

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Part One

Blair Fortner leaned over her open suitcase and let her strawberry blonde mane cascade down over her shoulders and hang in her way. She was used to working through that veil of hair.

But she was going to have to figure out something to do with it now. African weather was notoriously humid, especially where she was going. The intense heat and humidity wouldn't go too well with long, damp hair. There was jungle rot to think about. She riffled through a pile of safari shirts and found the one she was looking for. Wouldn't it be a blast to wear it to dinner tonight? Amidst all those fancy evening clothes.

That and a pair of safari pants with lace-up jungle boots and a safari hat. Just the outfit guaranteed to draw attention. Not that she was in need of much more than she usually got.

Her nineteen year old body was a model of full-figured perfection. Her shoulders were taut and straight, her waist was small and trim. And best of all, she rose to nearly five foot eight inches in height. She loved being tall, and she loved having a good body.

Her legs were long, sculpted and tapering, all the way down to her feet. And her hips were curvy as a calendar girl's. Her breasts stuck straight out and in a marvelous defiance of gravity, thrust up at the tips. The places occupied by those twin plum-colored pliable nipples of hers. The ones that grew stiff and thick whenever she got aroused.

Which hadn't been often lately. But this was no time to think about that. She found a pair of thick woolen socks and kicked her bedroom slippers off. It would be such a hoot to wear this to the dinner party. That ought to perk old man Divers up a bit. Him and that snobbish son of his. Dr. Divers, her father called him. She did, too, when she wanted to address him face to face. When she was talking about him, it was always 'suck face' or 'bird turd' or something else appropriate.

He was one academician she loathed. Even if he was head of the Zoology department. And even if his darling son Owen was a professor in that august body of men.

Her father was part of that department, too. But in Blair's eyes he was a bit special. He did most of his work in the field. He usually shunned fancy black-tie affairs like the one he had promised to go to tonight, and he was a kind and loving man.

Blair only wished that he would re-marry someday. Having lost his wife, though it had been ten years earlier, must have made him a bit lonely. And then there had been suitors. Or whatever the female equivalent of a suitor might be. Women after his heart, though some of them had probably been after his wallet.

Dr. Fortner was a widely-published and respected authority on Greater Primates. He had popularized them actually, had written several commercially-successful books on the subject as well as countless more academic studies.

His blonde daughter never bothered to hide the fact that she idolized him. And he never bothered to hide the fact that he doted on her. Adored her. And he took her everywhere he went.

She had gone to schools all over the world. Grammar school in the Philippines, and in Ceylon, where he had gone to do his extensive and definitive studies of the gibbon and spider monkey. South America, where he had gone to research the New World monkey. And in Chicago, where he worked

at the zoo studying the big one ... king ape. The gorilla.

There had been lots of trips in between. A full, rich life for a young girl, nearing her twentieth birthday. And Blair had loved every minute of it. Well, most every minute.

She never liked the boardroom crowd. The dinner party group. The social scene.

And as beautiful and exciting as she was, she far preferred the depths of a dense jungle to the piazzas and parlor rooms of the well-to-do academic set. Or even the non-academic set.

Her father was no stranger to the jet set crowd, either. He was one of their pets. He told witty and involving stories, was erudite and charming. But he, too, quickly tired of the social scene. Like his daughter, he preferred the company of the outdoors. And he could hardly wait for the next field assignment, whatever it might be.

Blair pulled out a flimsy see-through bra and pair of bikini panties from her bedroom drawer. She paraded into the bathroom with them dangling from her hand and untied the terry-cloth cord of her robe.

She opened the coat and stared in the lighted mirror in front of her. It would be so good to get away from civilization again. Into that jungle. The place she loved and dreamt of constantly.

She looked at her massive knockers in the glass and spread her legs to look into her cunt. It had been a while since anyone had put his hands on her or made her cunt lips tingle. Well, there were compensations. Like knowing how to make yourself feel good at times like this.

Hell, she wasn't made of stone. She was a hot, eager young woman with a lot of sexual energy to go around. Only problem was, nobody seemed to be worth going around.

She sat on the edge of the tub and spread her legs, lifting one perfectly shaped foot up onto the porcelain rim. She could see across the room into the mirror quite plainly. In fact, she had a front row seat to her own open cunt slit.

She could see the rosy-colored folds stretch wide as she pulled her legs out and watch them shrink in together as she pushed her legs in again. What an amazing organ, that cunt of hers. She reached up and fingered the stubby mauve tips of her gigantic tits. The rubbery nipples flexed and extended under her grip. She pinched them hard, sending a little jolt of electrical power down to her cunt and rushing back again.

"Ooooooh," she said, letting a thin strand of hot air out her pursed lips.

She spread her cunt lips apart with her fingers and reached for her clit. How lucky to have such a big, slippery pink one to grab onto, she thought, as she ran her fingers up and down its length, circling it occasionally and feeling the glow spread to all parts of her body.

Her clit bounced up big and wet as she continued to run her fingers around it and up it and down it. Harder and harder. Faster and faster.

And sweeter and sweeter came the warm glow that now radiated throughout her entire body. It felt so hot and crazed to be sitting there alone doing this. But what the hell? She didn't have anybody else to do it for her.

Well, all right. She didn't want anybody else to do it for her. Not now anyway. She slipped her other

foot up onto the rim and sat in a rather primitive pose as she began dicking herself with the fingers of one hand.

She slid the fingers inside her tight little tucked-in pussy and slid them out with a soft popping noise.

Rotating them round and round inside her the next time, she let out a soft cry of mixed pain and joy as she continued to rub her thick, bulbous clit at the same time.

She looked in the mirror. It was a primitive pose. Sitting there like that with her legs spread and her knees bent at sharp angles. So sharp that her feet were stuck right next to her ass cheeks.

Blair arched her back and stuck her fingers in deeper with each thrust. She reamed her cunt out and watched as the clear cunt honey flowed out her tight, pink throbbing hole and ran down her cunt crack. It flowed along her pussy lips and down, down to the porcelain tub rim, wetting everything in its path.

Her nipples glistened up rock hard and sweaty from the heat of the bathroom as she continued to finger her pussy with abandon. Such a primitive way of sitting and masturbating, she thought. Where had she seen it before?

She rushed her fingers in, skewered them round and round, spooning out loads of clear joy juice that oozed ever faster out her succulent tight wet cunt slit.

Ah, yes, the zoo. She had seen the big female apes sit like this and diddle themselves waiting for the male apes to come back. Or, if they were left alone for more than a few hours, they would do like this, just waiting for their mates to get aroused enough to fuck.

That was one thing Blair liked about apes. They were very open about their sexual activity. Not closeted and secreted like human beings. So free and easy. And they did whatever they felt like doing whenever they felt like it. Sort of like what she was doing right now.

She dug her fingers high into her pussy. So high in fact that her buns left the tub rim. She came down quickly enough though, catching her balance and shoveling her hot hand inside her pussy and wringing it around and around.

“God,” she cried out in a flurry of sexual bliss.

She knew she was about to go off. Humping herself this hard with her hand usually did the trick. It was a little lonely, but it sufficed for now. She blinked her eyes rapidly and saw stars in front of them when they went shut. She rocked herself back and forth and up and down on her merciless, pumping hand, which had become her fist by now.

She bounced harder and harder up and down on that fist and threw herself into a sweet paroxysm of climax.

“Oh, wow!” she called out again and again as a whole string of climaxes gained momentum somewhere inside her and shot out her cunt. What a marvelous feeling of release! What ecstasy!

After the ninth or tenth blitz, she lost count, Blair slowly wiggled her drowned and soaking fingers out of her pussy and licked them greedily.

Why was she doing that, she wondered, stopping herself suddenly and looking into the mirror. Ah,

yes, she had seen the female apes do that. They often licked their cunt cream. Sometimes, they fed a little to the male to get him aroused.

It seemed to be the same routine to Blair. No matter what the species. Women always had to put out the greatest effort. But it seemed to her quite suddenly, she knew not from where the thought came though, that female apes had it a bit better in the sex and love department.

For once they enticed the male with their smells or their foreplay activities, the males would completely dominate them. She had seen them. In the field and in the zoo.

The males would take over complete responsibility of the sexual mating act. They would jump up and down on top of the female, or fuck her in a standing position, ramming their hook-shaped penises right in between their legs without needing to be further aroused, talked to, or promised much of anything.

Whereas human females had much more to do. They had to continue to keep the male's interest once he was hot. Stroke his ego, tell him he was a good lover, vary the position, suggest a variable. Even buy filmy negligees to continue the wooing process. Promise them loyalty. Pledge their fucking love for Chrissake ... even assure them that they wouldn't hate them in the morning.

Well, human men had their good points. Only right then, stepping out of the shower and drying herself off, Blair couldn't think of any.

"Blair!!!" a familiar voice shot up the steps. "Are you up there?"

"Come on up," Blair shouted back. At least Cathy was good company. Cathy didn't have to be enticed.

"Shit those stairs are steep," the girl said, huffing and puffing as she pulled into the bedroom. She plopped her adorable tight buttocks on the chenille bedspread of one of Blair's twin beds and stared at her friend. Her friend who stood there completely naked with her hands on her hips.

"Glad you got dressed for me," she said, swallowing some leftover air and finally catching her breath.

Cathy Meltzer was Blair's best friend. Had been since childhood. She and her parents lived next door. The father was a veterinarian. A wealthy family, but unpretentious. Blair liked that.

Cathy had been to the top schools in the country, but she always spent her summers cleaning out her dad's dog kennels and tending to sick cats. They shared a deep love and appreciation of nature, and most especially, of nature's creatures.

"I'm just getting dressed now," Blair said, nonchalantly.

She had always had a rather nonchalant attitude about her nudity.

She didn't mind that anyone saw her in the buff. Cathy hardly counted at all. Not that she had no scruples. Just that she had long ago adopted the attitude of the animals her father studied ... nudity is the natural state of things. Why be ashamed of it? The animals aren't.

"Good," Cathy said, eyeing her friend with a teasing little grin, "I'm glad you're not going to Dr. Divers' dinner party completely naked."

"It's a thought," Blair said, stepping into her black nylon panties. She loathed underwear. Maybe she wouldn't wear any. She paused a moment and decided she wouldn't.

"You're not serious," her friend said, seeing Blair step back out of the sexy hot little panties and toss them on the bed.

"Oh, shit, Cathy, I'm gonna wear clothes," the girl said, putting her hand on her soft cotton safari shirt, "just not gonna wear underwear."

"Savage!" Cathy said, swinging her adorable legs as she sat on the bed and grinned at her friend.

"Thanks," Blair said, unbuttoning the shirt and stretching her luscious body out to slip into it, "I consider that a compliment."

"I know," Cathy said, "that's because you're warped."

"No," Blair said, buttoning the thing up all the way to the neck, "I'm practical. You ought to know that by now."

She stared in the mirror at the rather prim appearance the shirt had, even though it was thrown over a curvaceous and tantalizingly big bosom. She unbuttoned the shirt low enough to show the tops of her breasts.

"Gonna give the locals something to spill their soup course over?" Cathy said, putting her hand over her mouth to stop the giggles.

"Why don't you come along and see what does happen," Blair said, "you've never had a chance to attend a really boring academic dinner. Guaranteed dullest evening in memory."

"No thanks," Cathy said, "I've got a date. A hot date."

That was a little odd. Cathy was a beautiful raven-haired little pixie. But her tastes usually ran to dogs, cats and other assorted domestic animals. She was a normal, sexy nineteen year old, but Blair seldom saw her with a guy.

"Who?" Blair said, shaking her slacks out and stepping into them. She wiggled her hot, taut hips around, to fit the pants around them. They were tight, the way she wore most of her clothes.

"A guy from school. Named Harold Rhymer. Sounds hot, doesn't he?" Cathy again tried to muffle a giggle, but it slipped out.

"Look," she said, "why don't you stop by the house later? Bring your date."

"I would like to say Good-bye to your dad," Cathy said, sitting up and bringing her weight to the balls of her feet. It was getting near time to go if she wanted to go and get ready. It wasn't every Saturday night she went out. "When are you two leaving?"

"Ship leaves tomorrow night," Blair said, "around eight."

"Wow!" Cathy said, a note of admiration coming into her voice, "what a blast! A cruise to the jungles of darkest Africa."

"Well, it's not exactly a cruise. We're going by ocean liner, but it's not a luxury vessel. And we're not going to darkest Africa. We're going to the jungles, but there are mountains there, too."

"It must be something to go to a wild, untamed place like that. Nobody to bother you. No parking tickets, no traffic jams, no TV, no supermarkets ..."

"No black-tie dinner parties...", Blair continued, "... No inflation, no college upper crust snobs, no disgusting men ..." Her voice cut off. She hadn't meant to say that exactly that way. She hadn't meant to say 'disgusting men' like that. It slipped out. But it did slip out.

Perhaps she had meant it in some strange way. Some way she couldn't quite fathom. "I'm off," Cathy said, hopping up and scurrying toward the door. "See you later ... savage!"

She laughed as she went running down the steps. Blair heard her laughter all the way down the stairs. What the hell was she laughing at?

The dinner-party was every bit the atrocity that Blair suspected it would be. The food was tasty enough, but the company sucked.

Professor Divers was regally seated at the head of the assembled guests. The little party was his way of bidding a fond adieu to his department's most prized professor and most fierce competitor. None of his books had ever been published for popular markets. He wrote long, scholarly studies on the mating habits of flatworms and the nocturnal activities of the two-toed sloth. In other areas, he had even less to offer.

"Blair, dear," he said, grasping her hand with his gnarled hairy one, "you're looking positively radiant this evening."

What a bunch of crap! He was patronizing her and she knew it. How could he say such a thing anyway? She was wearing khaki pants, a khaki blouse and Army boots, for Chrissake.

"What are you going to do with all that lovely hair?" Mrs. Divers said, nodding her head in Blair's direction, "I expect you'll have to cut it off."

"Well, the jungles are steamy," Blair said, stirring a little milk into her cappuccino, "but I've decided to risk not going bald for the occasion. I'm thinking of wearing it in braids or something."

Actually she hadn't given it much thought.

"Such a lovely color," Owen Divers chimed in. He was such a sweetie. Always waiting for Mommsie and Daddykins to have their say before he opened his mouth, "Do you call it Titian blonde, I believe?"

"Strawberry blonde," her father said, reaching for the sugar, "like her mother had."

For some reason, it still made Blair feel a little sad every time he brought up her mother. Why couldn't he just find a nice college widow and get remarried? She would miss him terribly, but the man must get lonely. Surely at least just for companionship ... Her thoughts were cut off by the very charming Mrs. Haver, the wife of another Zoology professor. One whose speciality was long-legged birds.

"Aren't you afraid you'll be a bit lonely out there in the bush?" she said, lifting all three of her chins up as she raised her head and eyed the girl, "I was. My goodness, the year Jackson and I spent there, I nearly lost my sanity. No one to talk to, no one to listen to me, except Jackson, of course ..."

Blair was vaguely aware that Mrs. Haver was droning on ad nauseam. But something the woman had

said made her thoughts rush off and carry her along with them. What was it?

Ah, yes, the loneliness thing. Why wouldn't she be lonely out there? Away from everything and everyone she knew that was familiar to her. Not another white person around for hundreds of miles. Why had she no fear of those outer reaches of the world? Why was she even looking forward to the peace and solidarity of it?

She tapped her spoon on the table as the woman continued to buzz on, her voice rambling off in a jagged monotone. She was actually eager about getting out there. Fiercely eager.

In fact, it's all she had thought about for days. All the plans and packing and shots she had had to get. She had loved every second of it. She would miss her entire sophomore year at college. Oh, she would get her Zoology credit all right. And she needed it, since she was planning to become a zoologist herself. But she would miss Homecoming, the football games, the swimming meets, the dorm friends, the dates ...

Her thoughts stuck on that last one. Dates. Men. Young men. The ones she had been seeing in the last year. Ah! That alone would make a book. She resolved to write it someday. After she had been celibate for a number of years. That is what she was planning.

To cut herself completely off from sex. To go without it. It had been so ever-loving disappointing this last year. And, often, before that, too. Not that the guys she had been with were animals. That was just the problem. They weren't animal enough.

There hadn't been a risk-taker, a devilishly daring one, a really energetic one, a truly macho one in the bunch. There had been some incredibly good fucks, though, she had to admit. And a couple of them had been superior. But no tingle as far as she was concerned.

There had been Gary Fulton. He had been a lot of fun. A super guy, really. Captain of the swimming team. A body like an Olympic star. Not handsome, but then, she never really saw the use of handsome men. They were just so stuck on themselves.

But he had been rugged and outdoorsy. Not like little darling Owen who sat across from her now, trying to flirt with her. Owen was two years older than her, but she always felt she was babysitting him whenever they were alone.

Their one and only date had been a disaster epic. He had taken her to a remote beach for a quiet, private swim. At least that's what he said. And she had gone there, to get just that.

She had ridden all the way out to the ocean cliffs with him and they had skipped across the sand together. That part had been fun. She even dared to hope that they might be friends if they could have a bit of fun together. But then, the shit hit the fan.

When she stood up and threw her towel down and peeled off her sweat shirt, Owen had gasped.

"What's the matter?" she said, unzipping her jeans and stepping out of them. "I thought we were going swimming."

"I thought you'd be wearing a bathing suit," the shocked young man had said, his glasses fogging up even in the clear light of that sunny afternoon.

"You said it was a deserted beach," Blair said, "what's wrong with a nude swim?"

She stood staring at him, her hands thrust up to her hips and back arched bravely against the salty air.

“What if ...” the startled lad began, “what if somebody sees you?”

“Then they do, I suppose,” Blair shouted back. She was getting pretty fed up with Owen Divers and they’d only been together an hour.

“Does your father know you go around like that?” he asked, carefully lowering the zipper of his linen pants.

“My father doesn’t much care how I go around,” she said, shaking her head in disbelief that anybody could be so fucking dense as to object to a little nudity in such a private setting.

Owen stroked his razor-clean face and smiled a cautious, edgy grin, “maybe you’d like me to go in like that, too?”

“Do whatever you like,” Blair called back to him as she kicked the sand up behind her heels and headed toward the noisy surf.

She didn’t much care what Owen Divers did. Nor any of the men she had seen in the last few years. But there had been one ... when was it ... a long time ago. How far back was that?

It was in Ceylon. Sri Lanka, they called it now. In the jungles. She had only been twelve years old at the time. But it was a thing she had never forgotten.

Funny how some memories lingered and others just drifted off like fog in early morning. But this was one memory that stood out in her mind. One she couldn’t forget, and didn’t want to let go of.

There had been a temple. A kind of gold and ivory thing. Huge, forbidding, and completely overgrown with thick jungle foliage. Her father had set up his base of operations there, along with two of his associates and some local hands.

The men were Ceylonese. Blair remembered them very well. They were dark, fierce-looking men with Simian foreheads and sturdy shoulders.

She admired the way they plowed through the jungles with great agility. And, she remembered how they looked at her strawberry blonde hair and pointed excitedly the first time they saw it.

Their interpreter told them the cause of the men’s excitement. Blonde hair was unheard of around these parts. They thought she was some sort of goddess. A vision come back to bring them good luck.

And, of course, those men were very nice to her. One of them had a son, a boy not much older than her, though it was difficult to tell age among people so dark-skinned.

He was incredibly handsome, with a furrowed, heavy dark pair of eyebrows that almost touched above the bridge of his nose. And masses of wavy blue-black hair.

Blair had been especially drawn to that. She loved hairy men. She couldn’t tell why exactly, but the clean-shaven men who had filled up her social calendar recently just didn’t turn her on to look at them.

Guji did. That was the boy’s name. And she loved to watch him. He was as graceful as a ballet

dancer, but incredibly masculine all the same. His biceps were huge and his legs were lean and well-muscled.

But that fierce, handsome face of his with its dark shadows and piercing sloe eyes. That had done a real number on her.

Maybe she had just been a hot little girl all her life. But she did remember being physically turned on that year. Turned on to a boiling point. And it usually happened when Guji was in the area.

They had been camping in the main hall of the temple for about two weeks when Blair first remembered being physically turned on by this lad. She had a lot of privacy in this temple. Even though most of it lay in ruins. There were altars, places behind the altars, parapets, and towers to run and play in.

Her father had come there for the monkeys. She had adopted several of them as pets. They were tiny. Lovable little creatures and so quick to tame. They could pick up knowledge as quickly as a child, she thought, and she spent many hours playing with them.

