

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Borneo was covered with dense rain forests as far as the eye could see. Fringing the coast were dark green mangrove forests that hid what lay beyond. But I already knew that much of the terrain was virtually impassable and unexplored. The only way to negotiate the island was by boat.

Headhunters ruled the remote parts of the island and they would remain a threat to all who ventured inland. It was 1830 and I had been sent out to join my Uncle and aunt who managed a spice plantation and also bought spices from other plantations to send back to the markets of Europe who clamored for the exotic flavors that made dubious food palatable.

I was on the last leg of a long journey from England. Day and night, month upon month, of sometimes violent sometimes calm ocean as far as the eye could see had been the limit of my world till now. Finally the small, uncomfortable, boat was approaching the private jetty that jutted out from a screening mangrove fringe. Just beyond the mangroves I could just manage to see the red rusting corrugations of the roofs of several large buildings.

The breeze that made it tolerable in these close, hot tropics was now gone. The land had blocked the trade winds as we swung into the bay and little beads of perspiration trickled down my spine. The sailors eased the sails as they approached several shoals. And the land birds joined the gulls as they circled our boat in hope of an easy meal. My new life was about to begin.

I had been a source of trouble for my parents as I negotiated with minimal effort the rigors of ladies college. Fact was I didn't see myself in a drawing room making polite conversation while making another piece of useless embroidery while my father chose some simpering husband for me. So when I was caught in the stables with a lads hands working busily under my voluminous skirt the result was a quickly penned letter to my uncle and now almost twelve months later I was here in the steamy tropics.

The heat was even worse when the boat sidled alongside the jetty and I finally disembarked. My legs felt like jelly so I was glad for the firm hand that caught my elbow and steadied me. I hadn't seen anyone there until that moment but it was probably not surprising because of the broad brim of my sun hat that I had been well advised to bring with me before I left England in the dead of winter. Then it had seemed an indulgence but already I had put it to good use.

The man was tall perhaps six foot one and broad shoulders. He had a well developed paunch from too much good living and no doubt plenty of good hot licker. He was graying about the temple but had been a handsome young man in his time.

"There, there Abigail sea legs got you I see. I'm uncle Mathew and this is aunt Sarah" I stammered an apology for my awkwardness and then hugged both self consciously as I had not seen them since I was just a toddler.

"Why would that grumpy brother of mine send such a pretty flower out to this god forsaken place." He queried, but I knew he already knew the answer.

"Hush Mathew you mind your manners now and don't embarrass the girl," My aunt was quick to my rescue as she put her hand around my waist and directed me along the jetty. Uncle Matt just grinned and followed, after he directed the men to bring my luggage to the house before they tended to the rest of the cargo that was quickly building up on the wide jetty.

The house was huge with wide open veranda's on all sides. Closer to the jetty was a long low warehouse that was being opened as we passed to receive and dispatch cargo. Bags of what I

thought must be spices like nutmeg were piled high just inside the door way.

It was a long evening with the evening meal extending way into the night and I got to know my uncle and aunt a whole lot better. I felt comfortable with them though I suspect that both uncle Matt and aunt Sarah could be tough and uncompromising. The plantation overseer was a burly man a rough, tough looking man about 35. From Scotland originally he had been here for three years and had little respect for the natives who worked for him. Although he ate all of his meals at the big house, as did the warehouse foreman, he lived about one hundred yards away in a small comfortable cottage. The other guests that night was the ship's captain and the manager of the warehouse.

I was bone tired by the time I went to bed and I hardly moved at all until I awoke to the sound of a crowing rooster and a thin shaft of light that had found its way through the board cladding on the unlined room. When I asked later about the curious arrangement of having no wall lining I was told the houses had to cool quickly in the tropic nights and it was also easy to detect any white ant trails should they decide to attack the house timber.

I dressed quickly and washed my face in the wash basin before emerging into the large room.

"Good morning sleepy head," aunt Sarah greeted me cheerily.

"Morning aunty, is it always this hot early?"

"No not always but it is summer and the wet season keeps it humid you know. Now sit down and eat your breakfast, you don't get this kind of food back home you know." She was right fresh fruit was a rare treat and there were some fruits on my plate that I couldn't name that were delicious beyond belief. I ate quietly as my aunt fussed about giving orders to the house girl and another native man, who appeared to be a gardener, in their own language. The man then had a brief but animated reply before he left.

"Well," she exclaimed when the servants were gone, "there is something you have to see young lady, though I don't quite know what we can do that hasn't already."

"What is it aunt Sarah?" she had made me curious only giving some of the information.

"It's a baby orang-utan. You know what they are don't you?" I just looked at her blankly "Well perhaps not," she answered for herself then continued. "There apes, red apes, grow really big and hairy but they look a lot like human babies when their young. Natives call them hairy men of the forest. Its a shame though this one will most likely die like the rest have."

"Die! Why?"

"They won't feed, tried everything I know, had two in last year when their mothers were killed by hunters, had no luck with them either."

"Can we see it now?" she had peeked my curiosity and I was curious to see this strange ape baby. I sipped my tee hurriedly from the delicate china cup that my Aunt had bought from an original batch in 1815, just before she came out here.

"Wait your hurry now, young miss," she raised her hand to stop my rising from the table. "That dress might be all right in England but you need something more practical to wear around the plantation. I had Becky, my resident seamstress; she makes cloths for all the women here about, make you a skirt and shirt. Not fashionable at home or here for that matter, at dinner parties, but you'll find them comfortable in the heat. Quickly now, go and change." Five minutes later we were heading of in the direction of a barn like building on the edge of the jungle where Aunt Sarah laughingly said she housed the menagerie.

Aunt Sarah was right the loose cloths felt comfortable and practical although the buttons down the front of the shirt were a little precarious. She was right about a menagerie; there were all sorts of birds and monkey's in cages, her own private zoo. In a particularly large cage sitting on a rock was a big heap of red fur. It took some time for me to realise it was some sort of Ape with large, hard looking plates either side of its head. It just sat and stared right back at me. Its smallish round eyes followed us as I was introduced to all of the inhabitants of Aunt Sarah's zoo. I was totally fascinated by all of the animals but none fascinated me more than the big red ape.

As I stared at the beast it stared back and I suddenly realised that my aunt had been talking to me.

"Ill show you the baby now if you like," she smiled sweetly.

"Oh, yes sure I want to see it, is it like that one there?" I pointed to the big Ape

"not yet, takes ten or fifteen years to get to be like him." She opened the cage adjacent to the big orang-utan and ushered me in. At the back and on the opposite side of the bared cage from the big male was a box and inside the box was the tiny infant orang-utan. As Aunt Sarah had said it was more human than ape, it was just so cute. Sarah turned to a man standing near the infant orang-utans crib holding a bottle with a native rubber teat and spoke.

