

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I

Somehow I had pictured Africa as being hot everywhere at all times, but that was not the case. The breeze was little more than gentle but it had the sharp cold edge that had to be blowing from someplace cold. In this case, it was snow. High up in the mountains the white-capped peaks stood as a towering testament to the fact that here, like most other places it could be cold in winter.

The gray stalks of dead grass waves rippled before the chilly wind and as I watched the marauding troop of baboons wandering around in search of food. Some were sitting quietly grooming each other cooperatively. They groomed each other searching for the tiny mites that scampered through their crinkled fur. The tiny ticks and lice seemed to be a tempting delicacy destined for their mouth when caught.

Viv and I had come to Africa after receiving a contract to photograph Baboons and large cats. It had been a fortunate set of circumstances that had let me exploit my passion for Photography and animals and be paid for it by a prestigious magazine. The publisher was a friend of Viv's which helped secure the commission against more established opposition. It was an opportunity that we couldn't turn down.

Viv suddenly said, "Look at that, will you, the randy bugger over there."

Viv pointed out the largish male who was squatting on his haunches as he held his penis. His back to a tree as he seemed to stare unblinking at our hide about ten meters distant.

"Oh Jesus, I see him. What do you think he's thinking about?"

From where we were in the photographer's hide it was plain to see the bright scarlet penis bobbing about beneath his thigh as it hardened and relaxed alternately under his stubby fingers.

"Your guess is as good as mine, but we can only surmise can't we?"

She made a girlish giggle as she made her suggestive remark.

"A female?"

"Oh yes indeed, probably us."

"Don't be silly he doesn't know we're here and even if he did we are humans, not a girl baboon. They're not interested in girls that way."

"I bet he does know we are here. Something is stirring his randy thoughts."

"Like?"

Well, he probably smells us. We are not giving off twenty-first century human female perfumed smells. We're pretty close to unwashed natural you realise, thanks to very few showers this week."

"I see what you mean," I sniffed loudly to emphasise her point. "Well, maybe he does smell us, but could he tell we were female?" I wondered out loud.

"The way he's staring suggests he might." Viv looked closely at the baboon and his blank piercing eyes. "You can't tell a thing from looking at those unblinking eyes," She ended non-committal.

"No, surely not," I was reluctant to see how he could tell we were female. Human possibly, but he couldn't possibly smell our gender.

"Maybe, maybe not, but you have to know something is making his Weiner dance, quite apart from his fingers."

"It's kind of cute, well, sort of."

"Cute?" Viv sniffed disdainfully. "Cute be damned, those things on all males only mean grief to a girl."

"Oh, don't be silly," I said. "Just because you've had one bad experience with a guy doesn't mean all males of all species can be shits. Anyway, I agree with you guys are just pigs and they think with their penis most of the time, but animals are different. I mean they're natural, instinctive, and do what nature intends for them to do.

Anyway, all I meant was their penis is a cute color, pretty even, and the way he's making it dance about is teasing. Besides, it's a male thing in the morning, isn't it? You know, morning wood. They can't help it, at least that's what I've heard. Oh, damn it, Viv. It is kind of a pretty red, don't you think?"

I refocused my camera and took another picture.

"Everything else aside sure. It's like a long hot chilly with a nobly end." She laughed again at her simile and as she did the Baboon sidled away and out of our view of the hide.

I continued taking photos and put the male baboon out of my mind at least temporarily. I refocused my attention on the foraging animals. I was amazed at how dog-like they looked with their long narrow muzzles and when they opened their mouths the male animals at least had long sharp looking canine teeth.

Overall the baboon is a large monkey with a dog-like face, pronounced brow ridges, and relatively long limbs with short digits. Their fur appeared rather coarse, and their tails were relatively short, which, in this species at least, have a tufted tip. The males were considerably larger than the females and has a heavy cape, bushy cheeks, as well as large canine teeth. Not to mention the bright red willies that they seemed to be preoccupied with.

"Oh My God, would you look at that, over there," Viv pointed toward a large shady tree slightly to our left? There a male baboon was fingering one of the mature females.

"Bugger me, how human is that," I said at the pure erotic scene unfolding under the giant tree. "Do you think she's having fun?"

"Would you be?" Viv asked,

Laughing I answered with the briefest of replies, "Hummm?"

"Of course, you would. I would. If she wasn't she would give him short shrift" Viv observed

I felt the need to say, "Not so public, though, but it's incredible and so erotic, isn't it?" I felt myself become runny as I watched the goings-on between the two baboons.

"When did you get religion, you stood, or knelt should I say, naked and brazen for all to see being

humped by a kangaroo in the wide open Aussie bush.

"Well yes, but we knew no one was there didn't we?"

"Really? Did we?"

"Of course we did." Viv pursed her lips and shrugged.

"Maybe, but if someone did come along they wouldn't necessarily show them self would they?"

"Well, no, but no one would be out there. Anyway, I get your point, there isn't a lot of difference."

"Nope, none at all." Viv got the last word on the subject as we continued to watch the fingering pair.

I don't know what made me look behind me, but I did. There, just inside the hessian flap of the hide, was a male baboon we had seen outside previously, at least I think it was.

I cleared my throat. "Viv behind us."

Slowly she turned. The crinkle-haired main of the baboon looked permed as we looked at him at close quarters.

"God, that's so weird, he's still jerking off. Oh God would you look at that," His hand was squeezing and pulling at his bright red penis when suddenly it erupted with a gooey white load of cum that oozed in six or seven surges from the tip. It didn't spurt like I might have expected it just erupted in copious surging discharges that covered his penis crown and trickled down to his stubby fingers.

The baboon looked down at his now messy fingers. He seemed surprised in a baboon-like way. His mouth opened and he showed his gaping maw filled with what appear a set of nasty sharp teeth, especially the long canines.

"That's so gross," I observed.

But it got even grosser as the baboon lifted his messy hand to his nose and sniffed at his ejaculate several times, then satisfied with what he smelt he pushed his fingers into his mouth and licked the sticky, stringy webs of cum. Tasting it at first, then appearing satisfied, he began to lick at the mess with more enthusiasm. His passive face showed some degree of satisfaction as he licked himself clean. Then turning with some degree of contempt in his movements. I guess we were supposed to be impressed. On all fours, he strutted from the hide.

"Some show," Viv muttered. "I didn't quite expect that."

"That was gross Viv. He was so arrogant. And obscene."

"Methinks the girl protests too much," Viv said with mock disbelief

"What do you mean?"

"Well, what I mean is I think you enjoyed watching."

"I didn't, how could you say that?"

"Well, I bet you were watching like me and thinking, 'what a waste'."

"A waste?"

"Yeah, a waste. I never thought a small animal could have so much cum and I bet you were imagining things as well."

"I'm calling what he did gross not the cum, that was kind of... Well, erotic, but the licking of his cum was gross."

"Oh, you must have had oral sex with Barry I bet."

"Well, yes! Oral sex sure, but no way I would swallow his cum. No way. There's a place for semen and it's not in your mouth."

"Oh really," Viv said, eyebrows arched.

"Yes." I was getting cranky at Viv's snide remarks and she sensed it.

"Ok! Ok! I believe you, but that much cum is a waste." Viv backed off a little.

"A waste maybe but it needs to be where it's intended to be."

I could never bring myself to go all the way with oral sex, not to allow Barry let alone an animal cum in my mouth.

"Agreed, but how do we entice a Baboon to get it on?"

I put my camera down and sat on the floor of the hide, "I read someplace that the female Baboons instigate sex by showing their butts to the male. Their vaginas swell up when they are estrous and the males respond. Grooming is also an important part of bonobos social interaction. Although the grooming involves picking parasites and scabs off each other's bodies the act provides a great deal of pleasure to the recipients. On many occasions, this pleasure manifests in sexual stimulation and baboon males often get an erection during the grooming process. Well, that's what I read someplace"

"Ok, so let me get this. The female can get the male going if she grooms him or shows him a swollen butt. There is one problem, human butts, pussies actually, don't swell up when we are ovulating. Well, mine doesn't so therein lies a problem I guess, no swelling, no interest from the boys."

"I guess it might be but I'm willing to see what happens when I flash my tush in a Baboon's face. I'm even prepared to try to groom him if he would let me"

"Tomorrow?"

"Sure Ok!" I responded, but I was defiantly afraid of those big teeth, but tomorrow it will be.

Overnight we discussed all sorts of scenarios that could play out tomorrow. Neither of us was too sure how things would work out with such an unpredictable animal in its environment. Things like the baboon's customs and hierarchy were things we knew nothing about. I have to admit I lay awake most of the night reviewing many of the concerns we had discussed until late. I thought I must be crazy. Kangaroos, goats, dingoes, and pigs were one thing Apes another entirely. Even things like potential diseases that might be carried by the Baboons were discussed and later they turned over and over in my head without resolve.

The only resolution we came up with was that we had to be patient and hope to entice the same Baboon that had visited yesterday into the hide. That was our territory and at least we had some control there. It seemed that he was the most confident of the troop and there was something that had enticed him into the hide yesterday. However, doing that, we might have to wait for hours or perhaps all day if the same Baboon wasn't interested. Or more likely had lost interest. He certainly wasn't the Alpha male of the troop and that might help. He could be a highly sexed and frustrated male who was on the fringe of the troop hierarchy and unable to have an opportunity to breed many of the females, or even any, for fear of incurring the leader's wrath.

Alternatively and at a much higher risk to ourselves, we might try to go outside and approach a male baboon much as the baboon females did. Crawling around on all fours and turning my butt into the face of the dominant apes was an erotic thought until we considered the possible consequences. Common sense was screaming at me not to go ahead with this folly. But as usual lately common sense was overruled by my animal libido.

The red behind could be an issue we had realized pretty quickly. Perhaps none of the Baboons would show the slightest interest in two white-skinned humans without a bright red, swollen rear end as they expected of a female in heat. If red was the main stimulant to baboons breeding there may be a way around that. Viv and I had looked at various ways to redden our butts. Things like make-up and juice, red berries that were not good to eat, but stained skin, and clothes were a real alternative. It was the only thing to lighten the mood of our discussions last evening.

"How did you sleep?" Viv asked as she rolled over on her camp bed and saw me awake.

"Not good, my head wouldn't stop buzzing with all sorts of things"

"Me too, but I did get some sleep. Had an idea."

"About?" I inquired when her pauses grew a little too long for me to wait.

"About bare bummed Baboons." She paused again.

"Oh really?"

"I was thinking if we are serious about enticing the male to breed you we need to shave you downstairs." She raised her eyebrows questioningly expecting perhaps an objection. I considered it and thought that she was right.

"I think that would be a great Idea the furry patch around my pussy may be a deterrent.

We got up and had breakfast. This wasn't a thing one did on an empty stomach. Kind of maybe a last supper if things went wrong. With the warm water from the billycan used in making our morning cup of tea, we were able to do a relatively good job of shaving the stubble left after some rather haphazard clipping of the thicker bush with nail scissors from our makeup bags. Not that we used makeup out here, but carry them we must.

I felt the rash of the fresh shave tingling and uncomfortable, but it was a price to pay for a quickie with a baboon I thought rather irrationally.

"Okay, now for the reading. Makeup or Berry juice?" Viv asked with her hands forward, palms up, in an encouraging gesture.

"Berries I think. I thought about it last night and I think that I should smell as natural as I can and the makeup will be scented, a little, but maybe enough to put the boy off."

"Better shave me as well Viv suggested maybe it was me that was attracting the boy yesterday." She was right and although I had been the one to say I was up for it, we were both here for the same reason.

Both shaved to our satisfaction apart from the tingling chafe that goes with a not-so-professional shave where things are most tender. We picked enough berries to make a cup of rich red Juice. Returning to the tent Viv pulled out a cloth used for washing dishes and dipped it in the blood-red liquid. It looked far too rich a red in the cup, but from experience, we knew that on the skin, it was less intense but still bright red.

"OK, bend over sweaty," Viv's smile was broad as she waited until I had presented my tush to her. "Oh, how on earth could any red-blooded baboon turn that pussy down," she giggled, "Makes me wish I was a baboon?"

"Well, you're not," I grumbled starting to get nervous now that things were getting close, "Just rub the stuff on and do a good job of it.

The shaven area was red and chafed-looking. Viv rubbed the cloth around gently in little circular motions starting at my inner thighs, close to my pubic mound, on either side of my backside. Then she worked towards my freshly shaven vulva. At first, there was just a heightened tingling as her hand, cloth and fingers brushed intimately across my labia. Slowly and deliberately Viv moved her massaging hand from my vaginal slit to my labia majora and onto the razor-chafed flesh of my mound

"Hhhhhh! Oh god, Oh god," I drew breath sharply as the cloth dabbed across my shaven tenderness. Viv paused.

"What's wrong?" She asked as if she didn't know.

"Gees, Viv, that stuff stings like hell,"

Undeterred, she finished her application of the red berry dye to my Vulva. It felt on fire down there, but at least she was finished.

"Don't be a girl, it didn't hurt all that much, now did it? It looks gorgeous" I growled at her and pushed myself to a kneeling position and took the cloth from her.

"Your turn," I snapped, but with an edge of humour in my voice that at that moment I didn't feel. I felt at least she should have shown a little sympathy toward me.

"Och, oh damn, it does sting something awful doesn't it," Her face turned toward me and I saw the beginning of a tear in her eye as she screwed up her face.

"It does, doesn't it," I said unsympathetically and continued for a minute or so more.

Finished, I leaned back and admired my work. The berries had done a good job of turning Viv's bum and Vulva a glowing red. I surmised mine looked the same. Her inner lips, Labia Minora, were larger, more protruding than mine and when aroused as she was now they distended to form a gorgeous petal effect. I thought that it looked rather pretty. That alone may also be enough to give the Male Baboons the Idea that it might be worthy of some exploration with their stubby fingers.

That thought made me a little runny and put my reservations to the side at least for now.

We dressed, tossing up between a skirt and jeans. We both opted for a skirt even though the wind still had a freezing edge to it. In case it was going to be a long day we packed a pair of track pants into our backpacks along with our food and Cameras.

The guide and several other local boys who had been employed to set up camp and make sure we remained safe were taking it easy by the fire near the three tents. The tents and a lean-to made up our camp.

Assured that we didn't need them today the boys seemed content to remain in camp playing cards. We would walk the kilometre or so to the hide that had been built by the boys on our first day when we had been satisfied that the Baboons used this particular clearing each day for foraging for berries and just lazing about.

We had gone only half the distance when I felt my legs rubbing against my vulva. I frowned but pushed on saying nothing until I noticed that Viv was also looking a little distressed. I stopped.

"That bloody stuff we used has given me the chafes," I grumbled.

"I was about to say the same thing. My pussy feels all puffy, swollen." Taking a quick look around and satisfying herself that the boys had remained in camp she lifted her skirt.

"Oh shit the bloody stuff has caused some sort of reaction," Viv looked concerned and I was already making my own quick inspection.

My vulva was more sensitive and spongy to touch. It had swollen enough to fill the normally open hollow space between my thighs that nature had designed for comfortable movement. Right now I was finding movement far from comfortable. I dropped my skirt and looked at Viv.

"We should have found out more about those berries before we used the juice," I tried to keep my voice calm but I knew Viv agreed.

"Too right we should, we must be the two dumbest chicks about. I hope we haven't done something nasty to ourselves."

I had had the same thoughts and was about to suggest we turn around and go back to camp. I wasn't at all sure what good that would do because there were only the native boys there, but at least we could rest and hope things would settle down. Viv broke into my thoughts.

"It's only about three hundred meters to the hide, can you make it that far."

"I think so, but shouldn't we head back to camp?"

"It's closer to the hide and I don't think I can make it back to camp. I'm not sure if the swelling has finished so we better get moving." With our legs slightly and increasingly apart, we managed the distance to the hide with growing discomfort. We sat down and were able to part our legs providing us with great relief. Viv looked at me with concern.

"We could be in a little bit of trouble here," she said soberly.

"Just a little," I tried for a smile. "Can you roll over so I can see what damage we have done to each other?"

“Rolling over isn’t the problem, it is walking that’s the problem.” Viv rolled onto her hands and knees after removing her backpack. Her Vulva was puffy and redder than the dye had initially made it. The Labia Majora was puffy and spongy and looked kind of raw. Her Labia Minora, normally protruding quite a bit, was almost hidden by the spongy swelling of her mound.

I pressed gently at her puffy flesh, “Does that hurt?” I asked before pressing again. Her answer both times was that it didn’t hurt It just felt tingly.

From this angle It was easy to see why it was difficult to walk and easier on hands and knees,. Most of the swelling was downward and to the front where the pubic hair had been removed. Walking, just chafed the swollen area.

“Well, one thing is certain,” I said as I turned to let Viv check me out, “we now tick all the boxes of a female baboon, sort of.”

“Yes, but walking is going to be a bitch if this swelling doesn’t go down,” Viv said.

I have never seen Viv so concerned about anything.

“I hope it does go down, it is the shaved parts, where the skin had been scraped, that has swollen. Most of the area where we had put the berry juice is swollen,” I observed.

However, I guess she had worked that out for herself. “That’s one red and raw tushie you have there sweetheart, but it’s still gorgeous.”

I felt a tremor and a deep stirring as Viv poked around my pussy. After we had satisfied ourselves by checking each other and seeing, despite the swelling, that things were not as bad as we had suspected or felt they were.