One afternoon, sitting on the balcony of the east tower of the temple, she caught sight of the men below. They were headed for the temple pool, which ran off from a little waterfall, now nearly covered with thick green vines and ferns.

They had just come back from a day's journey with her father, exploring the local terrain, taking notes and pictures of the wild life in the vicinity. The usual thing they did every day.

And the men usually got back around this time. It looked like they were all headed for the pool and quick wash-up. That beautiful clear pond served as the community's bath, but Blair had never seen the men bathe in it.

They had always let her go in alone, and she was used to it being that way. But she had never been out on just this balcony when the men were bathing below.

She knew she ought to run inside and busy herself with something else, and leave them here in private, but she didn't want to. She was curious. Naturally curious.

She leaned over the balcony and tried to stay as quiet as a mouse. The little spider monkey she was holding started to chatter insanely and she held her finger over her mouth to give him the signal to shut up.

When that didn't work, she held her finger over his mouth.

"Sssshhhh!" she told the jabbering little ape as he blinked his out-sized eyes and jumped up and down on the balcony railing.

Blair missed the men getting out of their clothes, because of the thick covering of foliage. But when they stepped out into the sun, she had a clear view of everything. Everything she had ever wanted to see and more.

The white men were all respectably built. They looked a little silly, though, with that tan on their faces and arms and parts of their legs, then that sharp line of demarcation separating that tan from the lily-white of the rest of their bodies. Their dicks hung down white and glistening between their legs.

But what Blair couldn't take her eyes off of was the beauty of those Ceylonese natives. The men were so awesomely dark. Their lustrous blue-black hair and darkly-hued skin glistened in the light of the late afternoon sun.

She was mesmerized by the beauty of their bodies in complete nakedness. Guji was as long and slender and muscular as a Greek statue of a god. She blinked and stared as he ran along behind the older men, his thick, dark cock swinging freely between his muscular thighs. How natural it looked with all its skin intact.

How artificial those men looked whose cocks had been cut and sewn up in some unnatural way as to let their dick knobs show a bit at the tip.

She watched the lad enter the water, one leg at a time. As he spread his perfect limbs, she caught a glimpse of his tight, bulbous balls hanging just behind his man meat.

What a sight. She felt hotter than the noon day sun just watching him slip into that water.

The men did their wash-up and left quickly. But Guji swam around, floating in the clear, cool water like a little brown dinghy.

Blair forgot herself a moment and turned toward the balcony stairs. She rushed down them two and three at a time. What in the world had gotten into her, she didn't know. By the time she got to the bottom, she had her denim pants and flannel shirt off. She pushed the broad overhanging leaves out of the way and cut a path toward the place she knew the pool to be.

"Hi, Guji...", she called, standing on the carved rocks at the side of the water, "... can I join you?"

The startled boy grinned up at her and beckoned her into the water. Neither of them had the least notion that they might be tempting fate if they were to bathe nude together.

Blair's father had never discouraged her from getting naked and going for a swim, provided of course, she knew the other party. And Guji's family and friends were no less close to nature in their approach to bathing.

"It's cold," Blair said, dipping her toe into the water.

"It warms up," Guji said, his white teeth flashing against his dark mahogany skin.

He felt himself getting a little warmer even as he mentioned this phenomenon to her. He watched her peel off her nylon panties and tight little bra and step into the water.

His cock stiffened up, even in the chilly pool as he saw her spread her legs and step down. He caught a flash of cunt meat just then, no doubt about it.

Sweet, juicy pink petals of it, surrounded by a heavenly light fringe of halo hair. Just a fringe, but cushy and inviting.

"Let's climb up on these rocks and dive in," Guji said, anxious to do something besides lie there and feel his dick swell up.

"Great," Blair said, breast-stroking over to the rocks and stepping out. She placed one foot on the smooth rock and it slipped out from under her. She landed in the water with a splash and came up laughing.

"I better help you," Guji said, swimming over to her.

He made a brace by interlacing his fingers and she stepped up on it and grabbed a prominent piece of rock.

The boy couldn't help looking up into the sweet, pink tunnel that stretched out hotly, then snapped shut again as the girl closed her legs. But he had gotten an extremely good view of the girl's cunt, and from under it, too.

Those delicious folds, that adorable cunt tunnel, the moist dusky rose sphincter of her ass. He couldn't decide which one he would like to get his fingers into first. And then there were those nubile, upturned perfect little tits of hers. "Come on," Blair cried down to him, as soon as she landed on a safe place, "Come up here, and we'll jump in together."

The boy made a quick job of scrambling up to the rocks where the girl stood, poised to dive into the water. Well, it was now or never, he figured. His father wouldn't let him stay out there all day.

Blair watched as the handsome young Indian pranced toward her. She had a hard time focusing on his face and tearing her eyes off his delicious cock rod. It was even longer and thicker than when he had stepped in the water. She wondered if she might have anything to do with that.

"Do you want to kiss me?" the black-eyed lad said to her, as he got close enough to touch her.

"I don't know," the girl said, shaking her long, wet hair out of her eyes. "Why?"

Actually, she did want to do that. And she wanted to put her hand on his cock, too. To feel it and explore every inch of his round, smooth manhood.

She had a hunch she might just get a chance to do that this afternoon, if she played it careful. "Because, I want to kiss you," Guji said, staring down at her pert, taut little peaks of tit perfection.

"Then, let's," Blair said, as though he had just made a perfectly natural request.

"Come over here," the dark-skinned lad said, "We'll be out of the sun."

They would also be out of the range of any prying eyes that come from the temple, too. But he wasn't sure he should tell her that just yet.

It's a good spot, Blair thought, as the boy pointed toward the bush, it will be impossible for anyone to see us from up in there.

A few monkeys scampered out of their way as they climbed up the steep rock and made a beeline for the grassy little spot that lay under the huge palm tree.

"This is great," Blair said, smiling at him and surveying the lay of the land, "I never even knew it existed."

"Lots of things to learn about in the jungle," the boy said, clutching her hand and pulling her gently down toward the grass. "Lots of things."

"Yeah," the blonde nymphet said, flashing her green eyes admiringly at the boy next to her.

Part of what she was admiring had started to stir in the nest between the boy's legs.

"I wonder," Blair said, sticking her tongue into her cheek cautiously, "if I let you kiss me, can I feel your body?"

The boy sat up with a start. Not that it was an unreasonable request, but it was just so surprising to hear a girl talk this way.

He leaned over and found her mouth by slurping his tongue around on her lips. He pried those luscious, pouty pink lips open with his tongue and pressed her body into his by taking a hold of her shoulders.

Their tongues met, probed and explored each others' mouth. Blair stuck her nubile little tits into the boy's chest and rubbed them around and around in hot, erotic circles.

Where had she learned to do that? She marveled at herself. This was as close as she had ever come to having sex with anyone, and she felt totally comfortable, completely at home with the prospect.

"Spread your legs apart," the boy said, "I want to sit inside them."

Blair spread her legs apart a bit.

"More," the boy urged, "Here, I'll show you."

He reached down with his strong, muscular hands and gripped the girl's smooth flanks. He stretched her legs wide and bent them at the knees, placing her bare soles down on the grass.

"That's better," he said, edging inside her widespread limbs.

"Sure is," Blair said, staring down at the top of her cute little cunt crack. She noticed how her clit stuck out in that position. Bobbed up right between her plump little cunt lips.

And her clit wasn't the only thing in view bobbing up. Guji was developing a man-size erection. She watched in awe as the thick, hooded thing swelled massively and reached for the tree tops.

His thick, dark tight balls bounced hotly up under the base of his wet, hardening cock shaft, giving her a spectacular view of an erection in full blooming glory.

"Mmmmm," Blair said, studying the way the thick foreskin peeled itself back as the hard shaft shoved it persistently out of the way.

"You're beautiful," the boy said, sitting up a bit and slipping his heels under his ass cheeks. He leaned into her and found her mouth again and diddled it hard with his tongue.

"Can I touch you now?" Blair said, wondering if she should wait till his cock had grown to its fullest height or touch him while it was still in the process. She definitely didn't want to disrupt any activity down there.

"Go ahead," he said, spreading his knees apart and sticking the smooth, dark tip of his cock head up toward her.

Blair reached a shaky hand out and brought it down on the top of the boy's thick, hard cock dome. She circled it around a bit, picking up some of the tacky clear juice from his heavenly dark cock slit.

She fingered the thick ridge of his cock rim and patted his shaft.

"That's okay," the boy said, "just slide your hand down it. It doesn't hurt or anything."

Blair felt a tingle shoot through her cunt lips as she braced her hand around the boy's thick, hard dark prick stick. She slid it down a ways, and then back up again.

"If you go up and down all the way, it's very pleasing, too," Guji said, adjusting his weight a little on his haunches and smiling tenderly at this uninhibited girl.

"Why don't you put your hands on me, too," Blair said, unable to shake the tingle off her cunt lips.
"Put your fingers on
this."

With her free hand, she pointed to the clit that was jutting between the lips of her sweet, blonde pussy mound.

Guji found the thick, slippery clit, sticking out there as big as a thumb and began massaging it around and around. He loved the way it felt under his fingers. He pressed it this way and that and felt the girl squirm with delight under his manipulations.

"That's delicious," she said, feeling her breath come out in thicker and heavier gasps.

She found herself tightening her grip around the boy's glistening big cock pole. She slithered her hand up to the top and ran her fingers around that hard, tantalizingly smooth head again before she dove them back down to the base of his dick.

What a wonderful game, Blair thought to herself. I wonder how long we can play at this before someone stops us.

But nobody did.

The cool breeze from the jungle depths disturbed the leaves, letting the sun in for her to get an even better look at the boy's hard, dark man cock. It shone brilliantly as the sun flashed on it. It reflected the water off it, as well as a thin layer of pre-cum that she had unknowingly coated it with each time she traced the smoothness of his dick dome and sped her gripping fingers down the length of his throbbing, big man tool.

"Uh, oh," Guji said, letting out a few words after that that

Blair didn't understand.

"What?" she said, as she felt the luxury of his fingers playing her clit around and around and back and forth. She was about to go off herself, just from the delightful, non-stop friction that the boy was creating on her love button.

"I think it's time to leave you," the boy said, smiling a little sheepishly.

"Oh, no," she said, shaking her blonde wet hair in anger.

"I don't want to," he said, gripping his free hand into the ground and tearing up clumps of grass in an attempt to stave off the hungry beast that would any moment burst free from his loins.

"Ooooooh," Blair said, as she saw sparks in front of her flapping eyelids. She was very close to

coming herself.

The boy wiggled his anxious hips around and around in ever- faster circles as the girl continued her up and down movements on his thick, sliding fuck pole.

“Oh, no,” he said, biting on his lower lip, “I’m going to leave you now.”

“Please don’t,” Blair protested, blinking back the huge come that lay just under the lips of her swollen cunt.

“I don’t want to,” Guji said, thrusting his hips hard up and down in an ever-increasing speed rhythm, “I have to.” He felt the inner reaches of his balls sputter and cough. They spit forth the warm, growing jism load that shot down the length of his rock hard pecker and burst out of the cock slit at the tip.

“Wow!” Blair said, sitting up and taking even fonder notice of the action at the top of the boy’s cock knob. The white gush of furious hot cream came roaring out of the opening in a perfect line and headed straight toward her out-stretched cunt lips.

She felt it strike the petals of inner cunt folds as she leaned her head back and shot off a wild, bubbling juice load of hot, erotic orgasm.

The white sheet just kept coming at her in a continuous stream of thick goo.

“Can I taste it?” she said, holding the boy’s still hard pecker in between her hands. The sounds of the wild birds and monkeys assaulted her ears. The feel of the boy’s thick dick rod aroused her fingertips, and she flung off into another totally- absorbing sea of climaxes as she leaned her head forward and buried her face on the head of Guji’s thickly-erect prick.

How many years ago had that been again? Seven? Well, sex had never been that good since. She suspected it might have had something to do with the jungle setting. The jungle! God, she was looking forward to it.

She and Guji had a great time for the next six weeks, exploring each others’ bodies. She wondered if her father ever knew about that little episode. Or the many little episodes that followed. That dark-eyed Indian native boy had taken her virginity out there in that jungle bush. And she had loved every second of it.

Civilized sex was just never quite as good.

“... of course,” Mrs. Haver said, in her drippy monotone chant, “I do love the wilds, ever so much. But I prefer to take my nature in books, you see, I really do. I’m just not cut out for such a harsh, unfriendly and lonely existence.”

Had the woman been talking the whole time she had been daydreaming? Impossible. But it seemed that she had. No one was paying much attention to her by this time.

Blair looked at her father, who was sipping the last of his glass of brandy. Such a strong, firm, no-nonsense type of man. Maybe she would grow up to be like him some day. She only hoped she could be half the zoologist he was.

“Lonely?” she heard her father say to Mrs. Haver in his deep, booming baritone voice, “perhaps, but there is a kind of quiet beauty to loneliness ... if it’s self-imposed of course. I find it a refreshing

change from all this.”

Dr. Fortner waved his hand around the room, and he smiled at his daughter lovingly.

“Me, too,” Blair said, smiling back at him.

It was nice to share a little joke with this man once in a while, though he didn’t often joke around.

Yes, it would be lonely in that forbidden jungle, Blair thought, but safe, too. Tucked quietly away from all the pomp and ceremony.

“I’ll get that,” Dr. Fortner called to his daughter from the living room.

They hadn’t been home more than a half hour, and the doorbell was jangling already. The man had to admit that he, too, would welcome a little jungle solitude for a change.

“Hi, Dr. F.,” Cathy’s chipper little voice called in to him from the front steps. The man stood back and let the exuberant girl and the young man accompanying her come into the room. He stared at the young man a moment, waiting to be introduced.

“Uh, Dr. Fortner,” Cathy said, remembering her manners at last, “this is Harold Rhymer. Harold, this is Blair’s father.”

“I think you’d better have a seat in the living room,” the dapper grey-haired man said, “the rest of the rooms are filled with packing crates.”

“Thanks,” Cathy said, ushering her date into the front room.

Blair came tripping down the steps calling to her father, “Is that Cathy?”

“Yes, dear,” her father shouted back, “and the young man accompanying her.”

Blair’s feet hit the bottom of the steps and she stared a moment. This was Cathy’s date? He wasn’t at all what she had expected. She thought somebody bookish, pale, and drawn ... like Owen Divers, maybe.

But this guy was a gorgeous hunk of beefy manhood. Tall and stately, but extremely well-developed muscularly.

And he had a beard. What was it about men with beards that automatically rated them an extra three points in her book? And this wasn’t just a little skimpy Van Dyke, this was a full-blown beard.

Luscious, full, and hairy. Just the way she liked them.

But she shouldn’t be standing here drooling over him mentally, after all, he was Cathy’s date.

“How do you do?” Harold Rhymer said, standing up tall and erect and staring her in the eyes. He gets another two points just for looking me in the eye, Blair thought to herself as she joined them on the sofa.

“How was the dinner?” Cathy said, eagerly smiling over at her friend.

"A little like a wake, only there was less to drink," Blair said back. "I guess I shouldn't be saying such things in front of my father, though. Sorry, Dad."

"Oh, that's quite all right," the steely-eyed, sober man said back to her, "I get a little tired of that university crowd myself once in a while. Won't be seeing much of them for the next six months, though."

"Six months?" Harold said.

In spite of herself, Blair found herself bristling at the sound of his voice. It was dark and deep and heavy. Irresistible. Like molasses pouring out of a long spout.

Blair blinked her eyes hard and tried to snap herself out of these daydreams she was having lately. Probably had something to do with not getting laid in the last eight weeks.

"Blair and Dr. Fortner are going to Africa tomorrow," Cathy said, "that's why I wanted to come over ... just to say Good-bye to them."

"Business or pleasure?" the young man asked, leaning back in the chair and looking at the fascinating souvenirs of a life lived in the exotic and far-flung outposts of the world.

Ivory, wood-carved statues and stone urns and pottery pieces cluttered the room. Thick, blonde straw mats and animal skin rugs lay on the floor. Spears and hunting blow-guns lined the walls. It almost looked like the African room at the museum.

"Business, but it's my pleasure, too," the grey-haired Dr. Fortner answered.

"Dr. Fortner researches Greater Primates," Cathy said, "he's also written a lot of books about man's relationship to apes. Did you read Man and Ape Man? That was his."

"I sure did," the thick-voiced, dark-haired man said, "great book."

"Thank you," Dr. Fortner said, "I'm happy about that one. Gave me a chance to interest the public in our distant cousins, the apes."

"Fascinating subject," Harold said, nodding his head as if in agreement with himself. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Dr. Fortner."

"Thank you," the man said, standing up and shaking the ashes out of his pipe into the fireplace, "but I'm afraid the meeting will have to be short-lived. I have some papers to go over before I travel tomorrow. Blair, you stay here with your friends. No need you running off to bed, just because I have work to do."

"Night, Dad," Blair said, rising to her feet and kissing the man on the cheek.

"Goodnight, dear," he said, embracing her. He stepped to the sofa and reached out to take Cathy's hand, "Goodnight and Farewell, Cathy. You have our address, I trust."

"Very good," Cathy said, bowing to his humor, "but I can write you in care of the university, can't I?"

"Yes," Blair said, "every day if you like. But we don't usually get the mail except once every two months, so I may be getting quite a stack from you when it finally does get to me."

Dr. Fortner took his leave and the three sat in the living room chatting about things in common.

Blair discovered that Harold was indeed a scientist, too, like her father. Only he was in graduate school, studying Anthropology.

"We have a lot in common," he found himself saying to the blonde girl after several minutes.

"How so?" she said, "you study humans and Dad and I study animals. That makes us only distantly related."

"Don't turn up your nose, Blair," Cathy said, "Humans deserve to be studied, too. I myself like to study them. Especially in shopping malls."

"Interesting," Harold said, reaching in his back pocket for a cigarette.

When he did, Blair noticed a rich, lush growth on his chest, just below his collarbone. What was it about men with hairy chests? She loved men with hairy chest. How come Cathy got so lucky all of a sudden? She had been looking for some piece of beef like this Rhymer guy for some time and nothing so far.

Then, on the night before the night she has to sail away, her best friend waltzes in the door with this! Nice work, Cathy.

"I find personally that humans in some situations behave more like animals," the young man continued.

"I wouldn't put animals down like that," Cathy said.

"She's right, you know, Harold," Blair said, "You defame animals by comparing them to humans."

"Didn't know I'd find myself in the company of two beautiful animal lovers tonight," he said, lighting his cigarette with the lighter on the teak wood table in front of him.

"So what's wrong with animals?" Blair found herself snapping defensively.

"Nothing at all," Harold replied, "they're fine in their place. But they are, you must admit, somewhat limited."

"Yes," Blair said, "if you define them and explain them in human terms. But we must remember, animals don't abide by human terms. They have a code of their own, depending on the species, of course."

She didn't know why she felt hot and flushed all over all of a sudden. Maybe the heat. But there wasn't much of that. Possibly the arguing, but this was hardly an argument, either.

Maybe it was that Rhymer guy. He was a big, beautiful specimen of the human race if she had ever seen one. She caught a little sneaky peek of the hair in between his open shirt collar again. It was every bit as dark and thick and ample as she remembered it from the last peek.

Yes, she thought, feeling the little trill of her cunt lips as they vibrated together enough to make her clit stiffen slightly. It probably was him. Why did he have to be so gorgeous and hairy, anyway?

After a few snatches of innocuous conversation, she grabbed a hold of Cathy by her jacket lapel.

"Let's go into the bathroom, uh, the kitchen a moment, Cathy," she said, trying not to sound too eager, "I have to show you something."

Cathy bounced up and wondered to herself what in hell her friend was keeping in the kitchen that would be worth pulling her away from Harold Rhymer. But, she padded dutifully after her friend anyway.

"How would you like to give me a going-away present, Cathy?" she said, smiling cautiously at her friend.

"Hadn't thought much about it, Kid," Cathy said, leaning against the kitchen counter and eyeing the refrigerator, "What have you got in mind?"

"Harold?" Blair said in a quiet, deadly little voice.

A full twenty seconds before an answer.

"No way, man," her diminutive friend shot back, "I saw him first."

"Oh, come on, Cathy," she begged, "wouldn't it be a blast? The three of us together? It's only for tonight. It has to be."

"Are you crazy?" Cathy said, staring wide-eyed at her friend and neighbour. What did this looney tune dame have on her mind anyway? Did she think she was a faggot or something?

"You think I'm queer, is that it?" Cathy said.