"Wont feed I suppose?" He shook his head. "Okay you can go come back at noon." The man, seemed dejected as he put the bottle down next to the makeshift crib and left.

"Well little one if you won't feed we can't do much for you," Aunt Sarah spoke directly to the infant. I watched the big round eyes in the wrinkled face and I choked back tears.

"Can I try?" I kept my request short for fear of betraying my feelings.

"You can but it won't do much good," I picked up the bottle and kneeling next to the raised box I pressed the bottle teat against the infant's broad lips. But he showed no interest. I pressed harder hoping that I could force the teat into his firmly closed mouth but he stubbornly resisted all of my efforts.

"There what did I tell you," but there was no sense of gloating in Sarah's voice. Come along lets get back to the house I have some baking to do.

"Can I stay a while longer, I would like to try some more."

"You're wasting your time girl, I know it's cute but it's just an animal and animals die every day, but you do what you must. Shut the gate when you leave." With that she left me alone with the baby orang-utan.

I tried several more times to feed the youngster in the crib but I had no luck at all. "For heaven's sake you just can't die on me," I stamped my foot in frustration. I sat down again on the stool that the keeper had used when he had been trying to feed the baby. For several minutes my head in my hands I wept.

This was getting me nowhere at all I had to try again and picking up the bottle that I had rested beside me I stood over the crib. Absentmindedly I shook the bottle to see that the hole in the teat was free. A gush of milk splashed onto my chin and ran down my neck onto my chest. As I brushed at the milk on my shirt the top button that was already under strain popped free. It was made from local shell and was quite brittle and snapped across the holes as it did. There was no fixing it I would just have to hold it together when I went back to the house.

But for now it could wait, I had a more pressing task trying to feed this little might who must be growing weaker by the minute.

“Come here little man,” I cajoled and reached into the crib and lifted him into my arms. Now you’re not going to die on me you here, open your mouth for mama.” With his head firmly against my breast I manoeuvred the bottle against his cheek trying to force his reluctant mouth open one more time. The bottle teat flexed and detached as I pressed firmly against his clenched lips.

I squealed as the milk splashed onto my chest covering my breast with rivulets of white liquid. The little chimp made squeaking sounds much like a human infant might do if it had been startled. In response I held it closer to me and made clucking noises as if it were a baby I was trying to encourage to sleep.

“Oachhhh,” my mouth and eyes flew open as two thick lips clamped about my right nipple and began to suck hard.

Startled by the sudden pressure on my right breast my instinct was to prying the sucking lips from my fleshy globe. I paused at the moment my hand reached the little wrinkled face and I looked closely at the small creature that was treating me as its mother. The suckling lips sent pleasant tingles through me, my entire body blushed red. I could feel the heat spread from my suckled breast up to my face and I suddenly realized that I didn’t know if anyone else was near.

I looked to the left and right with a rapid turn of my head but there was no other human in site. In the neighboring cage the big red orangutan, with the lank red coat, looked in my direction but his expression remained the same, a long peering, quizzical stare. The baby was suckling hard with wet lip smacking fervor. I felt my hardening nipple tugging uncomfortably on my inner breast as he sucked vigorously in an effort to draw milk. I realized then that the milk I had spilled on my bared chest had enticed the infant to hone in on my breast. He had seen the protruding nipple and smelt the milk these were things he had been familiar with as he was nursed by his own mother.

“Oh dam,” I cursed as I suddenly recognized my chance to have the baby feed and with a quick glance found and reached for the displaced rubber teat that had been knocked from the bottle. With one hand fumbling to replace the teat and the other holding the orangutan infant close to my chest I just hoped no one would see me in this predicament.

Finally I was able to get teat and bottle together and with a little effort I eased it between the suckling infants lips and my now tender breast. It took several minutes but at last I felt the tongue of the baby move to the bottle teat and I was able to ease my breast, reluctantly, from the sucking mouth.

I felt a sudden unexplainable loss at the detachment from the wet suction. However, once free of the sucking lips I recognized the other sign of my own sexual arousal from the stimulating assault on my nipple. As the infant fed the red bundle of fur slid from the rock it had been sitting on and sidled toward the separating black steel bars of the cage.

“Miss Abigail, MISS ABIGALE,” I swung to face the seemingly urgent cries of Aunt Sarah’s house girl, “MISS ABIGALE.” I quickly lifted the little orang-utan back into the crib. He had already finished the bottle, or what was left of it. I clutched the neck of the shirt about my neck, making sure it concealed my breast with nipples still hard and tugging.

“Here, I’m here in the baby orang-utans cage,” I called as the woman drew closer I edged around the crib which was situated on a bench on one side of the narrow enclosure. The big red males hand bared my way as it reached out toward me. My inclination was to try to climb on to the bench and

bypass the outstretched paw but realising I would need two hands to make the climb I hesitated. Now I looked directly into the shaggy haired beast's recessed eyes and I saw something deep and unexplainable in them. The fingers on his paws seemed to be beckoning me closer.

As I looked closer at the big red beast I saw nothing but gentleness in his demeanour, His cheek plates made the orange hair to the side of his nose and under his chin look like a moustache and a beard of a distinguished gentleman only a pipe was missing. For some reason I felt totally unthreatened and my free hand reached out for his as I sidled past.

The contact was brief and unthreatening as I passed the outstretched hand. I paused as I reached the gate and whispered "It's okay ill be back," with that I left the enclosure shutting the gate as instructed and followed the girl back to the big house.

Aunt Sarah fussing about with servents as I arrived and I had to wait patiently to ask why she had called me.

"You wanted me Aunty?" I questioned still holding my shirt at the throat.

"Yes, look out there. In the bay." She pointed to a Ketch that was heading toward the jetty.

"A Ship," I stated the obvious.

"Not just a ship. Its Jeremiah Wilsons ship" That seemed to make it special from the way Aunt Sarah had said it."

"Jeremiah Wilson?"

"Yes indeed Jeremiah is the richest independent trader in all of Borneo and a good friend of your uncles.

"Oh! I see," I didn't but I said it anyway.

"Quickly off you go and get changed into something fitting an important guests arrival, go, shoo," Sarah was clearly in a flap and it was important to her that I be dressed like a lady. I was annoyed by her instruction, I usually decided who I dressed up to meet, but I held my tongue and with the house girl in tow I went to my room to change.

"what's your name?" I asked the house girl

"Adinda miss, it means dear young sister."

"Adinda could you have someone fix my shirt please, a button broke?"

"Certainly miss Abigail, they are foolish buttons, those shell ones, wooden ones are much better."