It seemed that the red berry juice had got into the razor grazes and was causing severe swelling. We hoped would go down over time, hopefully during the day.

Finished and skirts back in place we went to the hide observation slits. The Baboon troupe was coming into the clearing as regular as clockwork. They were spreading out across the width of the clearing after emerging from their forest-safe, nighttime, roosts.

“Here they come,” Viv observed, “You still up for it?”

“I think so.”

Again I had second thoughts as the troop moved nearer. I found myself looking through the telephoto Lens at the fringe males. The lesser males gave the arrogant, but gorgeously flowing Maned leader, a wide berth.

Sure enough, the one who showed an interest in us yesterday was on the extreme edge of the large band of Baboons, and it seemed, he was making for our hide. I was sure it was the same one. The small nick in his ear seemed to be familiar. Ten meters short of the hide, he stopped and sat as he had done yesterday. This time, however, he was joined by two more slightly smaller males.

“This can’t be a coincidence,” I looked at Viv. “Surely not.”

“I don’t think it is either, I wonder what they will do next?”

“Well, I’m not too sure, but before my courage deserts me completely I’m going out there.”

“Don’t be stupid, wait and see what they do, they know we are here and it isn’t just him out there, that’s a lot of teeth, collectively, if you annoy them.”

I had become determined, totally resolved to take the initiative. The swollen area seemed to be slightly bigger, softer, and more pliable and I was becoming runnier at the thought of what I was about to do. Caution was playing no part in my thinking at this minute. My heart was fair racing as I handed Viv the camera.

“Get it on film,” I said as I eased down from the platform onto the dusty ground.

On all fours, I crawled slowly around the back of the hide and into full view of the three Baboons. The one who had jerked himself off yesterday was front and center. He had the same inscrutable look that he had when he had ejaculated in front of us.

Slowly but deliberately I moved toward the three male baboons. My knees slightly spread to allow my swollen Vulva enough room to avoid any discomfort. I was very aware that I was projecting a more wanton appearance. There was little point in being coy in this situation. A girl just had to take the initiative just like a female baboon might do.

My head was spinning with contradictions. This was so wrong, so risky yet so compelling. I kept my eyes down as I shuffled closer, now focused, not on the baboons, but on myself and the way I was behaving. I was giving my best interpretation of a female baboon as I could. I had seen the mating ritual several times previously and now I was trying to remember each move the females had made. I felt sluttish and I recall that I had thought that the females had been overt sluts when I was taking their photos.

Eyes on the ground I was four meters from the baboons. One cautious crawl at a time, I strained to see through my eyelashes without looking up. I couldn’t see their faces, but I could see their legs now. Just their feet as they sat nonchalantly looking about disinterested. I moved forward a little bit at a time, not stopping, but not rushing either.

As I drew closer, eyes remaining down, I could see their knees followed by their chest. I was getting close. All three baboons were sporting flaccid penises, one even diddling itself, but as I watched I saw the penis of the larger baboon give a twitch and harden some. I just knew they were interested.

My mind shifted to Viv, back in the hide, what was she doing? I moved closer. Two meters. Yes, the baboons’ penis was now hard not completely erect but not flaccid. I was close now I felt my vagina make an involuntary twitch as I pressed forward less than a meter away, should I turn? My heart pounded.

This wasn’t me, I couldn’t be doing this. I wasn’t a slut I told myself as I started a slow turn to present my glowing red butt to the apes. I could no longer see the three prospective lovers.

What on earth was happening behind me? Nothing, not a thing as far as I could tell. I couldn’t see the apes I could only feel their presence. My heart pounded even louder. It is always better if you can see what was happening, but afraid to turn, I couldn’t see.

Everything now was happening slowly. The rest of the troop seemed to be moving slowly. Viv wasn’t visible just the camera lens could be seen.

I felt completely naked yet I still had my tee shirt and hiking boots on. What was going on back there? I had seen the females wait like this, what was it, twenty seconds, ten, five, I didn’t know. How long had I been like this my red butt in the air my pussy presented to these hairy beasts? I had

to move I had waited long enough.

Then something, a soft leathery touch, warm and tactile on my behind, moving, pressing.

“Ohhhh!”

The shock of a digit pushed roughly into me made me move away startled at the suddenness. With three quick shuffles, I moved forward, but the digit remained inside flexing and poking.

What was happening? I wish I could look but I mustn't. I was told not to look them in the eye, it was a threat a challenge that was what I was told. Was that true? I wasn't sure. I decided I had to look, I turned my head, carefully at first, as much as I could.

The larger of the baboons had moved with me when I shuffled away from his prying fingers. The others seemed to have remained as they were when I had first turned. The troop of apes carried on about their foraging. None seemed the slightest bit interested in what was happening here. The only exception perhaps was the troop leader who was perched on a low round rock on the other side of the clearing. However, he, as an exception, seemed to be looking this way intently.

As I grew confident that nothing really bad would happen to me if I turned I was able to take in the entire bizarre panorama. Suddenly I grew detached from the immediate fingering I was receiving from the enthusiastic Baboon and considered the comic nature of the moment. Here I was a white female on all fours, half-dressed, being fingered by a sitting baboon while the remaining baboons grazed headlessly for berries and seeds caring less of this bizarre event happening in front of them.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed, with a mixture of excitement and a little trepidation, that the baboon, who was still fingering me enthusiastically, had risen from his sitting posture into his hind legs. He then placed a second hand, his left hand, on my hip firmly, almost hurtfully, all the time he continued to finger me with his other hand.

Then everything began to happen. He removed his exploring digit and brought it to his face, sniffing and licking at the stubby appendage. Satisfied, he moved closer to me, placing his hind feet on either of my outstretched calf's, just behind my knees so that I was now supporting his entire 90lb weight. In an easy, graceful movement he straightened and stood on his hind legs. His left hand returned to my hip. I could no longer see him, but his hands gripped my hip firmly. My heart pounded and my breath came in gasping irregular gasps as I waited for the inevitable incursion.

I looked up at the hide and couldn't see the camera it had been three minutes ago, but it was no longer protruding from the slit. I was puzzled for a moment, then hearing the grind of a shutter I looked to the left and Viv had moved to the outside of the hide and was busily clicking away.

I was drawn back to myself when I felt the warm wet touch near my swollen bum. I moaned in expectation of the inevitable. Bump, bump his hard penis poked at my behind, then with no more preliminaries the hardness slid between my swollen labia and into my clutching vagina, warm and wet.

Then, like a demented fire stoker, he began to thrust, not short thrust, but long penile thrust that had almost completely withdrawn before it plunged back into me. Despite the relatively slim penis, the warmth of the invading flesh made it different, I was more aware of the invading member than most other penises as it stimulated my vaginal nerve endings, growing more intense with each thrust.

My vagina clenched down, closing, gripping at the baboons penis each time it entered deeply. I was

building toward an unexpected orgasm. My vision blurred and I began to tremble. I couldn't believe this hairy beast was making me feel this way. Then deep inside my gripping vagina, the penis began to tremble. Immediately he stopped thrusting as it expelled his gooey cum inside me. I wanted to cry out to him to keep going, but I didn't. I was left hanging on the brink as he paused for just a moment longer to make sure I received all of his warm seeping discharge, then he withdrew, leaving me almost, but not quite finished.

Viv suddenly shouted, "June, get over here! Quickly! Back into the hide!"

I looked up and Viv was hurrying around the back of the hide as she pointed past me and signalled for me to hurry with her arms waving.

I couldn't see what she was panicking about, but I stood up anyway and ran to the end of the hide looking over my shoulder as I did. Instantly I considered that to be a mistake, my swollen vulva hurt awfully.

However, when I saw the flowing gray mane of the approaching Baboon, with its mouth wide open and murder in its eyes, I knew what the hurry was about.

I scrambled around the back of the hide and heard the angry 'Hoot, Hoot, Hoot' sound of the speeding baboon. Later I realized he wasn't heading for me anyway, it was the younger baboons he was angry with. He soon had the three lesser males scattering in all directions as he flew among them with the obvious anger of a cuckolded leader. His mouth hung open and his eyes rolled wildly about. Diving inside the hide I managed to get a look at him through a division in the hide canvas walls. He sat and looked about him, seemingly inviting a challenge that wasn't about to happen.

Viv had already managed to get to the camera hole and had the camera shutter running hot as she took as many photos of the angry animal as she could. She looked down at me as I threw myself into the hide ignoring the discomfort as I struggled to see what had happened outside.

"Your lover boy shore scampered off in a hurry," she threw at me as she continued to take pictures.

I was panting for breath. The sudden shock of having to move quickly with the handicap of a swollen vulva had slowed me up. It now throbbed and was decidedly uncomfortable and sore. All these things created enough panic in me to make me gasp for breath.

"What happened, Viv," I panted

"Oh, not a lot, mister big out there considered females of all sorts his personal property. When the second baboon looked as if he wanted his cut of the cake on offer, so to speak, it was all too much for Mr, Big and he charged. I don't think you would have been in any danger, but you can't tell with wild critters so I yelled a warning when I saw what he was about."

"Thanks," I offered

"That's okay, shame you were doing good for yourself out there." Our effort had been worthwhile in a sense.

"It worked, didn't it," I grinned broadly as much with relief as anything else.

"It did, indeed, couldn't have been better. Well, maybe it could. You were in for a gang bang there if Mr. Big hadn't intervened. Those young ones were primed up, I'll show you the pics later."

"I realise that, maybe if he had waited a little longer he could have been sloppy fourths. Oh well never mind, it was different."

"Different? How so?" Viv asked.

"Well their penis is nothing to write home about, but you can feel it more than a guy or any other animal we've done," I said. "Except maybe the dingoes. I mean, feel it deep inside, all of it. Damn, it's too hard to explain, but it feels nice."

I looked down at my swollen vulva and saw the stain left by the leaking semen on the board floor of the hide. Viv followed my eyes and also looked at the growing wet spot under my bum then turned to look outside the hide again.

"What's happening now?" I asked as I inspected my puffy redness.

"I don't know," she replied as she continued to look around.

With Viv watching through the hide's camera slit and me watching me. Neither one of us expected what happened next. A slight scratching noise and a swish of the hanging bag door made us turn. Mr. Big made his presence known as he displayed all of his teeth in a wide yawn. Somehow he had slipped through the hide's door flap and was sitting looking directly at me.

It took a while to recover from the shock of seeing him there as if he had materialised like some time machine. Recovering I made a shooing sound hoping to have him disappear. It was, at best, a halfhearted attempt of a dismissive shooing sound. It was hardly suggestive of me being the forceful one in charge, demanding that the Baboon leaves the hide. Consequently, he didn't move.

"Of course, he didn't move," I said to myself. "I didn't want to make him angry did I?"

Inwardly I smiled, but I was more than a little scared of the troupe angry looking leader.

"Do something," Viv hissed.

"Like what?" Why me, I thought to myself, but instantly realised it was either Viv or me having to do something because there was only us here to do anything. The baboon was, for the moment fixated on me. So I had to be it.

"Oh shit, not again" I grumbled and rolled onto my belly and rose to my hands and knees with my bum facing the old baboon.

"Good! Good! Smart thinking girl, that's it, he's after pussy so make him an offer he can't refuse," Viv said.

Viv has maintained her offbeat humor, I thought to myself, but I knew she was extremely nervous. I know I was.

The other three baboons had been receptive to an approach, but this one is more aggressive and demanding in the way he assumed his doggy-type stance inside the hide. In fact, except for the huge coarse lion-like mane, he did look a lot like a dog.

I had known immediately after getting over the shock of his sudden charge that it had been a dominant male thing where, if any baboon was to get a receptive female, it was his, Mr. Big, right to breed her in this troop.

I wasn't about to dispute that right in the close confines of the hide nor for that matter outside the hide. If he wanted to get nasty he could make a mess of us both in short order. To offer him what the other baboon had already had was no sacrifice.

"What's he doing?" With Viv so close I thought I wouldn't upset Mr. Big too much by whispering. I didn't.

"He's about to check you out I think."

"Fingers?"

"Looks like it, will I take photos?"

"Yes, but no flashes. Is he still showing his teeth?" I shuddered when I asked.

"No, but he has a hard-on already, that can't be bad."

I saw what she meant, he was a fucker, not a fighter though he could be if required. In the real world, I might rather be bitten than raped, but under these circumstances the reverse was true. One bite from this brute and it could turn nasty.

The whir and click of the shutter told me that Viv had started taking photos. That she then continued to suggest that the baboon wasn't put off by the low electronic and mechanical noise at all. I would later learn that all he did was glare at Viv before he got closer to me. His leathery fingers sought and found what they were looking for.

I shuddered at the touch of Baboon's hand, although I was expecting it. Perhaps it was because this Baboon was more aggressive or seemed so. At least he appeared to be more aggressive, but perhaps he was just filling his role as the troop leader. He was certainly larger than the others by many kilos. My guess was perhaps 45kg perhaps a hundred pounds, but he looked more than that with his silver mane flowing.

Aggressive he may be, but this fellow was casual when he got started. He used both hands to inspect me. As he parted the red, swollen halves of my labia Majora I felt the stickiness of the other baboons' ejaculate and my responsive discharge that in drying had become sticky, clinging to my tender distended vulva.

Again, I wondered what was happening. Viv knew for she kept on taking photos as she carefully changed angles to get better shots I presumed. Her free eye was ever vigilant of the angry baboon's potential movements. However, he paid her little attention to her or it seemed that way, but I could tell from his subtle movements that accompanied every click of the shutter that he wasn't entirely happy with what was happening around him.

"Careful with that Camera, Viv. Every click makes him kind of twitch. Don't make him angry."

"As careful as I can love," she replied as she again edged across the floor, "He sure is giving you a workout back there, I got some nice shots of your bits and his fingers as well. Well, nice as in porno I guess."

"Tell me when he's finished with me. My pussy is so numb now I can hardly feel his fingers, I know he's fondling me but that's about it."

"He's taking a sniff. I wonder if the other baboons' cum will offend him?"

“What a question,” I thought then took a second and realized what she had meant, “but I see what you mean.”

“No! No his penis just got hard, I think he is about ready to hump you.”

She had no sooner said that and I felt the two paws come down and grip the front of my hips. His powerful hind legs, like the other baboon, gripped onto my legs higher than the first animal and were more hurtful. These baboons were powerful, more powerful than they appeared.

The animal was swinging his hips by using me as his support. His hard nobly penis nudged my tender bottom and poked at my anus. I yelped but his next prod was lower and slithered between my swollen vulvas. I winced as he got his angle wrong, but he quickly adjusted and I drew my breath as the bright red rod slithered into my moist vagina. I was amazed at the way these little buggers were able to find a woman’s vagina. It seemed almost second nature to them, too easy actually.

He made a series of short, sharp prods until he was comfortably embedded inside me. Then he began a vigorous thrusting as the other animal had. The deep thrusting was pleasant, not uncomfortable at all. A baboon’s penis was much thinner than a man’s but warmer. A half a minute passed, then a minute and still, he continued to thrust in a steady rhythm. No fancy stuff just a mechanical rhythm. It seemed to last forever, then his penis gave a sudden twitch. He continued thrusting and again another twitch followed in rapid succession. Maybe seven or eight penile contractions injected his beastly seed against my cervix. Then a sickening thought struck me.

While the baboon was still inside me, I looked at Viv. “You don’t suppose I could get pregnant from this do you?”

“Hell no apes can’t make you pregnant,” she was confident when she replied.

“Are you sure,” The baboon disengaged as he let go of my hips and legs with all four of his versatile appendages.

“Sure I’m sure, read someplace it’s all to do with chromosomes and the number difference between animals and people. I turned to make sure the ape had moved and to see if it was safe for me to crawl away. It was and I did.

Seeing me safely seated Viv handed me the camera and winked. I wonder how long he needs to recharge?” She had already tucked her skirt into the waistband and now did the baboon female thing of offering herself to the male. I wondered at the parallel in human behavior but couldn’t think of equally overt conduct.

It took Viv a few tries to make the spent ape interested but eventually, he seemed to be sufficiently aroused to explore the possibilities of yet another partner. All the while I snapped photos from as many angles as I could.

The ape fingered and explored each of Viv’s openings in turn. Then, satisfied with what he found he began to groom her. I wasn’t sure if it was grooming or tangling Viv’s lush tresses, but she huddled in front of the attentive male occasionally running her fingers through his main. I thought she was doing pretty well and the ape did as well as he became hard and bounced his red penis with obvious delight. Seeing his arousal Viv edged her slim fingers close to the thin hardness and her intention was clear. I wasn’t sure if it was such a good idea, but I said nothing zooming in closer as her slender digits teased the ape’s belly with fluttering fingers. I held my breath waiting for some response from the ape. He continued to fossick through her hair seemingly oblivious to Viv’s attention. Viv closed her fist about the jutting rod slowly. At first, making no contact then I again

drew my breath as I noticed first one, then another slender finger touching the penis. The ape looked down at the offending hand. This was it, I thought.

However, the baboon didn't react. Viv had watched his response and I was sure she had been ready to jump clear but when the baboon returned his attention to Viv's hair, her fingers again continued to close on the animals throbbing penis. I didn't know about the throbbing then, but Viv told me later that she had felt his every heartbeat in her hand as she began to massage the surprisingly long penis.