"Oh, Cathy," the blonde girl said, feeling a rush of hot steam escape her lips and trying to get a grip on her patience, "Threesomes don't mean you're queer."

"Who said anything about a fucking threesome," Cathy felt near to the boiling point. Not that she didn't want to get it on with Harold. And maybe someday, she'd even like to get it on with Blair. But both of them. In the same night? She was hardly prepared for a double whammy like that all at once.

"Why don't you give it a try?" Blair said, "please? For old time's sake?"

"What old times?" the fuzzy-haired girl shot back hotly, "we're only nineteen."

"Give it a try, Cathy," a voice said from the doorway, "you might like it. Besides, I won't think you're queer, either of you."

They fell apart like the waves of the Red Sea in the wake of Moses and the Israelites.

Harold Rhymer strolled casually into the kitchen, letting the swinging door flap behind him.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he said, "sorry."

"Oh, don't be," Cathy said, in mock gaiety, "Happens all the time. I just can't stop going out with adorable, brilliant men that my best friend falls head over heels in love with the minute I introduce them."

"It's hardly love, Cathy," Harold said, leaning against the wall, "just strong physical attraction."

Blair had to shake her head to be sure she heard him right. How the hell did this male know so much

anyway? Apparently he had instincts she didn't know about. Good healthy instincts. Animal instincts.

"He's right, Cath," Blair said, smiling gamely at her friend,

"I'm not nuts about him. It doesn't work like that. I just like him. Maybe even just for tonight."

"We can go right on seeing each other, Cathy," Harold said, his voice the essence of calm composure, "if we both want to. After Blair leaves I mean."

"But tonight?" Cathy said, swallowing hard.

"Well," Harold began, completely in control of himself, "tonight I'd like to be with both of you, if you don't mind."

"Wow!" Cathy said, shaking her head and trying to take it all in. "You two certainly have me beat for lack of inhibitions. Guess I'm not that cool."

"Oh, you're cool all right," Blair said, nodding to her friend, "Maybe too cool. If you don't want to get involved, we can drop it, as far as I'm concerned."

"Me, too," Harold said, patting his date on the back, "I don't want to do anything that would upset you."

"Where?" Cathy said, blandly.

"Where what?" Blair said, shaking her head in confusion.

"Where shall the three of us get it on?" the girl said, making a face and putting her hand over her mouth to keep back a giggle.

"Let's go upstairs," Blair said, beckoning the two of them to follow her. "But don't make too much noise. Dad may be asleep by now."

"Don't want this to turn into a foursome," Cathy giggled as they climbed the stairs. "Not that I'd mind getting it on with your dad, Blair. He's such a handsome guy."

Blair pushed her bedroom door open and the three of them tiptoed in like thieves in the night.

As soon as the lady of the house flicked on the lights, Harold stared at the walls so hard he almost forgot what he had come up here for. There were pictures all over the place. Even on the ceiling. Monkeys, apes, chimpanzees, gibbons, orangutans, spider monkeys, baboons ... primates of every size, color and description. Doing all kinds of things.

One of them had a monkey on Blair's shoulder. She looked to be about eleven or twelve in the picture. She was a beautiful little angelic girl, even then.

"This you?" he said, pointing toward it.

"Taken in Ceylon," she said, "Sri Lanka, they call it now."

"That's beautiful," the man said, taking off his jacket.

Blair had to hold her breath a moment when the man's jacket came off. She was more anxious than she wanted to admit. She licked her lips anxiously and waited for him to unbutton his shirt. Dared

she hope that his entire body would be covered with that rich, dark lustrous coating of hair that so boldly sprang from his chest?

"I've never had a girl eat my pussy before," Cathy said, trying not to let her fingers shake as she unbuttoned her filmy silk blouse. She flipped it open and let the material slide over her suntanned golden shoulders.

"Wow!" Harold said, staring at her as she let the material of her bra cups up and over her perfectly-shaped hot round tit loads.

"Thanks," she said, edgily groping for her skirt zipper. She was more excited than she wanted to admit as she watched Blair unbutton her safari shirt.

She had seen her friend nude a lot of times. In fact, she could hardly get her to keep her clothes on whenever they sunbathed or gardened or cooked together.

The girl seemed to be a born nudist. But to crawl into bed with this gorgeous girlfriend of hers? That was something she hadn't even dreamed of ... well, maybe a couple of times.

But she never thought she would see it turn into a reality.

The blonde's luscious big tit hunks popped into view like twin moons rising above the earth.

"That's gorgeous," she heard Harold say.

He seemed to be admiring both of them. That was diplomatic of him. Anyway, he was being a gentleman about the whole thing. Not grabbing ass or tweaking tit or anything that lewd.

The man unbuttoned his shirt, not daring to look away from the incredibly good double bill on the screen in front of his eyes. He fumbled with the buttons and didn't manage much grace getting out of his shirt, but he was so glued to the spot. He hadn't seen a prettier pair of girls anywhere in his entire academic career. And to think the two of them lived right next door.

"Glad I'm not your neighbor," he heard himself say, pulling off his under-shirt. "I'd be over here trying to bang both of you every night of the week."

"Panderer," Cathy said, fishing for the elastic of her half-slip.

"Is something wrong?" Harold said, looking at Blair who seemed to be transfixed as she gazed at his chest.

"Oh, no," Blair said, shaking herself back to consciousness.

She couldn't believe the beautiful thick growth all over his chest. And as if that weren't enough, running down his arms, too. What was it about hairy men? She loved them. She hoped he would have a similar black patch running down from his groin to the floor along both legs. That would be the capper all right.

She stepped eagerly out of her safari pants and tossed them over a chair.

"Want some help?" she said to her friend, who was fumbling helplessly with her under panties.

"No!" Cathy sung merrily back to her, "I can manage."

Harold gripped his belt buckle and stared at the fine array spread before him. The blonde girl's pussy mound was covered with a thicket of blonde angelic light hair that barely concealed her pussy lips and thick pink clit. It was a sight to behold.

And it was a sight that made his pecker grow long and angry, the longer it was left out of the action.

He felt it throb against the inside of his briefs, waiting, thudding against his zipper, eager to be unleashed.

And her tit peaks were succulent to make a meal of. Cathy's were no less breathtaking, if a little smaller. Their nipples did provide a dramatic contrast, though. Cathy's pert, sharp little rose pink ones. And Blair's rather dark, thick rubbery purplish-tinged pair. He couldn't decide which ones to chew on first.

He unzipped his big steely metal zipper and let his pants down over his hips.

Blair let out a gasp when she saw his heavily thicketed legs. They were her dream of a man's legs. Covered from top to base with a lush, shining covering of hair so dark and deep, she could sink her face into it and have to come up for air.

She motioned to Cathy to join her and the two of them slowly, teasingly hooked their hands around the elastic of his briefs and lowered them down over his hardening man cock.

"Oh, my God!" Cathy shouted out first. She had the frontal view as the brief lowering took place.

"Well?" Blair said, coming around to where her friend was standing for a look. The look turned into a fifteen second admiration society.

"Isn't that something?" Cathy said, pointing to the man's hardening rod wand.

Cathy had to gasp for her breath, she had sucked so much in when she first brought his cock into view. It was extraordinarily long and thick. A real juicy find. The top was bullet-shaped, with a deep, angular cock slit in the center of the head. His shaft was plump and slightly hooked toward the ceiling, with a rich, thick under vein of bluish-purple that ran the full length of his shaft.

The shaft seemed to be thicker at the base than it was at the tip. A real inducement to taking it up to the hilt. And his balls were full, hard and massive.

Blair stared at the man's cock a moment, but her eyes couldn't help drifting off. Not that his dick wasn't beautiful. But it was his hair covering that had her magnetized. That body coat of swirling, dark man hair. All over. And especially in his crotch. Around the naked pinkish and tan cock rod. Surrounding and encroaching his thick, dark balls.

"That's a hard-on if I ever saw one," Cathy said, still fumbling with her panties.

"Here," Harold said, helping her off with them. He took a look at the sweet triangular spot between her legs. Moist rich auburn hair that neatly framed her sweet little pink slit.

What a find! Both of them!!!

"Who's first?" Cathy said, sitting down on the bed and crossing her legs trying to act casual.

"How about all of us!" Harold said, coming over to her and tilting her chin up for a deep, inviting kiss.

"If he fucks as good as he makes out," she said, "We're home free, Blair."

He leaned the girl back on the bed and separated her legs enough to get his hand down into her cunt bundle.

He pulled a few of her wispy brown hairs out of the way and began skating his fingers around and around the hole of her pussy, building up a sweet friction of sweat, cunt juice, and his own saliva.

"Ooooooh," Cathy said, as the build-up of passion and heat took hold of her cunt lips. It felt like it was there to stay a while.

"Can I do something for you?" he said, his breath finding its way out of his rather excited lips somehow. He looked longingly at the blonde dish sitting on the bed next to him.

"Yeah," Blair said, climbing on top of his shoulders, "you sure can."

She straddled the muscular man's neck and thrust her hot, eager twat into his face. She didn't care who he fucked, as long as she could rub her pussy in that sweet, hair-filled face of his.

"That beard feel good?" Harold said, bracing one hand against the headboard for support. He was breathing hotly into her cunt slit as he spoke, so close were her pussy lips to his own thick, dark ones.

"Like a million bucks," Blair said, sliding herself around so that her clit rubbed against the man's beard hair. It was so unbelievably fuzzy and furry to the touch. Her sensitive, long clitoris grew thicker and swelled with blood as she moved her hips around in hot, erotic circles, straining for every hair of his face to find her pussy.

"Oh, God," she called as she felt herself spin off into a very premature round of rollicking, heavy non-stop climaxes. She hadn't really intended to get off so quick. But it had happened so fast. The arousal, the heat, the passion, they were all real.

This man was giving them to her. Just sitting here and looking around at the pictures ...

She tossed her head around and around in wild, frenzied circles. She humped her hips harder and harder up into his face as he stuck his rolled up tongue out and buried it up her cunt tunnel. He wiggled it around in her tight, juicy slit, reaming the juices out of it that flowed out and oozed down her cunt lips and onto his chin.

"Oh, my goodness," the well-brought up auburn-haired girl trilled as she flopped one leg over the other and felt a thick, insistent hard pumping against her cunt lips' doors.

She reached down and sat up a bit to glimpse the thick, round smooth cock head that banged against her cunt lips, begging entry.

She had to open her lips a bit with her fingers to get that huge cock head up in there. But it was worth it. She humped her hips hard to scoop the head of the man's hard dick up into her sweet, willing but tight little cunt well.

She felt the thick, hard knob slip inside and stick there.

She would have to pump her own hips and work his dick head in and out a bit with her hands to build up the necessary juice to ease penetration. She would really like for that man to hump her as

far up as was humanly possible, so the task was a joyous one.

Harold Rhymer shook his head a bit and thrust his chin up hard to let Blair brush her sensitive cunt lips and clit button against his bristly face.

That seemed to be what she was after, though it had taken him a while to realize it. It wasn't the usual thing a girl goes for. But then, Blair Fortner was clearly not your usual girl.

He hauled his log a bit deeper into the luscious little Cathy's sweet cunt spot. Her precious pussy slit seemed to be gifted with knots of tight, engulfing muscles that stroked and pinched his cock knob and urged him ever upward toward her sweet, waiting tight little hot core.

Blair found her even breath again after that series of unbelievable climaxes. She whispered into Harold's ear. "That was delicious. Thanks."

"My pleasure," Harold managed to say.

"Fuck me," Cathy let out as Harold's cock rod came barreling down on her sweet, wild hot little pink pussy.

The clear cunt honey ran in buckets out of her tight little slit as she sat up and watched the man's cock slither ever deeper inside her.

She also saw Blair slip off the man's shoulder and stand on the bed. What the hell was she going to do?

The man scrambled around until he was lying pretty much up on top of the girl he was so studiously and hotly fucking. He inclined himself up and rested on his hands with straight arms as he looked up at Blair standing there, pussy still shoved into his face.

"More?" he said, dutifully.

He loved fucking this girl, but he certainly didn't want to miss the chance of sucking that one at the same time, if he possibly could.

"Lots more," Blair giggled bouncing up and down on the bed and hopping off of it.

"Don't go away, Blair," Cathy called out to her friend. She loved getting fucked by this gorgeous beefcake, but where was her friend going anyway?

"Mind if I just eat you a bit?" she said down to Harold as he continued to pump furiously into the tight sweet cunt hole of her best friend.

"I'd love it," he said, trying to catch his breath, "but how?"

"I'll show you," she said, wiping her cunt with her fingers and licking the juice off.

Harold pulled Cathy's legs up and bent them into her tits. He had a good fucking angle this way, and one guaranteed to send the little girl off into a delightful spill any moment, providing she was willing.

Which she seemed to be.

"Oh, that makes me glow all over," Cathy said, blinking and tossing her head in wild circles.

Blair surveyed the hot little fuck scene. It was gorgeous and very, very arousing. In no time at all, her clit was poking back out between her lips. Of course, it had a bit of help. She had been diddling it to a stiff peak with her fingers.

She climbed on board Harold's back and straddled his round, butt mounds of perfection and thrust her clit between his ass cheeks. She pinched them together fiercely with her hands and began working her pussy button in and out of the tight space she had created.

But more than being tight, this guy was giving her a hairy hole to fuck. That was more damned delightful than anything she could think of. His soft, lustrous hair. That downy covering of delicious moist fur.

"Mmmmmmm," she said as she leaned over and began licking his hairy shoulders. How amply-covered with down they were. How thick and darkly-coated and full and ripe and rich and hairy ... HAIRY!!!

Blair loved that word. That implication. She loved dark, rich hairy things. The taste, the feel, the way she could wind her tongue around and play in the lush bush of it.

She swirled her tongue this way and that all over the matting of the man's shoulders and down his hairy back. The hair tapered off as it reached his buttocks, but seemed to grow in profusion out his ass hole, where she was now plying her blonde wet pussy, working herself to yet another incredible round of all-out climaxes.

"Oh. Fuck me," Cathy hollered, writhing around on the bed, tossing her luscious hips from one side to the other and feeling Harold's hard dick ram up, up into her tight pussy tunnel.

She gripped his man tool with her muscular cunt and slid the cock pole in and out of her. She watched as it zoomed out and shown shimmering in the dim bedroom light. It was unbelievably hard and dark and thick and smooth and wet.

"Oh, God," Harold said as he felt the warm, slippery woman grind into his ass sphincter. This lady was driving him crazy.

So was the one in the front. She was wringing him dry with those tight little cunt sphincter muscles of hers.

He didn't see how he could hang on much longer, but he was sure game to try. He rammed his hard cock into the girl's secret triangle hole anew and skewered it around and around. He plugged her savagely as he felt the girl at his back, that sweet, accommodating blonde dig her cunt into his ass valley.

The combination was head-spinning.

Blair looked around the room at all the pictures of her favorite friends ... the apes, the monkeys, the gorillas. How beautiful they were, and how hairy. What a fine coating of hair Harold had on him. Maybe he was part ape. It was delicious fantasy, just imagining that.

In fact, it was enough to make her close her eyes and see it in front of her. This big, brutish man, carrying her off to a cave somewhere and letting her lick his hair until she ...

"Ooooooh," she called out to the two of them as she reeled off into a paroxysm of onrushing orgasms. She was stunned again and again as they hit one after the other, like waves of ecstasy.

Cathy's cunt lips quivered faster than the speed of light as she gripped Harold's beautifully rock hard dick stick between her lips and pressed them down as hard as she could. The man was bouncing his hips so hard, she felt him touch her bottom. He simply couldn't go any further.

"That's crazy," Cathy sighed, "you're making me nuts."

"Oh, fuck that cock," the man called out, thrashing his whole big hairy body around and around and up and down, servicing both of them at once.

Bringing them both off to wild rushes of orgasmic fury. Cathy lunged her hips up one final, perilous time and spent herself into a series of glowing hot climaxes. Like white heat rushing her whole body, she went up in smoke and flames that threatened to torch her cunt and everything else in sight.

"Oh wow!!!" she called to the both of them, as she felt the fury in her pussy rage.

Harold humped her harder and harder as he buckled under the weight of his own impending climax. He felt a blast of jism empty his balls and hurl out the end of prick stick, gushing out the cock slit and spewing out into the thrashing girl's cunt.

"Oh, my God!" Cathy screamed as the blaze in her cunt was washed over by the thick, jet spray from the man's thick, hard fire hose.

The two of them wrestled each other to climax. And Blair continued her wild humpings and even wilder associations as the three of them burst in and out of each other's bodies and consciousness.

"Jesus Christ," Harold said, as he felt the wet tongue bathing him everywhere. His back, his ass, his ass crack, his ass hole, his legs, his toes, and now, the two of them were parting ... he and Cathy.

Blair was intervening, sticking her tongue down in there and licking and smacking her lips feverishly. She continued her wild tongue tappings, all over the front of his body and when she came to his rock hard dick top, she licked that, too.

Flicked her tongue across it with incredible power and heat, lifting it again toward the ceiling. And she went down on it with her mouth, licking up all the delicious bits of cream left over from his come.

And then, in an incredible finish, she went for Cathy's little hairy cunt and licked the whitish goo off of it, too.

"Oh, Holy Crow!" Cathy said, her clit popping up and swelling to new heights as her friend severed her lips with her tongue and made her way all over the inner chambers of her tiny, taut cunt hole.

The two of them watched in amazement, as the crazed Blair sucked all the spunk from Harold's enormous load of come still left in the girl's precious, hairy little cunt.

Somehow, the three of them claimed their normal breathing pattern once more. It took a few minutes. But they managed.

"That was just about incredible," Cathy said, licking her lips and smiling at both of them. "I mean, I never had it so good. I had the best of both worlds."

"And you didn't want to get in to a threeway," Blair teased her friend, as she sat up and headed for the bathroom.

She brought back a hot washcloth and a couple of towels and tossed them to the crowd.

"I don't have much to clean up after you got through," Cathy giggled, having her little joke with her friend.

"Me, neither," Harold said, wiping a bit of sweat off his brow. It had all been well worth the sweat, though, he mused.

These two girls were beautiful, bright, hot and altogether delightful.

"Do you really have to go to Africa, tomorrow?" Harold said, making a little mock pout with his lower lip. "We're going to miss you."

Blair shook her head in disbelief. Why did something this good have to come along just when she had to leave town. Fate had a funny way of screwing you up just when you least expected it.

"Fraid so," she said, patting Cathy's mass of messed up hair.

"Well, we'll see you when you get back," she smiled, "at least I will."

Harold reached for her hand and said something nice to her. But Blair didn't hear much of it. Her father's voice came from far down the hall. She grabbed her bathrobe and threw it around her and walked toward the door.

Her father was calling her. At least it sounded like he was.

She raced to his bedroom and opened the door. He was lying there, in the light of his reading lamp with dozens of books and papers spread across the bed. His usual nocturnal activity.

"Blair," he said, "I forgot. Dr. Divers and Owen are coming for brunch tomorrow. I have to give him some of my papers and Owen has agreed to house sit for us."

"I thought Mrs. Peachum was house-sitting for us."

Cathy leaned against the door and managed to stay in shadow. For some reason, she thought she might give away the fact that she had just stepped out of the throes of a hot little sex scene if she came any closer to his line of vision. Or his line of smell, for that matter.

"Mrs. Peachum's sister is ill. She called tonight and she can't make it. She has to go to St. Louis."

"Oh," the girl sighed.

"So, perhaps you want to get some shut-eye tonight after all. If you want to prepare yourself for ten o'clock with Owen and Dr. Divers, that is."

"Sure," she said, turning to go, "thanks."

"Oh, you don't have to tell your friends to go," the man said, calmly, a slight smile crossing his lips. "They can stay as long as they like. There's the spare bedroom ..." Blair shook her head and clucked her tongue a bit. How had he figured it out? He was nowhere near her room. The man was clever, that must be it. Clever like an animal.

"You weren't peeking, were you, Dad?" she said, sticking her hands in her bathrobe pockets and regarding the elderly man.

"I don't peek, Blair," the man said, closing his books and stacking some of his papers on the night table, "but I have good ears, you know that."

She did, too. She had seen him on various expeditions. He had a keen ear for all kinds of animal sounds.

And human ones. She knew that now, if she never guessed it before. The man knew more than he let on. Much more.

"Just how much did you hear?" she said, shifting her weight back a bit and eyeing him curiously.

"How far back do you want to go?" the man said, snuggling down into the bed and winking slyly. "To an hour ago, or back to the jungles of Ceylon. Back to the time when you were just twelve years old and curious as a baby monkey. You want to go back that far ... to you and that Ceylonese lad, what was his name ... Guji?"