Thirty minutes of pulling pushing and squeezing me into the gown and I was dressed for my aunts inspection.

"well you truly are a site to behold," she gushed, "Jeremiah will be very impressed I'm sure,"

"Why am I to impress this Mr Wilson Auntie?"

"He's single and as I said, the biggest independent trader and land owner in Borneo." I was not particularly interested in my Aunt or Uncles friends, they would be much to old for me for a start and most important I would be going back home in six months, that's what my father had said.

As I had expected Mr. Wilson was fifty and corpulent, too much of the good life and little exercise. He made me feel uncomfortable the way he stared at me when we first met.

"So this is the Niece you told me so much about Mathew, Indeed a beauty" He addressed my uncle without taking his eyes from me. It had taken me 30 minutes to dress and he had undressed me in several seconds. I felt a little goosy tremble run up my spine as he continued to talk.

"Have to mount cannon on the Jetty when the word Gets out I suspect," He laughed with a big booming voice and his big jelly belly wobbled as he did while still looking at me lecherously.

"Man trouble back home I here Miss Abigail, not surprised now I see you in the flesh so to speak," He chuckled as he dabbed the corner of his mouth with a lace handkerchief, and again his belly became mobile even though restrained by his high waisted trousers. I wondered how much he knew about me, a lot apparently and I grew scarlet as I blushed. I said nothing. We'll have a long chat later my dear," he turned to my Uncle, "I'm sure some arrangement can be arrived at Mathew." MrWilson again turned toward me and bowed with a flourish and left.

What do you think of Him" aunt Sarah caught my shoulders and looked into my face, not more than three inches separated us.

"My honest opinion Aunty?"

"Yes, yes of course, he's handsome isn't he?" I was going to ask her when she had become blind but refrained. Instead I paused as if to think and then said.

"He gives me the creeps Aunt Sara, didn't you see the way he looked at me?" she just stood, still close and looked at me in disbelief with her mouth open flapping trying to frame her next words. Both She and I were saved when a cough at the door heralded the overseer who stood hat in both hands clutched in front of him.

"What do you want?" Aunt Sarah snapped, annoyed by the interruption.

"I was looking for Mathew." He showed his own displeasure at Sarah's abrupt request by being just as blunt.

"He's in the warehouse she continued in a sharp vane. The overseer bowed his head slightly and left. Before Aunt Sarah could say anything more I announced to her that I had been able to feed the baby orangutan.

"Humph!" was all she uttered and flounced away in the direction of the kitchen which was a detached building on the back of the house.

Lunch was a somber affair with Aunt Sarah and uncle Mathew covertly casting glances at each other and at me. Mr Wilson seemed to be constantly dabbing at his thick lips with his handkerchief while devouring any food that came within his reach. He may have been obese now but he was doing his best to become even fatter, if that were possible. Mr Gordon, the overseer, a naturally surly man, seemed even unhappy at this time as he cast despising glances at Mr Wilson. The two men were both tall but there the comparison ended. Mr Gordon while unpleasant to look at, with his pock marked features, long scar from forehead to chin and flattened nose, formed after numerous brawls was none the less, fit and muscular. However, both men frightened me in different ways and I had not failed to notice their constant lecherous glances in my direction.

In twenty four hours I had turned from being excited at being here to afraid for my future prospects. I couldn't leave the table quick enough when lunch was finished but even as I rose to take my leave

uncle Mathew raised his hand.

“Just a moment there lass, Mr Wilson would like to speak to you in private.” Instantly my knees began to tremble and I feared they would not support me. “You can use my office Wilson,” Uncle Mathew gestured to the room that occupied the eastern corner of the building. With leaden legs I followed Mr Wilson to the room where he stood back to let me enter first, but not so far back as to allow me to avoid brushing against his ponderous belly as I passed.

I slumped into a padded chair while Mr Wilson squeezed his bulk into Uncle Mathews desk chair as it groaned and creaked its complaint at his weight. I sat with my head bowed demurely, not from shyness, but to avoid his piercing ogling eyes.

“Miss Abigail you no doubt realise by now I am seeking a wife, I have lived here too long on my own and have amassed a great estate. But unfortunately I have no heirs except those money grabbing cousins back home in England. I will be damned if they get a penny of my money. No indeed, what I need, in fact desire, are my own heirs, children to inherit my estate. That’s where you come in.” I was cold and trembling unable to say a word. I looked up from under my long lashes and thought I would much rather be married to an ape as this gross substitute for a human. I looked at his belly and wondered how he could possibly get me pregnant. Those rolls of fat would surly be an obstacle. I smiled to myself at the thought of him trying to find his willy in one of his copious belly folds. He was speaking again.

“Arh I see the idea pleases you,” I cursed myself for that smile. “Just as well, your uncle has given me permission to ask for your hand.”

“What?” My voice was low and shaking.

“Your hand sweet girl, your hand in marriage”

“Oh wait just a minute I don’t have any plans to get married, not now or soon” My voice strengthened as I spoke. “My uncle has no right at all in giving you permission to marry me.” I jumped up from the chair and stormed from the office furiously. Fortunately there was no one in the big dining room hall and I blundered to my room tears streaming down my face. I threw myself on the lush bed and wept myself to sleep.

I was awoken by Adinda shaking me gently, “wake up miss, its time to get ready for dinner.” I hadn’t realised I had slept for so long as I looked about the room in a sleepy daze. Rubbing my eyes I sat up on the bed and raised my legs and rested my head on my knees while I wrapped both arms about them.

“Adinda, get me that skirt and shirt I wore this morning.” She hesitated for a second and then went to the tall boy cupboard and retrieved my clothes.

“Miss Abigail the button isn’t fixed.”

“Good.” My voice had an element of defiance in it. “Now get me out of these dam cloths so I can go and feed the little Orangutan.

“But dinner, you must dress for dinner.”

“I wont be taking dinner I have more important things to attend to than being ogled at by these uncouth men.” Adinda had a faint smile on her lips as she inclined her head slightly in agreement.

The light was fading fast, as it did in the tropics at this time of year. With two bottles of goats milk in

hand I entered the little apes enclosure. The big red bundle of lank fur in the next cage slid from his rock and knuckle walked to the separating bars.

"Hello boy," I greeted him with more enthusiasm than I had for the people in the big house at the moment, "we'll chat in a few minutes" then patting his offered hand I turned to the crib

There was no voyage of discovery this time I undid all of the remaining buttons on my shirt and dribbled a little milk onto both breast before I reached into the babies crib and placed him against my expectant nipple.

Immediately he began to suckle on my breast. I began to dribble the bottle milk onto the gentle curve of my chest and watched as the white flow made contact with the orangutans pulsing lips. As the little creature felt the milk against his upper lip he sucked more rapidly and I thought they must surely hear his slurping demands up at the house.