Emboldened Viv squeezed and massaged the baboon. It was clear he was enjoying this sort of attention. Although his manner seemed aloof, he never flinched. Minutes went by, maybe ten and all the while Viv teased her fingers of her left hand through the baboon's long hair while she masturbated the little brute. His appearance now was less arrogant and more sanguine.

"God, my hands getting tired," Viv muttered without looking up.

Even as she muttered the words the penis jerked in her hand and oozed a copious, thick discharge of cum all over her hand. Viv looked at me with one eye, and said, "By gees, he came, the dirty little bugger."

"Who's a dirty little bugger?" I asked. "You were wanking him it seems. What does that make you?"

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## **Part II**

The boys did return and we told them that we wanted to get some night shots. I don't think they believed us, but they returned to camp made us some dinner, and brought it back along with a big pot of tea and our sleeping bags.

During the night our swollen vulvas returned to normal and by daybreak, we were able to return to camp. That morning we reviewed what photos we had. Separated the more personal ones into a separate file. We found that we had enough photos, more than enough, some very nice photos of the baboons going about their daily lives to be able to tell a 'Day in the life of type story for a magazine article.

With the photos and article sorted and sent off to town with one of the boys to be dispatched, we were now heading for a private wildlife park that the head boy assured us would provide many opportunities to get up close and personal with lions and hyenas.

"Mr. Tom likes pretty white ladies to visit he showed them lots of special things and other animals if ladies have desired to do so."

He looked us up and down, then turned with a rather knowing smile on his face and left us. When Assad, whose name was Somalian for Lion had left us I turned to Viv and asked, "Do you think that was kind of strange?"

"What?"

"The way he looked at us and what he said," I said.

She frowned, concentrating. "No, I didn't. What did you think was strange?"



It was my turn to frown now. "It's just the way he said what he did. He has never spoken that way to us before and then looks up and down as if he was undressing us. Made me feel uncomfortable, I have never felt that way with Assad before. I wonder if he saw something yesterday."

"Like what?" Viv asked with a rather wan smile on her face and I knew I was recalling the baboon encounter.

"Well, I was wondering, knowing how sharp these boy's eyes are, they miss nothing if they saw us with the Baboons."

"Oh, it was nothing, you're imagining things. He saw nothing, and neither did the other boys," Viv said.

The old Land Rover engines of our vehicles started in unison and we headed out over what could best be described as two faint impressions on the hard-packed ground that served as a track. I didn't let it go though I continued to rerun the conversation with Assad through my head.

Before we had left town we had had some conflicting reports about this Tom person and his park from various people, some even advised us, as young women, we should not go there, but in the end, Assad had said Tom was a good bloke and his private park was the best stocked and most natural of all the private parks not to mention the biggest. It was dusty, very dusty as we hurtled along the track. I don't know when it had rained last but the grass, what there was of it, was yellow and crisp. There was hardly a sign of wildlife at all, no fences or houses that I could see and I could see for miles and miles.

"I wonder if there is a nature reserve here at all," I looked at Viv as I held my hat firmly on my head as we hit a rare bump in the otherwise flat plain, and smooth.

"I was wondering the same thing," she mumbled as she sipped from her water bottle.

Twenty more minutes passed before we saw our first sign of civilization. It wasn't much, but it was a fence. Post and wire about four feet high, I guessed. Then I wondered what sort of puny beast a fence like that would hold back. Several more minutes of hard driving and we came to the edge of a low escarpment. There in front of us spread out for miles was an increasingly lush pasture land that was bisected by a river. Well, it was a river, I guessed when the rains came but for now, it was at best an abraded stream of yellow muddy water.

Adjacent to the river was a collection of sheds, barns, and a house along with several other buildings that I couldn't put a purpose to immediately. Then I saw the fence, it was high maybe three or four meters high and it appeared to be electrified. A native guard on the gate let us into an enclosure, then opened the second gate into the wide expanse of the reserve.

Minutes later, after negotiating yet another gate, we pulled up beside a spreading building that was surrounded by a veranda.

"June," Viv said as Assad, who had been driving our vehicle, got out and went to the broad steps to be met by a tall man, around fifty years of age.

I couldn't hear what was said, but it had been brief then both men turned and came back to the Land Rover.

"Ladies!" The man lifted his hat in greeting to reveal a deeply lined face and a thinning unkempt mop of hair that was slicked down by perspiration.

He held out his hand to Viv and helped her down, then he assisted me as well. As he did, I saw his almost black eyes piercing mine. I felt more than a little uneasy.

"You're right, Assad, they are lovely young ladies, just what we have needed around here for a while to complete our work," the man said.

I noticed Viv look up at the man called Tom. What do you mean by that Mr... Mr...?" Viv inquired sharply.

"Tom is just fine," he smiled ingratiatingly, "And you are."

"Vivian, Viv will do. Again Mr. Tom, what did you mean by 'completing your work'? What have we to do with that?"

Tom just grinned and again dressed Assad. "Take the ladies to their quarters, Assad," Then to us, "Ladies we will meet again for dinner I hope."

"You haven't answered my question," I could see the anger rising in Viv's face.

"No, but it can wait, I think."

He was so smarmy and unlikeable and the warnings about not coming here were starting to ring in my head.

Assad took us to the building just behind the main house. I didn't know what I had expected, but I certainly didn't expect what was pretty much a motel room with a single and double bed, shower, toilet, and several cupboards. My initial feeling of something not being quite right was allayed, at least for the moment.

"Well, I'm for a shower," Viv was first to react.

Going without a shower for several days made the sight of the gleaming white cubical extremely inviting. Enough to put any of the clanging warning bells to the back of my mind.

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Nothing happened for the rest of the afternoon. We took a short excursion outside where everything seemed normal for a working game park. Cages and pens with animals who appeared to be either injured or in the case of a few females, pregnant. To have them confined and under care was understandable.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked Viv when we returned to the room.

"Nothing to think. It seems to be exactly what we expected to see, a wildlife park, including trucks modified for sightseeing. Did you see them at the back of the barn over there," she pointed vaguely in the direction of the barn.

"Yes, I saw them, all four of them, but there was something I didn't see." I paused inviting Viv to ask what and she did.

"Four trucks and no customers, does that seem strange or what?"

"Not particularly maybe they have more than four trucks and they're out with tourists at this very moment," She answered showing no concern.

“Well, maybe but there is still something odd going on here.”

“Forget it, relax, read a book,” she pointed to the pile of recent publications on the coffee table.

Assad came for us just at dusk after warning us earlier that dinner would be served in the big house.

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It was not at all sumptuous but it was practical, a man’s house, I surmised as I looked around taking everything slowly as we waited for our rather taciturn host to appear.

“Where are the rest of the people?” I hissed at Viv.

“Don’t know, maybe they stay out, camp out overnight in tents I have seen it on film.”

Her suggestion was plausible as always. Tom entered and I suddenly got that uneasy, sick feeling as I looked at the elegantly dressed man whose sartorial elegance belied his weather-beaten countenance.

“Sit, please ladies, dinner will be served in a moment, but first I think we should have a chat.” He looked from one to the other of us with a sickly-looking smile on his face. When we said nothing he continued, “Have either of you ladies heard of the Russian scientist Ilya Ivanov?”

Again, neither of us spoke, but from our body language to him it was clear we hadn’t.

“No? Well, I have to say I’m not surprised. However, you do have something in common with him, though.”

Viv was the first to find her tongue. “What do you mean Mr. Tom?”

She made the ‘Mr. Tom sounds sarcastic.

“Just Tom will do, Viv, I would like us to be friends,” he said.

She shrugged and he continued sensing the antagonism that existed.

“Well, what I mean is Assad has told me that both you ladies became quite friendly with the baboons you were filming.”

“We got close enough,” I chipped in completely missing the fact that from his supercilious grin he knew just how close we got.

It wasn’t until a sharp rap on my shin from Viv’s shoe made I realize there was more to his statement than I had realized.

“Well, let me explain,” he said, leaning forward. “Just so we aren’t verbally fencing all evening I’ll make things clear. Dr. Ilya Ivanov was a scientist charged by Josef Stalin to deliver human and Ape hybrids for military use.”

He held up his hand as both Viv and I began to interject together than with a glance at Assad and two of his boys.

Tom continued. “I see you’re beginning to understand,” he said and laced his fingers as he warmed to his subject.

Now we had no doubt what he was talking about and I glanced sideways at Assad, who made a clicking camera-type mime with his hand. I felt the pit of my stomach drop.

Tom Continued, "Ivanov had trouble getting Volunteers for his ambitious project and it failed, although many conspiracy theorists point to big Foot, Yeti if you prefer as proof of his success, rubbish maybe, but who knows?" He shrugged. "I, on the other hand, have a great advantage over Ivanov, DNA has made great leaps in recent years and the extra chromosome problems can be overcome. Now I think you realise where we're heading? No?"

He grinned evilly and arched his eyebrows.

"No... No, I don't know," I said.

Tom looked from me to Viv. "Ladies, ladies, ladies, I have here your camera."

He held it up. How he had got it I didn't know. We had all of our equipment in our room. Well, I thought we had, but now it was slowly dawning on me and very likely Viv judging by her silence that Assad had removed the camera from the case when he was carrying our luggage into our room.

I cursed inwardly. Those photos weren't for public viewing, we were silly for taking them. However, Assad had certainly made sure that Tom had got the camera and had reviewed all of the revealing photos. It was abundantly obvious that Assad had seen us with the baboons and had passed the word onto this ugly man. I was gradually becoming aware that Tom had enlisted Assad and his men to direct people and especially women to his wildlife park.

To find us in a compromising situation with baboons must have been an unbelievable bonus if what I suspected he had planned was right. When people had tried to warn us about avoiding this place and its owner we hadn't listened, persuaded by Assad. My guess now was that there had been other incidents in the recent past that for obvious reasons had been understated by those involved. Now we had given this man an opportunity beyond his belief. From the limited conversation, he seemed to be becoming more desperate in his need to finish whatever he had started and perhaps to the extent where he had planned to abduct us and forcibly detain us or the next women that came into his hands.

Viv said, "Ok, you have our camera. So what?"

"Ladies, let us not fence, here, right here on the camera I have many pictures of you both engaging in, not to put too fine a point on it, sex with a baboon may be several different baboons I think."

He separated his arms, palms up, to make his point.

"That's our camera, and what's on it has nothing to do with you," Viv as ever wanted to show her defiance.

"Maybe so, but I do know what's on it and that knowledge is all I need isn't it?"

"Knowledge of what?" I felt ashamed and defeated, but I had to ask.

"Knowledge to persuade you to help me."

"Help you? Why should we help you?"

He just held up the camera again.

"As I said, we can help each other, ladies," he said. "You seem to like the ape's ladies, which in itself is unusual. I need women to breed naturally with my Chimps and bonobo so, of course, you can help."

I looked at Viv and she shrugged almost imperceptibly, then she looked directly at Tom, and said, "Ok, you have the photos. You know that we enjoy animals, but it's not just a case of mating with them is it?"

"No, not at all," he said. "I'll be frank with you. I want you to breed with the chimps and the bonobos, one of you with each species. I think I have enough knowledge now to get you both pregnant to the apes."

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It wasn't until we had returned to our room that the full significance of what we had heard from Tom was able to be digested.

"Did we agree to do what I think we agreed to?" I asked Viv.

"We agreed to nothing at all, but we didn't say no either." She frowned as she replied, then went on. "We didn't agree, but we may as well have because from where I stand, we have little way of refusing him."

"Oh for crying out loud, it can't be that easy to make us do something we don't want to do," I said.

Moment by moment I was becoming more indignant. Sure, we had been indiscreet. Although we thought we had been careful. We didn't know we were being set up nor did we know that doing what we did just aided and abetted Tom's plans for us. Was it possible at all, that they knew what we had come here intending to do if we could? No, that was silly. I asked myself who at home, so far away, knew about Viv and me. No one did, of course, then I frowned. I had been silent for some time, then I looked straight at Viv.

"Viv, think carefully. Before we left home to come here, did you say anything to anyone about where we were going?"

I knew that I hadn't so if anyone knew it had to have come from Viv.

"Sure I did, it wasn't a secret. I told the post office when I was getting my passport application ready, my hairdresser, of course, everyone tells their hairdresser what they are doing. Oh, I told lots of people. Why?"

I didn't answer her directly, but I asked, "How about your housekeeper and her husband?"

"Yes, yes them too."

"Do they know about you and your dog?"

I was sitting on the bed with my head in my hands.

"Sara and Tom? Sure, I told them they'll be looking after the farm for me and they had to know where to contact me."

"I understand that, but did they know about you and your dog?"

"Maybe, maybe not," Viv said. "I don't know. I suspect so. Well, a few times after I let him out of my room suddenly Sara would appear on some pretext or another to ask silly questions. Yes, maybe they did. They said nothing though. What are you getting at?"

"Just a second, can I ask just one more question before you answer?"

I was now standing as I realized what had been just a wild thought might mean something.

"Ok, but I still want to know what you are driving at."

"It's just an idea, but if I get the answer I expect next I'll be pretty sure I'm right."

"Well, don't hang around, ask!"

Viv seemed to be getting agitated.

"The idea to come here was ours right?" I said.

"Of course it was, remember. We applied for the job."

"Yes, we did, but I for one didn't think we had the right credentials, well, experience to be exact."

"Yes, we were lucky, but the publisher of the magazine is Sarah's son by her first marriage... Oh shit, I think see what you mean."

"Yes, well, there's one other thing. You said before we left that this Tom here was the best wildlife guide with the best private nature reserve in Africa"

"Well, Sarah and Tom, they said he was. Besides, he is some sort of relation to Tom, a second cousin or something. Sarah's Tom was born in South Africa and emigrated when Apartheid ended."

For a long time, that evening's sleep evaded me. We had been set up and manipulated, that was clear now. What could we do? That was a conundrum and I had no answer. It wasn't an easy decision either.

We may have continued our odyssey of sexual exploration with a variety of animals, if we agreed to become Tom's breeders we could have mated with Chimps or bonobos at the very least. However, and it was a big, however, getting pregnant with an ape offspring was not in our plans. I felt a little revulsion at the thought of my body being used in that way.

"June, are you still awake?" Viv whispered in the dark.

"Yes, I can't sleep. I'm having all sorts of creepy thoughts."

"I know me too. I keep thinking of having a furry ape baby and it's awful."

"Yeah! Me too, but we're in the middle of know where here we can't make a run for it and hope to survive."

"No! I have turned over the idea in my head time and time again and I can't see how we can escape, but we must."

I knew where our conversation was going to end. We were going to talk ourselves into escaping no matter what the risk might be.

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We had been talking for an hour and had worked ourselves up enough to the point where we had begun to develop a plan of sorts to escape. It wasn't a good plan and it involved walking through an unknown country with lots of predatory animals just ready to eat us. This was especially true at night when we had to make our move. If we did go it had to be now. Then just as we had talked up the courage there was a knock on the door; without invitation Assad came in.

"Mr. Tom wants you at the house, now."

His statement was churlish almost rude.

"Go outside and wait till you're invited in you rude man," Viv snapped.

"Come now, please," he didn't move, but I noticed the contemptuous emphasis on the 'please'.

My heart sank. I felt a cold foreboding in the way Assad had spoken. However, Viv would not be intimidated and demanded again that Assad leave the room so we might dress.

"No time to dress," he interrupted firmly. "Come now."

Two more black men entered the room and I had a feeling of things getting out of hand quickly but Viv tried once more.

I said, "Go away, it's the middle of the night and we need our sleep."

"You don't sleep, you talk," Assad said.

It was then that I realized, along with Viv, that all we had been discussing had been heard by someone, our room was bugged. Things happened quickly then. The three men bundled us from our bed and half carried, half pushed us protesting into the big house. Inside the main room, Tom sat behind his desk, fingers laced before him as he watched us being forced into the two padded chairs opposite him.

"Now, ladies, I thought we could do this the easy way, but I see, now I heard you weren't going to cooperate. It would have been a foolish thing to do, trying to escape on foot during the night. From my point of view, it would have been a criminal waste. Two perfect females who appreciate the finer things about sex with animals shouldn't be wasted at all," he said.

"No! I will not let you risk your life on a silly escape. With or without your cooperation you will be mated with the bonobos and chimps. You will deliver their offspring. We will address this in more detail shortly because there are many things to do before you are taken to the animal enclosures, but I must strongly suggest that when you are you do not resist the apes. That would of course be fatal."

Turning to Assad, he inclined his head to the white door on his right. "Take them to the surgery, Assad."

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The room was more than a surgery, it was more like a small hospital. Not quite an intensive care unit, but it had a mirror of equipment nonetheless. I had taken the room in at a glance as I was pushed toward a trolley bed near the right wall and Viv was shoved and dragged to the opposite side

and lifted bodily onto a similar bed to the one I had been pushed onto.

I hadn't resisted as much as Viv, I was simply numb. When I had begun this journey with animals I had always remained in control. Now I wasn't in control at all. I was shaking, fearful, and lost. Animals of any kind didn't evoke the same fear as men, not even dogs.

I didn't have much time to reflect on, our predicament before Tom came into the surgery. As my attention was diverted by his entrance into the room, I felt a sudden prick in my shoulder and only had enough time to see the blurring figure next to Viv jab her with a needle.