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## **Part Two**

"Nothing much to say for an ocean," the lady with the green and grey headscarf on her reddish hair said to Blair as she leaned over the deck railing, "except that it's wet."

"And that there's a lot of it," Blair said back to her.

Her eyes drifted off to the endless watery horizon as the cool ocean breeze blew her loose hair around. It was about the only thing so far on this trip that she really liked. And, she had to admit that she would be glad to get to Africa and the dense, thick jungle, closed-in spaces had always been more of a favorite to her than wide-open ones anyway.

She had always felt so protected and loved whenever she was surrounded with jungle growth. Even in the forests of North America, there had been that same peace and comfort ... tranquillity.

That was it. The ocean unnerved her, made her edgy with apprehension. But the jungle soothed and calmed her, mellowed her out. There was just no place else like it.

She thought back to her last evening at home. It had been fun with Cathy and Harold. She wondered if they were still seeing each other. Probably they were.

If only there had been a man around like Harold, the voyage might pass more quickly. She looked around at the men strolling on deck. There weren't many of them. None at least that she found interesting. All so tame and white and clean and sterile looking. Maybe they were all doctors or dentists. Most of them looked like they could be.

"Hello, Miss Fortner," a pleasant voice sounded from behind her back.

She turned around to see the captain standing in front of her, his hands stuck dapperly in the pockets of his uniform jacket. "Captain Rigby," she said, looking at the tall, slender model of ocean-going official dignity. He was every inch a captain of an ocean vessel.

Probably the type to go down with the ship, Blair thought as he stood there smiling pleasantly at her.

"You look a mite bored with all this," the captain said, gesturing to the breeze.

"Oh, no," Blair lied, "I mean, yes, a little."

"Be glad to get into port, I take it," he said, nodding his captain's head.

"Can't wait," she said, leaning against the railing and sensing the chill in the air.

"Perhaps I could help amuse you for a bit," the dapper man said.

Blair smiled at him patiently. He wasn't exactly her type, but maybe he didn't have the same thing in mind she had just then.

"Ever seen the boiler room of a ship?" he said, "It's quite interesting. Perhaps you'd like to."

"Oh," Blair said, anxious to please the man, but finding the thought a bit dull. What the hell would anyone want to go below deck and watch a furnace burning for?

"That's where most of the real action takes place," the man said, bowing his head a bit and then staring up at her. "Everything up here is a bit dull by comparison I suppose. Whenever I feel a bit spaced out from all this ocean and sky stuff, I take a peek below myself. Care to join me now?"

Blair stepped up and locked arms with that tall, stately captain. He reminded her a touch of her father, who was busy with his books and papers just now. Had been since coming aboard actually.

"All right," she said, agreeably nodding her head and treading along the deck next to Captain Rigby.

"Watch your footing here," the man said as they descended the ladder leading below deck.

It was considerably darker below. And Blair could distinctly hear the hum of the engines. It was warm down there, too. Already, she liked the closed-in, comfy feeling down there better than the spacious, unending nothingness she felt above.

A red hot glow appeared in the darkness just ahead of where they stood.

"What's that?" Blair said, staring straight ahead.

"The furnace room," the captain said, "we're a coal-powered vessel. The men down here have a rough job."

"They feed the furnace?" Blair said as the two approached the boiler room.

"They shovel coal round the clock to keep this thing going forward," the captain said. "A whole crew of them do. They're called the black gang."

"Black gang?" Blair said, as the echo of their footsteps filled the dark chamber.

"An old term for furnace-stokers," Captain Rigby nodded, "these men do yeomen duty down here, and few passengers ever realize it."

"It's another world down here," Blair said, shading her eyes from the glaring overhead red light to peer into the dimly-lit furnace room.

"Hello, Mack," Captain Rigby said to one of the men shoveling coal.

Blair noticed him, too. Big, beefy, incredibly muscled. And with a dark, sooty covering on his face.

“Captain!” the man nodded, and then, he turned to fill his shovel once more.

As the captain exchanged shop talk with the gang members, Blair watched them work. Here were some men, indeed. Not those lily-white glasses of milk strolling above deck, but real men.

Hard working, brutally-strong and silent types. Her types. The kind of men she had always felt the most strongly drawn to. The fierce, brave look of determination showing on their faces in the firelight glow. What a scene! She almost wished she were a photographer or an artist to capture it.

The smell of that coal mingled with the sweat of their fine, rippling bodies. The atmosphere was heady inside here. It was going to her head, and elsewhere. She stood with her legs a bit apart and felt a trickle of clear cunt honey escape out the curtain of her cunt lips.

She watched in growing excitement as the men continued their rhythmic shoveling motion. Blair would rather have watched those muscular, sweating bodies work than a corps de ballet go through Swan Lake.

What was it about the dark, shiny faces of those men. The faces so thick and gleaming with a sheen of coal dust and sweat? They were beautiful to her. And the smells their bodies produced were better than any ambrosia. The steamy interior took on a warming glow as the fire in the furnace increased and then subsided again.

“The men work in shifts,” Captain Rigby continued, steering Blair around toward another section of the ship’s interior. She didn’t want to leave that section, but in order to be nice to the man who was showing her around, she conceded to his guidance.

He put a firm hand around her waist and addressed the men ... “Keep up the good work, men,” he said, barely audible above the grind of the machinery and the blast of the fiery furnace.

Blair looked in their faces once more and shuddered. They were so beautiful, heartbreakingly beautiful. She didn’t want to go. Then, just as she turned to leave, one of them caught her eye.

He was a bit shorter and smaller than the rest. But, in proportion, he was enormous. With thick, powerful shoulders and long, massive arms. It looked like he had two bowling balls under his shirt.

His face was thick and fierce-looking with a protruding forehead and deeply-set dark eyes.

His legs were like stubby tree trunks. And she could see by the way his shirt was rolled up to his forearm, that he was covered with a layer of thick, dark curly hair.

That hair sent another set of shudders rushing along her spine and swirling in and out of her cunt crevice. What was it about that kind of primitive-looking man?

The associations of him to the earth, to nature were very strong, but she wasn’t quite sure where she had gotten them. Cave men didn’t turn her on! She had no wish to be dragged along the rocky ground by her hair and be hauled off to a cave and beaten with a club into sexual submission.

Still, the idea of a hairy, primitive-looking man, a man of the earth and soil, a man unafraid to get his hands dirty or his brow sweaty, a man of iron and grit, that kind of thing truly fascinated her. Fascinated her and turned her on to a boiling rage.

Her mind leaped madly ahead as the captain steered her around the huge, hot furnace and under the heavy, intertwining maze of pipes, tubes, and wires.

"There's much more below deck," the man said, "if you care to see it."

Blair wondered if he had picked up her fading interest the moment they left the furnace room. She didn't want to be unkind, but she wanted to explore it more. Especially those dark, gleaming faces and bodies. And especially that one face.

"Powerful men doing that sort of work," she said to the man guiding her along the narrow footpath between instruments and lighted panels of dials and digits.

"Yes," the captain said, "a good gang this trip.

"How young are those men, usually," she asked, trying to sound disinterested. She wondered how effective it was. She had never been much of an actress.

"Oh, all ages, really," the captain said, nonchalantly walking along, "Anywhere from twenty-one to close to retirement. Once a man builds up body strength and keeps to the work the job demands, it's not hard to stay in physical shape to do it."

"One of them seemed much younger than the rest," she said, feigning academic curiosity, "Is he?"

"You mean Potter," he said, "Yes, you must mean Potter. The short fellow with the long arms.

"I guess so," Blair said, hearing her unconvincing voice echo in the tight ship compartment.

"Potter's a good worker, but a sad case, actually."

"Oh?" she said, unable to stop the flow of questions from coming out her lips. "How so?"

"Abandoned at birth, beaten and abused in public schools, came to us from England, actually," the captain said, shuffling along.

"But he works well here?"

"Oh, yes, devoted to his job. Something of a social outcast though. Perhaps you noticed all that hair on his hands and arms. And elsewhere. Apparently he's covered with it. Parents took it rather hard. As though he were some kind of freak or something, so I understand."

"That's very cruel of them," Blair said, noting the defensive tone of her voice.

She gripped the captain's arm as he steered her through another maze of multicolored wires and dials. The whole place was starting to look like an endless sea of machinery.

"Well, at least the men below accept him," Captain Rigby said, "He's not judged down there for how he looks anyway."

"That's good," Blair said, feeling a little relieved.

The thought of that young man being mistreated because of the way he looked, because he was coated with a covering of natural, beautiful hair, really made her angry.

And thinking about him made her hot, too. Hot and jittery. She couldn't calm down. The man

continued his guided tour of the underbelly of the ocean vessel, and in less than fifteen minutes, they were above deck again.

“Enjoy your visit below?” Dr. Fortner asked his daughter over dinner.

The two of them had been asked to join Captain Rigby at the captain’s table in the dining room. It was a sumptuous dinner. Beautifully prepared and impeccably served. The company wasn’t bad either. Blair had even gotten into a dress for the occasion. A longish blue chiffon thing with a rather low neckline. More than a plunge, and less than a deep sea dive. But she had felt like getting dressed up. Something. Anything to distract her mind from that haunting dark face of the young man shoveling coal below.

As the other guests at the table spoke, she found herself wondering if he was even now below shoveling coal into the furnace that kept the ship going. Working so diligently down there, so quiet and smooth, that nobody even thought about what was making this huge tub speed along as it was.

“Yes,” Blair said, nodding to her father, “I enjoyed it. I thought it was quite interesting. There is an awfully lot of equipment down there nobody even has the chance to find out about. I was one of the lucky passengers today.”

“Thank you, my dear,” Captain Rigby said, “Your daughter seemed especially interested in the boiler room. That’s one spot most people don’t find entertaining.”

“I don’t understand why anyone would even want to go down there,” a stuffy, high-born type said, nodding her head in the captain’s direction.

Her name was June Balfours and Blair had only been introduced to her ten minutes ago and she couldn’t stand the sight of her already. She was a gossipy nuisance.

“Not everybody likes riding along unaware of what’s going on below,” Blair snapped back. She hoped her voice didn’t sound too harsh, but the woman was giving her a pain.

She moved her mashed potatoes around with her fork and thought of that sweet, dark haunting face below. She had to see him again. At least before the ship docked.

Later that night, Blair tossed and turned on her bed. There must have been some high waves outside, she could hear them knocking against the bow.

She thought of the engine room. That face. She wanted to be there ... she drifted off into a sweet dream that had her and that Potter fellow paired up. But every time he tried to undress her, he would shove her against the hot furnace and she would damned near ignite her fanny.

She sat up with a start and looked out the porthole. The waves were high out there. She couldn’t sleep. After trying another dozen positions, she grabbed her trench coat and wrapped it tightly around her naked body.

She stepped into her rain boots and grabbed a headscarf. She let herself quietly out the door of her cabin and made her way to the main deck.

A little stroll would do her good. A little stroll and a lung full of that salty sea air.

She rounded a corner of the deck and stared ahead of her. Two of the black gang were just coming up the steps. One was tall and erect. The other was short and stooped somewhat. She recognized



him as Potter. Probably getting off work, she thought. She found herself idly wondering what those men did in their off hours. Probably the things most working men do. She followed them along aimlessly a few moments, quietly stepping along behind.

After some minutes of this, she realized she was following them on purpose. She was curious. She had always been curious.

She saw the two of them heading for the lower deck. The lower deck lined with second class cabins. She watched as they knocked on the door of one of them and waited until someone opened it. Then, they disappeared inside. Her curiosity had her now. Had her by the throat. There was nothing else she could do but stand there and wait to find out what it was they were doing inside there. She leaned nonchalantly against the deck railing and stared out onto the water. The moon made a track of shimmering light along it, heading right toward her.

She fumbled in her trench coat pocket for a cigarette. She pulled one out and fumbled for a match.

"Shit," she heard herself whisper, "out of matches."

She turned toward the main lounge, where she knew the bar would still be open only to have someone tap her on the shoulder.

She turned around to look directly into the face of the darkest, fiercest human she had ever seen up close.

It was Potter's face.

"Can I help you?" the man said, knitting his heavy, full brow and letting his long arm fall gracefully off her shoulder.

"Oh," she said, startled too much to speak clearly, "I ... I ... I was just looking for a match."

"Strange place to find one," the young man said, sticking his long, hairy hand in his pocket and hunching his shoulders forward a bit.

"Yes," Blair apologized, "guess one doesn't usually come to the lower deck to look for a match."

"What are you looking for?" the man said, boldly facing her.

He was straightforward, all right. Blair liked that in a man. She had had enough civilized bullshit in her life to last her through the second one.

"I saw you go into that cabin just now," she said, her mind caught in a traffic jam. She couldn't decide how to get out of it, either.

"Well, I came out the back way," the scowling man said, leaning his right elbow on the rail and regarding her with complete hostility. "My friends saw you through the porthole and they sent me out to check on you."

"Why did they send you out?" Blair said, trying another approach.

"Because I'm their errand boy," Potter said, groping in his flannel shirt pocket for a cigarette. "Or hadn't you guessed."

"No," she said, shaking her head and feeling a cool chill penetrate her bones. It contrasted sharply

with the heat rising up between the triangle between her legs.

"I'm also their gopher, their kid, their mascot and their chump," the young man, a note of sarcasm edging into his voice, "but that's all right."

Blair stood and stared back at him. There was nothing else to say, really. She wished to hell she knew something, but there wasn't anything.

"Wanna go for a walk?" he said, looking at her uncomfortably.

Blair watched his eyes in the moonlight. They were shifty, scared, beady eyes. But his grin was gentle and sweet. When he grinned. That wasn't much. He was a pretty serious. Not unintelligent. Just unschooled. But then, not everybody had had the advantages in this life that she had. And meeting a man like Potter certainly drove that fact home to her.

"Won't your friends miss you?" she said, clutching her hands down inside the pockets of her trench coat.

"Naw," the young man said, "they're playing cards. Sometimes the betting gets heavy. Or sometimes the drinking gets heavy and fights break out. I'm just there to hold the pot."

"The bets?" Blair said, staring at the thick, dark mass of hair that circled his head and rode down almost to his eyebrows. The hair along his neck was every bit as thick as that on his head.

Blair found herself fantasizing about what it must feel like to run her fingers through it.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" she said, aware that his eyes were piercing her steadily.

"I thought a beautiful girl like you would be used to it," he said, shaking his head and grabbing a lighter from his pocket.

"No," she said back to him, hooking her hand around his arm and cuddling a bit closer to him, "I never have gotten used to it."

"Me neither," he said, "but I ain't no beautiful girl."

"No, you're not," Blair said, looking at him tenderly.

"I'm a dog-eyed son of a monkey," the young man said, the bitterness welling up in his voice like oil from a tar pit.

"Why do you say that?" she said, following his steps and trying not to make too much out of the put down.

"Because it's true," he said, "that's what my mother used to call me. She hated me. She couldn't wait to get rid of me. Later, I found out she wasn't even my real mother. My real mother had dumped me in a vacant lot. The woman who couldn't stand the sight of me was my stepmother. How do you like that for a good laugh?"

"I'm not amused," Blair said, clutching the young man's arm a little tighter.

"You would be if you could see the rest of me," the man said.

Christ, Blair thought to herself, this guy is arousing me on purpose.

"Is that a proposition?" she said, turning to face him.

She tossed her head back and waited for an answer.

"I don't proposition women," the man scowled.

"Why not?" she said, watching the hot little gust of steam escape her lips.

"Because I don't like getting turned down all the time," the man said, his voice rising to a crescendo.

Blair shut up a moment. She didn't want to push this guy, goad him into hating her. A lot of people had mistreated and taunted him. That was evident. She would have to speak very plain English to him. And she would have to do it soon.

She looked up into his face and noticed the way the moonlight played on it. It look black and shiny, like oil on water. Dark, deep swelling water. The look of nature, the look of danger.

She was drawn to him desperately. She gripped his arm and steered him to the railing.

"Maybe you've been propositioning the wrong people," she said, never moving her gaze an inch away from his deep-set dark eyes.

"I should be asking you I suppose," the man said, skeptically tossing his words off.

"Why not?" she said, leaning back against the railing and arching her back hard enough to let her tits jut out. She felt a little gust of wind play down the opening between her coat lapels.

She remembered she didn't have anything on under the trench coat. Too late to apologize now.

The man stared at her and his eyes wandered to the open throat of her coat lapels. Her skin was white and shining. He could see the tops of her huge breast mounds. And the look in her eye. He had seen it in women's eyes before. Women in the movies. Women wrapped up in the arms of their lovers strolling on the main deck of the ship. Women in girlie magazines.

But never, never had he seen anyone look at him like that.

It was a look mixed with curiosity and kindness, and that was nothing new. Many people had looked at him like that, but beyond that. There was something that went definitely beyond that.

It was a look of heat, like a jolt from the furnace below. A look of intensity and ... desire. That's what it was. And it wasn't until at least ten seconds later, that Potter realized the woman's desire was for him.

"Will you come with me?" she said, letting her bee stung pink lips fall apart as she sucked in the words.

"Where?" he said, unable to let go of the suspicion he had so justifiably clung to all his life.

"To my cabin," she said, reaching out and grabbing one of his strong, hairy paws. The hair on his hand made the little hairs on the back of her neck stand straight up. She was getting wildly hot just standing out here with him in this freezing chill.

"What for?" he said, sounding his last weapon in his arsenal of suspicions.

"If you won't proposition me, I'll have to do it to you," she said, plucking one of his gnarled, hairy fingers out and bringing it up to her lips.

She nibbled on his fingers and bit down hard on one of them.

"Ouch!" he said, unsure of what all that nibbling meant. It had done a number on his body, though. It had stiffened his tool up to a thick, hard bundle.

Blair closed her eyes and waited for the young man's answer. She had done all she could do now. All she would be able to do for the moment. The rest was up to him.

"Let's go," Potter said, hiking his shoulders up and heading for the first class cabins.

Opportunities like this didn't come along just every day. And he figured he might as well make the most of the one that did. He hadn't expected it exactly, but here it was. In the flesh.

And such luscious flesh. Pink and creamy and smooth. And that blonde hair, the bangs rippling out of the material of the headscarf. He tried to keep his mind on the path ahead of him, instead of on how rigid his cock knob was getting at the moment.

He wondered if she would know it was his first time. He wondered if he should tell her. He wondered if he should keep his god-damned big mouth shut and fuck the daylights out of her till the sun came up.

Because right now, that's exactly what he felt like doing.

The two of them tiptoed into the cabin, unseen by any prying eyes on deck.

"Take off your clothes," Blair said blatantly.

She was eager. God, was she eager.

"I ... I ..." Potter stumbled badly with his wording. He hadn't expected the girl to ask him to undress. Why in the world would she anyway? His body was covered in a thick, disgusting coating of hair. Slimy, winding thickets of dense dark hair.

Hair he loathed as he fought not to loathe himself.

He figured the broad was just horny. A nymphomaniac. That he had just scored for once in his life. He thought maybe a quickie with the lights out. And just his zipper pulled down and his schlong popping out.

His monstrously huge hairy balls hidden deep inside the wellof his pants.

But this crazed lady was turning the lights ON!!

She was also asking him to take his clothes off.

"Please," she said, when she saw him hesitate, "I want you to."

"Are you some kind of a nut?" he said, a sinister look crossing his thick, furrowed brow, "you like to make it with circus freaks, do you? Midgets, tattooed men, and the like."

"Not exactly," Blair said, admiring his honesty, "I just like the way you look. I want to make it with you. Does that sound freaky?"

"Yeah," Potter said, stripping off his leather jacket and tossing it on the chair next to the bed, "it does."

"All right, then," Blair said, growing tired of this argument. She wanted this man's body exposed to the light. She wanted to run her fingers through his hairy manhood. And she wanted it now. "So it does."

Potter unbuttoned his shirt and yanked the thing off his shoulders.

Blair found herself trembling at the sight of his abundantly hairy chest. Enough hair there to dive into. Perfect.

She could hold herself back no longer. She came at him, fumbling for the buckle of his thick cowhide belt.

She tore it open, feeling his fingers working with hers. She ripped his snap button open and pulled his zipper down speedily, fighting with his intruding hands for priority.

She was claiming her territory, and she didn't want anyone else butting in. Even if it happened to belong to him.

"Oh, God," she let out as she felt the bundles and masses and yards of hair around his thick, long pecker rod.

She hurriedly bunched up his pants in her hand and ripped them down to the floor.