My nipples felt as if they were being dragged from my chest. His thick, wet, slightly rough tongue drew my dry nipple deeper into his demanding mouth, it was a delightful pain. My head bowed I watched the baby suckle me as if it were my own child. As I watched I felt tears of joy form in the corners of my eye and trickle down my cheek. This was a dream. Here I was with a helpless creature helping, in a way I would never have dreamed of before today, to keep it alive while at the house I was being considered as the mother of a fat old mans children. I much preferred this innocent to carrying the manipulating monsters child in my womb.

As I finally worked the bottle teat into the young ape's mouth I looked up to see the big red Orangutan looking at me with the same inscrutable gaze I had seen that morning. He sat at the bars of the cage his hind legs spread apart one leg straight out the other bent. He was absentmindedly playing with his surprisingly small penis. Not that I had any other reference to gauge size but from the bulge in the stable boys pants as he had fondled me, all those months ago in England, I new that what I had seen was much larger than the ape I was watching now.

Size aside I was feeling the same wetness in my groin as I had then. Perhaps it was the infant suckling me, perhaps it was the big red male playing with his penis or perhaps it was a year old memory it really didn't matter. What was of immediate concern to me was that my thoughts, at that very moment, were not what well bread young women should be thinking. At least that is what the priest at our local church would say if he only knew my thoughts.

I looked away ashamed of my carnal thoughts focusing on the baby at my breast. For twenty minutes I fed the youngster, first dripping milk onto my breast then directly from the bottle until he drained it dry then I offered him my breast again. I can't describe the feeling of pleasure those young eager, sucking lips gave me. It went beyond the physical sensation of the moment to a more primal nurturing desire. I wished then that I could really feed this orangutan infant, feed him with my own milk, but I knew I couldn't and I had to content myself with the shear pleasure of being needed.

Then the lips stopped sucking and slowly a sleeping baby left my breast without a sound, asleep and satisfied, with a full belly. With the care of a mother I eased the little body into the crib and I felt, I thought, the feelings of a proud parent at the end of a day.

All the while the big red mail had remained at the dividing bars of the cages. I hadn't looked up for many minutes for fear of my own thoughts. Now it was dark and even though only a few feet separated us I was only just able to distinguish the red fur covered beast, still sitting, probably still fondling himself.

I stood in the narrow space between the benches and flicked my long blond hair from my face as I

lent into the crib making sure, one last time that the little one slept. Then I straightened suddenly as something brushed my leg, under my skirt. At first I thought it was a spider, I had heard of the huge spiders that infested the tropics, my heart raced with the sudden adrenalin boost of fear. My hand slapped down sharply at the crawly, furry critter that seemed to be climbing up my inner thigh.

"Stop that," I hissed sharply when I realized that it wasn't a spider at all but the creeping fur of the orangutan's arm. Then a second, more emboldened hand encircled my hip and drew me back against the bars of the cage as the first hand continued its journey up my slightly parted legs reaching the soft tender flesh of my inner thigh. There it paused momentarily as it fondled my own soft pubic hair, exploring my femininity.

I hadn't realized that I was still damp until, what I guessed was the beast's leathery finger, brushed along my slit. I swung away, startled, and was fortunate that the big male ape was not holding me tightly. To my surprise I easily broke his hold and quickly backed away, panting heavily, along the narrow cage until I reached the entrance. I couldn't see myself but my cheeks burned and I just knew the rest of my body blushed pink.

For some time I stood with my back to the gate, my heart racing.

"Steady girl, steady," I cautioned myself out loud. "It didn't happen, not really. It was an accident. It was dark and he couldn't see what he was doing." I hissed out the words as I took several deep breaths. "After all he's just an animal and, and, well... they don't have that sort of interest in humans. Damn it girl he did mean it he knew what he was doing," I admonished myself.

As my heart came back to some where near normal I stopped talking out loud. I was surprised and shocked, there was no doubt about that but I was never afraid. I had to admit he was gentle, not fumbling like the stable boy. For several minutes more I stood outside the baby orangutan's cage before I quickly did up the buttons of my shirt and tucked it in. Brushing my skirt down as I walked I headed shakily toward the house.

"Where have you been young lady," My aunt greeted me at the door.

"Feeding the little orangutan," I replied trying to look as innocent as possible.

"Well we have been waiting for you, no go and change and we'll talk about this later."

There was another member at the table, a young navy lieutenant, Mr Pope. It seemed that he had brought some disturbing news. The native Dyak peoples had been restless and a number of Jeremiah Wilson's workers had been killed, what was worse they may have been the victim of head hunters. The good news was that Jeremiah Wilson was to leave on the high tide. He wouldn't normally leave at night but this had a degree of urgency that required his immediate attention.

My relief must have been obvious to everyone at the table. Tonight I felt able to chat with the guests without feeling that Wilson was a threat to my immediate future. The young Lieutenant was very handsome and our eyes met several times across the table, on one occasion Wilson caught the look and he scowled at me as if I were his possession. And as if to make it clear to everyone that I was his property he produced a flat velvet covered box and handed it across the table to me. With some misgiving I took the box which clearly contained jewelry and opened it.

A diamond and ruby necklace, worth a fortune, sparkled happily back at me and I was torn between snapping the box closed or taking the gorgeous trinket out and just fondling it. My choice was taken from me when the short, clammy fingers of Mr Wilson were lifting it from the opened box. Fumbling, deliberately I expect, he placed the handsome piece about my neck and fastened it. Bending his head

to my ear he said in a low wheezing voice.

"I'll be back in a few weeks for your answer Miss Abigail," with that he asked his leave of my uncle and waddled from the room. The foreman leered in my direction and the Lieutenant just looked confused. I was furious.

The following day I was almost caught as I fed the infant. The lieutenant came to the door of the cage unseen and my good fortune was I was placing the little one back into the crib when I heard him at the cage door. Without turning I hurriedly did the buttons up on my shirt and slowly turned.

"Why, Mr. Pope, you startled me I didn't think there was any one about."

"Sorry Miss Abigail I was just looking at the menagerie and saw you here. What is that in the crate?" After showing the lieutenant the baby orangutan I left the narrow cage avoiding the outstretched hand of the old Male, giggling as I did. Softly I chided him for his forwardness but the memory of last night's encounter was still fresh and surprisingly thrilling.

"I'm leaving in an hour or so and I had to say goodbye. I was wondering though, your connection to Mr. Wilson, you are to marry him?"

Indeed not," I stamped my foot for emphasis, "It his wish to marry me and produce his heirs but I cannot imagine being with such a man, wealthy or not."

"The necklace, it looked extremely valuable?"