Naked, confused, dazed, groggy, and numb I woke. I tried to sit up, but my head ached and my vision blurred and I slumped back onto a lightly padded pallet. I felt cold, disoriented, and bewildered as I lay on my back struggling to regain my faculties. Where was Viv? I called her name or at least tried to all that came from my mouth was a croak. My throat felt constricted. I tried again and again a croak was all I could manage from my sore, raw throat.

Minutes passed and my vision began to clear, although my head still throbbed behind my eyes. There was a connection, perhaps that jab I had received. When was it? How long had I been out? What had they done to me? All these questions and more, but no answers.

More time passed and gradually images began to come into focus and immediately I began to shake. Above me were thick black bars several inches apart. As my head turned I saw that I was in a barred enclosure, a cage. I couldn't see Viv and I couldn't call out. I guessed if she was awake, someplace close she couldn't call out either. My vision cleared more and I could make out the cage in its entirety. It was an animal cage and there were animal smells. I wasn't sure exactly what smells they were. Not cats. I knew what they smelled like at a Zoo, everyone did. It was another smell entirely.

Slowly I noticed a black shape in the next cage, it moved, then stopped. I struggled to focus on the shape, but gradually it came into focus. It was a chimp. Its round, brown eyes were no more than a meter away, staring at me. The shiny black coated chimp reaches out through the bars, palm up. I edged back on my bench.

"Do you like your new friend, June?"

It was Tom. I turned to face the voice.

"Don't try to answer, your throat will be constricted for some time yet. A side effect of the procedure I'm afraid. I'll send one of the girls out with some food, thin soup is about all you can manage at the moment. I know you want to ask questions perhaps. However, all that you need to know is that I have made some adjustments to your DNA, nothing major but I won't try to explain right now.

"Maybe you want to scream and curse me, but that won't do your throat any good at all so relax. Get to know your future mate. By the looks of him, he is already interested in you. Anyway, your soup won't be long and your vitamin drinks as well."

He turned on his heel and left. A short time later I could hear him talking again and I was able to hear enough to know he was talking to Viv.

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The day dragged on. My head still thumped but ever so gradually the throbbing was subsiding. For the most part, I lay or sat on the padded bench. Occasionally I walked to the front of the cage and tried to peer out of the bars to get some sense of where I was. However, there was nothing to see



except the opposing bars of another line of empty cages.

Somewhere close and unseen a low bass rumbles of a prowling lion began. Perhaps the lion had just woken or just arrived. I couldn't see where it was but it was close. It was a familiar sound of a captive animal pacing up and down in the close confines of a cage. Anyone who visited a Zoo had seen or heard the like behavior.

The lion's discontented rumbling only added to the growing cacophony of other animals that testified to the zoo-like conditions of my captivity. The meals arrived regularly throughout the day. They were well prepared and light, even if they were mostly of the liquid variety. My throat was still excruciatingly sore and anything more than the thin soups and broth as well as the drinks would have been impossible to swallow. The drink, which arrived in an aluminum container better suited to bicycle riders was largely unnecessary as I got all the fluids I need in the soup meals.

Next door the chimp kept a close vigil with me and several times he reached through the bars to offer his hand. I had refused the contact until later in the day when the shadows were lengthening and I was feeling the first chill of the closing night.

I reached out and held lightly to the offered hand. It was smooth, yet it had a hard softness to it as the ape gradually closed his fingers about mine. For some reason, I felt compelled to talk to the ape, but I remained silent but for a few, painful cracklings. For more than a half hour, we just held hands, first one then two. It was kind of cute and would seem almost romantic to the casual observer. However, to me, romance was not the reason to be holding hands. It was an acute need for companionship.

I wondered what had happened to Viv, but I couldn't call, couldn't ask and it was that uncertainty that made my need for the Apes companionship, all be it through the cage bars.

A native worker arrived with my evening meal. Again soup but this time with a slice of bread that I needed to dip in the soup for me to get it down but anything solid was a welcome change.

By the third day, I was becoming depressed and my mind began to wonder and have some thoughts of hopelessness. My throat was healing and not for the first time I wonder what had been done to make it so intolerably sore. I couldn't yet speak more than part of a word before my hoarse voice failed me, but I was happier knowing I hadn't become completely dumb.

The ritual of hand holding with the Chimp had increased and I was sure we both got some comfort from the contact. He seemed a placid enough animal for the most part, except for several outbursts of animalistic rage where he raced the length of his cage and used the bars to hurl himself into the air and tumble maddeningly back to the floor. I wasn't sure what brought these outbursts on but I was conscious of his maleness increasing from time to time and more readily as we held hands. Those outbursts of irrational behavior reminded me he was a wild animal and exceedingly powerful.

Each day my blood pressure and temperature were taken twice a day, morning and evening. My blood was taken daily as well. Then on the morning of the fourth day, Tom arrived. I hadn't seen him since the first day and his presence told me that something was afoot.

"Well, now things are coming along nicely, I see," Tome said.

He held a clipboard in his hand and hooked it hospital fashion at the end of my cage.

"Your voice still hasn't returned, I see. It will, maybe in a few days more. It's the medication causing the swelling and constriction."

He went to the chimp's cage and entered the enclosure closing the door quickly behind him. The chimp became a little agitated; Tom looked toward me as two of his men slipped into the cage from the other end.

"He sees me as a rival," Tom said. "He knows I'm male and he has become possessive of you. Can't say I blame him for that. Another time and another place I might consider your favors worth fighting for. However, now you mean more to me as a matron for my new breed."

The two black men enticed the chimp toward the back door of his cage as Tom continued talking. The chimp was reluctant, but whatever they were holding out to him, I couldn't see exactly what it was, it looked like a simple cloth, interested him enough to get him to follow them. He kept looking at me as he followed them.

"From all of your readings, it would appear that you are approaching the time we have waited for. Over the next week, you'll be mated to this chimp, chimp eleven. We don't give them names, just numbers, as they aren't pets. Just in case he has a problem we'll move another chimp into this cage and one in the cage on the other side of yours. That'll provide enough incentive for him to do the job, but even if he does, you'll be mated with the other two chimps as insurance."

I was furious, livid with rage and humiliation. Unable to speak compounded my frustration. I was being treated like a stud animal. I reflected on things I had seen in the past where cows were taken to the bull to be serviced or the bull introduced to the herd to mate the cows as they came into season. I had shown my empathetic side when I had watched a gorgeous, sleek black thoroughbred stallion brutally rape a reluctant filly under the guiding hand of a crew of stud employees and I felt that filly's humiliation for her. She had been reluctant, as far as I could gauge, from the way she had lashed out and moved in avoidance, but in the end, she had been no match for the stud workers and the rampant stallion who had taken twenty seconds to do the deed spilling much of his seed onto the ground as he had dismounted from the filly.

Now I was going to be that filly or cow with no say in who violated me. No way of choosing who or what to implant their sticky seed inside me to bloom into a baby. Everything about what was happening was wrong. It was true and could be argued that the way that I had given myself to a variety of other animals, but that had been my choice, and apart from Viv it had been my secret. This was going to be watched by men, men who I didn't know and wished I had never known.

The irony of the event was that I didn't hold any ill will to the chimp, in fact, I rather liked him. He was almost human; funny in lots of ways that I had discovered in the quiet moments we had shared in the past four days. To have him mate me under different circumstances may have been nice, but to be impregnated by a chimp was something that was just not right. Yet that was what was intended and I had no choice in the matter.

The creaking grinds of metal on metal behind me made me turn to the back door of my caged enclosure in time to see it swing open and the chimp, with little encouragement from the two men, sauntered in. Behind the cages was a walkway, narrow but enough to move animals from one enclosure to the next. There were cages beyond the narrow transfer path, but the sheet metal wall prevented me from seeing what was in those cages. The front of the cages was serviced by a much wider walkway and could if needed, provide access for a small vehicle and was used when the men had brought me my meals.

Now, without bars separating us the chimp seemed uncertain. I was uncertain, perhaps a little afraid. We eyed each other closely the three watching men forgotten for the moment, although they would be my insurance if the chimp did get out of control. Chimps were strong, No.11 had

demonstrated that several times in the last few days and he could get angry. However, at the moment he wasn't angry. I watched him approach me in a way that was more shy than wary. He was bigger than he had looked from the other side of the bars. He paused several feet from me and reached out a hand as he had done through the bars. I joined him with mine.

In that typical chimp motion, he seemed to glide up close all limbs in motion. I did not need to be afraid as he seemed totally at ease and curious as he tugged on my arm.

"Sit on the bench, June," Tom said in a calm though firm voice.

I looked at him and wished I could tell him to get stuffed, but I couldn't, so I eased back onto the center of the long, wide bench that I had used to sit and sleep on and the chimp followed closely and in a single gliding motion was on the bench with me. I looked from the chimp to Tom.

Tom responded, "Just let him check you out, lay back on the bench so he can find you."

He was issuing instructions and it was as if he had me on a string I couldn't, now wouldn't disobey. Probably because I was getting to like this hairy man a lot and wanted to feel his hands on me. I didn't know what I was doing complying like I was but I lifted my left leg onto the bench followed by my right leg. The chimp eased under my left leg as I lifted it, but he remained unmoved when my right leg came onto the bench.

I was sitting with my back to the bars and the chimp between my two outstretched legs. His eyes and hands roved over my body and I held my gaze on the surprisingly powerful chimp. He was so human in many ways. His brow furrowed and his lips curled as he concentrated on my hairless form. Well, I did have hair, of course, but to this hairy male, I was hairless. The consternation on his features was clear and puzzled as his hands roamed along my inner and outer thigh.

A momentary feel of my vulva caused me to flinch, but the exploring hands moved on. Moving from my hips to my belly button, eliciting a sharp intake of my breath then onto my breasts. For a while, he teased my nipples which responded rigidly. I looked down at the gnarled hands as they rolled and teased me until my nipples were so rigid and engorged that they tugged at my chest with a pleasant ache.

I lifted my eyes from the chimp's hands and looked into his eyes. Eyes that were deep pools of mysterious brown wetness just inches from mine. I wasn't conscious of what I did next, but my hands came up to his face and gently cupped the black hairy face with my long slender fingers. He didn't flinch, but slowly backed away and lowered his large wet mouth to my shoulder sniffing and licking my salty unwashed skin with his tactile tongue.

Over his shoulder, I was aware that Tom had moved from the neighboring cage to be replaced by a rather largish, rough-looking chimp. He looked ugly and brutish making me shudder a little thinking about what Tom had said earlier. Compared to the chimp now exploring my every bump and crevice he was certainly uglier.

Even as Tom was being replaced by the Ugly chimp another chimp had been turned into the cage behind me. I only became aware of its presence when a hairy arm came across my shoulder to fondle my breast even as the chimp, Number eleven, I'll call him Elvis, much nicer and more personable I think, was sliding his rubbery lips across my belly toward my pubic mound.

Elvis suddenly became aware of the intruding hand and with a deafening shriek, he pulled back suddenly. With his hands sliding to my hips, he dragged me back into the middle of the padded pallet that we were on. Looking at the offending ape in the next cage with a defiant, passive look Elvis

began to show his not inconsiderable set of nasty-looking teeth to demonstrate his dominance.

Now I was not a participant, but a possession. I was a possession of Tom's and Elvis; as such, I knew by instinct that my role from now on would be subservient to my wellbeing and safety.

With his top lip curled back, Elvis slid his fingers into my crotch and rubbed his middle digit into my moist vagina. I flinched at his sudden roughness. However, he was no sooner pressing into my with his dry digit than he had withdrawn. For several seconds he sniffed at the result of his exploration.

The apes in the opposing cages were now agitated and were vocalising their frustrations with a cacophony of cries. I lay there, eyes wide and afraid. Not of the chimp who had just fingered me, but of my situation. I had suddenly become the object of the carnal desires of not one, but three extremely powerful male apes. In some respects that made me feel a significant rise in my feminine receptiveness that tingled in my groin. Now I could smell the rising of my sexual compliance.

I was now his plaything that would be the receptacle of his animalistic need to breed. I was a stud mare intended to produce offspring for the mad scientist Tom, Elvis, for now, was to be my stud.

As I had listened to the din and became self-absorbed at my body's increasing wet preparedness I had been unaware of Elvis sliding his hands under my behind as he edged into my lifted and open groin. When he had pulled me away from the bars of the cage next door, I had fallen into a reclined position and now, face to face the hairy Chimp stud was about to mount me like a regular lover, missionary style.

I was trembling as the Chimp began to poke at me with his rather thin penis. He was a little high, rubbing over my tummy rather pleasantly, but not yet close to my vagina. I looked at the expressive face now over my chest. I groaned at my wantonness and slid my arms around his back his long arms. Then I rose my bum and closed my calves over Elvis's rather narrow bum in a lovers embrace. Instantly he/I was rewarded as he buried himself in my accepting warmth.

As the chimp wet warmth had spread inside my belly the realisation that I was probably, at that moment, already pregnant with a god knew what. I became dizzy with rising nausea while the chimp was still inside me. The thought of being pregnant brought me back to reality quite quickly and I felt ill; I was ill; leaning over the edge of the pallet to be sick as the cacophony slowly subsided everything around me turned black.

The following three days were uncomfortable. The noise from my other two potential suitors in the adjoining cages was annoying me. My nerves were on edge; my head ached. Their groping hands further confined me to the centre of the cage, pregnant by a chimp. Indeed, I was probably pregnant already; although I had no way of knowing if I was or wasn't, I could swear that I felt different, different inside. The night was worse. They were long, dark, cold, lonely nights; I slept little as my mind narrowed focus onto the situation of being with child, a horrible hairy, long-limbed, deformed child. It was imagination, of course, but imagination was my only company in this confining cage. Keeping well clear of the groping hands of the increasingly frustrating pair. Elvis had his way with me several times a day and each time I couldn't help but feel ill at the thought of being made

On the afternoon of the third day, two of the keepers came to the cage and after a lot of encouragement, Elvis was removed from the cage. Once he was outside; the front door of the cage was closed. Realizing we had been separated, the chimp got excited; refusing to go with the keepers and holding onto the bars. The keepers seemed unconcerned but remained watchful then from behind me the squeaky door opened and the touchy-feely chimp bounded into my cage.

This chimp looked mean with a white facial scar and a torn ear, long since healed. He looked wild-

eyed and showed his intention once he was confronting me. His regularly flaccid penis is now erect with purpose. He had retained his frustrations for too long; he grabbed my arm and in an instant, he was dragging me powerfully toward the padded pallet.

I had to resist my fear and instinct to struggle with the aroused chimp. With all my reserves I became a subservient female with self-preservation my only objective. If I had been in another situation or mood, I would have seen the humor in the way he dragged my legs open to mount my face to face as he had seen Elvis mount me. He was rough and urgent and had unloaded in little jerking spasms before dismounting; returning moments later to repeat the insemination. Twice more he raped me before the keepers removed me from the cage, leaving the randy ape resting on my pallet.

Moments later I was pushed reluctantly into the other ape enclosure where I was again taken repeatedly and roughly by the third ape until I leaked chimp semen. Now with a cocktail of Chimp cum inside me competing to impregnate me, if I wasn't already, I felt sticky, bruised, dirty, and broken.

It was dark when I was finally removed from the caged enclosures and taken back to the surgery.

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Part III

I had been returned to my room after several hours in the surgery where a barrage of blood tests and a gynecological exam was exhaustively carried out. After a long hot shower, I collapsed onto the bed and was instantly asleep.

I woke when Viv returned. She looked awful and it didn't take long to understand why. She had slept very little in her time with the bonobos. There were six or seven miles in the enclosure with her all of the time. While the bonobo is a relatively relaxed and even-tempered ape, they, along with humans, are one of the few animals that indulge in recreational sex. And they had. Viv had been subjected to an uncountable number of couplings with the Bonobo's and while there was a pleasure, at first, as time went on it had become a chore of indignant indulgence and demand. To make things worse the lights had remained on in her enclosure to simulate perpetual daylight.

Viv was aching all over and she smelled of that rank animal smell so often associated with zoo enclosures. So occupied by the bonobo males her hair hung in tangled knots, not the usual well-groomed locks that Viv normally took pride in. She couldn't wait to bathe the grime, the stench, and the mess from her aching body that she had accumulated from her numerous bonobo partners.

In our enthusiastic reunion, we hadn't noticed that we had both regained our ability to talk. Our vocal cords were purged of whatever had frozen them. However, we were far from normal, just a short conversation had resulted in an almost instant straining of our voices so ill-used in recent days. Once again we were rendered almost speechless.

While Viv showered, I decided that we must at least attempt to escape. Our bodies and life were not to be our own if we remained here. We were nothing more than stud females to be used and experimented with by a mad person. I searched around for paper, well aware that we were being monitored constantly, but not sure where the cameras or microphones were situated. In fact, that was how our every movement and conversation was recorded.

We had to go, of that I was sure and I scribbled down my thoughts on the back of a carton flap for Viv to read and placed it on her bed. When she came from the shower looking like a different person

Viv sat on the bed and I inclined my head toward the message next to her. Slowly she read it, not lifting her head from the scribbled message until something like a minute passed. When she did, she looked directly at me and made the slightest nod of assent.