She came up and lifted her head up at an angle that would let her take in both his hard, wet smooth dick and his great, hairy balls.

They hung there large and pendulous, like hairy balloons. His dick was enormous. Not so long, perhaps as some she had seen. But immense. Tremendously thick. She would have a hard time getting her hand around it.

Even a harder time wrapping her lips around it. But she was sure willing to give it a try.

The pinkish, wet smooth chunk of cock was in stark contrast to the hairy loins beside and above and below it. It stuck out at a hook-angle to the rest of his body.

A hook that veered curiously to the left. She was intrigued. Hot and intrigued.

She sat back a moment and undid the belt of her coat. She tore the thing wide open and stepped out of it.

Potter said nothing. But he did a lot of staring. It was absolutely impossible for him to believe that a woman who looked as good as this one did would have anything to do with him, much less want to fuck him.

But it was clear she did. And when she leaned forward and took his thick, hard tool between her lips, he was sure of it.

"Oh, shit," he said, his mind spinning out of control.

He stood back on one foot, bracing his weight against the end of the bed as the girl got down on her knees.

Potter's cock top was unbelievably smooth and hard and gently-rounded ... like the top of a monstrous mushroom. A mushroom cap stretched taut over a thick, hard stalk.

Blair let her mouth stretch wide open to take his wide load into her lips. He tasted hot, salty and good. Blair stuck her nipples onto the man's slightly bent knees and rubbed them around in the sweet nest of hair that seemed to wait there ready for just such a purpose.

"Shit!" the young man said, as his dark eyes batted shut. He had never known such a sweet, hot sensation. His brain spun in cartwheels and his cock throbbed mightily.

Blair reached her hands up and massaged his thick, hair-ridden balls. The feel of those monstrous spheres between her fingers was too arousing for description.

She let her mouth stretch up further and swallowed the whole hard cock head. She suctioned her lips in hard and let her cheeks follow. She blew a little hot, steamy air out onto the dick slit and wiggled her hips in closer to the sweet, hairy creature's warm body.

She wanted to be close to him while she was sucking him. So much of the thrill of the suck was hidden in that dark, sweet bush. Anybody was good for a cock suck. But men with gorgeous, animal-like bodies like this one were rare indeed.

Potter felt the delicious inflamed mouth of the girl ring around his cock head. He couldn't imagine a hotter or more impossibly sweet sensation.

His enormous eyes rolled around and he furrowed his dark brow even tighter as he reached down and gripped the base of his hard, rotund fuck stick. He rammed it harder into the girl's mouth.

He wanted to be patient, but something inside him wouldn't let him be. He rammed his hard cock wand down into the girl's throat until he saw the tears springing out of her eyes and heard her moans.

Blair was choking on the man's thick, insistent cock meat. He was stuffing it down her non-stop and as fast as a jack-hammer. He was suffocating her with the force of his hard, thick tool.

Potter felt the sweet ringing sensations of the muscular throat that dug into his dick rod and then released it. He felt the pinching of the girl's tight throat around the base of his man tool, the pulling of his foreskin, the sharp, dull pain of the girl's teeth rubbing against his prick skin.

"Oh, God," he said, as the girl began to sink a little onto the floor.

He wasn't about to let her go anywhere. He released his fingers from around his cock shaft and braced them around the girl's shoulders.

He gripped them so hard his fingernails dug into her flesh. And he pumped his hips hard into her mouth, fucking it with his hard, pink pecker wood.

Ramming his cock down her throat, he let out low, guttural sounds from far back in his throat. Sounds that let him know who was in charge here. Sounds that made him powerful, all-powerful.

"Arrrgghh!" he shouted, thrusting his hips back and forth. He pulled his wet dick log out of the girl's open, drooling mouth. He stared down at the hard, wet thick fuck pole, its head throbbing in perfect counterpoint to the beat of his hips. Then, a moment later, he rammed it right back down that tight wet little velvety hole.

"Oh, God," Blair shouted in the second interim, "You're killing me."

That was strange, Potter thought. For her to say that. He thought she was killing him. Making him die of ecstasy. He was only reacting defensively, driving his torture hammer down inside her and popping it back out again, only to drive it in deeper.

He whirled his hips around and reamed out her mouth as he let out his low, quiet mutterings. They fell off his lips in quiet oaths of pain and pleasure.

He couldn't believe this was happening.

Blair felt her cunt lips heave around and around, quiver, twitch and throb. There was nowhere she could toss her head. Nowhere she could cry out the passionate feelings soaring up and around her. The man was cramming his dick stick down into her at a merciless pace. How much longer could he take it? How much longer could she? She gave over to the savage beating the man was giving her mouth. Nothing had ever tasted this good to her before. She reached up and gripped a handful of his thick, dense hair mat covering. She gripped it hard and twisted it with her fingernails.

"Shit!!!!" the hairy man cried as he released a bucket of his juice down his prick tube and out his cock slit.

"Holy shit!" he repeated, even louder than before.

He felt the sensations curdle inside him. The spewing out of his spunk load sent him reeling back a moment onto his heels. And then he felt a sharp, digging pain. The girl was burying her fingernails into his flesh, tearing at his bodily hair. The hair he had loathed all his life. For some reason, unfathomable to him, she liked it. She wanted her hands in it. She wanted to bury her head around his own, thickly-burdened, neglected cock pole.

Why? Why? Why?

He thought about that as he shot a long, heavy load of goo out of his prick top. Shot it out and down the eager, gulping throat hole the girl was offering up to him.

Blair Fortner wound her head around and around, eagerly sucking up the sweet, hot, tangy come juice that sprang from the well of the man's sweet, hard prick. She slurped and licked and swirled her tongue around to catch it all. Every drop of it. Every succulent little blob.

Moments later, she felt herself spin out in a wild, hair-raising round of climaxes. Her cunt spun and twitched and pulled her into its own insistent orgasm. She gave over to the delirious, drowning sensation of the overwhelming power of its rush.

"Wow, wow, wow!" she said, as she held onto the man's hairy backside and flopped down against his thickly-covered knees.

It wasn't until a few minutes later, after Potter had reassembled his clothes and left the cabin in a blitz of fear, driving passion and uncertainty, did Blair notice that she clenched her fist up during the throes of her coming. And it was not until she opened her fist that she noticed what she had been

holding there. A handful of hair. Dark, wispy, downy strands of it. Hundreds of them.

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The noise of a startled, angry bird made Blair sit up and blink herself into a rude awakening.

“Shut up,” she screamed at the noise as it flew past her window. “You haven’t got any manners at all.”

She pulled her mosquito netting back and stared out into the dim light of early morning. The jungle was beautiful all right. But she sure hated those damned noisy birds for ruining her sleep. They had a way of doing that. Disturbing her sleep, even her conversations with her father. She wondered if they had something personal against her.

“You’d be kicked out of the finer social circles in Boston, you know,” she said out her window.

A heated, chirpy reply came floating down to her from the tree tops. She looked up to see the beautiful emerald green jungle less than one hundred yards away from her. Her father and the native workers had found a great clearing to build their lodging in. There was ample room to put a lean-to, with the help of some aluminum poles, and a lot of lumber and canvas. There were three black men along this trip.

More than Dr. Fortner usually took. But he would have need of them. They planned to try a bold experiment, and he would need the extra two hands. Work had already begun on it, and Blair grew more excited by the day. An intricate network of webbed netting and aluminium was being constructed not far away from where they camped. Just a few yards into the trees. It was big enough to house a gorilla, but it was also a trap. A trap to store a living, breathing, active gorilla in and also to observe him from the outside.

The idea was to lure a gorilla inside. To set fruits or nuts or even something more enticing inside and sit and wait for a gorilla to step in, then watch as the weight of his body automatically tripped a lever that would pull the remaining mesh webbing down on him and seal him off from exiting again. There would of course, be provisions made for him to stay there. Food and water could be put inside, and he would be able to see out, but it was a well-documented fact according to Dr. Fortner, that gorillas loathed closed-in spaces.

“Morning, dear,” Dr. Fortner called to his daughter as she stepped out of the tent.

Blair smiled at her father who was sitting under a tree at a huge, round wood table having coffee and making notes. Two of the black men were tying the trap up.

“How’s that thing coming along?” she said, grabbing the bulk of her blonde hair, and tossing it back over her shoulders.

“Nearly ready,” he said, sipping his demitasse cup.

How the man could act so civilized out here, Blair couldn’t understand. The middle of the tropical jungles of Africa and this man was sitting sipping his coffee for all the world like he was sitting at home in his kitchen, staring out at the bird bath. It was all she could do to keep her clothes on. Even now, she looked down at herself all of a sudden and noticed she had on only the sheerest of nighties.

It was something she had been warned about doing in the jungle. Too many insects and crawling bugs to sleep nude, but she was damned if she was gonna sleep in an insulated suit, either.



"I think before sundown," her father said, standing up and heading toward the trap.

"Great," Blair said back, fishing around the pile on her trunk for something to put on.

She found her favorite soft, chamois safari shirt and tore her nightie off above her head. As her arms reached skyward, she got a sniff of herself.

"Wow," she said, under her breath, "time for a beauty bath."

The men were going to put up a shower of some sort in the camping ground, but first things had to come first. Like building that trap. In the meantime, there was the river finger. And the pool of mountain run-off less than half a mile from camp. Which would it be today? Nice to have two bathrooms to decide between, Blair thought, as she grabbed her clothes and hurried into them. She stepped gingerly into her safari boots and laced them up loosely.

She grabbed a big, fluffy towel and a bar of soap. Then, tucking that under her arm, she grabbed her leather belt with the heavy hunting knife secured inside the sheath on the side. She buckled it over her shirt and grabbed a sun hat. She paused a moment, wondering if she should take the rifle or not. No, she wouldn't. The only thing she had ever had a desire to shoot at was a man anyway.

Someone who had snuck up to their camp one night in the bush, trying to steal their provisions and weapons. It had happened in South America, a long time ago. She had stepped out of her tent to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night and shined her flashlight in the startled man's face. She wished she'd had a gun then, and she would have shot him.

But never, never in her life had she shot an animal.

Never eaten one and never shot one. She and her father were strict vegetarians. That came in especially handy out here in the jungles. No salt pork or dried jerky to weigh down their packages. They lived mostly off the things that grew locally. Fruits, seeds, nuts and with the help of some dried beans and grains, they ate healthy as long as they were there.

Having the natives along was sometimes uncomfortable, and Blair tried to look the other way when they shot an alligator or deer. But they killed only what they needed to eat, often settling for fish or some kind of wild bird, so it was a bit easier to take than if they just shot for sport. That she could not abide. It sickened her even to think about it. Fortunately, none of those types were around here. They stayed out of the deep jungle, where they could get lost or have the weather turn on them. Or have the natives turn on them.

She waved to her father, "Going to the river finger," she said, cuffing a leaf off the tree closest to her. It would provide a dry shelf for her clothes and towel while she stepped into the shallow water and washed herself.

Slipping into the steamy jungle growth, looking at the mazes of twisted vines that fell randomly down from the tree tops, seeing the profusion of wild red and purple jungle flowers ... these things gave Blair a serene feeling as she tramped along. The underbrush between here and the river was not so difficult to navigate, and there was already a little path worn out where she and her father and his helpers had been traveling.

The river finger was a spill-off from the large navigable river that ran about five miles to the west. She could stand in the shallow basin of the river finger and bathe to her heart's content. There were even places, cool and refreshing, where she could wade in up to her chin if she liked. She turned into the open air and caught just a tiny glimpse of sky above the tree tops. She surveyed the ground

looking for a place to put the palmetto leaf.

And then, she saw it. She had seen some of them before. Her father and the natives had pointed them out to her. It was a good sign. A sign they had come to the right place. The right place to find gorillas. A huge gorilla footprint lay deeply-embedded in the moist, clay soil next to her hand.

She stood straight up and looked around. It was an instinctive move. Nothing was there. Still, when a print like that was staring at you. What else were you supposed to think? She was anxious to tell her father about it. She almost rushed right back and told him then. But, she had come to the river bank to bathe, and that is what she was going to do.

She stepped out of her boots and smoothly peeled her clothing off. She gave a little sigh as she looked around. It felt so natural to be alone and naked in this place. So wholesome and clean to expose your body to these lushly verdant plants and wild, uncaring animals.

A brightly-colored bird flew overhead and screeched down at her.

“Critic!” Blair hollered back in a mocking tone.

She stepped into the water and grabbed the bar of soap. She dipped it in the water and lathered it up. She worked the heavy lather in smooth, even strokes along her slender arms and up and down her flat stomach. She sat down in the shallows and began rubbing her tits. She rubbed them in huge caressing circles, around and around.

She felt herself glowing, even under the cool water. Touching herself like this in these circumstances always made her incredibly aroused. Maybe it was just the place. She found the jungle so sensual. It always made her want to take off her clothes and expose herself to someone or something. And it made her pussy lips chatter together in mounting excitement.

She watched as her deeply-hued pussy lips darkened and her nipples stiffened to a peak. She rubbed her nipples around and around in her hands and let out a sigh of uncontrolled passion as she felt the intense heat build up between her legs.

Suddenly she felt something rubbing her legs.

“What the fuck?” she said, jumping out of the water and going for her knife.

The thing had been something small, but she had no idea what it was. She unsheathed her blade and aimed it at the intruder under the water.

“Come on out of there,” she said to the thing, flicking her knife menacingly, “I’m ready for you.”

She had never shot anything. But hand-to-hand combat wasn’t out of the question at this point.

The water rippled suddenly and Blair lunged toward it, knife in hand.

She caught sight of a brown, sleek thing jutting above the water a moment, then disappearing.

“Okay!” she hollered, “one more time and I gotcha!!”

She stepped onto a slippery smooth rock and lost her footing.

“Oooooohhhhh!” she cried as she fell into the water, flailing her arms and legs in a vain attempt to regain her footing.

She felt herself plunge into the cool depths of the water and sank quickly below her hairline. Her wild blonde tresses floated up, clearing the path of her vision as soon as she hit bottom. She opened her eyes and gripped her blade tight in her fingers. She mustn't panic, whatever else she did. To panic in the jungle meant certain death. She blinked curiously at the sight in front of her. A huge, thick, slippery green and brown eel slithered up to her and wrapped its long, muscular girth around her leg.

Fully ten inches in diameter, the thing tightened up on her and then, just as quickly it loosened its grip.

*So you wanna play*, Blair thought to herself. Stepping up onto a rock she knew would provide her with the footing to see above water once she was standing there. She stood up on the rock carefully and steadied herself by gripping onto the outcropping with her hand. She slowly stood up and then, once her head was out of the water, she sat back down on a smooth little rounded-out spot on the rock.

Sitting there like this, she had a great view of the jungle and the water. And her body, or most of it, was immersed in the river. She laughed out loud as the thought of that slippery eel came back to her. How wily and swift it had been, flashing itself at her like that.

Again something brushed her leg. This time, instead of jumping up, she had an idea it might be her friend the eel.

She reached her hand out slowly and gripped the huge, powerful snake-like creature right around its neck.

The thing slithered in closer to her.

"What's your game anyway?" Blair said as the eel tail flew up above the water and slapped down hard into it. The thick, probing eel tail found its way in between her legs and caressed her thighs with its huge, smooth muscular and rhythmic squirms.

"So you like ladies, huh?" she said, to her willing companion, "you're nothing but a worm, I don't see how you could possibly please me." But even as she said these words, she felt herself growing hotter and more excited. She loved the touch of that slippery skin. It felt smooth, like plastic, only so warm and alive.

"Well, you're hung," she grinned, "I'll say that for you."

Still circling the eel's round body with her hand, she felt it tickle her high, higher, higher up her thighs.

She wondered if the thing knew how close he was getting to really turning her on.

At least she presumed it was a he, though she had no idea of eels were kinky enough to try it lesbo style. How the hell would she know the difference, anyway.

The giant worm didn't seem to object to her touching it, though. And touching it was making her glow with heat and passion. Even more heat than was in all the jungle.

"Ooooooh," she sighed as the thick, strong eel tail rubbed against her cunt lips.

"Naughty little boy," she said, wondering if that was a fluke, or was it going to try it again.

She hadn't much time to think about it before the thick rubber tail slapped her pussy lips hard.

The sting rose up into her burning core and seared into her brain. Such a crazy way to get turned on. Was she delirious or something?

She tossed around in the water, testing the thick snake to see if it would follow her pussy. Sure enough. Whichever way she turned, the snake would follow with its thick, punishing tail. She let go of the thing around its neck and watched as it dived down, down into the water. She saw its controlled, rubbery tail flash up above the water.

Well, that's it, she thought. The thing is gone. No more fun. Sweet while it lasted.

But seconds later, she knew she was wrong. The thing was back, only this time it was using its head. Using its thick, rock hard head to knock against her pussy lips. And from the sound of the knocking, he wanted in!

"Shit!" Blair said, reaching down and stroking the thing under the chin. But the eel was having none of it.

It nipped her fingers so hard she pulled them back. The thing rammed its head against her outer, blonde-covered lips and butted against them hard, like a battering ram.

"Well, you're persistent," she said, reaching down and spreading her own cunt lips with her fingers.

She looked down to see how hard her nipples had grown in the last few seconds. And now she could see the tail of the eel slithering out of the water and making its way across her chest, the tip of it encircling her left nipple and squeezing it till she let out a shriek.

"Ouch!" she cried, "that's rough house stuff."

She spanked the eel's tail and it let up a bit on its pressure hold.

Then, Blair spread her legs apart and felt the thick, sinewy head of the eel enter the hole of her sweet, pink tight little cunt.

"Oh, God," she cried out, "I don't know if this is happening or not."

The thing pressed in and bored its head around and around like a screwdriver, sinking a bolt.

"Ooooooh," she cried as the thick, slimy head of the serpent entered her slit. It forced it out wide and the girl felt as though her cunt hole wouldn't be wide enough to take that huge thing up inside her.

Fortunately, the water acted as a good lubricant to help ease the difficult penetration.

She spread her lips hard apart with her hands and let her legs flop down till the outsides of her knees touched the rocks.

"Oh, go, go, go," she hollered to the eager little water snake as it burrowed its head deeper and harder into her cunt tunnel.

Blair felt herself being nearly choked by the non-stop movements of the slithering animal into her

pussy. The pussy that was now spreading as best it could to make room for the willowy, wily intruder. She sat up a bit and looked down into the clear water. Just below the surface, she could see her cunt crack at the top, the clit sticking out huge and engorged from between her splayed out lips. And something that looked like an enormous green garden hose was sticking out of her cunt. Out and down, down, down to the depths of the water, then up, up, up and finally ending in the little pointed tail that was even now squeezing her nipple hard in its grasp.

*I hope this thing isn't looking for a permanent home in there,* she thought, as her head spun in the thick heat of arousal and wild fantasy.

How full and good this thing felt inside her cunt. But there was no way her hole could be stretched another inch. Having this creature fuck her was the equivalent of being fist fucked by an Olympic weight lifter. Then, the eel started making sparks fly behind her brain. Across her cunt lips, too. It began a series of fine, smooth jerks in and out her wild, writhing pussy chute.

Feeling the smooth, round snake fuck its way into and then out of her, made her see stars, even though it was bright daylight.

"Oh, fuck me," she cried to the treetops. "Fuck that cunt," she hollered.

She bounced her hips so hard up and down against the rocks, she gave herself bruises on her backside. She didn't care. Having this thick eel dildo stuck inside her, having it jerk in and out, out and in her tight, pink pussy slit was driving her stark, raving mad. "Oh, fuck that cunt," she hollered again, "I'm ready for it."

She rammed her hips down onto the stone harder and harder as the eel kept up its crazed lunatic pace. In and out, out and in. The thing was growing larger and larger before her eyes. She felt her cunt lips and her pussy hole stretch to the breaking point. Any more pressure from inside and she would surely burst. The nerve endings of her pussy were pressed back, back and getting the daylight massaged out of them. She didn't know if she could stand any more pain or any more ecstasy.

And she didn't know which was which right now.

"Oh, fuck that thing, you crazy snake," she said, feeling a trickle of drool seep out of her mouth and run down her chin.

She pulled her cunt lips together as close as she could and rubbed them along the fine, silken surface of the eel's hide. That did it. She took in one more breath and let go in a series of wild, hysterical orgasms. She tossed her hips up and down, banging them on the rocks. She threw her blonde wet head around and around. The jungle swirled in front of her eyes. The river finger danced and rolled in her vision.

"God, that's perfect!!!" she cried, tossing her hips up in one final burst of passion.