"It is, but I shan't keep it, when he returns Ill give it back." Some how I knew I would find that difficult. I liked jewelry and even though I had been spoiled by my parents this was by far the most valuable thing I had ever received. I knew Wilson was trying to shower me with expensive gifts to buy me but, although not perfect, I was no whore and couldn't be bought.

"Miss Abigail" Mr Pope interrupted my thoughts.

"Yes?"

"Would I be too bold if I suggested we might correspond in my absence, I would like to keep in contact you understand."

"Oh no that would be fine, I will look forward to your letters and I will reply to each one instantly," My heart skipped at the thought of such a handsome mans interest in me.

As we walked the big red orangutan watched each step with his inscrutable eyes. From the forest undergrowth many other eyes were watching and from high in the forest canopy another red shapeless figure also watched.

Over the next few days things became routine, feeding the infant and the other animals in the menagerie became my responsibility. I had been given the job by my aunt when I began to spend most of my day here with the baby orangutan. Dodging the hand of the big ape had become sport and I enjoyed the fun. Several times he had managed to catch me but before he got a proper hold I slipped from his fingers. I often daydreamed of what I would do if he had caught me. I new I wouldn't resist at all.

It wasn't all fun and girly daydreams. I often felt uneasiness when my attention was drawn to the jungle just beyond the barn that housed the animals. Every now and then I sensed, or perhaps heard,

a presence. Whether it was animal or human I couldn't be sure, perhaps it was nether one.

I had just risen from my bed; it was unusually cool for this time of the morning. The sun was hidden behind thick clouds that had rolled in from the ocean, thick black clouds that seethed and rolled. So low you could almost touch them. I lit the lantern that was adjacent to my dressing table and looked into the mirror to see my morning face staring back with the same blue eyes as usual. My hair was largely undisturbed thanks to a sound sleep and the big pink bow that prevented my hair from tangling.

I removed the bow and began to brush my long blond tresses, when my attention was drawn to a large wet patch on my nightdress over my left breast. I lifted my hand as I looked down at myself. My breast felt tight, infect they both did. For the last two days I thought they had become more prominent and my nipples and areola were defiantly darker. I had put it down to the constant feeding of the young orangutan. I didn't have to give him my breast after the first day or two but I got stimulated by the contact and I enjoyed the way it made me feel.

The wet patch felt sticky and I lifted my finger to my nose, milk? My brow wrinkled. "No it couldn't be," I muttered, but it certainly smelt like milk. I eased my night dress over my head and sat naked in front of the mirror staring at myself. At first I couldn't bring my hand to my breast. It seemed even larger than it was yesterday. As I watched a bead of cloudy liquid formed. First it seemed like several tiny drops that merged into a tear sized droplet that grew until it finally began to trickle from the tip of my prominent nipple over my darkened areola onto my taught breast.

My mouth dropped open and I just stared at myself. I dipped my forefinger into the tiny runnel of sticky liquid on my milky white globe and brought it to my lips, it was defiantly milk. My heart seemed to swell and my knees felt week. I was making milk, lactating, I hadn't dreamed I could, Well I had dreamed I could but I never thought I could. I threw my clothes on as if in a dream and ran from the house to the orangutans cages. I didn't even feel the first heavy drops of monsoonal rain.

I didn't stop running until I reached the Babies crib. Lifting him out I squeezed him to my chest. "I love you, I love you, I love you," over and over I repeated myself. I couldn't believe my own nurturing feelings. My fingers fumbled nervously at the buttons on my shirt until I had it completely undone. My breasts were liberated.

Sensing his breakfast had arrived his mouth began to seek my breast. The two rubbery lips clamped warmly about my tight nipple and instantly I felt myself being milked by the babies tongue. I was complete; at that moment nothing else in the entire world could come between me and this small bundle of life. I began to cry, tears ran down my cheeks in a constant stream. It was delight beyond description.

As the rain began to tumble down with a defining roar on the Iron roof of the barn I snuggled the warm infant closer and changed breasts. Next door the big red male draw himself to his full height on the Iron bars. His short stubby penis set between to egg shaped testicles looked far from impressive for an animal of his size.

"Ill feed you in a moment," I consoled the Red Furry ape. My attention remained on the suckling infant. The slurping hungry mouth demanded and took all I could give. It must have been substantial because little trickles had escaped the hungry mouth and were running down my tummy. I don't know how long it had taken but the pressure in my breast was much less now. I eased the still sucking mouth from my left breast reluctantly. I saw the milky residual that covered my aureole. Again my body tingled with an unknown feeling of delight, perhaps pride.

As I left the cage I barely avoided the long outstretched arm covered in drooping tendrils of fur. The rain was relentless. I thought I could see things moving in the screen of white but I wasn't sure. I went to the feeding bay and retrieved the vegetables that had been left there by the workers earlier. There was no way of avoiding the rain to get to the feeding trapdoor of the big Orangutans pen so I slipped my shirt off. There was no chance of any one seeing me. I was about to do the same with my skirt but I decided that perhaps, just perhaps, that was going a bit far just on the remote chance that someone else was silly enough to be out in this vile weather.

Hesitating for a second as I watched the sheets of water spilling from the roof forming a lacy screen of liquid, I was almost prepared to wait. Then without realizing what I was doing I stepped through the screen of roof water into the stinging bite of the driving tropical rain. My hair was immediately plastered to my scalp and my skirt clung to my legs like a wet towel, water laden and heavy, dragging down on my hips. Perhaps I should have left it behind as well. Still my shirt would be dry

I could hardly see at all with the water running down my brow and getting into my eyes. My feet slid, and I almost fell into the wet mud which was exposed near the feeding door. The constant wear of numerous feeding visits that particular place had removed the grass, now it was a slippery, slimy mud patch. I slid the pin of the catch several inches then it jammed. I tried to jerk it but it didn't move.

"dame it," I mumbled to myself. I tried again but it was stuck tight. "Just my rotten luck," I grumbled out loud, on other days it had slid freely. The rain wasn't helping me think any too clearly either. I should have just returned to the shelter of the barn and waited out the rain. In fact I was about to do just that when I looked up. There not three feet away was the door bolt leading into the cage. I hesitated then with a demonstrative shrug I decided I could slip inside the cage and place the food in the feed dish and be gone before the ape saw me. Even then, if he did see me, he wasn't likely to want to get his fur wet just to grope me like he had been attempting each time I had fed the baby.

The door catch slid open easily and I pushed on the heavy cage door. It swung inward enough for me to slip through. Flicking my wet hair from my face I entered the cage. The Ape was nowhere to be seen as I looked for the food tray. It was not where I expected it to be. The ape had obviously moved it at some time during the night, playing with it no doubt. Then I saw it several yards away near the big rock. It looked a bit beaten up and bent but still functional.

