniff at her hair and stroke her hairless face with surprisingly tactile fingers. She was astonished by his gentleness. Slowly she relaxed and allowed the Big Foot to fondle her arms, belly and breasts as she watched his large paws intently. Lindsey kept her legs firmly crossed at the ankles as he explored her body.

The Big Foot seemed fascinated by her firm breasts, he was mesmerised by her soft hairless skin. His head kept tilting one way then the other as he surveyed the tiny naked form. He was confused by her strangeness but aroused.

Lindsey was again dizzy from the fresh burst powerful Yowie musk. Her chest was already coated with Number One's sticky chest Secretions. She watched grey Beards man breasts and saw the paws around the nipples weeping musky Secretions.

Lindsey didn't want to be bred again but the air reeked with Yowie musk making her weak and dizzy. The overpowering smell robbed her of the will to resist his need to mate with her. Lindsey was aware that her pussy was chafed and a little tender but she wasn't concerned.

The Big Foot's attention now worked downward toward her belly and into the sparse light fur nest of her pubic mound that was caked with sex secretions. Grey Beard couldn't help but notice that the tiny girl moaned and rolled her eyes and bit her lip as he played and explored her fragile body.

He also noticed and smelled her pussy that was congested with Number One's lingering cum.

Lindsey was now sure that Number One had impregnated her and this sent a chill through her entire body. The memory of his thick penis crown scraping her vaginal walls, aroused her as Greybeard became bolder in his exploration of her. She rolled her eyes back and covetously watched the throbbing Yowie shaft as it bounced expectantly, against his hard belly.

Number One remained close watching as Grey Beard teased Lindsey. The other two Yowie were resting in the shade but also watching and waiting. Lindsey was struggling to maintain her resistance to the old Yowie. The Alpha was confident of his place and was recklessly ignoring the others. He continued to fondle her so delicately. Lindsey closed her eyes and made funny little whimpering sounds as her tummy trembled. How could she be excited by this Yowie so soon after she had been violated so completely by Number One?

This was an elderly male, still strong, still virile presumable, with many matings behind him. He was patient but Lindsey realised that his foreplay was not going to last much longer. Her body was on fire from his teasing hands that had even dipped into the tender slushy pond of her vagina.

Several minutes passed as the emboldened Alpha male Yowie teased Lindsey relentlessly. Her nerve ends tingled and she wanted to scream, to beg for release. How could it be? She wondered, so soon after being so completely fucked but it was how she felt.

More minutes passed and things remained much the same. Lindsey was being teased and fondled, the professor took photos of all the Yowie, David watched and wished he could sum up enough courage to challenge the Yowie and chase them off, The girls were either appalled or excited or both. Restless spits of rain fell.

Number One had decided to lay down and brood over losing his female to Grey Beard but that was the Yowie way. The first male on reaching the female in heat would have her first but the older male took president after that, and Grey Beard was the older male.

Fighting was seldom resorted to in Yowie culture and that was something Lindsey was yet to find out because although extremely strong, it was not what the Yowie did best.

Grey Beard had been the exception, on a few occasions, and he carried the scars to prove it. The Yowie's very existence relied on cooperation and stealth, not confrontation. Their numbers were few and females were never harassed by the males. Very soon the Yowie would be extinct if nothing changed, altogether with new blood, especially with more females, they may survive in their old ways.

The breeze was shifting and a light rain increased. Number One lifted his head and smelled the wind. He smelt another male, a fifth male, some distance away but he also got another whiff of the Dark haired female. She smelt stronger than she had before.

He turned in the dark-haired girl's direction. She was wearing the human covering a skin of rags that he had seen Lindsey shed several times. At the same time, the girl glanced in his direction and held his gaze. He sensed her willingness and his focus now shifted away from Lindsey to Michelle.

Rising lazily from the ground Number One moved cautiously toward the girl on all fours. He seldom moved this way but by staying low he hoped that he would not intimidate what may be a skittish female that had not been mated before.

Michelle had glanced several times in Number One's direction, fascinated that his penis had remained long, draped across his lower leg glistening still, but not hard. Number One had continued to watch Grey Beard petting, Lindsey. Although he wasn't erect his penis remained tumescent.

The Professor saw the approaching Yowie first, he alerted the rest of the group. They moved away a few metres hoping The Yowie was heading into the bush but Michelle, watched the others retreat but remained where she was. She was now closest to the approaching Big Foot and still, their eyes were locked. Those eyes, Michelle shivered, She seemed to drown into them. The Yowie smell that repelled so many drew her forward.

The Yowie stopped and raised himself from the ground to full height. It was reminiscent of the way a Big Red kangaroo might act. It was a magnificent, imposing action. He must be about six and a half feet maybe seven feet tall Michelle considered.

The Yowie's strong scent was even stronger as he began to pee down his leg into his matted

yellow/brown fur. The pungent stream splashed onto the ground but mostly it sprayed his leg. Number One was excited in his special way.

He wanted the female's attention in the same way as all-female Yowie responded to the musky aroma of the male urine first. Although, under normal human circumstances, Michelle would have been revolted by this action the musky pheromones given off by the Yowie very presence, along with the hypnotic gaze of the beast, excited her.

The last dribble splashed to the ground as the Big Foot moved a step closer. He was imposing to the slender girl but his actions were non-threatening. However, the other three of the Professors group moved off a little more, encouraging Michelle to do the same.

"Michelle for heaven's sake don't just stand there the professor encouraged," but Michelle didn't respond.

She stood her ground just staring at the approaching beast who just thirty minutes before had been fucking Lindsey. Now Michelle could see the lust in his big brown eyes that were fixed on her. His wide nostrils flared as he devoured her scent and was showing his excitement in a very male way. Michelle became even wetter and the beast smelt the sudden flush of her growing aroma, his tongue ran around his lips as he pondered his next move.

The eyes of the Yowie held Michelle in their watery hypnotic stare and Michelle couldn't didn't want to, move. Now just inches from the girl Number One marvelled at her size she was even tinier than Lindsey. Her hips were more narrow though not male by any means. Her chest was smaller, he thought, but he couldn't tell with any certainty until she was naked. He raised his hand slowly and reaching for hers. Michelle, almost swooning, offered her hand up to him, committing to him.