She felt the eel pull itself out in one wild swoop. It felt as if he had taken the whole inside of her cunt with him.

"Owwwwww," she yelled as her skin caught fire with the heat of the friction from the slithering eel.

She yelled and moaned and cursed the playful big serpent. She watched it slither away, squirming gleefully and causing ripples in its wake. Ripples that lingered in the water. The only trace of the whirlwind orgasms that still spun around and around in her head and high up under her cunt.

A few moments later, Blair caught her breath and brought her legs a little closer together. She felt betrayed. Betrayed and cheated. She didn't know exactly why. Well, what do you expect from lower animals, she thought. Snakes were snakes. And that one sure behaved like one. Creeping off when the going got rough. Or maybe she had been squeezing her cunt muscles too tightly for its own comfort.

Either way, it was no longer here.

And now, she was alone. Peace and solitude.

Just what she had come here for.

She let her legs slide together and rubbed her thighs a bit. The soothing water flowed in and out of her stretched-out pussy slit. She felt the healing water act as a balm on her swollen and raw insides.

"Fucking snake," she said, slamming the water with her fists.

Then, from far up in the tree tops, she heard an echo. The echo of her own voice. It sounded strange. Silly, too, considering what she had just said.

"Fucking snake!" she yelled up again.

This time she thought she heard the echo come back slightly fuller, richer. With something added, she wondered.

She twisted her head around and shaded her eyes. She peered high up into the tree tops. And there, perched against the branch of a tree and hanging onto a thick vine sat a huge, fat black hairy gorilla. Blair blinked in disbelief, afraid to move. The animals were so shy of humans. They would never get even this close unless they were very curious. Very curious indeed, to risk even the slightest hint of danger to themselves.

Well, it had gone this far. What the hell, Blair figured. She cupped her hands around her mouth and called up to the fierce-looking hairy beast whose body stuck out in such contrast to the green and soft brown around him.

"How much did you see!" she hollered, smiling as her echo resounded.

A loud, chattering noise greeted her back. The gorilla was screaming at her. Screaming in a loud, raucous voice that could only have meant one thing.

He was laughing at her. Laughing at her in shrill, full, peals of chattering, tongue-clucking of laughter that sounded and re-sounded throughout the thick, dense jungle forest.

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Part Three

Blair strolled along the jungle path, kicking at the big broad green leaves that stuck out in the path. She found herself face to face, after a few minutes of trotting along the thickly-matted jungle floor, with the net trap her father and his assistants had set down. It was a strange structure, indeed. And, though necessary, a bit sad. At least it made her sad to think that some beast was going to be caged in there for a while.

A beast she had nothing but good feelings about. A huge, hairy ape beast. She wondered how she

would like it if her father put her in a cage. But this wasn't a dark, dank, metal cage. Any animal enclosed in this thing could clearly see out of it, and he could breathe all the air he wanted to, since the thing was made of indestructible mesh. Then, too, they meant no harm to the creature, whoever it would be. They weren't intending to haul him off to be stuffed or even to be caged in a public zoo.

That was why they had come here. To study the creature first in his natural habitat, and then, up close, close enough to look eyeball to eyeball at. The thought of it made Blair very excited and curious. She had seen all sorts of monkeys and apes close up, but never the giant gorilla. He was considered too fierce and wild to get close to. And they would be eating with him. Sitting right down there and having dinner with him whenever his meals were. And they would sleep right there with him, too. To better and more completely study his habits.

"You might say we're going to ape the ape," Dr. Fortner said, teasingly.

"Everything he does, we'll be doing, too," Blair replied to her father, as she sat on the ground and braided her hair.

They were both greatly excited about the experiment. It had begun to take on an edge of curiosity that even the normally blasé assistants had picked up. Blair watched as two of them completed arrangements for the trap. The final touch was to surround it with palm leaves and twigs to camouflage it. Then, they set the fruit inside. Mangoes and bananas and scattering of nuts. Appetizing for the tastes of the biggest gorilla.

The rest was pretty much waiting. That part always made Blair a little nervous. She looked around the camp to see what needed to be put in order. She kept busy for an hour or two unpacking supplies, and cleaning the place up a bit.

"Don't want to be caught with a messy house when the big boy gets here," she thought.

She sat down in the sun to soak up the delicious rays for a few minutes. She tilted her face toward the sky and slowly began to relax into a nap. She was awakened by the harsh sounds of the black assistants shouting to her father.

"Nomma. Nomma gejitti. Jukko, jukko."

They were jumping up and down and pointing toward the cage.

Sure enough, they had a visitor. A big, hairy gorilla. And he didn't seem to like being caged up. He was beating his thick, hairy fists against the cage entrapment and jumping up and down, stomping his thick, hairy feet on the floor of the cage.

"Kildi, tuma poowrey."

The tallest of the black native assistants ran toward her father's tent and gesticulated wildly toward the cage. Blair's understanding of the native tongue wasn't broad, but she did pick up some key words. 'Juko' she knew, meant gorilla.

"Dad," she called to her father, "we have a guest."

Her father came racing out of the tent, zipping up his pants. It was his habit to take a brief nap in the afternoon, and that gorilla had caught him during it.

“Good heavens,” he shouted as he headed toward the cage trap.

“We got a live one,” Blair said, smiling and grabbing her notebook. She didn’t want to miss the chance to record her first impressions of the huge creature.

But try as she might to pick up her pen and write with it, she couldn’t once she had stared into the face of that beast. His brow was black and furrowed and his dark eyes pierced her to the core. He seemed incredibly angry, stomping and roaring and beating his chest mightily. The animal was as angry as a charging bull. He snorted and the steam fairly flew out of his nostrils. She looked at him as he opened his mouth. The unexpected pink inside of it startled her. He was so big and black all over, except for that lurid pink mouth. And those white teeth. And of course, the whites of his eye.

They were nearly red now, he was so bursting with anger at being caught in there. He bellowed a loud call of pain and injustice up to the top of the trees. He leaned over and flailed at the bottom of his cage with his fists.

“He’s acting like a spoiled child,” Dr. Fortner said, “but I guess nobody likes to be locked up without their permission first.”

“No,” Blair said pensively.

How had it happened that she had become so intrigued with this animal. His body warmed her. His face, rather than turning her off, made her completely happy. It was such a twisted, horrifying face. But those eyes. Those incredibly deep-set black sunflowers. They darted around from left to right and up and down.

The animal had stopped hitting and lashing out now. He was painstakingly searching for an exit. He explored every inch of the cage trap with his fingers, his toes, his eyes. Then, once he had discovered that there was no escape from the place, he sat down and beat the floor with his fists as he let out low, guttural rumblings from his throat.

“Juko, hi hi chamaky, loi.”

The natives were observing his change of mood. Apparently he would go through this for the next several hours, until he exhausted himself. Then, he would probably lie down and sleep a bit or just turn and watch his captors for a while.

“He seems so human,” Blair said, as he eyed the watchers around him. His eyes explored every inch of them, taking in the whole spectacle.

“Wonder what he’s thinking,” Dr. Fortner said, “or if he’s thinking anything at all, except how to get out of here.”

Another hour passed. The gorilla repeated his experiments with finding an escape hatch. He tried brute strength, failing this. He clawed the indestructible mesh, he bit it, he lashed at it with his toes. Nothing.

He sat down and began to pout.

“Now he’s trying to make us feel guilty,” Dr. Fortner said to his daughter.

“I’m afraid I do,” she said quietly.

"Don't be, dear," her father said, tapping her on the shoulder, "He's just going to have a vacation in a rooming house for a while. An unexpected one, but remember, all his wants and needs are being taken care of."

Blair thought about that a moment. All his wants and needs were not being taken care of. Where was a little female for him to romance while he was locked up like that?

"Let's draw in closer," her father said at last, "let's see if he's ready to accept us."

The two of them dropped all vestiges of civilization, save for the clothes they wore on their backs. Pens, notebooks, cameras and tape recorders were given to the native assistants as they both approached the cage cautiously.

"Nice boy," Blair said.

She wasn't patronizing the ape. She was letting him grow used to her voice. If she spoke in a mellow tone, he might be intrigued enough to want to know what the two of them were about. That's what they were trying to do.

"Nice Juko," Dr. Fortner said, coming close enough to the cage to stare into the big ape's face.

His eyes met his, then, flashed to his daughter's. They locked gazes a moment and Blair felt a little rush of an electrical charge head up her spine. She so loved these big, brutal apes. That wild, forbidden glance, the simian features. And his powerful hulk. His big, brutal powerful hulk. Wonder what a female ape feels like when she's having sex with her mate, she thought as she stared at the massive hairy body of the gorilla.

It must feel great to have something so huge and dark and full of soft, downy hair all over you. And they're so incredibly flexible. They can crawl all over you and still fuck the stuffing out of you if they liked. Even at the same time if they're a mind to. The ape braced his hands around two of the aluminum bars of the cage and stared into the soft, green eyes of the beautiful blonde girl. He had never seen anything like that creature. The long, woven hair, the smooth, white skin.

It was as much a curiosity to him as he was to her.

"I think he likes you," Dr. Fortner said, winking at his daughter.

"That's good," Blair said as she drew a little closer to those two bullet eyes that peered out of the huge, dark head.

They watched as the ape thrust his fingers through the cage, and clawed the air slowly. He didn't seem angry, but one could never tell with wild beasts in captivity. They were completely unpredictable.

"He seems to have a thing about your hair," Dr. Fortner said. "I think that's what he's clawing for."

"Let me get a little closer and ..."

"Watch it," Dr. Fortner said, "we do want to get in close, but not too close right away. He should have a chance to get used to the way you smell first."

"Right," Blair said, "Shall we take these clothes off?"

"I think so," Dr. Fortner said, "if we plan to stay friendly."

It had been previously arranged that they would stay close to the cage in as natural a state as possible. Strange, conflicting smells might anger or confuse the beast. Letting him get used to the natural odor of a human, outside the smell of his leather, plastic, or cotton clothing, was a better way to get to know him on a one to one level. And nothing seemed more natural to either Blair or her father than that they should stand right there and get naked in front of that ape.

The natives however hadn't been informed just yet of their plans.

"Kiki lonum dingus, hitupp, hitupp," Blair heard them shout as she lowered her safari pants.

"Gaz ... bango," the tall one said as she peeled off her blouse.

They were interested in the nude couple, all right.

Blair smiled as her father stepped out of his pants. He was such a gorgeous hunk of male under all those clothes. And at his age. So well-muscled. In terrific condition, too. Not like those other fruitcakes in the university's Zoology department. But then, none of them were as good as her father in any other department either.

She watched the heavy cock dangling between his legs swing back and forth as he stood up and moved a little closer to the cage. She'd like to see any other Zoologist at the university get naked in front of his assistants just to study animal behavior. Too bad he wasn't hairier, the way she liked them. Like Juko, here.

Juko was indeed a hairy thing. So much of it. Such a sweet, thick covering to keep out the jungle insects and insulate his skin in the cool of the evening. Why didn't all humans have such a thick coat like that, she wondered. It would sure save a lot on clothing bills. No need for a fur jacket if you had that delightful layer of black thatching over you.

She found herself again daydreaming about what it might be like to fuck one of these things, but her father's words stopped her.

"He's definitely grabbing for your hair," he said, "want to risk going a little closer and letting him touch it? I'll distract him if he gets rough with you and you just move off."

Blair could hardly wait to get there. She ambled up and held one of her braids in her hand. She dangled it to within four inches of his face. Then, she put the end of it in his hand. She felt the powerful black fingers squeeze the tip of her braid. She watched in awe as the gorilla drew his face toward it, sniffing it through the aluminum mesh. She watched as he brought his mouth to the mesh and stuck the tip of it into his mouth.

Then, she looked into his eyes a moment, in the little room there was to turn around a bit. He was clearly enjoying the touch and feel of that long blonde hair.

"That seems to be getting him aroused," Dr. Fortner said, "there's some elongation of the phallus."

Blair looked down between the gorilla's legs. Indeed there was elongation of the phallus. And more than that, Blair noted the thickness, too. For though the animal's penis was not gargantuan in length, it certainly made up for what it lacked there by being thick. And the sweetly inviting color!

A delicious passion fruit pink. With winding purple and bluish veins swirling around it and up and down it as well. Just staring at that hard pink cigar with its thick hide and deeply-set slit made Blair

aware that she, too was getting a little hot from all the excitement the gorilla was feeling.

Or was it coming just from her? Impossible to tell, really. But it was such a delicious spectacle to watch and be part of. The big ape stuck his dick into one of the mesh slots and it stretched wide to make room for it.

“Do you think intercourse is indicated?” Blair said, trying not to let it show that she too was feeling aroused.

The tips of her nipples became darker in hue and perked up into hard, rubbery ridges.

“Possibly,” Dr. Fortner said back blandly, “or he could just be showing off.”

“Is that common?” Blair said, wondering how lucky a female ape would be if every time a mate wanted to show off, he just stuck his erect pecker out. So much easier and simpler than racing a sports car or buying leather boots. Or trying to impress a girl with their intellect.

This at least, was common language.

The ape continued to handle the girl’s braid. By now the tip of it was very wet from having been in the ape’s mouth.

“Ow!” Blair called out as the ape pulled her down by the hair.

“He wants that braid of yours next to his phallus,” Blair’s father said, eyeing the ape curiously, “maybe wants to touch it. Stay there only if you’re comfortable, dear.”

Was she comfortable? Was she ever.

She only hoped he wouldn’t get tired of this game too quickly. The ape was turning her on like crazy. And his sudden rough move turned her on even more. She knelt down on the soft, jungle matting that the natives had woven to stick under the cage. She regained her balance as the ape held her braid fast. She handed him her other braid and watched as he petted that one in the same way he had the other one.

He kept caressing them between his hands, rubbing them, patting them. Exploring their texture and showing that he was completely captivated by the color. He held it up to the light and then he leaned forward, sticking his thick, ripe penis rod out the holes. He pulled the braids a little into the holes as best he could manage and began stroking his erect wet penis head with them.

The sensation gripped Blair right in the guts. And her cunt felt the sensation second. She held her legs together to hide the fact that her pussy lips were quivering out of control.

“You all right, dear?” Dr. Fortner said to his daughter, maintaining a tone of calm throughout.

“Sure,” Blair said, trying to toss her head around a bit to where she could see exactly what the big, fine fellow had on his mind.

His prick was a monstrously-thick affair. Dome shaped at the top. Wider at the base than at the tip. And that adorable little cock slit was now nearly hidden by the thick pinkish drape of his foreskin.

So beautiful. So natural, Blair thought as the beast hugged her braids on either side of his throbbing hard prick. He thrust his hairy hips up and pulled them back into the air. His stance reminded Blair of Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders. Such big, forceful shoulders. Such an enviable load. The

beast was making rings around her cunt. Rings of heat and passion.

She rubbed her nipples against the cage and felt the firm, hairy strands of the gorilla's coat rub back on them. Her tits must have been thrust up about to his knee level, but she couldn't see that well. Mostly because she had her eyes closed. The sensation was overwhelming. What it must be like to make love to one of these creatures, she wondered. How exciting and bold and fierce and wild ... and savage!

So here she was, kneeling at the beast's feet, feeling her cunt throb and twitch and ache with longing for the real thing. But it would probably be best to put it out of her mind now. The beast began a series of low, scratching sounds in his throat. They found their way out between his wet, pursed lips. And they found their way to Blair's ears. She found them exciting beyond words.

Why couldn't men do that, she thought. Make those animal sounds when they were making love. Such a beautiful language. The language of sex and arousal. The language of mating. That's what it had to be. The ape was getting turned on to her. She opened her eyes a bit and saw a veil of blonde hair. The ape had unbraided the braids and was using her blonde strands to masturbate his cock with.

Such a creative exercise, Blair thought.

"He's using your hair to masturbate the phallus," Dr. Fortner said. He was as fascinated as Blair was, though dignity did not permit that he should get a hard-on about it.

The girl felt her head being pulled this way and that and she stared up between her hair veil. She could see the tip of the animal's dick now. That savage unearthly pink, wet tip. Enlarged to the point of sticking through its thick wedge of foreskin. Bobbing up and down at a lewd interval, and with a sharp up thrust to the shaft. A lovely device nature had provided, Blair thought, though she couldn't decide if it was for easy implantation of ape sperm into the female or for the female's pleasure.

How good that thick, up thrust dick must feel inside a cunt, she mused. Again, she tried to turn her mind to other things. There wasn't much point to thinking that way. It would never happen. It just wasn't possible. No way.

"He's nearly reached full erection," her father said.

"I know," Blair said in her breathy, hot voice.

She wanted to hide that voice from her father, but why bother now? There she was, after all, getting her hair moistened with ape semen, why not enjoy it? The ape wrapped a bundle of the girl's blonde tresses around his thick ape dick and began pulling his pecker down, down and winding the hair around it. It felt like a warm waterfall winding around his hard, pink wet cock. He squeezed his hard pecker with his mighty black mitt and buried his dick tip in the blonde abundance.

He worked his head hard and fast up and down, down and up into the yellow-gold patch of sweet, smooth blonde grass. He breathed deep in his nostrils and smelled the deeply-female odors of a human in heated arousal. His cock stiffened up harder to meet the challenge and he plied it back and forth gripping the blonde locks tightly around his rampaging thick wet prick.

Then, suddenly and sweetly, he shot off a load of white come that squirted out in a drizzle of cream and wet the girl's hair all over. Blair felt herself writhe in the lap of a wild, warm climax. Her whole body went limp as the ape shot his load into her white, blonde mane.

"Oh, God," she said as she felt the warm gunk clog her hair. She wanted to yank it back from him and stick it straight-away into her mouth.

Should she? She thought about it, then just as she was about to drop the idea she heard a command from her father.

"Go ahead, Blair," he said, his voice never fluttering from the calm, even tone he had kept all along, "take it into your mouth. It's customary among female apes to lick their mates clean after the mating act."

She wiggled her hair out of the grip of the ape, whose hold on it had softened. His cock hadn't softened an inch, though. And, before she knew what came over her, Blair turned and stuck her mouth full down on the thrust up dick of the huge, hairy creature. Buried her mouth around the slimy wet fuck pole the beast jutted up into her lips. His come was sweet as a jungle nut.

And she tasted for the first time in her life, the forbidden, beast-like flavor of gorilla's pink wet dick. Tasted it and licked the blob of come that still clung to the slit of his prick tip. Swirled the delicious cream around in her mouth and swallowed it. Swallowed it and felt herself whisked away into a non-stop roller coaster of coming and thrashing.

She humped her hips hard against the cage and felt herself falling, falling down a long, dark tunnel. She let her mouth go slack and slumped to the jungle floor.

"Kummi lolo ... Kumi, kumi," the sound of the native rang through the tense, wet jungle dawn. "Juko iddy!!!!"

Blair sat up like a shot and threw her bare feet on the floor. It was the first time in five days she had gotten to sleep in her bed. Her father and she had been so totally wound up in studying the gorilla out there, they had even slept alongside his cage. But they were both losing necessary sleep out there in the dampness. And her father had insisted that she catch at least a few hours sleep tucked up in her bed with the mosquito netting to let her get some peaceful rest.

And now those insistent native men were waking her up. What the hell did they want?

"Juko iddy ... Juko iddy."

Juko! The gorilla. What had happened? What was wrong? Blair ran out of the tent without bothering to put her shoes on. She raced to the center of the clearing and stared at the cage.

Empty.

Empty and the door gone. There was only one way to get that door open. And it wasn't from inside. Somebody must have opened it and let the beast free. But who?

Blair looked around for her father, but couldn't spot him.

"Dad?" she called.

His sleeping roll was messed up and lying empty on the ground next to the cage. She heard footsteps behind her and turned to see her father crashing through the underbrush. He was wearing a little loincloth around his waist that covered his man parts. Other than that, he was naked.

"Juko is gone," she said, staring at her father in anticipation.

"I know," he said, breathing heavily and leaning against the tree for support. "I tried to find him, but it's no good."

"Who let him out?" Blair said, unable to believe that the native men were responsible.

They knew what the experiment was about, and how important it was for the gorilla to stay locked up there.

"Tracks," her father said, between gasps for air. He had been running and the sweat poured down his body as evidence to his labors.

"Juko's tracks?" Blair asked, impatiently.

Her father nodded and caught his breath a moment. "And another set. A female set."

Blair knew that female tracks were slightly smaller than full-grown male tracks. A good scientist or even a sharp-eyed native could spot the difference.

"A female?" Blair said, shaking her head, eager for the whole story, but not wanting to push her exhausted father beyond his limits.