It must have been an hour later that we found ourselves outside of the compound and by mutual consent, we were following the road, such as it was, to some unknown destination. The rutted track outside the compound was little more than two-wheel furrows that were seldom used and never maintained. Somewhere, not too far off, the low grumble of a Lion calling to its friends focused our reality. We were all too aware of our danger, but we had considered the risk and took it when we had escaped. Suddenly we grew conscious of our new threat as the sounds of prowling night hunters on the ground and in the air seemed to fill the seemingly quiet night with all kinds of threats.

It had taken time to clear the security gate, but we knew that when we had, it was almost certain that the security-conscious Tom would find that we had escaped. We jogged along the mound between the furrows covering the ground easily at first, but our recent confinement soon told as our muscles began to tighten and our legs grew heavy with fatigue. As we slowed to a walk, panting for breath Viv pointed behind, toward the direction of Tom's compound. There were two yellow eyes of headlights coming down the track, maybe a mile distant, for that is what I estimated we had traveled from the compound perimeter. They were using two powerful spotlights to sweep the countryside on either side of the track as they came. We couldn't as yet hear the vehicle, but there was little doubt that they were following the same track as we were.

"We have to get off the track," I croaked and pointed and Viv nodded her agreement.

It was rather obvious and I could have saved my damaged voice box by just pointing but old habits die hard. We managed to run into the dried brown grass that covered everything for miles around and afforded cover from all but the searching light.

The searching men in the vehicle approached. The growl of the vehicle in low gear was now clear. We ran deeper into the grass. It was tall here and by mutual consent, we crouched down on the warm soil between clumps as the sweeping beam of light grew nearer and nearer. Somewhere, close another sound. Neither of us could tell from where it came but it was close.

The beam of light cuts through the darkness, not more than a hundred meters distant. The lion grumbled that big cat base purr that they make. Not one, but several animals were between the light and us. The brown grass shimmered as the searchlight turned night into day.

Someone in the searching vehicle called out, "Hey, there's something in the grass over there!"

The truck stopped and the second light joined the one that was focused over us. Our hearts sank as we realized we had been found. It had been a short but futile attempt at freedom, but now we would be taken back.

I looked up straining to see where the vehicle was and what the men were doing. At first, the bright beam prevented me from seeing anything then as my eyes adjusted I saw the first one then two, then as I adjusted my vision even more there appeared, further off and less distinct at least three more Lions.

"It ain't the women, a voice muttered it's that bachelor group of young lions. They had a big kill out here last night and their bellies are full. Probably looking for a bit of fluffy tail I expect."

The men laughed, as men do and the truck jerked forward and the light was gone as the men continued to make ribald comments about the young lion's chances of finding a receptive female. I turned my head to look at Viv, inclining it toward the lions. I wondered if they knew we were there. It seemed unlikely that they didn't. They were wild animals tuned to detect the most minuscule of scents. However, they were distracted, at the moment, by the departing red tail lights of the search vehicle.

My emotions were running riot with my physical self. My knees trembled, my throat tightened, and I felt an uncontrollable need to pee. I had no way of stopping the uncontrollable pressure, no matter how hard I clenched. I moaned with despair, I didn't want to attract the lions, but somehow habits and demands are just as hard to control, I pushed my panties over my hips as my bladder took control, and the flood of pee gushed. In the pristine bush air, I smelt the sharp smell of my pee; the lions did as well.

My movement in removing my panties to avoid soiling them combined with the smell of warm urine in the night air drew the lion's attention back toward me. I'm sure they knew we were there and had more than likely been following us, probably from the moment we had exited the compound gate.

Now, we're close enough to smell the lions. What were they thinking? Surely not sex, but maybe they were. There was something about me that attracted animals. I had found previously that several animals seemed naturally drawn to me. I hadn't brooded on it in the past, but maybe, just maybe I was producing pheromones, while not animal specific, that was arousing to all animals that I had so far encountered.

First one head turned toward me then the others turned. The long grass was sparse and concealed nothing. In the moonlit darkness, the lions looked larger than life. The closest lion was distinct in every detail those further away were silhouettes, yet with some features clear and well defined. I noticed that all Lions were now becoming mobile.

It was funny, I had thought later, that I had never at that moment, in the savannah grassland, considered being attacked or mauled by the lions. Perhaps it was what the man in the truck had said about them being fed and randy or words to that effect. Lions and most other hunting animals with full bellies seldom kill for fun. Perhaps if threatened, they might retaliate, but not for sport.

It was then that I remembered the panther, that gorgeous black creature back home, and the painful joy of our encounter. The purring rumbles that he transmitted from deep inside his chest added an indescribable feeling of pleasure. His sharp withdrawal hurt and the biting down on my neck as he tried to prevent me from turning on him like a female of his species might as he wrenched his fleshy barbs from her tender vagina.

"Bunch your skirt around your neck and shoulders," I made a croaky effort to warn Viv to protect herself from what I expected to eventuate in the coming minutes. As I forced myself to speak, I was already lifting my skirt and slipping up over my shoulders and for added protection, I pushed my discarded panties into the bunched folds.

I kept my head down as the lion approached. His huge paw was the first thing I saw in front of my face, then his cascading main and chest were above me. I trembled with rising fear. I had no right to think lions, here in the African bush, would even consider sex with a human over a quick kill. After all, humans were the lions' only real enemy in a place where they were the natural and rightful top of the food chain. I had made a conceited assumption that Viv or I could be a suitable surrogate partner in the absence of a lioness in the immediate vicinity. It was pretentious but sadly human.

Visibly trembling, I was now confronted with a wild lion in its environment. My skirt and half-slipped about my neck and shoulders and my ghostly white bum, naked and vulnerable. I watched the first set of legs walk around me as another leg attached to another lion appeared in front of me. Momentarily distracted by the new lions' presence I was startled by the sudden and powerful contact of the pressing body of the first lion as he leaned against me as he sidled around me, searching,

exploring, watching, and smelling me. A hot rough tongue began to lick my back another licked my face.

I shivered with fear, yet I knew that if the lions were about to attack their attitude would be more aggressive and less attentive. The lion behind me licked and pushed my soft, fleshy behind like a child playing with play dough, making my soft, pliable cheeks ripple and fold under his slobbering tongue. The lion who had continued to lick my face had made it sticky with dripping slobber, but I sensed a growing tension between the two lions who were vying for my favors. The one behind me began to make soft but threatening rumbles toward his brother lion. However, my face and hair continued to be coated by even more dripping drool.

With my eyes closed, my mind was creating a visual kaleidoscope of erotic fantasy. I still shivered with fear but the fear was becoming dominated by arousal of my other receptive senses. I could feel myself becoming wet and runny and the lion licking and sniffing my behind must have sensed my heightened arousal. Somewhere in the distance of my foggy mind, I heard a sharp cry from somewhere close. I knew that it must be Viv, but my eyes were glued shut by lion drool and I was unable to look.

Then I cried out myself as the lion's tongue slid roughly across my Vulva as he tested what he had already smelt. Then his head left my bum and I felt the animal unhurriedly straddle me by walking over me with his forelegs planted on each side of my chest. His chest, brushing my naked lower back and behind as he brought his hind legs over my hips and he settled, pressing me down under him. Again, I heard Viv cry out, but it wasn't a cry of pure pain or fear. Without hesitation, the lion covering me began to drop his groin into the curve of my behind and directly aligned with my wet vulva. His warm belly was pressing down on my naked hips and his hind feet had shuffled up alongside my knees as he prodded and stabbed into my vagina.

The lion began to mouth me around the shoulders, but he wasn't biting. I hardly felt his penis enter me and I had no idea of how far he had gone. I felt the fleshy barbs rolling forward and back against my slippery vaginal portal and a gentle slapping of his testicles against my pubic mound suggested he was fully seated within my slickness. The second lion had backed off when the first lion had mounted me, but through the misty slickness of spittle-coated eyes, I saw that he had remained close.

The lion's thrust was gentle but persistent. Not long, vigorous strokes, but pleasant. Then I felt a warm bubbly spreading inside me and the lion grabbed at my neck with his open maw more determinedly than he had done seconds ago he had ejaculated and I felt somewhat deflated. Without hesitation, he was lifting his hips to withdraw. Then, with a tug from his spiny penis, he was gone. I made a stifled cry as the fleshy barbs scraped my tenderness, but he had taken, maybe only fifteen seconds to cum and I felt a little dejected with unfulfilled expectation.

The presence of the lion was an intimidating situation that I found hard to deal with. My head was spinning with all sorts of nasty outcomes. Just one bat of that huge paw had the potential to rip me open. The jaws are another threat of imminent demise. I felt lucky that I had been able to dodge the hot, sharp love bight by rolling away as the lion withdrew sharply.

Now, as I lay on my side among tufts of dried grass the lion satisfied walked away several meters. The second lion and now a third of the small bachelor party were nuzzling me expectantly. I managed to roll back onto my belly and rose onto my knees and hands shakily.

A roar almost in my ear made me jump nervously as the second of the lions straddled me and dropped his haunches as he shuffled over me. I felt so small and naked, so vulnerable, as the poking barbed penis searched and found my dribbling pussy, and immediately the lion made a forward push that embedded him inside me. I stiffened and drew a sharp, noisy breath as he seated himself over and inside me.

Comfortable he began his short rocking thrust just like the other lion had. My weak arms and legs wobbled under his pressing weight, but his body warmth in the cooling night air was in a strange way welcome. For some reason, I was more conscious of the moving barbs of stiff flesh just inside the neck of my vagina. I could feel his vibrating rumble of fulfilling lust as he continued to hump me for ten or fifteen seconds which seemed a lot longer. Then a twitch of the prickly penis followed by a wet hot discharge was mingling with the other lions' cum.

For a fleeting moment, I wondered just how much cum a lion shot up inside me. I could feel the wet hotness but had no idea how much it had been. The lion's climax was accompanied by a loud rumbling roar against my ear, then he made a halfhearted attempt to grab my neck as he quickly dismounted. In part, my query was answered as I felt a trickle of lion semen dribble onto my leg as I again rolled sideways to avoid the mauling mouth.

As I paused to watch where the lion had gone the third of the group that had been harassing me and each other closed in and his giant paw came down on the calf of my right leg. I cried from the pain of the claw that dug in and scratched as he drew back as the dominant male lowered his big mane fringed head to sniff and lick at my semen-saturated pubic hair.

With a groan, I again rolled over to present the randy male with what he wanted most. So far the lions had behaved and apart from the scratch on my calf, which had now begun to seep blood, they had not attempted to get rough. My arms had grown weak, so instead of trying to support myself by my arms I folded them and rested my head on them. With my head on its side, I could see Viv who was being mounted by a lion as I watched.

From my angle, I could see the dangling scrotum of the lion tapping gently on Viv's mound with each gentle prod. As I watched the lion continued to hump Viv with measured strokes that seemed to take longer than I had calculated, but soon he had finished and he sharply withdrew and walked back toward me. It was only then that I realized that they weren't satisfied with a turn each but they were going to continue until totally satiated.

The searching truck passed by several times, but each time we were covered by one or another of the randy five. This didn't stop ribald comments from the men that I won't repeat. Had they known we were the lion's receptacles they would have had something more to say when they recaptured us.

All night we were subjected to tireless mating. The moon had sunk below the horizon and the darkness was unbelievably close, although I did have some night vision after time. The rutting continued until the false dawn washed the sky with a promise of a new day. The Lions drained and spent, sloped off. The search Vehicle hadn't returned for hours, but it would come daylight. As we gathered our composure and stood together, groins aching and chafed, we decided that we had to find a place to hide.

The guy in the truck had been right, the beast's tummies were full and food had been furthest from

their mind. They were on a mission to fill another tummy in an entirely different way. These were young lions, probably brothers who were excluded from the females of their pride and would soon have to establish themselves among their peers if they were to breed and add their D.N.A to the lions of the African.

We, Viv and I, had been used roughly by the lions. Not rough in a brutal physical sense, but we humans were small in comparison to the huge size of the hard-muscled lion, and an inadvertent and misplaced paw hurt along with the flashing teeth that occasional did make contact with neck and shoulders during the lion's brief climax. Although sex wasn't so physically demanding with the lions as it had been with men or other animals, despite their bulk, their penises that had not seemed all that big did take their toll on the tender flesh of our sex.

"God, I'm still shaking Viv wisped huskily, afraid to fully extend her voice in case her throat failed her again.

"Funny that you say that because I feel all jittery as well, but I thought it was just me. I was so afraid that those lions were going to become mean at the slightest provocation. We had better get moving before they start their search all over again when there's enough light" We looked at each other and decided through mutual but unspoken agreement to head off toward the south of the track at right angles. It wasn't a random whim, there were more trees in that direction, perhaps a river or a creek where we could find both water, shade, and a place to hide.

We made steady progress toward the trees, but we were hampered by the internal damage caused by the spiny penises of the lions. In addition, I was leaking and the inside of my thighs was slick from the light pink discharge from our overfilled vaginas.

Finally, with the feeble rays of the dawn sunlight painting the crisp brown landscape with a dull golden glow we made the shelter of a tree-lined stream. A stream may have been but now it was a series of waterholes that were shrinking in the last days of the dry season.

We had made it just in time because the distant rumble of unmistakable truck motors cut through the sounds of the morning cries of the local bird life.

"Just look at that," Viv lamented as she pointed at the mud holes and exposed logs.

"Yeah! I was so looking forward to a wash in clean clear water. I feel so dirty and grimy and smelly," I said.

"Me too, but there is no way I will drink or wash in that stuff."

Viv sighed and sat on the thin grass at the stream edge. The birds and insects around the muddy ponds weren't so particular, this was one of the few remaining refuges that sustained life and before I sat next to Viv, I noticed the array of footprints in the mud surrounding the stagnant pools. After a long silent spell as we looked regretfully at the waterholes, I turned to Viv

"I don't know about you, but my pussy hurts something awful."

"I know, those dicks were like sandpaper, weren't they."

"Yeah! They were and I didn't think they were ever going to stop fucking us," I said. "Every time I looked at you were covered by a big furry stud. There seemed no end to it. They were quick, although they did take longer later on. I lost count, to tell the truth."

I sighed and looked down at my aching groin.

"I lost count at twenty-six and there were heaps after that, heaps," Viv said and shrugged, looking away.

For the next hour or so as the sun warmed to its daily task, we sat quietly, straining to listen for any sound of a truck approaching. There was more than one out searching this morning, maybe three.

"I hope they don't come this way," I said. "But I think they will when they can't find us anywhere else. Maybe a good idea to look around for someplace to hide when they come so we aren't taken by surprise."

As I spoke I looked around, but there seemed very few options open to us. A quick check of the near vicinity showed that there was no real place that provided a safe hiding spot. The only exception was the undercut bank of the deepest mud hole. When the rains come the water flows pretty rapidly I guessed and the outside bend nearest us had been undercut enough to form an overhang that may provide some degree of shelter and concealment. However, it would mean jumping into the stagnant muddy pool. It hardly bore thinking about, but if there was an alternative to capture then this was the best and only place.

The day passed slowly. The air was thick and heavy with heat, it was dry heat. Not the oppressive humid heat of coastal regions. The dryness only served to remind us of our need for water, we were thirsty and tired. Both Viv and I slept intermittently. Little twinges and sticky residual seeping were a constant reminder of the rough night we had endured with the Lions.

By midafternoon the searching vehicles and men could occasionally be heard. They seemed to have established a search pattern and from what we could hear there was now a vehicle on either side of this, almost dry creek bed. I wondered how Tom was taking our escape. There seemed to be little doubt that he had spent a lot of time and money on his insane project and he must be livid. Mad he already was so he was beyond being mad, I guessed.

"They seem to be getting closer," Viv observed when she saw that I was awake.

"Yeah, seems so, looks like we might have to get into that disgusting hole of filth." I rolled my eyes back at the thought.

"Oh gross, a mud bath filled with all sorts of critter poo." Viv had articulated my thoughts and it didn't help to think about having to submerge ourselves in the revolting ooze.

An hour later and it was a reality. Shuddering we eased ourselves into the viscus brown and green slime hardly recognizable as being once a flowing stream. It smelt like crap and was very likely, mostly just that. However, with the searchers closing in on the small patch of scrub that had been our refuge for the day we had no choice but to splodge through the ooze and conceal ourselves as far under the bank as we could and pretend we were just part of the muddy mess.

The sun was going down as first one motor and then the other arrived at the tree-lined banks. I looked at Viv and all but our hair and faces were covered by the stinking sludge.

"I don't want to do this" I whispered. "But we need to get mud all over as our hair sticks out like you know what."

Viv scowled and in an unspoken agreement, we held our mouths tight shut and clamped our nostrils with our fingers, and slowly dipped under the cruddy sludge.

“Where do you think those two bitches are?” I recognized Asad’s voice as he called to someone across the ditch.

He has been just above us and across the depression, I saw a man standing clutching a rifle. The light was fading fast and he appeared as a silhouette. I realized then that with the sun in his eyes and the bank above us casting a long shadow we were well concealed. Much better than if we had planned it.

“Search me, we have covered every inch of this place for ten miles in all directions and not even a sign. Tom is going to be right enough pissed with us for not finding them.”

“Fuck Tom, he’s the least of my worries, he may be yours but he’s not mine. I find the girls and bring them here for him to do his little thing with. That’s it, it’s all about the money for me.”