"Slut," Vanessa hissed. Michelle glanced Vanessa's way but didn't respond.

"Vanessa that's unkind," The Professor chastised but he was confused by the younger girls response to the smelly, fascinating creature. You don't suppose she might be ovulating as well? He asked no one in particular.

"What do you mean?" Vanessa almost snapped. The professor inclined his head in Lindsey's direction before answering.

"Well, Lindsey and I thought that the Yowies interest in her was sparked by her ovulating, being in heat so to speak. If that is the case then it might be the same with Michelle. Both girls are not repulsed by that evil smell. The rest of us are including yourself," Lindsey nodder her agreement at the Professors observation. "It just maybe their monthly condition can be detected by the Yowie and in turn is making them more susceptible to breeding with the creature. Lindsey, as best as she could work out, was at the height of her fertile period. It is just a thought." He looked at both Vanessa and David then back toward the campfire now extinct.

Taking her arm the Yowie led the unresisting girl to a moss coved patch of ground near the fire, opposite Lindsey and Grey Beard. Lindsey was biting her lip hard as she continued to passively resist the old male's stimulation, Her resolve had subsided, she looked languidly at the new arrivals.

The younger girl didn't see her, she had her eyes still firmly focused on Number One and she seemed to be willingly following the smelly Yowie. The professor had been using his camera since he arrived and continued to take photos as Michelle was led away.

As Lindsey was looking at the unfolding events on the other side of the now-dead campfire she had

rolled a little onto her side. Grey Beard seeing an opportunity slipped his hand under the arch of Lindsey's back and flipped her over onto her stomach. Lindsey yelped with surprise and drew a deep breath as she landed face down on the groundsheet.

Grey Beard straddled Lindsey's lower legs and continued his gentle exploration of the strange hairless female. Her warm smooth body felt good to touch and she seemed to respond to his lighter touches best. Lindsey groaned as he slid a digit along her spine barely touching her. She shuddered again as the finger continued its journey into the crack dividing her two perfect ass cheeks. Her behind was sticky wet from the leaking cum from her previous mating. Grey Beard rubbed his finger and thumb through the sticky slime and into her tender portal. He brought his finger to his flaring nostrils smelling the sticky leavings. Lindsey still with her legs locked together looked back into the Lap of the kneeling Grey Beard. His partly erect penis began to harden before her eyes.

The finger returned to her ass crack and he slipped it backward and forward in the cum soaked crevice. Lindsey responded to the stimulation by lifting her behind from the groundsheet. Still, the beast played with the girl that was ripening under his hand. Panting and breathing in raspy gasps Lindsey was now beyond denial. She lifted her behind even higher by drawing one knee up to her hip then the other. Her slightly parted legs revealed her puffy, red chafed, battered vulva. White Beard took this as an indication of her readiness.

He leaned forward and sniffed at the girls pussy. Yes, he was certain she smelled powerfully of female in heat. It wasn't as open and swollen as his Yowie females would be but all his doubts were gone. When Yowie female was in season, they dripped continually, but there was no doubt about this females condition. She was wet with Number One's cum and some had even dried in clear flakes on the folds of skin that peeked out from her slit.

For several minutes the big Yowie inspected the presenting female. He touched the puffy mound that was covered lightly with curly blond hair. The mound was divided by two puckered folds that were slightly parted near the top, exposing her pink entry portal. She moaned and he purred his pleasure

Greybeard parted the panting female's folds. The pink wet slash of femininity that was revealed made his balls churn and his club-like penis sprang up hard, very hard, immediately it was spraying a fine mist from the tip. He was ready and he would no longer be denied. Immediately he moved in behind the now compliant girl.

Gripping her well-rounded hips firmly with his big paws he lifted her rear end up and back toward his waiting penis. His shaft pulsed when it touched her smooth butt cheek. She trembled and moved her knees apart. He brought Lindsey back further until the club end of the penis touched her vagina. She shivered and whimpered in expectation. Oh! She was ready alright and she pushed herself back onto the bulbous tip

Feeling the female against his penis, Grey Beard pressed his into the slimy folds of flesh hiding her opening. The wrinkled, distended skin parted easily before the invading penis bulb and the Big Foot stabbed firmly into her. His firm thrust and her sloppy passage allowed him to slip all of the ways to the back of Lindsey's vaginal sheath.

She shivered then whimpered but backed onto him as he pulled back. Lindsey liked the full feeling and the friction although she was tender from her earlier mating

Michelle finally looked across as she heard Lindsey's ragged breath. She watched Greybeards penis sink into Lindseys pussy and disappear. The younger girl absently licked her lips as she watched.

Number One could feel Michelle trembling through her tight-fitting clothing. She was suddenly afraid of what the beast would do to her but she didn't know how to stop him. She was a virgin and reluctant but the musk annulled most of her fear and stimulated her arousal so that it overrode her reluctance. Number One was becoming frustrated at not being able to find what he was seeking and his rough pawing of the girl showed that frustration.

Michelle wanted to rise and run but once she reached the sitting position her limbs failed her. The powerful Yowie stench was both sickening and intoxicating.

"No please let me go," she pleaded I don't want to do this. But the only hold that the Yowie had on her was her lack of willpower to move. Rape was a concept that the Yowie didn't understand, persistence was. Had she moved away he would have followed until she surrendered but he Wouldn't force her to submit.

Michelle was torn between two emotions, lust and fear. The Big Foot's intoxicating Musk was breaking down her fear and her will to resist. Normally pheromones attract members of the same species but the Yowie scent attracted the human females once their senses distinguished the actual gland odour from the smell given off by the rank smelling fur.

Michelle looked at the Naked Lindsey her hair hanging in wet ropes as the rain increased, Lindsey's back and shoulders were glistening with water. The hairy beast holding her hips was making long strokes into the groaning women. Lindsey looked at the younger girl and gave a wane smile shaking the rainwater from her face as she did.