The man stepped into the camping grounds and took a towel from the native assistant who offered it to him.

"The female who freed him, no doubt," Dr. Fortner said, drying his face and arms with the fluffy towel.

"How could she?" Blair said, unable to believe that any such thing had happened.

"We made that trap gorilla-proof only from the inside," he said, "we didn't count on another ape coming up and forsaking all its natural fear to find a way to free its mate."

"How do you know that was Juko's mate?" Blair said, her eyes widening.

"What other female would risk the danger and take the trouble to find a way to open the latch?"

Blair hung her head a moment. It was true what her father had said. What other female indeed? It must have taken hours to discover the lock on that door and work it open. And she would have had to work in complete silence, too. Her father was sleeping less than a few yards away. But something in her persisted in the belief that another human had freed that great furry ape. Or was it that she didn't want to believe Juko had a mate?

Was she even a little bit jealous of his mate? Impossible! She thought, spitting the thought out of her mouth and then letting out a little pained sigh. If it was so impossible to feel that way, why was she aching so bad right now? She had no right to feel this way anyhow. Juko was an ape, for Chrissakes. An animal! Sub-human. Savage.

But even as she thought those words, she knew she didn't believe them. The tender way he had stared at her whenever she drew near the cage. The beast had never hurt her, and certainly could have tried. She had even slept the night before last at his feet, leaning against his thick, hairy flanks that he had stuck hard against the mesh of the cage. It had been so beautiful and comforting to sleep like that. She had loved being curled up in his lap, like a little kitten sleeping against a huge tiger.

But a beautiful man-like tiger. The ape had gotten very aroused in the morning and she had felt his cock protruding between her shoulder blades. Even before her father woke up, she had turned over and found the red, rubbery tip of his thick cock stick. She had wound her lips around that wet, slimy hard pole and squeezed them together as hard as she could. She had tasted his wet, wild semen between her lips and worked his dick up to stiff, red peak between her Ups.

She had rolled her mouth around and around over the thick red candy log and suckled it to a delicious dripping hard. She had felt the stiff cock squirm in her mouth as she rolled it around and around, tossing her head wildly about to suck more of it down inside her pink, pursed lips. And the feel of that wild animal's dick inside her mouth made her feel wild and animal-like, too.

She went off in a blaze of fireworks even before the ape shot his thick load. She had fingered herself to an exquisite climax just sucking that beast's red flag pole. The thick delicious squirming worm of a dork he had that jutted up and looped back toward his own flanks. And then, the most marvelous sensation of all. That gorgeous hairy beast had stuck his thickly-knotted muscular paws out the mesh and stroked her very own cunt lips as she continued to bounce his cock far back into her tight, constricting little throat.

The feel of those fumbling, hairy muscular big fingertips with their smooth fingerpads, so unexpected those smooth pads, especially considering how rough the rest of him was. Rough and hairy and mean and brutal and wild and free. All the things that she loved and wanted in a man. So how come it had to be that this man was an ape? The things she wanted most in a man, an ape had to offer. What an ironic life it was, anyway.

And that dear big black beast had fingered her pussy lips, curiously sticking his thick black fingers up inside her wet little sweet cunt slit. Rammed them around and around, as though he were scooping honey out of a hollow log. Such an unpredictable sensation! Sweet and crazed. She never knew what he was going to do next. She didn't know if he would stay this gentle or suddenly turn on her and go wild. He certainly knew how to make her feel good.

She skewered her mouth around and around on the thickness of his sweet, big gorilla tool. She agitated him to the left, then to the right with her willing, wet, servile mouth. How adorable he sounded, the whole time they were engaged in such sweet interplay. He moaned and blinked his big, thick eyes. He knotted his brow and opened his eyes wide by turns.

"Ooooh," she had called out as the hairy projection wiggled in and out of her cunt creating a vast flow of clear cunt honey, like a mountain stream running down her leg. "Ooooooh, diddle that cunt, you big beast."

She had meant every word of it. She had pulled her mouth off his cock a moment and taken in the spectacle. The thickness of it was awesome. Her mouth ached from having been stretched so wide to let it enter. The thing terrified her as she stared at it now. Its thick round symmetrical shaft, tapering off at the tip and widening abruptly at the base. Almost in the shape of a cone. A delicious wet, red, throbbing cone.

Good enough to eat. Good enough to suck until her jaw ached with pain and overwork. She could see the beast's tight, dark balls like two walnuts ... impossibly hard and tucked up a bit into his groin. She wanted to reach in there and fondle them. Massage them for a sweet interlude. But that would be too risky. As long as the animal was sticking his cock through the mesh, she would be okay. But he might get scared if she were to reach in and touch his genitals.

She would have to be content to take it from the outside of the cage. She held his hard, pink shaft around the base, her hand barely grasping it fully. She stared into the wet, slimy deep dick slit at the top. The whole rod was covered with a steamy, thick layer of juices. Both his and hers. And she stuck his dick top back in her mouth. She flicked her tongue around the sensitive head, making the beast give out with a series of high-pitched groans. Tight, urgent little groans that told her he was near coming.

She was, too. As the animal's paw pierced her cunt veil all the way up to its wrist, she knew the delicious sensation of hairy and hard muscular probing finger projections exploring her inside. In a flash, she felt a spurt of hot, thick come spew out the end of the gorilla cock tip. It coated her mouth with its tasty goo and ran back down, down her throat.

She gobbled up what her throat hadn't been drowned with and licked and lapped and sucked at the remainder. She was as greedy as she could be to eat up the succulent come cream. And still that beast's cock had throbbed hard inside her mouth.

She started to wonder if these big brutes ever got soft once the meat stick began to probe the air.

But whether they did or not, she didn't care. The sweet surprise of that ape's jism shooting down her throat, without so much as a word of fuss or protest or insincere vows of love and devotion really got her off. The simple language of sex. So perfectly engineered by nature to fit these huge, sex-loving creatures. She wondered how often he got his dick up and off in the wilds. He had had several erections every day since that first day when she had let him use her hair to get himself off.

"I don't know if we can get him back or not," Blair's father said, interrupting her daydreams of the last delicious days they had spent here. "We may have to re-set the trap and wait again. I think it's about all we can do."

That thought depressed her, though she hated to think that it did. Somehow, she knew she would miss that mighty beast.

"Juko ..." Blair blurted out.

"Is gone," her father finished.

Blair closed her eyes and a pained expression came over her face. She didn't want to think about the loss right now. She just wasn't prepared for it. It had all happened so suddenly.

"We'll just have to go about our business, Blair," her father said sternly. It was an odd tone of voice, coming from him. He seldom spoke sternly to her.

She headed back for her tent, trying not to let her head drag. But try as she might, she couldn't shake the impending blues that surrounded her. Blair fumbled aimlessly around in her trunk for something to wear. Anything. What the hell did it matter. They were in the wilds of Africa. Nobody would see her out here. Not one single man that mattered to her. And certainly not Juko. Never again

The tears welled up in her eyes and blinded the sights in front of her. She fell down on her bed and heaved out heavy sobs of grief and loss. Why was she feeling this bad over an animal? Shit!!!! She told herself to stop being so fucking silly. She had never even cried this hard over a man. Any man. And here she was crying her eyes out over an ape, for Chrissakes.

She pulled herself together and grabbed a green soft cotton safari shirt. She stepped toward the open door and pulled her= foot locker out. Stooping over, she roamed around the pile of pants to find something ... anything. Maybe some shorts. Abruptly, she stood up. Something had hit her on the rear end. Was her father playing games with her to get her out of her depression? She looked around and saw nothing. Maybe she had imagined it.

Or maybe she hadn't! She saw a little shadow moving around on the door frame. Somebody was playing peekaboo with her and she was gonna find out who. She stepped out the door and ran face to face into a gigantic gorilla. The creature blinked hard at her. His eyes drove nails into her flesh. He gawked and blinked and stood firm, his hairy toes planted hard into the soil.

"Oh, God," Blair said, pulling her hand up over her mouth. She dropped the clothing she was holding and stood there dumbfounded.

The ape reached his hand out and touched the embroidery of her flimsy nightie. He gripped the edge of her neckline and pulled it. Blair heard the material rip and she drew in a sharp breath.

So, Juko had come back. And this time there was no indestructible mesh between them. Where was her father? Where the hell was he now? Blair thought a moment, trying to collect her senses. She couldn't panic. She absolutely couldn't panic. But beyond her attempt to stay calm she was aware of another encroaching sensation.

A sensation to blot out all the others. All the fears and longings and crazed chills of terror. All the panic and uncertainty and horror. It was a deep and abiding sense of adventure. Of thrills and adventure. Of sexual delights. Of twisted, all-encompassing sexual heat and passion. Of non-stop passion greater than anything she had ever even glimpsed before in her life.

"Father!" Blair said aloud, in her singular attempt at regaining her sanity. She must be responsible and call for help. She must!

But even as she opened her lips and formed the words, her tone softened. The loudness turned to a near whisper and she knew it would not be heard.

The great ape cocked his head a little to the side and stared at the patch of blue nylon he had ripped out of the girl's dress. Blair looked down and saw one of her deep mauve nipples thrusting up under the alabaster mound of her right tit.

She stared at the beast and closed her eyes. What the hell was going on here? Why couldn't she call for help? Yes, she was terrified. Trembling and terrified and half-crazed from the stark horror of staring into this dark, forbidding beast's face. But she was also strangely calm. Strangely light-headed. She saw the mighty gorilla's hand reach out at her again and grip a lock of her hair. She wanted him to pull it out, to jolt her back to her senses. If he would hurt her, she would be shocked into yelling for help. She knew she would.

The beast gripped her hair hard, locking his paw around it and bringing it toward his face. He leaned over and drew in a deep, loud breath through his nostrils. He closed his eyes serenely and let the fine spun gold locks drop out of his grasp.

Blair felt herself grow weak. She rocked back and forth on her feet, wobbling, trying to catch herself.

Her hand went out and touched the bony bare palate of the ape's chest.

So strong, she thought, as her head turned cartwheels and she fell back into the door frame ... so strong that chest. Like armor. How beautiful to be protected by that armor.

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## **Part Four**

Blair Fortner awoke from a groggy sleep. What had hit her on the back of the head with such force? A two-ton truck? She'd never felt such a hard, unceasing heaviness. Something had struck her at the base of her spine. She pressed her palms down onto the ground and lifted her shoulders. Her long blonde hair drooped out in front of her. What was under her hands? A thick, gnarled mat of jungle bush and twigs. Who put this in her tent?

Her head throbbed with the pain of an unknown beating. What had she done to deserve this one? What crime had she committed to be allowed to feel such onrushing pain. The sights in front of her eyes blurred up and focused. Then, they blurred up again and the grogginess returned. She sank back down to the mat and rolled over.

The sun shone through the leaves and made her wrinkle up her forehead. Who had taken the roof off her tent? And why? Maybe the same person that clubbed her. She rolled over onto her side and sniffed. Her nostrils were clogged up. What with? Having been hit unconscious could do that? Then, she smelled a strange smell.

What was it? Putrefaction? Moss and water? An animal smell. Animals, of course. There were a lot of them in the jungle.

But where was she? If only her vision and her clear head hadn't disappeared she could probably figure it out. Pretty quick, too. But those things failed to materialize. Instead her head zigzagged in pain and visions. Images of strange hairy beasts ...

"Oh, God!!!" she cried out, sitting up too fast. She felt like another blow had been struck on the back of her head. She fell back down onto soft, bristly matting. Where the hell had they taken her? Those apes. All those apes. There had been too many of them to count. Where had they all come from? And why hadn't her father protested?

Her father? Where the hell was he? Oh, yes, napping. It must have been afternoon. But the sun would indicate that it was early morning. Dawn. Then, a little cloud drifted off in her head and things began to clear up suddenly.

*I was carried off*, Blair thought to herself.

Carried off by that big ape ... the one that escaped. Juko, named for what the native men called him. He had come for her. She was bending over her foot locker and that huge beast had reached out and patted her back side. Then she had stood up and felt his hand on her. He had ripped her nightie. She looked down to see if her memories gibed with what the physical reality was.

Yes, indeed. A big chunk of her nightgown was definitely missing. And her tit was jutting up, pointing toward the sky. She had been kidnapped by a gorilla! So where the hell had he brought her? Slowly, slowly, she sat up and gazed around. She was in some sort of nest. A gorilla's nest. A place to hide. Some sort of nest up in the tree tops. A home. A gorilla home.

And here she was, lying here in some gorilla's bed. Maybe Juko's. She heard the sound of an angry bird flying overhead. She followed his cry and watched as he landed on a nearby branch.

She peered over the edge of the nest and found that she was very high up indeed. But she knew gorilla habits well enough to know that this was only a temporary home. They had a nice warm cave down below somewhere. A little den where they all congregated. This was just their temporary resting place. So where were they all just now?

Why had they abandoned her up in the top of a tree like this. There were vine ropes hanging everywhere. From above and from below. It would have been easy to just untie one of them and swing right out of that place. Just like Tarzan. Or Jane, actually. More like Jane.

She stood up to test her footing. Again her head swam and she sat down. She edged herself a bit closer to the danger point of the edge of the nest. She grabbed a hold of one of the twisted brown rope vines. She would swing right out of there and take it on the lam. Fly back home. Then a thought struck. She had no idea where she was. She had no idea where home was. And she knew what could happen to a human alone in a strange, forbidding jungle.

She didn't even have her hunting knife with her!

She was wrapped in a torn nightgown. With nothing on her feet to protect her against the ravages of thistles, poison snakes, deadly swamp burrs that stuck to the soles of the feet and burrowed into the bloodstream so thick they clogged the arteries to the heart, leaving the recipient to die a slow, agonizing death.

No, that sort of thing wasn't for her. She would stay put a few minutes until she could think clearly.

She couldn't go anywhere. She was a prisoner here. She might as well have been in a cage. In fact, she was in a cage. Just as her father and she had put Juko into that cage trap, now she was sitting in a trap.

And to leave that trap meant certain death. Either a slow, painful one or a sudden, unexpected one. She heard a chattering sound and looked over to a neighboring tree to see a bunch of monkeys sitting on a branch, lined up like crows on a telephone line. They were chattering and pointing at her. Giggling and making fun of her!

"All right, all right," she said back to them, "so I look pretty ridiculous. So what? So do you, ya know that?"

The chattering heated up a bit.

"Damned hecklers," she said, "everybody wants to get into the act today."

That's what it felt like to her. Everybody wanting to get into the act to tease and torment her. Everybody wanting a piece of her time, her body, her consideration. Why the hell things had to turn out so strange, she couldn't fathom. She closed her eyes a moment and wondered what Cathy was doing right now.

Probably shopping for a wedding dress for her marriage to Harold Rhymer.

"Ha!" she heard herself say out loud. Cathy would rather marry Rin-Tin-Tin than Harold Rhymer, she thought.

Civilization! How well she remembered it. And how little she thought of it, even now. Even stuck up here in the tree tops with nothing to do but stare at a batch of ham actor monkeys, she still liked the wilds better. Too bad she didn't have a nice coat of bushy hair all over her body. She could stay here

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She stopped her thought train with another overriding thought. What the hell was she daydreaming of? Living here with the apes? Of being an ape herself? That was crazy thinking. Insanity. She could be locked up for thinking such thoughts. Locked up and studied by psychiatrists as well as animal behaviourists for the rest of her natural days. She was a human, not a monkey. And speaking of monkeys, where were those ape types anyway? Had they moved out because they knew she was coming?

Had they packed their bags and moved just after dumping her here for punishment? Would they leave her here to starve slowly as punishment for the sins she had visited on her precious Juko? A fitting end for a Zoologist. Being offed by the very beasts she had set out to study. To study and codify and list and pigeon-hole and categorize. As if animals or humans could be turned into statistics and recorded facts.

Both were individuals. She couldn't imagine another beast acting like Juko. Could any other gorilla be so tender, so loving, so warm and cuddly? So fierce and loyal? So intelligent? So super strong and macho. Yes, that word fit him better than any human she had ever known. He was macho. A super stud. An ape to put all human males to shame. What the hell had she been missing all her life that she had found in his arms?

And why was she lying here now dreaming about it when she should be planning her escape? Survival was possible in the jungle. If only she could keep a clear head about it. There were shoes to be fashioned out of the broad palm leaves. She would work them together by splitting the vines into tiny rope strings. There would be food to be gathered. But first of all, she had to figure a way to get out of this nest!

A harsh, jabbering noise filled her ears and the tree top began to shake. It swayed back and forth and Blair had to grip a hold of the twigs to keep from falling out of the tree. She looked out and saw the black, hairy top of a gorilla head popping up over the shiny green leaves of the tree. A gorilla face emerged next and she opened her mouth in terror.

What the hell were they going to do to her? She didn't have a prayer up here. She would be tortured or beaten or worse by these beasts and no human ear would even hear her suffering.

What a way to end it all!

She held her breath in expectation. The thing popped one enormous hairy foot into the nest and hoisted himself up effortlessly. Blair watched as the big man in the gorilla suit, or so it seemed, advanced toward her. She wasn't sure if it was Juko or not. And the only way she would know absolutely is if he made any sexual advances at her. He had a very distinctive technique.

Maybe it was that sweet way he had of almost crushing her to death. Yes, she had begun to like it a little rough. Maybe sex had never been rough enough for her. As if in answer to her desires, the huge male stood over her and glared down at her, blinking hard and beating his chest.

She recognized his stance and his actions. They were those of a male gorilla claiming his territory. And, in this case, she knew that territory meant her.

"All right," she said, lying back and watching the show with one eye on the ape and the other on the edge of the nest. She wasn't sure who was going to set foot in here next. Maybe Big Boy here had company.

The big ape began walking around on all fours, his thick, square head set in profile against the wild profusion of green behind him. He stalked her for several minutes before coming to a two-legged stance again. Then, standing upright as any human creature could, he beat his thick, bony chest repeatedly and made loud, hooting noises in the back of his throat.

Blair still couldn't tell if it was Juko or not. And then, she gripped the nest in terror. Another intruder was entering her bedroom. The tree shook and Blair kept a sharp look out around the perimeter of the tree top. She had no idea how that beast would come at her, or from where, and she wanted to be ready.

Another head appeared over the top of the nest. A less squarish head. A softer and slightly rounder head. The chest appeared and from its slightly curvier appearance, Blair knew a female had entered the nest.

The female brayed a disquieting welcome. She lifted her mouth to the sun and let out a string of loud almost chirpy sounds. Then, she, too, sank down on all fours and began to parade around in front of Blair. Again the tree shook. Again Blair held the nest for dear life. And another gorilla rose into sight. A huge, dark male with a heavy torso. Bigger than the first beast who had entered. The size of a linebacker for the Detroit Lions. In full uniform.

The three hairy creatures circled her. They stalked her. She felt penned in and threatened. Again, the tree shook. She gripped the nest and felt her fingernails split into pieces at the sight that greeted her eyes. Four of the biggest, hairiest, meanest, most fierce looking creatures she had ever seen or imagined she would see came bolting into view.

"Oh, dear," Blair heard herself say, "what the hell are you all doing here?"

The biggest and meanest-looking of them all reared up and beat his chest. The noise echoed throughout the jungle. He accompanied the beating with a long, low bone-chilling bellow.

The ape was assuming control of the others now. He turned to them and gave them the same verbal message. They backed off and sat in squatting positions, all of them facing her.

She felt as if this were a laboratory, and she were an experiment. These big apes were attending a lecture on human behavior. And she was the guinea pig. The laboratory monkey, so to speak.

"And what do you want with me?" she said, pulling herself to a prone position and resting on her elbow. Her instincts told her not to panic, but she wasn't exactly sure what she should do as an alternative.

The beast towered over her. He brought his hairy smooth paws down to the torn edge of nightie and ripped it off her in one yank. The material went billowing up and drifted down, down onto one of the far leaves of the tree top nest.

"Impolite of you," she said, feeling a little stupid speaking out loud where nobody could answer her. But she had to do something to keep from losing her mind.

She glanced down and saw her white, willowy, completely hairless body. It provided such a stark contrast to the hairy form glowering down at her now.

"May I take it you want to play with me," Blair said, staring back at him, "because that's what it means when a man does that to a lady."

The big, thick-headed beast blinked his dark-hooded eyes at her and bared a double row of white, pointed teeth. He raised one hand and brought it down on Blair's upturned tit. The animal ground his hand down hard on her nipple, flattening it against her breast.

"Ouch!" she said, moving back.

A stupid move, at that. One of the big apes leaped out and grabbed her from behind.