“Well, I work for him and these two are as far as he’s got with his experiment. These two bitches are duffed for sure, he told me as much. They got apes in their bellies right now and we need to find them.”

“Something may have found them already,” Asad threw an unfinished thought at the other man.

“You mean a Lion?”

“Well, maybe there was that bachelor pride that was hanging about last night close to the road. They looked rather sluggish this morning when we saw them a couple of miles back sleeping off a good feed I reckon.”

“Yeah!, Maybe, but we best get back to the compound now it’s too dark to search any further besides, I see some warthogs coming down for a wallow.”

With that, both vehicles were gone.

Viv and I clambered from the black pool of mud, our clothes such as they were clinging to our bodies, and our hair was plastered like that of a South American Indian except our mud was a greasy black not red as their ceremonial hair mud was. The reek of the rotting vegetation clung to us as we stumbled up the steep bank of the drying water hole. In what was left of the fading light we were able to see the slow procession of a family of warthogs with their large heads and short curling tusks coming along the bank in search of what life-giving water there was.

We were not going to avoid the ugly beasts, that was only too clear, so we hunkered down beside a low shrub and waited for the troop or herd or whatever a group of warthogs is called to pass. But even as they approached it was clear that they had seen or perhaps smelled us. We certainly stunk, but to a Warthog familiar with the daily ritual of visiting the stinking, drying, water holes we were most likely an unpleasant smell.

The leading Warthog paused. His beady pig eyes straining to see in the dark. His head lifted and I could hear the sharp intake of his breath as he sniffed at the air. For several minutes he remained still all the while I could see his head in what remained of the fading light turning this way and that as he tested the still evening air for any sign of a familiar danger but finding none he moved forward

once more. Now, however, he changed course a little away from the watercourse bank and headed directly toward us. We remained unmoving as he approached.

"We have to stay calm and still, I think they're mean buggers," Viv whispered as softly as she could.

"Shit, we didn't see this coming did we?"

The warthog Warthog his tiny watery eyes glowing approached us almost inch by inch. Several of the other animals had peeled off from the quite large group to add their support to the confused and cautious leader.

The animal was confused and I was under no illusion of what might happen if he was in any way spooked. Viv too was clearly of the same mind as she tensed and waited as the ominous-looking animals approached us. I had seen the film of fleeing Warthogs being pursued by a Lion or to be more correct several Lion. They were quick and agile and could maneuver with some dexterity. Now all I could see was the large flat heads of the animals as they came close.

"June, flash your butt at them," Viv whispered. "You seem to be able to get animals interested in your pussy, better than being tusked by them."

In a way Viv was right. There was something about the pheromones that I gave off that attracted most male animals. I had been thinking the very same thing as the beasts approached. As crazy a thought as it was, it was worth a try.

Before I had time to move the warthogs were confronting us. Their heads were low and their shaggy-haired bodies bristling and trembling. Even in the fading light, the dusty bodies of the animals bore testament to rolling in dust baths. The strange flat faces with the high-set eyes and the backward sweeping tusks looked brutal, but I couldn't help but think they might be a lot worse if they pointed forward. I felt a sudden shiver roll down my spine. Between tusks and eyes, two sets of large swollen bulges that made sense to their name of the Warthog.

Not for the first time in recent months, I wondered what in hell I was doing messing with potentially dangerous animals. Admittedly the Lions and now the warthogs had not been part of our plan. However, circumstance had delivered us here and I swore right there and then that I was going to get my life back on track if I survived this increasingly weird Odyssey. For now, it was a standoff with three wild warthogs.

"Don't stare at them June, look down or something," Viv whispered, but

Click, click, click. The clicking noise sounded a bit like two tusks rubbing together, but that was impossible as the tusks didn't come anywhere near each other, perhaps it might be teeth clashing together in rapid movements. However, most likely it was his tongue and teeth gnashing as the foamy froth again began to build around the warthog's mouth. I don't know why my mind was wondering like it was but the situation was so unreal, so bizarre it was as if I was having some out-of-body experience where any distraction seemed acceptable.

"Move away from him, June," Viv advised

"Viv, I can't do what I did last night, my knees are killing me, they're raw."

"Ok, well just stay where you are. Let him take the lead. He seems interested enough." She offered her useless advice with stoic sincerity.

"I wish I could read his bloody mind... But maybe I don't have to, do I?"

I winced as I transferred my weight from one hip to the other.

"I know you don't. I think it's pretty obvious what he wants. Viv gave the warthog a sidelong glance before continuing, "But he's not sure what to make of you."

She was right. The animal was pretty sure I was female, not like a female warthog of course, but different. My smooth, round, and fleshy hips were broad and were a complete contrast to the comparatively narrow hips of the female of his species. As a female warthog walked curiously past me, I noticed that her vagina was more like a dog bitch in comparison to my longer, fleshier vulva and that too would be confusing the warthog. As I brought my mind once again back to the present once again I answered Viv

"Neither am I. I would love to be looking down from above on this," I answered objectively.

It must be totally weird, I was covered in dried mud, and my clothes, what now remained hung desperately to me and were ripped and torn in many places, with the hem hanging in a big loop. It was now a useless piece of cloth, exposing all of my goodies to the randy warthog. The Smell of rotting vegetation filled my nostrils from the caked-on mud as I knelt waiting to be mounted by a wild warthog. It was certainly a desperate and wanton picture my aching raw knees trembled under my weight.

I didn't have long to ponder what was going to happen to me. The warthog's movements seemed to be jerkier, less leisurely than they had been just moments before. He had decided that I was a female and that the smells I was giving off were those of a receptive sow. That I had remained unmoved as he inspected me must also have been a clear enough indication that I was prepared to accept him. I wondered if he had seen that I didn't have the male equipment either. I guess he had, either that or my subservient manner was just one more indication of my gender.

Now confident and emboldened, he became overt in his manner. Nothing sly or sneaky at all as he finally arrived at the business end and began to sniff my butt. He was so close I felt his hot breath and felt the brush of his ivory white tusks on my buttocks.

I could hear the snuffling snorts as he tasted the air to see if I was receptive.

"Jesus, I wish he would just do it," I grumbled to Viv who had moved closer followed by a consort who had now decided to check her out.

I felt my groin tighten and knew that I was becoming wet from his attention. I wasn't afraid, I just wanted him to mount me or go away. Either way, I would be fine with it. My knees were excruciatingly sore and I looked down to see the bleeding grazes. As I did the big warthog mounted me. His forelegs draped over my back and around my waist as he shuffled across behind me.

I looked at Viv, and said, "God, I hope he's quick, my knees are killing me."

He wasn't.

The Warthog's chest came down on my lower back and his surprisingly warm belly rubbed across my behind. Almost immediately I felt the warm wetness of his writhing, thin penis. It was a crazy, erotic rubbing of his thin, wriggling, slipperiness as the warthog began to move his lower body in an almost rhythmic roll.

I trembled at the erotic contact like no other. Thin his penis may have been, but it was worm-like as it undulated and wriggled. It slipped firmly and easily across my bottom, trailing its sticky wetness as it passed, making me tremble and wriggle in response.

Encouraged the warthog's movements became a little more eager. The sticky thin penis seemed to be squirting a thin spray as it searched and probed. One moment the warm, firm stick was between the groove in my bottom, then the next it was wriggling against my inner thigh. First one side, then the other, then without a pause or loss of contact it was slipping and dribbling across my tender butt as the blind and an endless search for what he knew was there continued.

I closed my eyes to concentrate on what the warthog was doing. Trying as best as I could envisage the warthog as he sought my unfamiliar vulva and the sweet wetness hidden by my inner folds of tactile flesh. As I gradually became tuned to his rolling prods I was able to roll my bottom with the surcharging thinness.

Immediately I felt the slipping penis slither across my mind and the thinning covering of pubic hair. I shuddered with the realization that the seemingly mercurial penis was so close to entering me.

I felt the warthog shuffle his hind quarters and drop his dripping, slobbering lower jaw onto my back as his penis slipped into the dividing groove of my vulva and dribble his stickiness into my wetness. Sensing that he was on the brink of achievement He lunged his hips, but the flexible penis slithered free as it failed to find the hole it sought and rested between the cleft between the cheeks of my bottom.

Without a pause, he drew back and paused. I spread my knees a little, oblivious of the discomfort, changing the angle of my vagina a little. Seeming to sense the compliance of his sow under him, he drew back a little braking contact, although I felt the flexing tip gently nudge my vulva several times as he searched for the beckoning soft wetness. I shook expectantly. The warthog vibrated, then the trembling animal seemed to lean into me and the writhing, twisting penis slithered into me and withdrew then again slithered into my slippery wetness. Immediately the warthog on the brink of achieving humped his hips forward.

I grunted at the sudden lunge that pressed me forward and down. He grunted with his sense of accomplishment. It was the thinnest of all the penises of all the other animals that had taken me except the barnyard pigs that were seemingly a distant memory now. But those memories came back as I felt the writhing searching tip deep inside me as the warthog rolled and rocked against my hip as his penis continued to search for the tiny portal into my cervical opening.

As unnatural a coupling as it was, I was shivering with anticipation. The writhing penis tip was moving in and out as it twirled and twisted. Several times the tip touched a tender place. I wasn't sure where but I guessed from the pleasant stab of hurt that it was more than likely the portal into my cervix

I didn't know much about biology, but what I did know let me picture my domed cervix with the round opening that had most likely become distended as I had become aroused being explored by the pointed warthog penis.

I yelped as that very tip nudged my cervix again. Viv looked at me concern on her face. She must have remembered how I had fainted once when my cervix was plundered by a kangaroo.

"I'm ok... I'm ok," I panted as the wandering tip again poked at and into the opening.

I drew a sharp breath then exhaled slowly as the penis fell back. The warthog shuffled his position

slightly and automatically I moved my bottom to accommodate the angle of the warthog's penis. Even as he shifted position he was making the steady prodding thrusts that involved his entire body rolling over my hips.

I screamed and threw my head and shoulders back as his coiled prong corkscrewed tightly into me. The warthog grunted. I sobbed and my stomach heaved, then my vision blurred with a strange rasping-like pain. I had come to learn that I was one of those women who found it uncomfortable in the extreme from having my cervical canal breached. There is no way I could manage an IUD, not that I had ever contemplated using one as a form of contraception.

The warthog's sexual enthusiasm was renewed, he pressed his way deeper and deeper into me. I winced and got wobbly, my head spun, but managed to hold onto consciousness, but only barely as the twisting flexing shaft buried itself further and further up inside me. I felt a warmth spreading some place in my inner depths as the warthog discharged his watery cum. Seconds and minutes passed and the warthog continued to thrust and with each thrust, I felt a fresh warmth spreading into my womb. His slobbering jaw was saturating my back with the white bubbly foam. My hands and knees were losing all feeling and it was all I could do to remain stable.

It's hard to gauge time in a situation like this, but it was a long time maybe thirty minutes or more. I wondered just how much cum he had squirted into my belly. I could feel some discharge dribbling from around the warthog's penis a trickle along my vagina and into my sparse pubic hair.

He seemed to be slowing down some, and bit by bit I realized he was withdrawing discharging his now thick gooey cum as he did. I knew from experience that a domestic pig sealed the sow with a thick viscus cum, as the third stage of his discharge, effectively a plug to seal in the viable cum deep inside. I guessed that this wild warthog was no different.

Finally, he plopped out of me, and just wandered off contented, satiated, and finished with me. He had done his bit, and I was now full of his wriggling tadpoles that were encased within me exploring deep inside my womb. I dropped to the hard earth spent, all limbs weak and unresponsive.

Although the warthogs were still showing Viv a high degree of attention neither had tried to mount her. For a while I remained on my hands and knees, watching, but with nothing else to occupy my mind, I again felt the pain in my knees. Along with the external pains in my belly, it felt uncomfortable, tight, and distended. Groggily, I pushed my stiff and sore body upward to stand. As I did I was beset by sudden dizziness, my vision blurred as I swayed struggling to brace my feet apart as I endeavored to remain standing. However, it passed and slowly my vision cleared and my equilibrium returned.

Viv looked up at me then at the two would-be suitors, then she too stood. And shrugging came to me. "You ok Hun?"

"I'm fine, my belly feels tight and my knees are as sore as hell, worse than before, they feel like they are on fire." I looked down at my belly as I spoke. It was normally a little rounded but now the soft roundness was tight and hard. "Jesus, that bugger filled me full, just feel that."

Viv poked my tummy and a little grin stretched her lips. "Bugger! He did fill you, didn't he?"

I bent over to look and see if I was leaking, the effort to bend accentuated the tightness of my swollen tummy. I wasn't leaking anything at all, this surprised me until an exploratory finger came out with a tacky gel-like substance that clung to my index finger in a gooey mess.

As I straightened my dizziness returned. Viv watched me carefully as I swayed.

"You're not OK at all, look at you... you're all white," she said wide-eyed.

"No, I'm alright, but now my ears are buzzing," I grumbled.

Viv screwed up her face and caught my elbow and guided me to a fallen tree trunk nearby.

"No, you're not okay I'm sure you're not OK. I don't think it's your ears buzzing, I can hear something as well."

We both grew quiet and listened. Only the sound of the warthogs foraging disturbed the lonely savannah morning, then they too stopped.

Finally, after forgetting all my aches and pains I remembered I had heard that sound someplace previously, recently. Then before I realized what it was, not more than a hundred feet above us and concealed for a time by the rising sun appeared an airplane, one of those mini ones, an ultra-lite I think they're called.

"Oh, God!" I almost screamed my frustration. "Viv, back at the compound I heard that noise. I think that the plane belongs to that bastard Tom." I was almost yelling as the fragile-looking vehicle flew almost directly over us.

The pilot's face was close enough to see, but neither of us recognized the person at the controls.

There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, so both Viv and I watched as the little airplane circled several times before it dropped even lower. The warthogs had scampered off into the long grass. I looked anxiously at my companion.

"I guess we could have got back into that filthy mess again," I suggested rather belatedly.

"Whoever that has seen us before we have seen him. He knows what he's doing for sure using the sun to give him cover to get close. I wonder if he knew we were here. He seemed to arrive with some purpose."

"Do you think someone knows we're here? Toms's men must have seen us and left us here I guess." I was confused now and I didn't even make sense to myself.

"No...." Viv spoke reflectively, "Somehow I don't think they would have left us here if they had found us. They have invested a bit in us getting us pregnant by those apes. No, they wouldn't have left us here, but if it isn't them, then who could it be?"

The frail craft seemingly stumbled from the air onto the dusty ground and rolled toward us. I felt my stomach sink with defeat, knowing we had been caught. Although I had taken some encouragement from what Viv had suggested. However, I was rather more skeptical. I was sure it was one of Tom's men, it had to be.

As if to add to that trapped feeling the unmistakable sound of diesel vehicles could be heard rolling toward the creek from the same direction that the little plain had appeared from

The pilot stepped from the flimsy shell of a cockpit and dropped to the ground.

"Viv, June?" The pilot removed her cap from her hair as she spoke. Viv and I looked at each other as the woman approached us. "We have been looking for you for days. Had an urgent message for you June," she looked from Viv to me unsure which one of us she should be addressing.

"I'm June I said," suddenly conscious of what I must look like.

The vehicles sounded a lot closer now.

"Found your camp and followed the tracks of your vehicles toward that compound of Tom's. Knew that could only mean trouble. Then last evening we picked up some chatter on the CB, clearly whoever was chatting didn't realize we were close by. Scanners caught the radioactivity," she explained. "You two have caused Tom some problems and for that I congratulate you. That bastard sails close to the wind has done for years."

She handed me an envelope with a message in it. I wiped my hands on my tattered skirt before accepting it.

"By the way, my name is Lesley, Lesley Crook, Parks, and Wild Life," she said introducing herself.

I nodded curtly, finding it hard to smile even knowing we were now probably safe. With trembling fingers, I tore open the unmarked envelope to take the single page from it.

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#### **Part IV**

Seeing me become pale Viv put her arm around my shoulders. "What is it June, not bad news?"

I nodded my head slightly. Viv removed the sheet of paper from my hand. It was a printed email that had been sent to the Australian embassy and passed on to the department of wildlife with a scribbled note under the printed text. 'Believed to be in your area on a wildlife photography assignment' It was signed by an embassy official and the message was brief. It reads,

'Barry passed away after a car accident. Condolences George Berry. ' It went on to outline what had happened and they were waiting for my instructions about the funeral. George was our family solicitor. Although Barry and I had split up. Well, I had walked out on him, we were still married. Viv handed the letter back to me and I held it limply and turned to Lesley Cook.

"Sorry love, but we couldn't find you, feared the worst." She apologised unnecessarily.

"What should I do Viv?" I appealed rather helplessly just as two rather dusty converted landrover pulled up and the men began to pile out. One of the men was dressed more officially and seemed out of place as he strode toward us greeting Lesley with a curt nod. "Good work Lesley, found them at last."

"Yes sir," she replied formally.

"June and Viv I presume, I'm Gordon Ewing," he said with a serious look on his face. "Got the message I see." he looked down at the paper in my hand.

"Yes thank you," I replied then went to continue, "But I...."

He interrupted " Yes I understand you want to take care of things, rather a shock I expect."

"Yes," was all I could manage and Viv hugged me tightly.