Watching the rutting White Beard and hearing the wet slapping sound as the two bodies came together stimulated Michelle even more. She observed Lindsey's adequate breasts swung with each searching plunge of White Beards penis. Michelle's groin clamped tightly, aching agreeably, as she watched. Her rising tension told her she would soon surrender to Number One and deep down she hated herself. Then with a deep sigh, her trembling hands fluttered toward her shoes, hesitantly she removed each one in turn then crossing her hands she gripped her T-Shirt and lifted the now rain-sodden garment over her head and discarded it on to the ground. She wasn't wearing a bra, on this expedition, it was an impracticable garment surplus to actual need. Her small, pert white breasts, with extremely puffy nipples, were exposed to the cool air suddenly and were instantly covered in goosebumps. Number Ones searching hands cupped her breasts with enthusiasm. They were a little bigger than his own but the puffy nipples intrigued him.

Michelle trembling fingers snapped the button of her Blue Jeans and with trembling fingers, she slid the zip down. Her heart was racing, her mind was numb and her ears were buzzing. At the sound of the zip, the Yowie turned. Michelle raised her hips and pushed her snug jeans down rolling her panties along with them.

When the Jeans cleared her knees Michelle kicked her remaining garment clear of her legs. Conscious of her nakedness on the increasingly wet moss cover and feeling the bite of the cool mountain air she crossed her chest with her arms.

The rain was falling heavier now and it rolled from Michell's powdered breasts in little torrents. Number One wanted more access to the female and he pushed her gently. Michelle didn't resist but lay down in her back looking up at the towering gum trees spreading branches above her. The shivering girl was more vulnerable now, she knew that but she was past caring, she shivered.

At the moment Michelle had kicked her Jeans clear the Yowie caught a glimpse of her pussy and he was curious. The other female's genitals were covered by a thatch of hair, not thick, but tight and

curly. This female had no hair at all and her female slit was tightly closed with no prominent folds of flesh protruding through the tight labia. But the glow of moisture around the base of that slit told him she was aroused and possibly in season, but he already knew that, his nose had told him all he had wanted to know.

Michelle had closed her legs after she shed her clothes. Now she waited on the Yowies next move. At her side, the Yowie lent over the prone girl and sniffed at the tightly closed junction of her legs. Her odour was strong, very strong and his penis responded to the stimulation with a violent jerk, he whimpered an almost baby-like whimper. Michelle saw the jerking shaft and a tear rolled from her eye, just one and she found her breathing came in short pants. What she hadn't seen was the other four furry legs surrounding them.

Encouraged by the young woman's seeming compliance he began to lick at Michelle's lower belly to have her open up to him. Michelle was shivering with cold and her groin ached with a growing desire to be mounted. He poked his tongue into the crease on her lower belly at the junction of her legs. His needs were rising fast, she had a sweet human smell that he neither liked nor disliked.

He had to access the vagina that she had concealed between her clenched thighs. Michelle was moaning with the stimulation of the searching tongue but at the moment of surrender, she realised that she couldn't lose her virginity to this smelly animal.

The Yowie was leaning over her as he licked and slobbered on her tight young belly. With his revolting hair brushing against her breasts Michelle lifted herself on her elbows. She was looking directly at his penis it was hard and so Macho. She had never seen a penis before today and she had often wondered how they felt. With her mind under the influence of the Yowie musk, she was beyond curious.

Unthinking Michelle reached up to touch the rearing shaft. It was bobbing just inches from her breast. Her head was spinning, The head of the penis was oozing a clear jelly-like liquid from the tip. Michelle cautiously moved one finger to the seeping penis tip.

The penis twitched on contact with the finger and Michelle moved her finger back quickly, startled. When the Yowie didn't move away Michelle's finger moved back to the tip, even though the penis again twitched on contact the girl began to rub the sticky seeping lubricant along the length of the Yowies penis.

First with one finger then emboldened with two, finally, she wrapped the penis shaft in her now lubricated hand. The rampant Bigfoot was making a purring, rumble deep in his chest, like a cat. His testicle sack churned and his penis spasm was abrupt. Seeing the churning scrotum Michelle brought her other hand across and cupped the seething sack and was surprised at the weight and warmth.

As Michelle concentrated on the Yowies genitals the beast continued to lick and probed with his tongue. At some time she had become aware of the other Yowie close and watching but didn't care. Number one had seen them as well and although wary was also not concerned.

"Oh god I'm going to do it," she spoke out loud although it was meant to be a thought.

Michelle parted her legs in one motion of surrender as she had seen Lindsey do earlier, then drew her knees high. The Yowie now had access to her hairless vulva and he sniffed deeply and tasted her wetness one more time letting the girl's scent assault his sensitive nostrils.

Michelle had continued to work the Yowie's pulsing penis. She saw the tip enlarge but didn't realise



that he was on the verge of an orgasm. The Yowies needs now were overpowering and he needed to fuck the female badly. He pulled away from Michelle's gripping fingers and in an instant, the Big Foot was between her open thighs. She closed her eyes as the Yowie covered her and began to thrust his hips into her soft warm crotch searching for the soft spot.

Michelle clung to the rank fur of the beast's side and held her breath, waiting eyes closed tightly. She had never had sex before and now she was about to be mated by a beast that was not supposed to exist. The probing engorged tip poked into her folds but he was too high to enter her. Several short prods later and the Yowies penis head parted the protective folds and plunged deeply into the shivering girl with one plunge, so urgent was his needs. Michelle screamed as he filled her tight untapped sheath with his thick penis. It was more than uncomfortable for the young woman but it created a pleasant ache in her groin. She was no longer a virgin.

The Yowie was on fire as he humped excitedly into this young human, his second human in less than an hour. Her brand new portal clung to his penis tightly and she whimpered and grunted. Tears ran down her cheeks and mixed with the heavier rain splashing onto her face.

Groaning, Number One held himself hard against the girl, trying to prolong the feeling of the pleasant, clutching warmth of the tiny female. The small girl had brought him to the edge so quickly and now he couldn't hold back. He needed release. His bulbous penis head flared and filled the tight young girl, painfully blocking her vagina and sealing her.