As I turned to head toward the tray my both of my feet went from under me in the greasy mud. I crashed heavily onto my back spilling the contents of the feed basket all over the muddy ground. Stunned, I just lay stunned trying to get my bearings as my head spun and my vision blurred. The rain beat mercilessly into my face as I began to ease myself to a sitting position in the muddy yard of the cage. When I did finally achieve my goal I saw the bedraggled 200 pound Orangutan with his four fingered paw outstretched in an effort to help me to my feet. I let him grab my arm without protest, any help was welcome at that moment.

Still badly shaken my vision almost opaque and blurred I followed the orangutan as he guided and pulled me behind the rock that he spent so much time on. The rock was situated partly under shelter and partly in the open section of the cage. Once we were on the other side of the large rock the ape pushed me to the ground that was covered by a circle of straw and various leaves and branches. I didn't protest, I still felt badly shaken from the fall. I covered my face with my hands. Just as I did I thought I saw a red shape move on the top of the cage but with my blurred vision I realize I must be seeing things.

The ape sat at my feet as I lay on my back slowly regained my composure. Minutes passed. Slowly I removed my hands from my eyes as I willed my vision back into focus. The little stabs of throbbing

pain in my head were diminishing as I began to realize, fully, where I was. Slowly I lowered my arms from my face. More minutes passed. I didn't move from the position I had been placed in by the ape. Through clearing vision I watched the bedraggled ape edge closer to me. Still I didn't move. His long arms with wet matted fur warily reach out for my soggy skirt. It had ridden high on my hips as I was placed in the apes straw nest. I began to realize I was showing much more of me than I would have wished. Taking the hem of the soggy garment he Ape lifted it further. Slowly, ever so slowly, his opposable thumb slid the wet material up and over my hip.

Strangely I wasn't scared at all. For a while, I don't know how long, he just stared at me. I watched his every movement; he was unhurried, even cautious, as he placed one hand under my right knee and pushed my unresisting leg up and outward. I bit down on my lip, hard; as his left hand slid up my inner thy. At the same time his right hand came across my hip from the other side to rest on my exposed belly. He paused and continued to survey me.

Then he lowered his head, staring even more intently at my groin, inspecting me like a surgeon. I seemed detached from my own body, a spectator as his right thumb eased through my sparse blond patch of hair into my slit, near my hood, I held my breath. Gently he pushed his finger up spreading my covering fold. I gasped then squirmed under the surprisingly gentle touch.

The fingers of his left hand now grew busy. With a finger next to my folds pressing outward he spread my vagina open exposing my inner pink secrets. Slowly, gently his thumb explored me. The leather like appendage rubbed and pressed me, sinking with care into my moist vagina. I held my breath trembling. This wasn't happening it couldn't be. But my entire body was responding to the apes fingers. I shut my eyes. Moments later I felt his thumb sinking, pressing, moving inside me deeper and deeper. Stretching me making my squirm in discomfort and pleasure both.

"Arrgggg!" I let out a short sharp groan of pain as his finger pressed deep inside me. Here it stayed for what seemed an eternity. Now and again I felt it move as he flexed his knuckle against my increasingly wet vaginal walls. All the time his left thumb and fingers toyed with my little nub as I writhed and groaned.

I could have, should have escaped the exploring fingers but I didn't, I had surrendered to my own curiosity and need. I think I knew this would happen, not like this of course but some how, at some time, I knew it would happen. My growing curiosity and fantasies about this big shaggy ape had been taking me closer and closer to this place. Now I was being diddled by a creature not of my own species.

I opened my eyes as his hands left my vagina. I felt empty unfulfilled. For a moment I was staring up at the top of the enclosed cage. looking over the red apes shoulder, through the curtain of rain behind him I saw a fleeting shape of what looked like another big aped lurking at the front of the cage. There was more the fleeting black shapes in the rain came and went. Dam my vision I grumbled and lowered my eyes to the ape at my feet. Was he finished with me? That question was soon answered. As I watched unresisting he took my right knee and spread it outward like he had my other leg. Then with his own legs bent at the knees he shuffled himself into the open space between my thighs. His round belly was no more than 18 inches from my face. He was he was going to mate with me; I trembled visibly but lay there spread and unresisting with a curious but carnal expectation.

On his haunches with his knees bent and spread so that the base of his groin hung down unimpeded by his hind limbs that were now under the back of my knees. He pressed his groin toward mine. As he edged close to me I saw, clearly, his short stubby penis harden, poking directly out. I was surprised but consoled by his size. I had heard tails about big men down there and assumed that

apes would be bigger, but this was not as I might have expected, his penis wasn't long at all.

Then, as he edged forward, our two groins met. With unerring accuracy he was inside of me on the second short sharp thrust of his hips. It was surreal. I hardly felt a thing. I lay there on my back staring at the Ape between my spread thighs. He was sitting erect thrusting his lower body into my groin. His two long arms spread out like flying buttresses wide of his body and slightly behind him to help maintain his forward pressure on my groin securing his contact. All the while he seemed to be disinterested in me now that he was mated to me. He was looking about as if a sixth sense told him there were competitors about.

The penis, though not long at all, was working inside me deep enough to make contact with what I already knew to be a most sensitive spot of my vagina, well not including my nub. At the top of my sheath, under my pelvic bone, a mere inch or so into my vaginal channel was a spot that, when rubbed, made me explode, I had done it to myself and I knew what was going to happen if he continued.

With each jolting thrust I moaned. Short sharp groans in time with his heavy bumping hips. Minutes passed and every short jab of the ape's hip made my naked breasts bobble wildly. As the sensations deep in my groin grew my eyes rolled back into my head. I knew I was almost at the peak of my pleasure. Still the hairy orangutan continued to thrust his hips forward moving his short, though tantalizing erection, at the most sensitive part of my sex. His two egg shaped testicles ground and pressed at the hollows of my groin adding to an overwhelming need for relief. Suddenly a hot flush surged through me from my groin to the top of my head and I went all faint. I trembled and my body made involuntary jerks and spasms as wave after wave of the surging jolts of pleasure racked my body in delicate orgasmic ecstasy.

I felt my wetness increase and I could no longer feel the ape's penis within my congested opening. Still he continued to buffet me for perhaps another two minutes. He stopped suddenly then clutching my thighs. He dragged me closer to him. It was then I felt the fiery spurts of orangutan semen surge deep into my belly. Perhaps five or six diminishing jets of ape seed were now pooling in my warm depths. We both remained still for a minute longer. My body glowed from the exertion but the ape seemed impassive, he had done his job and that was it, seemed to be his attitude. The ape rolled my hips away from his now shrunken penis. His lower belly, in the area around his testicles was wet and shiny from what I guessed was both his and my fluids. My own vagina felt distended, squishy and open as if something that belonged was missing. I struggled to stand on the muddy ground. My back and hair were coated in the slimy mud and the straw from the cage floor, suddenly I felt dirty. The orangutan's eyes followed me but he didn't rise with me. I stepped carefully around him and didn't look back as I walked into the still pouring rain stunned, confused but fulfilled.