"There's a lot of things we would like to know, we already know that old reprobate Tom has something to do with your being missing for some time and we would like to get something on him

that we can use to put him away for a long time. However, you two look a lot worse for wear let's get you back to the ranger compound, and a bath and fresh clothes and a meal might help." With that, we were bundled into the overcrowded vehicles and rushed back to the compound. It wasn't like Tom's compound, with no fences or guards just a collection of buildings for the rangers and staff. A vet and his assistant were attached to the rangers and in addition, were two nurses and a young doctor who was resident at the station to serve the surrounding community. It was pretty much a small village.

We showered and changed into a couple of skirts and blouses that were supplied by the two nurses. They were roughly the right size although mine was a little short but not too bad. We were fed at the community canteen by a native woman who was the camp cook. Afterward, we were taken to the head ranger's office which happened to be Lesley's office.

It took us late into the night to tell about our ordeal. Of course, we left out the bits about the baboons and the warthogs. I hoped beyond hope that the photos of the baboons with us were lost permanently although I had a bad feeling about them popping up at some time.

"Ok..." Gordon was thinking hard. "Look first things first. I don't think you women will be returning home for a bit so we had better attend to that email."

"Look mister Ewing, I don't especially want to return home the way things are. We were separated but not divorced. Could we send a reply saying that I have been delayed, and to follow the family's wishes about the funeral? I couldn't face them the way I feel, and I just know that it would be an uncomfortable situation all round if I was to return."

"You're sure?" he raised his eyebrows in a way that showed that he expected me to make things awkward for him.

"Yes, I think so... no, I don't think... I'm sure. Yes, go ahead."

"Ok then, I think we need to get things underway here then. I'll get some folks up here tomorrow. People who can make a decision and put a plan together. I would just love to bring Tom to book but it won't be easy the way things work around this place. In the meantime, you two women get a good night's sleep, and I'll have the doctor and nurses look you over tomorrow. We need to find out for sure where you are. Sorry, it's a more delicate situation than what I am used to. I realise that whatever happens your reputations and futures are at stake."

He was about to continue when a low knock on the door made us all turn. A native in uniform entered and nodded to us all in turn.

"Radio operator Miss Cook, the scanner has picked up some chatter. Seems like Tom and his men have switched their search for the young women to the north as of tomorrow. He thought you may want to know." He quietly backed out of the door.

When I woke the sun was already streaming through the window and the air was hot. Viv was still sound asleep when I returned from the shower. I felt better but hungry and although my body was stiff, sore, covered in bruises and insect bites in addition to both badly grazed shins and knees. I dressed in the skirt and blouse I had been given yesterday and tiptoed carefully from the room not wanting to wake Viv.

My mind was fluctuating. I found it difficult to focus on any one thing without another thought seeming to impose itself. Outside the room we had been given I looked about to get my bearings. It seemed to be some sort of dormitory. Six rooms linked by a long hall that had louvered shutters on

the western side that I presumed would be closed in the afternoon against the beating sunshine.

A young man entered the door at the far end and beckoned me. "You have a good sleep than miss? Your friend awake?"

"No... She's still sound asleep I'm afraid."

"Best leave her be then," he smiled showing a mouth full of perfect white teeth.

"I would appreciate that," I returned his smile.

"If you would follow me I have been instructed to take you to the dispensary to see the doctor as soon as you were up and about." He indicated for me to follow him.

The visit to the doctor took more than an hour by which time Viv had arrived still looking rather bemused and sleepy. When they had finished prodding, poking, taking blood, and conducting internal swabs I was taken to the dining room for breakfast or Lunch or whatever it was. I didn't have a watch and there had been no clocks that I had seen to confirm the time but I supposed it was nearer noon than anything else.

"What time is it? I asked the nice young man who seemed to appear from nowhere just when I had to go from one place to another. He looked at his watch.

"It's 12:30 miss. The big bosses of the city are here in the boardroom and they want you there when you finish your meal."

A short while later, after introductions, I was sitting at the end of a long table retelling my story. It didn't get any easier with the telling, especially the breeding with the Chimps. It was embarrassing to relate my experience in the detail that the three men and one woman required. The new arrivals were a geneticist, a DNA expert, a police commander, and a secretary. Gordon and Lesley were there as well but neither of them asked questions of me, they had heard the lurid details last evening and were satisfied with listening, adding only what they knew when they were required to clarify something by one or the other of the officials. A short while later Viv was ushered into the board room and she related her experience to add to and confirm mine.

A nurse came in and placed a document in front of Gordon. He read it carefully and passed it on to the police commander. When everyone except Viv and I had read the information on the document which I presumed was a report on our examination. Finally, the new arrivals said they had heard enough.

We left the room while further discussion took place. After an hour we were ushered back into the board room.

"Please sit, Ladies," the commander waved his hand to the vacant chairs. "First of all can I say that we all feel for your traumatic experience? You have both shown a lot of stoic strength and we all are amazed and impressed. Because of your strength and resourcefulness, we would like to ask one of you favor that."

Viv spoke up then, "One of us, why one."

"You pre-empt me somewhat, but yes one of you. I'll explain. Tom, as you know he is a very clever and ruthless criminal as well as a brilliant scientist. You saw that he shows no compunction when it comes to kidnapping and forcing people, women in particular into distasteful situations. You two

ladies are far from the first victims. Many young women both black and white have gone missing. Until now we have had our suspicions but never, never the proof.

"We have to ask, no beg your support ladies because we have a situation here where we are looking at a terrible criminal act on your persons, that is at the same time an intriguing and controversial curiosity for science. It may represent a genetic discovery, for better or worse. So to make this short, we need one of you to stay as evidence. That sounds cold I know, but it's necessary when it comes to legalities.

"To satisfy everyone, we need to capture Tom and his men without bloodshed. Tom and his fellow scientists especially. His potential genetic discovery is of vital importance to science. So..." he paused briefly, " To achieve this we need one of you," he looked from one to the other of us to emphasise the point then continued, "... we're asking, one of you to take a far greater risk. The details of which we hope to fine-tune this evening, but at the moment we want the volunteer to be recaptured, along with Lesley here, who has already volunteered to be taken captive.

"The plan at the moment is that Lesley will fly in from the opposite direction of those searching for you, the little plane takes two people so no problems there," Lesley nodded in acknowledgment. "The plane will circle as if searching for something, then when she is sure that the searchers are watching; land. Whoever volunteers will be dressed in the clothes you were wearing yesterday. If things work out right you will be recaptured. Anyway, that's the basic plan, for now, I'll leave you three girls to discuss and decide who will go."

The men and woman rose and left the room.

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It was still dark when a hand shook my shoulder. I came awake groggily and for a time my thoughts were confused.

"Miss, miss, wake up, the boss has a change of plans."

It was then that I realised exactly where I was. My entire body felt drained.

"Oh? Good morning... Ah..." I tried to put a name to the man who woke me, the grinning house boy. "What's your name?" I asked with a frown.

"Johnny misses, call me Johnny, everyone does," he said with a grin.

"OK, Johnny it is then."

"Yes, miss."

"What time is it, Johnny?"

"It's four o'clock miss, the sun will be up in an hour or so. The boss said to give you a cup of tea, and then take you to the bathroom. Your dirty clothes are there already, those smelly rags - but he said that was what you were to wear."

"That's right Johnny, but why so early?"

"Seems there is a slight change of plans or sumpin," he said rather vaguely.

It was all coming back to me now. Last night I had volunteered to be the one to go out on the ultra-

lite plane and be recaptured by old Tom's search party. I wasn't all that happy about it, but if the police could capture old Tom I was unwillingly prepared to be the one to be the bait.

However, I felt Lesley was the one that was placing herself in unnecessary danger here, by being with me when I was found. It was almost certain that she would be captured as well to keep her quiet. Perhaps as another breeding subject for Tom's crazy DNA project.

Our story was simple. It would be that Viv had disappeared sometime overnight while looking for water, and had not returned. Lesley was out searching for us with the letter that would be found on me. The actual letter and email I received yesterday. It sounded plausible. We hoped to gather evidence on Tom in the next week, and then the police and army would raid his compound and take them all into custody. It wasn't the best of plans, but on such short notice, it would have to do.

Everyone was in the board room when I arrived.

"Plans changed a little, June," Gordon addressed me. "After further discussion, we feel it may be better to send in a third party, Miss Burton here has also volunteered. So we have to get you out there before dawn, it's risky but worth a try," he said.

Miss Burton was a DNA technician, she was around twenty-five or so. Petite and blond. Not that cuteness would be criteria for Tom's breeder, so her attractiveness wasn't going to make a difference if he decided to use her. What her asset was, at least to us, was she would understand the techno talk. She would be on the search plane as a nurse and was already dressed in a nurse's uniform.

"Mr. Ewing...", I spoke up, I felt I had to, "... I hope these women are aware of the harm they're putting themselves in." I was about to go on when I was cut off.

"Yes, we... they know. Now, time is short so listen up. Lesley will fly you out to a spot that we think the searchers will be approaching, and drop you off. She will then fly off, and approach you from the opposite direction. They will no doubt hear and see the plane, they're noisy little buggers; anyway, from there onward it is up to you.

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It took maybe thirty minutes for the little plane to fly to the prearranged spot. Marvelous things those GPS gizmo. Because it was dark, the one spot that rangers knew to be flat and easily found in the dark was where the GPS was set to take us.

The landing was a little more tricky though. Two powerful hunting lights were rigged under the little airplane and turned on when we were close to the ground so they wouldn't be seen from the direction of Toms's compound.

It was rough and frightening and took two tries but we eventually landed okay. Now, with the ultra-light gone, I was alone in the dark with just the sounds of the night to accompany me. I shivered. It was cold but I suspected that the shiver was more to do with my mental state (fear perhaps) than the coolness.

I sat on the bare earth trying to make myself inconspicuous, of what I wasn't sure, but when I'm afraid I feel reassured in the fetal position. Now all I had to do was wait. Wait for Tom's men to find me, and wait for Lesley to return with Kay after sun up.

Time dragged, but eventually, the sky began to lighten. I knew the little plane wouldn't come out

until they heard the radios of Tom's searchers talking to each other, then and only then would Lesley fly to me. There was no point arriving before they could see her. The whole point was for them to take us all. It was that part of the plan that I wasn't too sure about, but the wiser men than me had decided that was the way to go.

I guessed that it was maybe nine-ish when I thought I could hear the distant sound of heavy vehicles. For maybe thirty minutes I listened hard and even though the sound rose and faded periodically, probably because of the slight rise and fall of the terrain, I was sure they were getting closer.

I watched the horizon squinting, trying to focus more clearly, in the direction of the approaching vehicles. Then two hazy dust clouds off to my right and left and maybe a couple of miles distant was positive confirmation that Tom was searching still, more importantly, they were heading, more or less, in my direction.

Then the high-frequency buzzing of an approaching ultra-light gave me a sense of reassurance. It was a false reassurance, but I was able to relax somewhat knowing I'd have company. I hoped, that Lesley and Kay knew what they were doing, and were not being influenced by the men who had nothing to lose. The plane spent the next twenty minutes crossing and recrossing, the savannah to give the impression that they were searching. Undoubtedly Tom's men were watching closely.

Then a little plane swooped in low, well it was hardly a swoop more like a noisy glide, then went around in a slow wide circle as if reassuring themselves that they had found something. Several more wide loops were made before the plane dropped gently down to earth. More gently than earlier when we first arrived in the dark.

Then the play-acting began in earnest as all three of us watched and listened to the sounds of Tom's searching men. At that moment they wouldn't be sure what the plane was doing here, but if they thought that Viv and I were out there then their curiosity would undoubtedly have been aroused.

Suddenly two trucks arrived, and we were surrounded by heavily armed men. The last two men to disembark were Tom and Asad.

My hands were shaking with fear as Tom steered toward me, his brow creased with furrows of annoyance. As I watched him approach, it all seemed to be happening in slow motion. I had this bizarre image of Tom as some cartoon character, head leaning far forward, hands stiff and clenched and clutching a riding crop with clouds of dark smoke of rage puffing from his flared nostrils. He stopped abruptly in front of me.

His hand darted like a striking snake and I reeled from the vicious slap. Both Kay and Lesley drew their breaths sharply.

"Now see here...", Kay began, but Tom swiveled toward her, extended his arm, and pointed his finger.

"If you know what's good for you keep your mouth shut!" He was beyond angry and seeing this Kay did exactly what he demanded. He swung back toward me. "Now, you tell me where that other bitch is!"

"I don't know, someplace I guess." I stammered my reply.

"You don't know, you DON'T KNOW!" he poked me in the chest as he repeated each word.

"No... no I don't... She... ah... went to find water last evening, and I haven't seen her since." To

emphasise my remark I took a long draught from the water bottle that Lesley had given me when she had Landed. Tom spat on the ground. And walked away a few yards head bowed then returned getting right into my face.

“You look disgusting. If this little escapade has damaged that embryo inside you I’ll... I’ll... Oh dam it. Asad, get her back to the doctor, and quick.” He turned to his men, “I want everyone to search this area thoroughly, you hear me? Now get moving. Asad, radio for the Jeep to come out and meet us here, then return to the compound with her. I’ll take over the search. If that other bitch is still alive, I want her found.”

“What about these women,” Asad waved a hand toward Lesley and Kay.

“Take ‘em too, I have questions to ask them but for now I want Viv found.”

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An hour later we were all back at Toms park headquarters. I had a sudden sinking feeling the moment I entered the place. It wasn’t the same ordered laboratory I had been in Just days before. Most of the equipment was gone. It appeared almost austere as if they were in the last stages of a move.

Asad must have seen me looking at the changed conditions of the former well-ordered laboratory as we passed by the glass panels.

“Now you see why Tom is so pissed off at you, and the other bitch. When you escaped he had to prepare to move his laboratory and any sign of what he had been doing here, in case you found your way to the authorities. It cost him plenty, but by the morning everything will be gone. Even if he doesn’t find that Viv bitch, no one will know or be able to prove what was happening here. The only proof is in your bellies. Now it is only that other bitch who’s wandering free, and she is probably Lion food is my guess,” Asad said to her angrily.

“What’s going to happen to me now, Asad,” I asked him, as I again viewed the stark emptiness of the laboratory.

“That’s up to the boss. I ‘spect you and dem other government women will be taken to the same place as the Laboratory people and the equipment,” he said with a shrug.

“Where’s that?” I asked him.

For lots of reasons, it was important to know where the valuable equipment and the records were taken.

I still lived in hope that the arrest team would swoop on this place tomorrow, but without any real evidence; apart from the little furry bundles developing inside both Viv and me, there’s little else to tell what had happened here.

Tom is trying to remove all of the evidence, so our risky plan had been in trouble already. I looked to the other two women hoping they had heard Asad, but they hadn’t. Both Lesley and Kay were well in front of me with their native guards and had already been ushered into what had been a waiting room. Unfortunately, they had heard none of the sneering explanations from Asad.

I was ahead of Asad and pushed roughly into a separate room from the one that Lesley and Kay were put into. I was to be left there on my own as the door banged shut and the key grated in the old-



fashioned lock.

I could hear nothing that gave me a clue to what was happening. I kicked and banged on the door with anger and frustration. I had been concerned about the fate of Lesley and Kay for far different reasons, but now I didn't have a clue what might happen to me, or them.

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Time dragged, and it was impossible to know what was happening anywhere in the complex. Somehow old Tom had been able to soundproof the building. It was something I hadn't noticed before, but now locked in isolation all I could hear were the sounds of silence. I called out to Lesley and Kay, but there was no reply.

Sometime later a native came into the room with a drink and a sandwich. It was the last thing I remembered.

I looked about me as I slowly, reluctantly became conscious. My head felt heavy and fogged, thoughts were scrambled. It took a while to get my bearings, but gradually my brain cleared and I was able to determine that several other people were sleeping in the room.

Around me bunks lined two walls, six bunks to a side twelve in all. Between the bunks were two open shower stalls. Privacy was not a priority in this place. I didn't remember it being like this at all when I was first captured. There was something different, but my tired drug sodden brain couldn't address the issue with any clarity at the moment.

I pushed myself up into a half-sitting position and looked around the room again slowly orienting myself. My mouth was dry, and I looked around for water but apart from the shower, there was no tap, not even a pitcher and glass provided.

Daylight streamed through the only window, and the fan in the ceiling spun lazily. With leaden legs I swung from my bunk and rubbed my eyes to help focus, then I staggered toward the barred window.

My mouth dropped open and I gasped as I looked through the thick iron bars. Outside the thick vegetation came to within forty meters or so of the building.

"What is it," I jumped at the question, and turned to see that Kay was at my elbow. She was naked.

"You frightened me," I gasped still struggling to catch my breath.

"Sorry," She paused then continued. "Where are we?"

"It's strange, its jungle out there, thick jungle."

Kay came around beside me to look through the bars. "We've been moved," the statement was a matter of fact. "Look," She pointed toward a line of black cages that were set back into the jungle.

I said nothing but looked her up and down. My eyes said it all. She was naked but I was wearing a shift.

"I noticed," she said, and blushed. To avoid making further eye contact I edged a little to the right to get a better look at the well-concealed cages. A dark shadowy grey figure with a silver sheen moved slightly. I continued to watch then I saw something move in another of the cages. There was no mistaking it, there were gorillas in those cages, at least two they could make out.