Michelle screamed once more as he pressed hard against her cervix. As he had flared he felt the tugging pain in his groin send the first spurt of sperm along his shaft and into the untouched depth of the little female under him. He came and came and came, so great was the pleasure of his orgasm in her tight confines he sunk his teeth into her, biting mindlessly, a brand of passion into her slim white neck. Michelle screeched in agony and thrashed about then subsided with a horse whimper as the Yowies penis throbbed and throbbed as it discharged his copious cum into her tightening belly.

The professor made a move toward Michelle but David held him back.

"No professor, who knows what the Yowie might do if a male, any male, approach them while they are mating." The professor acknowledged the sense of the advice and brought his camera back to his eye resigned to the fact that events were now way beyond his control.

Vanessa had been watching intently and her strange stirrings worried her, she was uncomfortable with how she felt. She defiantly was not ovulating, but she was aroused, aroused as she had never been stimulated before. As her friend was taken by the Yowie she regretted what she had said about her previously. Not thinking she ran to Michelle in the pouring rain, the Yowie still had Michelle pinned beneath him. Her eyes still closed, and there was a funny expression on her face, she breathed heavily.

"Are you okay, Mich? I didn't mean what I said, I truly didn't, I'm sorry. I am sorry."

Michelle breathing was ragged and she grimaced as she lay almost totally concealed under the beast that had ravished her. Slowly her hand appeared from under the Yowie and she reached for Vanessa's hand and squeezed it hard. Minutes passed.

"Wow that was quick, wasn't it?" Vanessa didn't think it was but she nodded agreement anyway. Michelle shook her head as best as she could, to refocus her foggy brain that was still being fed by Yowie musk. She looked at her friend dreamily and made an effort to speak. It was weird trying to talk to your friend with a Yowie dick deep in your belly she thought.

"I'm okay Vanessa I hurt a bit, no, it hurt a lot. Not so much now, but when he went in it was so sudden, I felt as if I was being torn open. Well, I was I suppose. Now it's a sort of nice, uncomfortable, full hurt if you know what I mean. but I guess I shouldn't have done what I did."

"What did you do?" Vanessa asked, confused that her friend was shifting the blame to herself and not being angry with the Yowie.

"I shouldn't have touched his thing, I think I got him too excited." The Yowie turned his head toward Vanessa and looked her in the eyes, a long and languid stare. Vanessa shivered as the brown pools disturbed her a lot. Number One sniffed the air and slowly eased himself up and slipped reluctantly from Michelle's snug vagina. Vanessa saw the flared head pop from Michelle and her eyes widened.

"You played with his slimy penis and that big mushroom thing?" she was incredulous

"Uh-huh," Michelle looked at the drooping penis and nodded, She was surprisingly composed Vanessa thought, "but it wasn't like that when he put it in me. Michell rose to her elbows, It felt like it swelled up and flared suddenly before he came. It stretched me inside, It was uncomfortable, like being stretched, then I got all warm inside and the pressure increased as he twitched.

The Yowie was confused by the female chatter and growled, a deep-seated growl of annoyance.

"My god Mich, are you ok?" Hearing Michelle detached de\*\*\*\*\*ion of what happened to her Vanessa had become quite runny. Her crotch itched. Vanessa couldn't help but watch as a creamy glob of Yowie semen formed at the entrance to Michelle's pussy then slowly oozed out spilling between her butt cheeks onto the soft wet ground. Vanessa eyes widened as she saw the excess cum roll from her friend, then lifted her eyes in embarrassment.

"Jesus your neck is bleeding Mich," Michelle reached to her stinging neck. Only then did she realised she had been bitten by the Yowie.

Neither girl was watching the Yowie who was still kneeling near Michelle and he wasn't finished with her. He shuffled back between Michelle's still opened legs and Vanessa pulled back with surprise. The Yowie was again erect, bouncing and focused on Michelle's pussy. He took her by the shoulders and pressed her back down onto the mossy ground. Michelle looked at Vanessa and raised her eyebrows as the smelly beast covered her sinking into her deeply.

"Professor have you got the medical kit Mich was bitten and will need a shot I think," Vanessa called to the bewildered professor.

Across the extinct fire, the sound of a wet plop of Grey Beards penis slipping from Lindsey's sloppy pussy made Vanessa turn. The Older Yowie had been humping Lindsey for over twenty minutes and he was breathing hard. His penis had the mushroom tip that Vanessa was so intrigued by, but it was deflated quite a bit by the time he had withdrawn from Lindsey's turgid vagina.

"You okay, Lindsey, " she paused and realised she had been saying that very thing quite a bit. The bedraggled Lindsey, like the Yowie, was breathing rapidly. Brushing her lank wet hair from her face, Lindsey nodded. Vanessa could see Lindsey's chest rising and falling with each gasp of air when she crawled to the sodden rug to sit. Like Michelle Lindsey seemed to have been bitten on the neck, not badly she thought, but the blood mingling with rainwater streamed across her naked shoulder.

"I thought he was never going to cum," she gasped out breathlessly, "When he did it just gushed out." Lindsey nodded toward the two Yowie that had been watching Michelle. Lindsey was quick to her feet as the duo were heading toward them. "Looks like I'm not finished yet Lindsey groaned with

despair.”

Lindsey looked to Grey Beard first, to see what he was doing, then her attention turned to the approaching Yowie. Grey Beard was also watching the two Yowie approaching the young women. he remained resting on the ground where he had been since he had left the ravished girl. As the younger Yowie approached both were now looking toward Grey Beard expecting to be warned off. But as they neared Lindsey, Greybeard turned away.

Lindsey's heart sank but she continued to watch the approaching twosome. Without taking her eyes from them she spoke to Vanessa as she raised her hand.

“Help me please,” Lindsey asked Vanessa. The blond girl stepped around the sodden fire pit ashes, reached down and assisted Lindsey to her feet.

“Now let's move over to the Professor and see what happens.” Both girls headed away from the approaching Yowie, maintaining the distance between them. Then with surprising speed, both the Young Yowie sprinted around them and placed themselves between the girls and the men. When Lindsey and Vanessa tried to edge around the blocking beast their moves were covered. Gradually the Yowie closed in on the girls and they were shepherded back to the centre of the clearing.