As I closed the door of the cage a sudden wet squelch beside me made me turn. Beside me in the teaming rain crouched another big ape. Perhaps bigger than the resident ape. A sudden flash of stupid logic hit me, I should give him a name, the ape in the cage, I thought. After all I was his bride. No that sounded silly, he had mated me that was all, it wasn't like a commitment or anything. I cursed myself for my own stupid thoughts. I was now confronted by an unknown animal, a really wild jungle animal, not an almost domesticated creature like my Red ape, I should be thinking logically.

The new arrival turned to face me with that same blank expression I had become familiar with in my many encounters with my ape. My ape I had referred to him as my ape twice, this really was becoming complicated. However, before I explored my reasons further the new arrival began to approach me. As he did a sudden unholy commotion from the cage made him stop. The two beasts stood face to face, only the bars separating them. They stared at each other with murderous intent

for an eternity, then slowly the new arrival backed away, turned, walked several paces on all fours then turned to face me. He held me with his expressionless gaze for perhaps ten seconds then finally disappeared from site around the corner of the building and into the rain.

When he had gone I just stood there letting the rain wash the accumulated mud and straw from my back and skirt. The initial downpour had eased some in the last few minutes but time seemed to be of little importance just then. So much had happened in the last hour or so that my mind had difficulty in comprehending the scope of it. I had nursed, really nursed, from my own breast, a baby orang-utan. I had given it milk that my own body had produced. I still found it hard to comprehend that I had really accomplished that. Now I was standing in the pouring rain trying to cleanse my body of mud and straw while inside me the seed of an ape clung to the walls of my vagina exploring my intimate inner self, seeking to join with my own egg.

"No it couldn't happen could it?" I asked myself the question that I didn't know the answer to. I had thought, as late as last evening, that I could never give my milk without first having a baby, but I now knew I could. I raised my face to the angry heavens.

"Oh god please doesn't let me be pregnant," I looked to the heavens, pleading with my maker for help me. Laying with a beast was a sin in front of god and I had just committed a sin by lying with a beast of the forest. To ask his forgiveness was hypocritical but I really didn't see myself as a sinner. I can't be a sin to have affection for another of his creatures, surely. For the second time that morning I cried, this time it was tears of confusion. However, as each tear formed it was instantly washed away by the cleansing rain.

I stood still, not a muscle moved as I let the heavens wash away the dirt and grime from my body. Slowly I began to reason clearly again. The rain was now nothing more than a shower and I could see the house through the mist. My hands sprung to my breasts. I looked around, startled, concerned that I might have been seen. Seeing no one about I gathered my shirt from the bench near the open end of the barn, then pulling it on I rushed to the shelter of the baby orang-utans cage.

As I fed the infant for the second time that morning I was being watched closely by the big red orang-utan that had so recently mated me. Sitting feeding the infant I now felt relaxed and slowly a strange contentment engulfed me. My reservations at letting myself be served by the big male were at all but gone. The rain eased, my thoughts cleared and I finally felt comfortable and happy with the events that had taken place. I knew I would visit him again. My reservations were like the concerns of the night being nothing when daylight arrived.

"Hello, big man," I said, a little embarrassed as he watched me intently through the bars. "Do you want me to come back and visit you again, tomorrow perhaps?" I wondered what he was thinking as he scratched his tactical and made some strange shapes with his lips. Could it be he was trying to tell me he liked me and wanted me again? He certainly showed that he was interested in me, being here at the cage bars proved that. My own thoughts went to the pleasures he had given me and the feeling of his semen as it was squirting into me. Yes I would go to him again tomorrow, I knew I would, but I still had some concerns about being made pregnant by this beast.

An hour later I was letting the warm water of a bath clean the last of the grime from my body. I had to explain away the condition of my dress, when I came into the house, but I found my explanation of slipping in the mud drew empathy from my aunt who explained that it had happen to her on a number of occasions. Explaining the network of tiny scratches on the otherwise perfect skin of my back and bottom was another matter. Adinda had been quick to noticed the network of scratches while she helped me undress.

"Those red marks, I have seen them before."

"What red marks?"

"Those on your back and bottom" Adinda pointed to my behind. I turned my head to look in the mirror and saw the telltale redness. "Had them once and my mother saw them, I couldn't explain them away to her, she knew what I had been up as well."

"Oh!" I said raising my eyebrow slightly.

"Yes and your aunt would know what they were as well if she sees them." It was then that it hit me; the hay had scratched my back as I had been buffeted by the ape as he thrust into me.

"Never mind now just hop into the tub and Ill sponge you." Adinda advised me and I complied wanting to tell her I had not been with a man in the hay loft as she thought.

I returned to the menagerie later to feed the rest of the animals that I had neglected earlier. I also give the infant, Little man, his mid day meal. The thrill of feeding him was not diminishing and nether was the big red Orang-utans interest in me. He was instantly at the bars, sitting legs wide apart showing his sexuality. Several times that day and the following days I saw the lurking figure of the other or other orang-utan.

My intention to go to Big Red the following day didn't eventuate. The workmen and the Overseer seemed to be always present as they prepared several new home garden beds near the big apes cage.

I was frustrated beyond belief. I didn't know or care now about the possibility of becoming pregnant to the great ape. All I wanted was to be with him once again and feel the thrill I had had when I had been mated by him.

At dinner the overseer had a supercilious look on his leering face. I began to suspect that he knew, or suspected, what I had been doing during the heavy rain. Perhaps I was just paranoid with frustration and guilt. I did have some pangs of guilt, brought on by conservative upbringing, immediately after the coupling in the cage but I had overcome them quickly. My independent spirit and the suspicion that I had been betrayed by my parents made me care less about consequences.

Several things said and inferred at the dinner table led me to my suspicions of my father's motives for sending me out to Borneo. The incident with the stable hand had been the catalyst to what may have eventuated happened anyway. My father and mother, I suspect, had known about Mr Willson search for a young wife. Some inferences, since I had been here, about my father's financial position after the loss of two trading ships in twelve months made me suspect my trip here was nothing more than a covert attempt at an arranged marriage.

Eight days after he had left Mr Wilsons ship rounded the point and headed toward the cargo jetty. My heart sank as I stood on the wide veranda that overlooked the bay. Aunt Sarah looked at me intently.