"Those cages have gorillas in them," I said, as I turned and faced her but now a rather groggy and naked Lesley had joined her.

"Oh God, gorillas. Do you think...," Lesley said.

I waited a few seconds, then slowly nodded.

"I think... Probably yes. I'm sorry but it sort of makes sense. Viv and I were mated to Bonobos and Chimps, and if Tom has had this place for a while - gorillas sound like the next step," I said.

Both girls were silent.

So I continued, I figured it had to be said anyway. "It's pretty clear we were drugged and flown out of that game park compound place Tom used as a cover for his laboratory. My guess is my worst fear. While we were knocked out we must have flown here. I'm still guessing, but I think that both of you must have been prepared as Viv and I was before mating."

"Prepared?" the increasingly aware Lesley looked quizzically at me.

"Yes prepared, they need to knock you out with drugs before they do it. I have no idea what they do, but it's something internal I'm sure. I can see that you have lots of injection marks on your shoulders and your behind as well. So yes, they've made you ready to mate with those gorillas."

"Oh shit," Kay snapped, "... this was going to be so simple. That bastard must have found out what was about to happen, and moved out quickly."

"They were already moving before that. Probably when they couldn't find us on the day following our escape from the compound. They were getting rid of the evidence. Viv and I weren't the first girls to be taken to his compound, I'm sure of that, and if they're still alive then there hear someplace as well," I said.

I looked at the beds, but Kay interjected. "No, it's not them. Those other three are native girls," she said.

Just then a noise outside was a warning of people approaching. Lesley and Kay scrambled back into their bunks to hide their nakedness, but I remained where I was facing the door.

Without a knock, the door swung open, and without ceremony, Tom and Asad marched into the room. Behind them were two women, one white, and the other black. Both of the women were sporting obvious baby bumps beneath their rather plain shifts. I guessed that they were maybe both in their second trimester. Immediately behind them were two burly native men, who were guards though neither carried weapons.

Tom looked around the room, then he indicated to the guards and women to wake the three sleeping black women. Afterward returning his burning gaze to me.

"Seems like your friend got taken by lions or hyenas or something, there's no trace of her back there. I wouldn't be so pissed off if it wasn't for the investment we've made in her. Anyway, I hope the lions had fun," he said with a sneer.

His remark was meant to hurt me, and I saw the stunned shock on his face when I snapped back. "I'm sure they did."

He just stared at me for many seconds. His mind was churning through what I had said, and what I meant. As his eyes narrowed he leaned his head forward. "You are one cold bitch, aren't you?"

I just stared back in return. We held each other's stare for some time, then as if he had just remembered why he had come here he straightened and pointed to Lesley and Kay. "Right you two, if you haven't guessed or been told by now you're both going to have some fun with our silver backs. Whether you like it, or not. You'll be in cages with very large gorillas, and they like their females compliant. Any histrionics will only upset them, they'll get cross and aggressive. As I said, they're big, they're strong, and they can bite as well."

With that, he just turned and left.

Asad, the two women, and two men remained with us. For the moment they were struggling to bring the black girls back to coherent reality from their drugged-induced sleep.

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Part V

It took a while for Asad and the two women to explain to the girls what was expected of them and what they should do when in the compound with the big silver backs. They had all their idiosyncrasies. And each one would expect the girls to conform to their demands.

The white woman turned to Kay and grinned. "Only in bad stories love. I was so afraid when I was taken to the gorillas the first time, but those stories made by uninformed, pimply-faced kids trying to write porn are way off the mark. The beast may be big in itself, but his Willy isn't. It's substantially smaller than expected by human standards. You'll know he's in there though, and they're good at finding your pussy trust me. They won't hurt you that way either, but they shoot hard and that's kinda nice. Maybe you didn't think so at the time, but later you will remember how it felt."

"Oh," Kay said and looked around blushing bright red.

The woman looked at all the girls and bit her lower lip before continuing. "Can I just say that, like you, I didn't want to do this either? But it happened when I was captured six months ago. For a while, I wallowed in self-pity and despair, but I had to slap myself, mentally that is, and tell myself that it had happened. I had to think of me, and the future, and positive things." She rubbed her tummy tenderly. "Yes, and the little furry thing growing inside of me. It's something we'll all have to deal with in our way. My advice is to do the deed and keep it out of your head, and you will be ok. Let it possess you with negative thoughts that chew you up inside, and you will finish up at the funny farm or worse."

"Where will we finish up and for that matter, where are we." Lesley now spoke and there was an edge in her voice. Both of the pregnant women looked at Asad to see if they could answer.

"Ladies all we can tell you is you are in the Congo, you were flown here overnight." Asad was almost affable in the way he answered the question, half answered the question to be precise.

"And after we are forced to have this ape child, what the?" was Lesley's retort. Asad shrugged and said that remained to be seen. Lesley was about to fire another question at him and I could visualise the smoke coming from her ears when Asad turned and went to the door.

"It's time to go," Asad said, and with that, the information session was finished. Asad paused and turned toward me as he opened the door. "You've also been invited to come with us Miss June," he

said, and I detected anger in his voice.

Drawing near the cages I was directed to the closest building. It was a dormitory of sorts. Very much like the one that I had woken up in a short while ago, except this building, had a covered skillion veranda running its length of the building. The veranda was glazed, barred, and looked out on the large black steel cages that held the gorillas. The rest of the party, including Kay and Lesley, went directly to the rear of the cages.

A quick look around the building I was now in revealed it held about ten women, most appeared pregnant, and all but three of them were white women. I nodded briefly to the group as a whole, but I was reluctant to divert my attention from my new friends. The women were all gathered at the barred windows looking at the new arrivals. I took the only remaining space available so I could see what was happening to my friends.

The woman next to me looked down at my belly inquiringly. "You too?" was all she said.

I raised my eyebrows and replied with a question, although I knew what she had meant. "Pregnant?"

"Yes."

"Yes, just a few days," I said.

She was a sweet-faced woman slightly chubby, and probably early thirties with a hint of humor on her face. "Not a Gorilla then?" she asked.

I tried to smile. "No, not a gorilla... A chimp."

She looked me up and down again, then held out her hand. "I'm Yvonne, I was taken captive with a friend when we went to that Game reserve, and were captured by that bastard Tom. It was ghastly. So disgusting. We were brought here after a lot of embarrassing, demeaning tests," She shuddered then continued. "I'm sure you know what I mean.

"Yes, I know what you mean," I was quick to reply. "I'm June, by the way," I said as she continued to shake my hand a little robustly for a woman I thought but it fitted her nature and appearance. "The two white women are acquaintances of mine. It's a long story, but one is a nurse and the other a pilot."

I didn't want to say too much as I didn't know this woman, but I felt compelled to give my abridged version of being rescued and then recaptured after I had escaped with my friend Viv. I left out the part where we had both been taken back to the ranger compound.

"Damn, that would have pissed the old fellow off," Yvonne chuckled once she had heard my story.

Just then I saw some movement at the back of the furthest cage. It was impossible to make out what was happening, but there was movement and then the Silver back in the far cage turned his head toward the back of his cage. "First ones in," Yvonne muttered to herself. A brief pause and then she said, "It's one of the black girls, hard to see her, but it's one of them I'm sure."

Moments later the girl came crawling into view.

It was clear to see even from this distance that she was crying. Her head was hung low, but now and

again she paused and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. The silverback lazily rose from the rock he had sat on and with a yawn that displayed his entire mouth and teeth began to knuckle work toward the dark-skinned woman who at her close range must have been terrified at the sight of the gaping mouth not to mention the physical presence of the fat gorilla.

As the gorilla approached the girl backed away and kept backing away as the mountain of fur and flesh followed her. For a brief few seconds, the girl must have forgotten what she had been told. Then, seemingly resigned to her destiny as a breeder she stopped and turned around showing her bum to the big ape.

“That’s right girl, let the bastard have you. It’s better than him taking you,” Yvonne offered her advice as a commentary.

Not for the girl, she couldn’t hear, but for me.

The girl backed toward the approaching Gorilla who moved above her. He was quick less than a minute and a half I would guess. I could see the Silverbacks’ hips thrusting as he held the girl with one hand around her slender waist while his other front paw was used to balance him as he fucked the black woman.

Her head nodded with every thrust of the apes’ hips, but I could hear no sound from her at all, just the buzzing and chirping of birds and insects accompanied her mating. The ape seemed nonchalant, his hips seemed to be automatic as he stared vacantly at the other gorillas who were watching from their cages with no bought a little envy.

Then it was over so quickly and the silver-grey shape moved from the crouching woman who remained transfixed for another minute before I heard a voice calling her to the back of the cage. It was so quick. It was finished, already she was probably being impregnated by the gorilla sperm as they raced toward her artificially stimulated eggs.

“Is that it?” I turned to Yvonne.

“For a while, it is,” she’ll be taken back to the gorilla a few more times today and then the same for the next few days. They won’t leave her with them between matings. They’re too unpredictable for that, though if she keeps out of their way they probably won’t hurt her. But they don’t take that risk, thank God.

In the next half hour, the other two black women were mated by the next two Silverbacks.

I had a sinking feeling immediately upon seeing the rear door of the fourth silver backs cage open, then close. I felt sick for Kay, as she crawled timidly into the cage.

I was sure that when this all started neither Kay nor Lesley, felt as if they had been in any real danger. I had, but my warnings had been ignored. When someone thinks that they can do a good thing, they minimise any threat to themselves. Kay looked around as she edged forward. I saw the tears and the furrowed brow. I even saw her shaking arms, as she willed herself into the cage knowing that at any moment she would become the focus of the huge gorillas’ amorous advances.

The gorilla sat for the moment on a grey dead tree trunk that had been claimed from the forest as dead-fall, trimmed and placed strategically over the imported rocks in the cage. The cage compounds themselves weren’t the pretty places that zoos provide, to seem like everyone’s idea of a typical gorilla environment. They were cages with a few random rocks and logs, no more than that.

Kay was looking directly at me, and I mouthed good luck to her. *Good luck! Why good luck,* I wondered, but what else could I say? Certainly not sorry, as it wasn't my fault. They had volunteered without my influence, so I guess good luck was all I could offer. I felt sorry for both girls, this shouldn't have happened. Except for the men who had encouraged them to volunteer wanted indeterminable proof of what Tom had been doing. In the end, they were the ones responsible.

Tears were streaming down Keys' cheeks as she crawled onward toward her fateful encounter. It was going to be life-changing, but that was not in dispute. Mentally, she was going to carry this baggage into everything she did in the future.

The gorilla lifted his head in the air and sniffed the air. He knew that this human was ripe to breed. He was smart enough to know that was why she was here right now. He had mated humans before, and I suspected he had enjoyed himself.

In a surprisingly swift move, the silverback had negotiated the log and rocks to reach the ground level where Kay was now standing still. She looked at the ape then quickly remembered, she looked away but seemed to be avoiding making eye contact with me and the other girls looking out of the barred windows. For a full thirty seconds, the Great ape and Kay eyed each other off. Then Kay moved around to her left to skirt the old male, all the while she kept her eye on him. He followed.

"She's crazy," Yvonne spat the words out. "She'd be better off just letting the old fellow do his business. Two minutes tops, and it'll all be over."

"She's scared," I defended Kay.

"Scared or not, he won't chase her forever."

As much as they had their subtle differences they conformed to the same ritualistic behavior. The girls were to avoid eye contact with the big males. They could roam them with their fingers if the ape permitted it. Otherwise, they should crawl around in front of the male and present their behind to him slowly, backing toward him as they did. The Silverback would ultimately decide if he would reject or accept the female.

It was pointed out to the women that they should never rush the male, nor should they be overly demanding. If they were rejected, they should move away and wait until the male approached them before offering their sex to him again.

The pregnant white woman then stepped forward after the well-spoken black woman had outlined what would happen, and how they were to behave. "You will be moved from cage to cage and serviced by as many of the silver backs as we can manage. One service will likely be enough, but Tom wants nothing to be left to chance. All of you have been stimulated to ovulate while you were out of it, so they'll be interested. The male gorillas may seem lethargic and docile, but they are far from that. Cross them on their turf and they can be frightening. These six boys here have all serviced other women and are generally passive, but I can tell you from personal experience that they pack a nasty backhand when angry."

Kay spoke up, "I've heard gorillas are big - Penis wise," She sounded very frightened.

As if to demonstrate the point. Kay had seen the determined way the big Ape was stalking her. Like a choreographed move she turned away from him. And dropped her head into her folded arms. The Gorilla closed on the compliant female.

I wondered what he was thinking, but it was impossible to tell. His huge ginger topped head and

broad face with a stern-looking downturn of his lips had a furrowed brow that seemed to me like an eternal frown. All this conveyed little in the way of emotion but suggested an implacable grumpiness. He was a male on a mission, and this was a female that crouched compliant in front of him.

The Gorilla had reacted to Kay's presence, and he reacted in a way that suggested that he had become aroused even before she had crawled into the cage. It may have been a result of the other gorillas in the line of cages having taken each of the black women they had been presented within the last thirty minutes. He had seen each rut, and smelt the sex, so he couldn't help but be horny.

However, that seemed to be only a part of his sexual arousal. All of the males had waited for the women to come into their cage, and each had got down to business without any formality or foreplay. That all the gorillas had responded in much the same way to the approach of a human female inside their respective compounds, seemed to suggest that they had been stimulated in some way.

As I reflected on this, the big Ape closed in quickly on Kay who had turned to look around in an attempt to see what he was doing. One big clenched hand dropped down in front of Kay's left hip, while the other was just behind her right armpit. There was little doubt that the hairy forearms clamped Kay's body, firmly preventing any last-minute effort to slip away.

The gorilla dropped and then thrust his knees out to open up his groin. Then he pushed firmly forward against the almost hysterical woman's rear, squeezing hard against the softly rounded orbs of her buttocks. Kay looked up at the beast that towered above her. His big distended belly pressed firmly down on her middle back, as his powerful hips started to roll and thrust in short sharp jabs.

Kay's mouth formed a big round 'O', but I heard no sound. The ape began to prod firmly with his huge hips at the fulcrum. Nonchalant the Silverback, that he seemed detached from what was happening as he plowed on in a rhythmic roll of his probing hips. I could only wonder what either Girl or Ape felt. Then, not long after it began, the Ape stopped and I saw Kay's eyes roll up and back showing mostly white.

The ape rolled his top and bottom lips together as he ejaculated into Kay. It seemed like it was over in seconds. As the silver back swung away from the girl's vulva and moved off a few meters, he turned his back to her. His penis, after the event, seemed like little more than a short black shining stub. Surely he hadn't done the business, I thought, then I saw a thin white thread of cum hanging from Kay's Vagina.

Kay looked up toward the back of the cage, and rising from her mating crouch, made her way listlessly from the gorilla cage.

An hour later all of the women were returned to the dormitory. Without exception, they were all distressed, Kay more than the others. Lesley came up to me distressed.

"June it was awful" a tear rolled from her eye.

"It's over now," I consoled knowing full well that it wasn't.

"No, it's not over. We will be taken back to the gorillas tomorrow and for the next few days as well." She sobbed and I hugged her saying nothing. Soon Kay joined us and it took me back to my school days, when a friend had a disaster in their life it became a teary hug Fest. An hour later we were still

sitting on my bunk.

Everything had gone wrong and now Tom had free reign to do as he wanted with us. Finally, and long after lights out, we each retired to our beds.

At some time in the dead hours with just the noises of the restless night animals to break the silence, I sat up my heart racing. I sat their ears straining, then pop, pop. Some place on the edge of the compound there was gunfire, then nothing for several minutes, then a dull thud of an explosion. Not a big explosion, but probably some sort of small explosive. Then several more explosions. I got out of my bunk and shook Kay and Lesley awake.

What?" Lesley mumbled.

"Shush, listen." almost on queue there was a string of pop from firearms, then another dull thud of an explosion.

"That's a stun grenade," Lesley now fully awake as she gripped my arm tightly. "Are we saved do you think she said rather loudly.

Now all of the women in the dormitory building were awake and there was a confused hubbub of conversation filling the room as doors throughout the building began crashing as people seemed to be searching the buildings.

Everything went quiet and the women held their breath as the breaking of doors got closer. It was either a rescue or something far worse. Then our room was filled with soldiers and among them, a familiar voice was calling our names as the lights suddenly came on.

Eight months later and Viv, Lesley, Kay, and I were all staying at a rather nice apartment at the government research establishment on an Island just off the coast of Southern Africa. We had been there since our rescue from Tom's breeding establishment.

Everyone who had been rescued had either had abortions or had elected to go full term. It had been our choice and nine of us had elected the full-term option. In my case, I couldn't bare to abort something that had begun life inside me. Viv, even before we had been rescued had made her decision to keep the bonobo baby that she had conceived, all be it with the help of Tom's bizarre experiments. Viv said it was for science, but I wasn't too sure.

Lesley and Kay both had the backing of the departments they worked for but after weeks of tormented struggling with their conscious, they both decided to continue if they were indeed pregnant.

They both were and for Kay especially this was the ultimate research experiment in genetic manipulation. Now we were all rather tubby and round-bellied. Viv had dropped more than a week ago and the baby was due any day.

Several of the other women who had elected to carry full term had already given birth and although we hadn't seen the hybrid human/gorilla babies we had been told they were all slightly favouring their fathers. Only time would tell what our babies would be like.

The End