Heavy rain was now falling and Grey Beard barked sharply, followed by a gabble of urgent sounds. A strange guttural sound that must have been some sort of command. The two younger Yowie seemed to respond instantly. One of the Yowie grabbed Lindsey and the other one caught hold of the surprised Vanessa and swung her over his shoulder. At a slow trot, both Yowie left the clearing heading down the slope toward the creek. Number One stopped fucking Michelle and looked up disgusted to see the other beast disappearing. He then turned toward Grey Beard and returned the bark. Unfinished he withdrew from the startled Michelle. Like the other two beasts, he picked the girl up and set off down the slope with Grey Beard close behind.

The Professor and David just stood opened mouthed as the girls and the Yowie disappeared into the bush.

“Quick Professor, get the two-way radios they are on the ground near the first aid kit.” David ran down the slope in the direction that the Yowie had taken followed by the panting Professor who held the two handheld radio out to David as he arrived.

“The Yowie have headed upstream toward Wild Dog Mountains, and the boys are somewhere up that way.” David panted.

The Big Foot gang were indeed heading upstream their large footprints bore testament to their direction. As they crossed the creek the Yowie had put the girls down and drove them ahead, they pushed on quickly. The rain increased to a constant downpour as the Yowie party with urgency pressed onward.

The four young men, after getting the call from the panicking professor thought they had spotted someone moving along the opposite bank but it was only a fleeting glimpse and they decided it was probably nothing like the wind and driving rain was obscuring almost everything beyond a few metres. A second call from the Professor told the men to stay put and keep their eyes open for any movement. He and David had positioned themselves on either side of the rising creek in case the Yowie doubled back, and they waited.

The Yowie didn't double back but continued upstream crossing the creek several times as they threaded their way through dense brush and boulders. After two exhausting hours, the Yowie swung

back South and up a steep slope.

The going was difficult but there appeared to be a faint semblance of a track about six inches wide, no more than that, and they were following that faint path through the trees as the rain increased.

"look at that creek down their its already running a banker," Lindsey pointed out to both girls who were cold and shivering. Vanessa had clothes to protect her from the tearing brush as they passed Lindsey and Michelle were not so lucky. It was very slippery and dangerous on the slope from the constant soaking rain. Their footprints would be already obscured as the ground turned to slush.

The Yowie fur, always matted and greasy, hung like tangled wool from their backs and the rainwater dripped from their steaming bodies. Lindsey and Michelle naked and shivering looked miserable their hair was plastered to their faces and their bare feet were cut and bleeding.

Vanessa found her saturated clothing heavy and uncomfortable not ideal on such a hard walk. Her boots were slipping on the rocks and slippery clay as they scrambled upwards. She was exhausted.

"I can't go another step," Vanessa gasped as she stopped and with hands-on knees, head bowed. The Yowie marched on then began to break off from the track and spread out through the trees. Each Yowie gave Vanessa long looks as they went past. The last Yowie grabbing her arm forcing her to follow him, stumbling and breathing hard.

Then when it seemed that Vanessa would collapse, they rounded a large boulder, it was bigger than a house. Two smaller rocks sat near the junction of the large boulder and the cliff face they stood barely two feet apart and the Yowie directed the girls into the gap between. A metre beyond the entrance the small gap opened into a huge limestone cavern. The air was foul and it was pitch black inside. The darkness didn't seem to hinder the Yowie who appeared to be able to find their way without difficulty in the darkness.

Although the girls couldn't see a thing, they were shepherded forward by the Yowie. There seemed to be some sort of gradient that led to a higher level. Here it smelled even worse than the area below. Lindsey stumbled over what felt like fur and fell into a deep fur bundle. She heard the whimpers of fear from the other women but she couldn't see them.

Then there seemed to be a flapping noise something like a dog would make as it emerged from the water. Lindsey and she presumed the other girls as well, were covered in spray as the Yowie shook the water from their fur.

"Where are you Michelle," Lindsey called desperate to know if the other girls were O.K.

"Just here," Michelle replied from just a few feet away.

"And I'm over here," Vanessa anticipated the next inquiry, "What is this place?"

"Some cave, probably part of the Jenolan system I guess." Lindsey speculated but actually, she had no idea.

"It smells worse than the Yowie does, but I guess it is dry" Michelle observed.

"That reminds me, Vanessa, you can't stay in those clothes you'll get pneumonia. You best get out of them quick" Lindsey advised.

"No chance, I lose my clothes and one of the stinking beasts will be on me in a flash."

"Your choice of course," Lindsey conceded, "but if you keep your legs together they won't force you, they will wait for you to offer yourself."

Vanessa did feel uncomfortable in her heavy clothes and after several minutes of consideration, she began to shed her clothing feeling for and finding a cave wall where she dropped the sodden garments in a pile.

The girls had now moved close together to sit. Their eyes were gradually becoming accustomed to the darkness in the cavern. Things and people were just vague shapes but it was now a little less scary. One of the Yowie had moved close to Lindsey and laid down next to the exhausted girl.

Another beast was drawing the reluctant Michelle to the fur-covered cavern floor close by. There were three shapes near Vanessa but she hadn't been accosted. The girls were becoming used to the wet Yowie stench and now the Musky smell increased and assume dominance.

The third Yowie in the group close to Vanessa had joined the others just outside the Professor's camp, just before they started this mad rush to the cave. He stood out because he had a pronounced hunch to his back. He seemed comfortable with the rest of the group.

The closest of the Yowie to the sitting Vanessa reached for her arm and tugged at it.

"Let me go," she snatched her arm away from the paw and the movement was so violent that she fell sideways.

Lindsey watched the faint image of movement close to her. It was easy enough to distinguish Vanessa's shock of blond hair as it tumbled around. All three Yowie seemed to be kneeling close to the blond girl.

From what Lindsey could see in the dim light all three Yowie seemed to be doing what the other Yowie had done with her and with Michelle, they were stroking the blond girl gently all over. Lesley cursed to herself as she envisaged not one but three sets of hands teasing paws sliding over the blond girl's smooth skin. It was Yowie foreplay and Vanessa was weeping softly and whimpering.