She felt his powerful paws encircle her slender wrists. She felt a thick mat of animal hair brush all along the back of her body. And the heat of the animal steamed her ass cheeks. The heat and something else. Oh, God, she thought to herself. This beast is hard. Definitely hard.

It had happened so fast. She had barely had time to register that something was sticking into her backside. It jutted up against her ass crevice. The thick, probing pink dick stick of the male gorilla. The one she had explored so many times in the past few days.

And now it was coming at her from a most unexpected place. In the rear, where she couldn't even see it. But she could feel it. She could most definitely feel it.

"Oh, shit," she said as she began kicking her legs. But that, too, was useless. The beast curled his huge, hairy prehensile toes around her slender ankles and held her fast.

He held her as though she were a victim splayed out on a medieval torture rack. Held her firmly in place with his huge, gripping paws. All four of them! Held her against his hot, hairy front. And against the thick protrusion of his wide, hard ape tool. He stuck it around every which way, trying to find an opening.

"Please," Blair said, feeling a bit like a butterfly about to be pinned to a collector's book.

But it was useless to talk to these beasts. They were hot, horny and greedy for the touch and feel of her white ass. The hairless, inviting hole she had thrust up in Juko's face for the last few days. The one he had bragged to them about after his escape.

And now, here they were.

The adults of his little band.

Sitting high up in the safety of the jungle treetops, ready and waiting to have their will with her.

The biggest and mightiest of them all gnashed his teeth in hot anticipation. He spread his thick, hairy legs apart and stuck his schlong out. The thing bobbed through his black shining coat and pointed skyward.

"Oh, my," Blair said as she saw the thing. It was clear why this ape was in charge. He had a thicker, meatier piece of cock meat than Juko had. Only slightly longer. But ape cock never grew to tremendous lengths. The width was the thing to look out for.

And Blair's cunt began aching at the thought of having this wide load have to squeeze into her tight tunnel.

And as if that wasn't bad enough, Mr. Back Door Man was knocking to get into her ass hole. He thudded his own thick wad down into her ass crevice. She felt him greasing the way with his wet, hard fuck stick.

"No, no," she cried as he gripped her even harder, preparing to slide his ape cock right up her poop chute. The beast in front wasted even less time getting down to business. He reached out and grabbed a hold of her tit tips. Then, using them as handles, he climbed on top of her and stuck his thick pole between her mounds. He slid his dick down, down the path between them, then the path along her flat stomach. He slid his cock head all the way down, wiping it against her body.

She looked out and saw the rigid pink fist-like projection disappear down the front of her. And the ape glared back at her. Glared back and grinned as he fumbled for her cunt lips with his grossly-thick ape dick. Shoving it flat against her wet cunt gave her a chill all right. The beasts seemed to be working in close harmony, too.

The moment the one in front of her shoved his wide-mouth jar into her slender cunt crack was the exact same moment the beast behind her buried his thick, hard prick into her tight, round bung hole.

"Oh, no, please," the screaming girl begged up to the pitiless white sky.

There was nobody to hear her human entreaties up here.

Still, she felt like she had to do something about it. She was being horribly mistreated here. She had never been unkind to animals. Why now were they treating her with such disregard. But logic didn't seem to have much of a place in this ape world. These beasts seemed to provide their own brand of reason given the particular situation.

And what did reason matter when she was getting plugged from the front and from the back simultaneously by two of the biggest, meanest apes in the jungle.

What did anything mean any more?

She closed her eyes and tried to relax into the position she was being fucked into. The ape cock in front, fortunately, was bigger than the one in back. But the one in back was no less punishing. A thick, hot little blade it was, ramming its circumference into the sphincter of her tight little pink ass.

Now the beast behind her was groaning and slobbering onto her neck and shoulders. He was having difficulty making a complete insertion. She had no idea just how tight her butt buns really were. But they must have been tight to give this ramming machine such resistance.

He thudded his hard tool into the tiny circle and felt it snap shut on him. He would need all the power he could muster to thrust himself up to his thick, hard hilt.

The ape gripped the girl around the wrists and ankles tighter still, in order to provide some necessary leverage. He wiggled his ass muscles rapidly in and out, out and in, to more deeply push up into the muscular hole that pushed against his smooth, wet prick on every side.

The ape in front of her lowered his stiff dick a bit and felt the warm, beckoning feeling inside the hairless thing's cunt slit. It caressed him tenderly on all sides of his mammoth hard on.

Then, he began a series of short strokes, guaranteed to lather up the creature under his loins to a wet, wild froth.

It had never failed to excite the hairy females he had fucked so often in his fifteen years. He wiggled his butt around and dug his paws into her shoulder.

And then, in a move no human was quite capable of, he threw his whole ass up into the air and gripped a low, overhanging branch with his hind feet.

In this elevated position, he could sail down into the bitch's cunt and draw his hard member in and out at a superhuman speed. He could work his cock like a vibrator and jack hammer at the same time.

Blair tossed her blonde hair around and felt a lightening along her stomach. But the big ape didn't pull his dick out of her slit. Instead, she saw him swing up and lock his prehensile toes around a branch and let his weight hang from that. He secured himself in that position and continued to saw his cock weapon in and out of her pink wet hole. The speed was building and building.

The ape behind her was reaming her ass with tremendous energy. Stronger than any human, and with twice or three times the endurance. The butt fucker circled his ass around as best he could, considering it was pinned down to the nest. But now that= the big ape's weight was off of the body of the girl, he had more latitude.

He worked his schlong up into the tightly-packed hole and rolled his hips from side to side, knocking it deliciously against the confines of the tight, slippery channel. His cock tip flowed with semen, greasing up his path even more. He dug his hips up and ground his pecker further into the girl's poop chute.

Blair felt a thudding against her brain. She feared she might pass out in this position. She feared loss of conscious and tried like hell to keep a hold of some image in front of her.

But the only thing her eyes could lock onto was the simian black face of the ape. The ape who was now grinning hotly and ramming his thick ape rod into her writhing, wet pussy slit. Up and down, down and up. The thing was fucking her like greased lightning. She had never known such non-stop pain. And such mounting pleasure. The waves of blistering friction combined with the crazed wind of passion. There had never been a fuck like this since the recorded annals of time and biology. She knew damned well there hadn't.

And she herself had never felt such a punishing glow. Such an endless series of brutalizing stings and bites with so much high-wire excitement to match it. The longings of lust came at her in tortured gasps.

She heard herself gasping for breath, for air. She felt her hips roll up and down in an attempt to match the speeding motions of the ape's fucking movements. It was a paltry attempt. She could never possibly keep up with him, but she sure was game to try.

The back door ape plugged away at her insistently. She had never known such speed or such endurance. These two were superhuman fuckers, not subhuman fuckers, as biology would have man believe.

Was this the answer to human female lust? The unmatched lust of the unfulfilled females she had known all her life? The one she had been herself ... until now?

She closed her eyes and squeezed her hips and butt muscles together. She felt the thick, pumping nozzle grind into her backside. She touched the fullness of the huge, wide ape cock that bolted in and out of her cunt slit like a fighting bull. She saw a flash of light in front of her eyes. White light. She threw her head back so hard, she knocked it against the bony skull of the ape drilling her bung hole.



"Owwww!" she moaned between clenched teeth as she felt herself toss up in a teeth-chattering burst of orgasms.

Teeth-chattering and mind-shattering. And her cunt and ass hole began tandem vibrations that sent her hips and butt mounds shooting up and back and from side to side. Drinking in all the ape cock in the jungle. Sucking up the sweet reserves of monkey dick that even now continued their penetration without a hint of a slowdown.

Blair shouted out to the sky. She let go a long series of wild, shrill screams and mindless protests. But under them, a constant note rang out. A note that sounded for the apes to claim their territory. Claim it and tame it. Plow it and plant it. Plow it to ribbons. Plow every furrow, row, and gutter, Fill the holes with seeds and nourishing juices. Plug the rows with deft weapons of brutalizing force and fertilizing life.

The apes continued to fuck the sodden, helpless girl. They fucked the lost temptress and claimed their territory. The territory that now rightfully belonged to them.

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How many days had passed since she arrived in this place? Blair wondered. She had tried keeping a count of them. She had picked an overhanging broadleaf from a nearby tree and had tried making fingernail indentations for each day. But, after seven, or was it ten, she had given up.

The days had all been pretty much the same. She would be rudely poked awake in the morning. One of the number of apes would throw her some bananas, mangoes, or passion fruit. Often, there were nuts and seeds of some sort accompanying the fruit. She would eat a little bit and explore her territory. Though, after awhile, she had curtailed even that. The place was beautiful enough. Serene and peaceful.

Full of pleasant sounds and smells and sights and colors. Gorgeous. Abundant. Verdant. Timeless.

No season changes in this part of the world. Everything stayed pretty much on an even keel, constantly. The constancy of the place is what appealed to her most. Well, almost.

The favorite thing of all, of course, was the company. No stuffy dinner parties in this setting. No black-tie, fair-weather socialite friends. And especially, no demeaning and insipid men. She had grown pretty tired of the lot of them anyway. Except her father. And she missed him dreadfully. Her one compensation was in believing that he had known what might have happened to her.

That he would even now be sending a searching party to look for her. That he had a pretty good idea the apes would keep to the treetops in an attempt to hide their captive. Possibly he had captured another gorilla by now. Possibly he would let that one go in the hopes he might lead him to her. And, if that gorilla happened to be part of this particular pack, he possibly would do just that.

And where was Juko during all this? Where was that cuddly big adorable beast she had grown so fond of? Was it his intention to just leave her here and forget about her? Had he brought her up to this particular pack of gorillas as some kind of favor? Possibly one of them had turned him loose and he was rewarding them by bringing her to them.

But no matter, really. All her needs were satisfied here. And her wants, too.

She had been fucked by all of the apes in the pack many times over. And she had to admit that she had enjoyed each of them. They all had something special to give. This one a particularly long

tongue, that one a stiff ape cock that never, never seemed to go down.

And the females had finally begun to accept her. That had been a real bonus. No other human study of apes had ever shown that females would warm up to human females. But here in this place, Blair had conquered that frontier.

She had even slept with one a few nights ago. A particularly fuzzy and docile female she had been, too. The female had sat close-by watching as her mate squatted on his tremendously muscular haunches and stuck his dick out. The mate ape of that female had then spread her legs out and pulled them up onto his outstretched bent knees.

It was rather like sitting in a contortion seat. Comfortable, though a bit difficult to adjust to in the beginning. And the ape had drilled her with his pink, hard prick. It was thrilling to be held like that by the muscular beast.

He kept pulling her into his body, drawing her into the hairy heaven of his warm, thick rug. And the female had applauded when Blair finally did shoot her load. That had been a unique experience. Having the female watch like that. And that night, the female stole back up into the tree tops and lay down beside the sleeping girl.

She reached over and began stroking Blair's high, heaving tits with her savagely strong paw. She hadn't hurt her, either. She seemed to just want to explore the girl's hairless body. She twirled her nipples around with her fingers and started to lick them. Blair had never gotten over ape tongue. That was the best, by far. The tongues were long, thick, unbelievably muscular and capable of much more control than a human tongue.

The female ape had wrapped that tongue of hers around Blair's nipples, around her clit, and even wiggled it into her ass hole before the sun came up.

It had been a long, hot, arduous night. Both of them had been exhausted by dawn. Blair loved being handled by this big, gentle creature. She was the closest thing to her beloved Juko.

The female seemed to have a particular talent for wrapping her legs around the girl and sticking her prehensile toes down into her butt crack. And, at the same time, she could stick her fingers into the girl's cunt and diddle her clit to climax after climax.

Such agile creatures! Blair found herself admiring them all day long. What other animal, man or beast, could finger you with ten fingers in the front and ass at the same time? And the get-off was spectacular. It took the female over an hour to stick all ten of those toes into her anus. But she was extremely patient. The bony fingers had done a number on the girl, too.

She writhed and shouted in protest each time a fresh finger was inserted. The hard, bony things twisted around so deliciously, though, once they were wound up inside her, she couldn't resist liking it. She wondered if there was anything these apes could do that she didn't like, in fact. The female had stuck all ten of her toes and all ten of her fingers up her, rammed her hot tongue down her throat and knocked her off to a fantastic, tree-shaking climax. Her cunt had run like a mountain stream when that female plugged her like that. Using all of her talented and agile thick fingers.

Perhaps the female knew better than most males what turned a hot, female cunt on the most. And she had used that knowledge to give Blair a scintillating hot come. Several of them, in fact.

Blair had even been allowed to suck off some of the young apes that had been brought to her. She loved doing that. Especially since she found it likely that it was the first time for some of them. And

for sure, it was the first time with a human specimen. She loved it when the little guys began playing with her blonde hair. That must have seemed like a magical illusion to them. They would run their fingers through it and jump up and down and screech loudly to her.

Then, they would stick their lusty, hard ape dicks into her face. She had even attempted to suck two off at a time, though that process had really stretched her mouth out. Both of them had been exceptionally wide, even for apes. And, though they had not yet reached full growth, their cocks had grown up to full adult male size.

She loved running her hands up and down their hairy flanks as the two of them stood there in front of her, squatting down and spreading their legs wide, sticking their cocks up into her face. She used both of her hands to jerk them off simultaneously. Though her small hands had no hope of going all the way around those wide, shortish dicks, she had really given it her best try.

She admired the tops of the apes' cocks. They were so perfectly rounded and smooth. Their veins stood out even further than that of humans, once erect, and their shafts were so rock hard and always ready. And, of course, the delicious surprise was how long those apes could hold their erections. It was amazing!

That really intrigued her. The insatiable appetites of those hot, heavenly and hairy big creatures. She would defy any man to equal that feat. She was really starting to enjoy threesomes by now, too. She thought back to the last threesome she had gotten into, stateside.= It had been with Cathy and that big, hairy guy. What was his name? Harold, yes Harold.

Funny how her memory of things that had happened before she arrived at the huge nest had started to play tricks on her. She couldn't even remember the color of her bedroom wall or the name of their housekeeper.

But that didn't matter. It was such a comfy, cozy and loving place to be. Nothing else was quite as good in her mind. Of course, she wished her father had been allowed an occasional visit, but that just wasn't possible up here. So, she contented herself with nature studies. Mostly of the ape nature. But she figured she must be pretty much of an authority on ape sexual behavior by now. Probably could write the definitive book on the subject.

If she would ever be allowed to write that book. If she would ever see civilization again.

As Blair thought these things over, she was aware that the tree was shaking again. If did that so often, she had kind of begun to take it in stride. It probably meant one of the big fellows was climbing up to play with her. That would be all right. She had come to crave ape dick as much as humans crave each other. More. She actually preferred it to food.

She looked down at her body. It was the same one it had been when Juko brought her here. But it was deeply-tanned by now. In her mind, she expected that it would probably sprout ape hair after a while, though she knew that was logically impossible. Still, with all this ape contact ... who knew what would happen?

A familiar head popped over the top of the nest.

"Juko!" she cried, crawling over to him.

She spread her arms out and embraced the hairy, warm friend. She pressed herself against him and felt the warmth from his body. He nearly crushed her he was so glad to see her.

"Where the hell have you been?" she asked, knowing full well the big beast was powerless to answer her.

He replied by lifting her up and slinging her over his shoulder.

"Put me down, now," she commanded.

Her orders fell on deaf ears.

"Put me down or I'll ... I'll ..." she wanted to curse the thickly-matted creature. Pull his fucking hair out by the roots. Kick him in the unprotected balls.

But she was too happy to be on his shoulder. The beast began moving and Blair knew she was going for a ride. He swung up to a nearby branch and she felt a little breeze underfoot. Sure enough, the ape had left the nest. He was swinging through the trees now, from vine to vine. And Blair was riding on his shoulder.

She held on for dear life.

"Don't you dare drop me, Juko," she shouted as the wind swept past her, stirring her blonde tresses and cooling her hot, sticky body.

The jungle was a swirl of green and brown. She could barely make out anything distinctly. It came at her in such a rush. What seemed like minutes later, she felt Juko touch down on a firm surface. When she opened her eyes, she saw the ground see-sawing below her.

"Put me down, boy," she said.

The ape dropped her and she tumbled to earth. She picked herself up and took a step. She found her knees were a bit weak from all that sitting, but after a few steps she regained control well enough to hobble along.

"Where the hell are we going, you big brute?" she said to the gorilla as he thrust his arm around her waist and gripped her tight.

The silent Juko walked patiently with her a few steps and then turned toward her. Again, he tossed her over his shoulder and began running.

"Stop it, stop it," she cried, "you're making me dizzy."

The beast ran through a thick profusion of verdant green foliage. Blair felt the sharp leaves cut into her body.

"Ouch!" she screamed.

The ape moved a protecting hand up and covered her bare ass with it.

"Where the hell are we going?" she cried. "What are you doing with me?"

Suddenly, just as mysteriously as he had begun, Juko stopped. He knelt under a tree with masses of overhanging vines and lifted her swiftly off his shoulder. She stumbled to her feet as the ape grabbed her. He held her two tiny wrists between one of his enormous paws and grabbed a handful of hanging vines.

He tied her wrists tightly into place and Blair felt herself swing forward a bit, rocking on her feet.

Next, the ape tied her feet with the vines and secured them tightly. She knew she was being strung up. But for what purpose? This ape didn't have to tie her up to play with her. She loved having his thick, gnarled bony fingers pull on her cunt lips and fiddle with her clit. She adored having him brush her locks back with his tongue, drooling on her face, sticking his cock up inside her and smashing his weight against her.

Why in the world would he want to tie her up. Then, as the ape backed off a bit, Blair stared at the jungle terrain in front of her. They were just a ways off from a clearing. And on the edge of that clearing, not more than one hundred yards in front of her, was the mouth of a cave.

A huge cave.

"What is this about?" she said, staring at him with wide, searching eyes. The beast glared back at her and backed off. He surveyed his work. He stood up and let out a low, mean rush of sounds that sounded just like machine gun fire.

"What is this?" she begged him.

No response. The beast turned on his huge, hairy feet and took off into the green sea of jungle growth.

"Oh, shit," she heard herself say. She noted a trace of sadness in her voice. She didn't want to stay tied up like this forever. And now, there were tears in her eyes. Not very presentable for whatever might happen along.

She saw a shadow moving inside of the cave. It threw its reflection out along the jungle floor. A low, mean bellow intruded on her thoughts. It came roaring out from inside the cave. Blair's eyes opened as wide as saucers when she saw the shape emerge. The beast was fully ten feet tall. It was an ape, all right. The biggest she had ever seen. But in addition to its outrageous size, there was another feature that struck her right between the eyes.

The thing had a lustrous coat of long, thick, shaggy white hair. An albino ape! The rarest of all rare specimens of this animal. And she was staring one straight in the eyeballs. His eyes glowed luminous white with pinkish orbs. An albino ape! Blair couldn't believe what she was seeing. The thing was as big as a truck. And built like one, too. Its massive shoulders loomed up in front of her, obliterating all objects behind them. She could see only the huge beast.

He stared at her, then licked his lips hotly. He flashed his huge horrible teeth and thumped his massive, bony chest.

"You're beautiful," Blair couldn't help saying.

And when she did, she knew she wanted to mate with this creature. More than anything in the world. More than seeing Juko again. Even more than seeing her father again. The outside world, civilization itself meant nothing to her in comparison to this creature. She would serve him, if he wanted her to. She would be his mistress, slave, mate, plaything, or lap dog if he so desired. She had never seen anything she ever wanted so much in her life.

She was on the ground now, even though her head was in the clouds. She felt the vital earth with her feet and looked at the ape hotly.

She arched her back as best she could and licked her lips.

“Come here you big, white humpy thing,” she said, “Mama wants to make it with you.”

The huge savage beast crouched down at her feet. Still, she could barely see beyond his hulking frame. He reached one enormous furry paw out and stroked her hair, dumbly. He yanked it back until her head was pulled down as far as it would go without breaking off. She stared up at the sky and could see only the green tree tops.

The beast opened his slobbering mouth and showed his pink gums and gigantic gnashing teeth. He rolled his eyes around in his head and let her hair go. He slid his thick, punishing paw down her front and he scooped up one of her full breasts. He stuck his tongue out, exploring it ponderously.

He lapped his tongue down onto the nipple, bringing it to a stiff peak. He poked at her navel. He found the warm, pink slit under her blonde cunt bush and separated it with his fingers. He curled his fingers around and gripped her pussy lips so tightly between them, Blair let out a scream.

It was the first of many.

*The End*