"Keep your legs together they won't force you, honey," Lindsey advised and thought about her own mother's advice.

" Oh god! there are three of them, Lindsey, all soft hands everywhere, I feel funny," then a long pause,

"No don't, don't do that, LET GO... of me, NO... NO... ooh!" her protests died away

"Vanessa?" Lindsey hissed

" Arrr, don't...do ...that," Vanessa tried to roll away from the paws only to collide with another kneeling Yowie.

"Let...me...up," she panted and Lindsey saw the blond girls head and shoulders lift but no matter which way she moved she was blocked by one of the smelly beasts. Lindsey could hear in Vanessa's voice that she was not going to be able to resist the Yowie advances for much longer.

"Ooooooh!...No...don't, NO...no...no, get your hand away from there, don't...Noooooooooh, Oh please, please leave me alone, please," she begged then. Her complaints tapered off and she began to breathe heavily.

"Please I, I don't want.....toooo," then one of Vanessa's knees lifted followed by the other knee then they seemed to lower and Lindsey guessed that Vanessa had opened herself to the Yowie. Lindsey could see one of the shapes move to her raised knees and its high profile began to lower along the girl's body. "NO..No nooooo." then a gurgling sound, then quiet. It was like watching an x-rated shadow puppet show.

The Yowie covering Vanessa was beginning to lift and lower on the girl as his hips prodded for her vagina. Lindsey knew what was happening from her own experience but she watched anyway. The formerly reluctant blond girl's outline was blurred by the beast between her thighs.

A paw grabbed at Lindsey's leg and she jumped, Grey Beard had also been watching the events next to them and with his night sight, he had a much better view. Now he wanted his new mate again.

Lindsey weary from the long fast walk just rolled onto her back and opened her legs for the old beast. She neither had the will, strength or inclination to resist. A muffled scream followed by a gurgling grunt then a deep gasp told everyone in the cave that Vanessa had been penetrated by her Yowie lover. She whimpered and cried and there was a slapping of bodies grunts and whimpers as well.

In the space of the next hour, Vanessa had been taken by all three Yowie and the wet slapping sound and the powerful scent of sex was exciting all the Yowie in the cave. Lindsey's sight had improved so she was seeing things a lot clearer and she could see that Vanessa was not getting any rest as she was about to be covered for the fourth time.

Lindsey had heard what she suspected was Vanessa organising on two occasions. Now Vanessa was thrashing under the beast covering her as the sloppy sound of sex echoed throughout the cave. Vanessa had lowered all of her inhibition.

Much later all the Yowie had exhausted themselves with the three girls and had melted away into the night. It took some time for the girls to realise that they were alone in the Yowie cave but when they did realise that they were alone, common sense prevented their escape.

The rain was still falling heavily, so heavy they could hear it deep inside the cave. Where had the Yowie gone Lindsey wondered, surely not out into that downpour? Escape was fraught with too many dangers for them, It was far too dark to negotiate the slippery ill-defined path to the creek.

Even if they could the journey from the creek back to the camp would take a lot of effort but mostly luck to find their way. Hard in the daytime impossible at night. The route that they had used to get here would be blocked by the rising water in the creek and they would have to find a different path, if there was one, and the girls doubted that. They waited for the faint glimmer of dawn through the heavy overcast before they could even think of an escape from the Yowie den.

"You were worked over some," Michelle observed with just the hint of smugness that Vanessa missed.

"Nine times if that's what you mean," she answered sullenly.

"You counted?" Lindsey had a twinkle in her voice.

"yes I counted, don't you?" the blond snapped back.

"Well, yes but I was only twice here and twice back at the camp. Nine times is a lot, are you okay?"

"I'm ok I think, no damage that I can feel. My neck is stinging from a couple of nasty bights and I'm tender and squishy down below. I am leaking stuff all down my leg and I am all sticky but the worst is, I stink like a Yowie."

"Let us go wash in the rain," both Lindsey and Michelle suggested at once. And all three girls stepped out into the cold rain and scrubbed their bodies with their hands rapidly.

"No they weren't rough at all, well not really, their things stretched me a bit though, but I'll be ok I'm sure." Vanessa Was saying to Michelle as they stepped back into the shelter of the cave. The conversation then dwindled and the girls made their way to the back section to await the first light and hoped that the Yowie wouldn't return too early.

The rain was still falling heavily as the faintest tinge of light defined the heavy black clouds above. It was hard to tell the time in these miserable conditions but the girls decided it was time to move. They knew their descent would be extremely difficult and the Yowie would surely be returning soon.

The creek roared below them, filled with the overnight rain it had flooding the valley floor. If the girls held any hope of retracing their steps it was now gone. The beasts must have known the danger of being cut off from their cave and that was why the urgent calls that resulted in the girls kidnapping from the camp had occurred.

As the three young women stepped out into the chilling, piercing downpour their sense of misery heightened. Within seconds they were wet and cold and their cuts and bruised feet from yesterday were already on fire. For a moment Lindsey considered staying in the cave but the absolute dread of remaining here as a Yowie sex slave made her press on into the miserable morning.

The sex was not a problem, she had grown to accept the gentle ministrations of the Big Foot lovers but the overpowering stench of the beasts and their den, not to mention the unknown of what they would have to eat if they remained any time at all made her press on.

They had hardly gone ten metres when Michelle slid in the slippery clay that made up a good proportion of the steep path. She had landed on her back and was covered in the sticky mud. Her black hair was also matted with the stuff and this only added to her total misery. They found that walking sideways down the slope served them better especially if they were able to hold onto the rocks or roots which littered the slope.

It took more than an hour to negotiate the slope only to find that their way, in all directions, except back up, was blocked by boulders, dense shrub, vines in all directions and of course the flooded creek directly in front of them impossible to cross.

Almost exhausted the girls looked at each other with total dejection.

"What now," Vanessa shouted above the noise of the racing water of the creek. No one answered but they all looked back up the slope. The sky was lighter now and they could see the lay of the land better.

"Let's go back up a bit and see if we can traverse the slope. It's going to be hard but we don't have too many choices girls." Lindsey suggested with little enthusiasm

Another hour later and all three of the young women were near exhaustion. They had moved around the slippery hill slope only to find another creek fed into the one that led back down the valley and there was no way that they could head east in the direction of the camp. It was clear that anyway out of here required the crossing of a creek, and all of them were raging torrents. While the rain

persisted they were stuck on this hill.

"I'm freezing." Vanessa moaned.

"Me too." Michelle added, "We have to find some shelter or we'll all die of exposure."

"Well there's no way out of this place and the cave is the only shelter that we know of."

With a dejected sigh Lindsey made the obvious suggestion "Let us go back, what do you say," Vanessa was near exhaustion and looked at the other two dishevelled girls for affirmation. They nodded without much thought except the dire need for shelter.

In single file they retraced their steps as best they could in the heavy rain, right back to the Yowie cave. No one spoke until they neared the cave entrance.

"If we can't get out maybe the Yowie couldn't get back," Lindsey suggested as they picked their way past the entrance boulders.

"It doesn't matter if they are or aren't here we only had two choices, one was to come back and the other to die out there. I would rather be fucked by a dozen Yowie than die out there." The other two girls quietly agreed and they edged into the dark smelly interior of the dry cave.

"Now we're no longer getting wet all I want is to be warm and dry." Lindsey almost sighed with relief, "Let us get up to the gallery cave and wrap our-self in some of those furs." She was already moving up the slope as her eyes continued to grow accustomed to the darkness of the cave.

"Oh shit, girls those furs I wanted to wrap about me, I think they may do their wrapping." Lindsey paused then began to speak once more, "I reckon you might have got your wish as well Vanessa." Lindsey knew that this was going to be The Night of the Bigfoot.

All girls stayed close to each other as they edged into the cavernous space and looked about the dim interior. There were perhaps ten Yowie now maybe more sitting about on the floor. They appeared to be eating and there was no fire.

"What are they doing Lindsey," Michelle whispered.

"They are eating that's what they are doing and there's no need to whisper love, they know where here."

"God I wish you hadn't mentioned food I'm starving," Vanessa spoke for all of them, it had been more than twenty-four hours since they had eaten.

"I don't think you would like to eat what their eating"

"What is it?" Vanessa had to know.

"At a rough guess, probably Kangaroo, raw, not even singed, you still hungry." Before anyone could answer one of the Yowie rose from the floor and came to the girls. It was Grey Beard, his distinctive facial hair was discernible in the gloom. He took Lindsey's hand and led her back to the centre of the cavern where all the rugs, as well as the Yowie, were.

"Well I'm freezing and if the only way to get warm is to screw a Yowie that's what I'm going to do," Michelle made her way to the group of smelly beasts and pushed through to the centre of the feeding tribe. She lay down on the skins and Vanessa followed her. The warm soft fur stank as



everything did in here but on her naked wet flesh, it instantly began to make her feel better. She drew one of the many skins up and used it as a towel on her body and hair. Vanessa did the same.

Not six feet away Lindsey was already spread out under a panting Grey Beard as she found an alternative way to get herself warm and dry.

It was a busy afternoon and night for the girls. Vanessa was by far the busiest perhaps it was her blond hair that attracted attention, she wasn't ovulating like Lindsey or Michelle were. Both Grey Beard and Number One were reluctant to part with Lindsey or Michelle. When Greybeard had fallen asleep for a time one of the other Yowie was quick to take advantage. Lindsey didn't resist and he took ages to ejaculate into her. He was already spent after using the blond on several occasions.

The remaining Yowie were sharing Vanessa and one after another she accommodated them. Several made her orgasm and one in particular who seemed to have a larger penis tip spent long periods with her. He alone brought her to orgasm on each of the three of the four times he had taken her. The other girls could not miss the events as Vanessa gurgled and whimpered when she hit her peak.

The faint grey light penetrated the cave and the exhausted, sleepless girls finally got some peace. Lindsey and Michelle had become busy late as both Grey Beard and Number One finally gave the other Yowie access to their converted females.

Perhaps they thought that they had done enough to impregnate the girls or maybe they were just too tired to resist the other beast's advances on their mates. Whatever it was, that motivated them to surrender the girls, it meant that Vanessa was left alone except for the male with the big penis tip. He now had her spooned as they lay together, his penis was twitching between her legs as he demanded her one more time.

The other Yowie had left the cave in ones and twos in the last half hour before dawn but Big Nob remained, he had not finished with the blond girl wrapped in his furry arms. He began to rub Vanessa's nipples with one hand and diddle her clit with the other. She had only just fallen asleep and the ministrations of the Yowie made her stir.

"Go away I hurt down there, haven't you had enough," she mumbled her protest but the Yowie kept petting her. "OK ok, just one more time," Still with her eyes closed she rolled over and Big Nob followed her. The other girls watched in awe as the Club like tip, almost twice the size of the other Yowie, pressed and stretched Vanessa's pussy until it forced its way past her surprisingly elastic opening.

Vanessa grunted as it entered her but the Yowie didn't press himself too deeply into the trembling girl but began to make short shallow prods with a rolling movement of his hips. Vanessa's legs lifted skyward and even though she was looking in the direction of the other girls she didn't see them. Her eyes were rolled completely back and she was biting her bottom lip. For perhaps two or maybe three minutes the beast continued in this fashion.

The girls saw Vanessa's Jaw tightened and began to quiver. Her entire body was beginning to tremble then, suddenly, her ass lifted sharply up forcing the beast's nob deep into her belly. Vanessa screamed, louder than she had at any point during the night, and she has screamed often enough on occasions, her entire body heaved and jerked violently almost dislodging the beast.

The beast made several deep thrusts, then with his penis deeply embedded in the soft, pink, thrashing female he held himself deep and made six or seven short jabs with his powerful hips. Then stopped and his entire body went rigid. She made a gurgling cry as the large penis flared deep in her pussy. The girls knew how the average Yowie could fill their tight vaginal sleeve but could only

imagine how this one must have been stretching their blond friend inside. Her eyes were tightly closed, as they had been since her orgasm began, and now as both girl and beast came down from their passionate peek, Vanessa slowly opened hers and looked at her friends who couldn't tear their eyes away from the intense copulation.

"Isn't he wonderful," she cooed and her friends could do nothing but nod agreement.

Michelle and Lindsey had been at the cave entrance for perhaps ten minutes when Vanessa finally arrived to join them. Big Nob had already left the cave drained and presumably happy. A light scud of rain was falling but apart from the grey overcast, the sky was mainly light. The valley below them was a blanket of mist. In the valley, the creek had stopped roaring through the gully as the water began to drop back quickly as the rain had eased.

"Looks like we can try again," Michelle suggested. "How're everyone's feet?"

Lindsey was the first to speak. "well I don't know how far I can walk but we can at least try. It is not so much my feet now but my legs and back are aching, my belly's bruised and my pussy is chafed to buggery" All girls nodded that they felt much the same.

"Did you keep score again last night Vanessa?" Michelle enquired with irony.

"Yes, I did as a matter of fact."

"Well?"

"Fifteen including that last one. That boy accounted for five fucks but I think his sack was running on empty this morning." the other two girls laughed and the tension of their time here was relieved.

"Bugger me, fifteen Jesus girl and you are still standing?" Lindsey was shocked by Vanessa matter attitude, as well as the number. She knew that they all should be traumatised by the events of the last two evenings but all of them seemed, amazingly, normal it was as if it had been an everyday occurrence in their lives.

Well, your fifteen has it then I was humped by number one three times before he let the others have me and I think it was eight times all up," Michelle replied then turned to Lindsey, "you Lindsey?"

"Nine, one of them got a sneaky one in while Graybeard took a nap between fucks and before the free for all began early this morning."

The small party of three took most of the day to reach the main camp. They were only just in time to avoid a full-scale search being mounted. The Professor had decided that he had to compromise the secrecy surrounding the expedition to rescue the girls. Now, with the girls arrival naked and limping into the camp, he was relieved at not having to bring in outside players to assist them.

Their arrival would save everyone from embarrassing explanations and for that everyone was relieved. It took a while for the girls to explain what had happened to them. Although looking pretty rough everyone was surprised by the lack of histrionics. They were entitled to be unbalanced by their experiences, which had been horrific by any standards, but they were not. At least not outwardly. The professor made a mental note to get the girls counselling as soon as he could arrange a suitable person to do it. After a little thought, the Professor decided to break camp and head back to Lindsey's holiday cabin immediately.

David had recommended that they stay put for the night but the Professor decided the party needed

to regroup and debrief before the next step of the expedition could be planned.

"Things have changed David and the girls need a good bed and attention and we can only get that seen to at Lindsey's family cottage." The Professor was firm and unrelenting about what was best at that moment.

It was a difficult journey for the girls, it took most of the night to cover the short distance. The girls had to rest their badly cut and bruised feet, which had been bandaged heavily, every twenty minutes or so and even with help of the men there were times when each one of them thought that they would have to give up.

Once back in the cabin the girls showered and had their feet attended to. All of the girls had several shots of various vaccines to hopefully avoid infection from their bites that looked nasty as the blue bruising area spread.

Immediately afterwards they went to bed. All three slept for more than fifteen hours. Lindsey woke first and still sleepy she stumbled to the bathroom to inspect herself. She was a mess and her hips were bruised and scratched, Her belly was sore to touch and bruised as well. She had lots of scratches all over and her hair was a tangled mess and she worried that she might never get it untangled. Her groin was chafed and swollen. Her very tender labia were also distended and bruised badly. Her back had lots of abrasions from spending the best part of two nights being fucked hard. She was still groggy when she made her entrance into the living room, where all of the men were gathered, deep in conversation.

"Good morning Lindsey," the professor greeted airily, "How are you after your sleep."

"Better but still a little groggy, it's going to take a while to get back to feeling human I think."

"Your feet, how are they."

"They hurt like hell Professor I don't plan on doing any running any time soon." Thankfully he didn't mention her other bits, she couldn't handle that conversation just now.

Lindsey was offered a hot cup of coffee and some warm toast as she sat in the most comfortable chair in the place, which was offered gallantly by David.

"Lindsey," the Professor continued, "we were trying to decide what the best plan would be from here forward. We have hundreds of extremely good photos, indisputable I would suggest, as well as an hour of high-quality video. Even when the footage and photos that could compromise you girls is extracted we still have plenty of good evidence. But we do have a very big problem to overcome."

The professor looked around the room before he spoke again, "When we release these pictures everyone and his brother will be Yowie hunting. That will surely mean that the Yowies will be hunted all over the valley, captured for research, perhaps put on public display. They have been mythical until now but if we show the public that they exist they won't exist for long, they will be extinct within the year." He looked around the group again and Michelle and Vanessa had now joined in to complete the compliment. Both girls looked terrible. He coughed to clear his throat then continued.

"If we don't release the photos, one of us will deliberately or inadvertently tell someone that we had an encounter with the beasts. The press, although sceptics without scruples, will demand that we release the photos. They will most likely pay to be the first to get them and pay well. Now I don't want to sound like Jesus but one of you will betray the rest of us that goes without saying. To avoid the ensuing problems, I propose that we destroy all the pictures here and now. Then if someone

makes a slip, they are more than likely to be seen as just a bitter nut case in the face of the other denial of an encounter by others. It may be untidy but the girl's honour is being protected."

David went to say something then just shrugged.

"David," the professor looked at David and offered him a chance to speak.

"I have been looked on as a nut for years and I can remain one for a lot longer I guess. While they remain mythical beast I can represent the myth but I don't think I can carry the burden of being one of the people that destroyed the myth permanently. Let us burn the photos and erase the movie's." David stepped back from the group and looked at Lindsey sheepishly.

"Okay everyone, discuss it if you want, it's up to you if you want to have your say your welcome."

In the end, everyone agreed to destroy the images and to remain silent about the Yowie. Conservation ruled the day. However, was there possibly two maybe three pieces of potential evidence that they were all overlooking?"

*The End*