"Abigail, you will have to accept Mr Wilson, it's your father and uncles wish."

"But aunt he's so..... so..... old." I struggled with the word fat but settled with old as a compromise. I knew that my aunt genuinely liked Wilson, heaven knows why, but she did and I had no wish to offend her. I fixed my gaze on the ocean.

"You mustn't be selfish young lady, your fathers fortune depends on you accepting Mr Wilson as a husband." It was the first time I had heard a reference to My Father's business being in jeopardy. I looked out to the fast approaching ship and I knew I would have to make a decision shortly.

The jetty seemed to be suddenly swarming with men. Among them were the overseer and his men. My thoughts suddenly turned to the orang-utan. Without the overseer and his men working on the home gardens there would be no one about. I turned to my aunt and excused myself. I knew her face darkened but I didn't turn around to look at her disapproving face.

The orang-utan had eaten his morning meal and was waiting near the bars where I fed the baby, even before I entered Little Mans cage. He was standing on his hind legs which he only did on occasions. His eyes seemed to have a pleading look about them. I even thought his brow was

furrowed. Perhaps it was my imagination but as I opened my shirt and exposed my breast to the hungry infant I thought I saw him smile. I shook my head to clear my vision but the same expression was on Big Red's Face when I reopened my eyes.

I was becoming moist with anticipation. For the first time since I had began to breast feed the baby I couldn't wait on him finishing. All the time the young thick lips drew my nipple deep onto his tongue sucking enthusiastically I was imagining being possessed by the big adult once again. I felt the breast jolting thrusts at my groin and the intense jets of his semen as they coated my warm vagina with his potent seed. I felt my groin stir.

Finally the baby had finished, he had been famished and took every drop I could offer. My taught breast of just minutes ago was a little more pliable now. I replaced the baby in its crib then looking about like a furtive thief I left the cage. Big Red had not even reached for me as was his custom. I think he knew that I was coming to him. It was my turn to frown now, could he read signs, body language, I didn't believe I had done anything differently but the ape seemed to know what I was about to do.

Again when I reached for the gate and slide bolt I looked about but saw nothing or no one. I slipped inside the cage and after making sure the door was properly shut I again looked about. Nervous now, It was broad daylight and the cage could be easily seen from the back veranda of the house, but no one was there.

Big red was coming toward me on all fours by the time I had reached his observation rock. I had already eased the belt of my dress through the buckle and it fell to my feet as I reached his night nest of straw and leaves. As I stepped from the bundle of cloth I was bending to sweep it into my arms. I was determined that my back was not going to be scratched by the hay strands this time. I jumped as the Ape, now behind me, slid his fingers between my legs. I straightened quickly wanting to maintain the initiative at least until I had spread my dress over the straw.

The ape was anxious and I had barely had time to cast the ample garment onto the straw by the time his two four fingered paws were clasping my hips and drawing me down onto his bed. I made an effort to roll onto my back but the two clutching paws held me firm. I stopped my struggling when I realised that he had taken charge. He was now dominant and I was going to be his pliant female.

I lay quite still, my face and chest pressed to the dress that covered the straw. My hips were slightly raised as the orangutan held me down. He wasn't rough, far from it; his hold was firm but gentle. I turned my head to the side, firstly to see what was happening and secondly to make breathing easier.

From the corner of my eye I saw the mustache and beard of Big Red as he stood over me on all fours. His head was lowered almost touching my back and his lips slightly askew moved slightly animating his face. His lank hairy arms brushed against my naked waist. I was amazed at the soft sensual feel of the long fur. First one paw then the other left my waist and I still remained hips raised but now my slightly bent knees were supporting me.

I could no longer see the huge frame of the beast as he had risen but my mouth shot open at the sudden contact of a thick digit on my vagina. He was playing with me. opening, stroking, sliding, poking, all gently but demanding. I was wet, had been since I was feeding the infant. The thick black, sausage like digit pressed and explored my open pinkness. I shivered as he inadvertently touched places that aroused me. For several minutes the beast explored and observed me like some kinky voyeur.

Satisfied, well I guessed he was for the probing exploration stopped suddenly and Big Reds hands moved to the front of my thighs. He dragged me back against his belly as he drew my legs apart.

I felt the smooth hairless underbelly of the beast press firmly against my buttocks and the first tentative thrust of his hips forced air from my lungs. Another short hard thrust of his powerful loins and I felt his short hard penis slide in my slippery wetness and the Ape lifted himself slightly upward. The short, hard shaft slid into my prepared opening and the next thrust of his hips pressed the two round eggs of his testicles hard against my squishy flesh .

His rutting was slow and measured each thrust was hard and deliberate. He was in no hurry to finish with me. I could feel his warm belly, pulsing to his heart beat as it pressed against my smooth pink flesh. His penis dipped and retreated as he enjoyed me. However, this time the stimulation that I had received from the moving penis crown was not the same. The feeling was less intense, for me at least, this time it was about his pleasure and he seemed to want to prolong that pleasure for as long as he could.

Each time I was buffeted away by his powerful thrusting hips he drew me back onto his groin. Each time his thrusting was a little more intense as he built toward his climax. Holding, prodding, I felt his heart rate increase and his body temperature grew discernibly warmer, then he stopped moving, A glowing warmth spread deep into my belly as his pressing tactical's contracted discernibly against my sensitive flesh. He expelled his semen deep inside of me, it was all over.

For a little while longer the ape rested against me and I wished that I was able to see him. I just lay there and wondered what sex was all about. I had expected no less than the intense orgasm I had felt before but I just felt like some sort of receptacle. Some place for the ape to empty his pent up seed. Of course I knew it was more than that. Well I hoped it was but I still felt unfulfilled. Then the pressing warmth of Big Reds belly was gone and his thick strong paw rolled me over.

I lay part on part off the dress and I quickly scooted back on to the soft cover as the prickly straw dug into my bottom. Now I looked up at the squatting beast who seemed like some big red furry god like statue. He in turn looked down on me stoically as I lay spread before him, fur less and vulnerable. I couldn't help but wonder what he saw in me. I quickly realized then that this was not about love or any such thing. It was about sex, but was it? The way he looked when he came to the cage bars and watched me feeding the infant suggested otherwise.

"What are you thinking Big Red," I asked raising my eyebrows in a sign of enquiry. I still felt rather sluttish laying there open for all to see, most certainly unladylike. We just stared at each other as his right paw ran along my hip, seeking. I made a move to close my legs but his other paw gripped my thigh firmly making me wince. I stopped my effort to close my legs as his fingers found and began to fondly my mushy wetness.

I drew one arm across my face shielding my eyes from the sun that had just peeked from the covering cloud. For several minutes he fondled me as I endured his explorations. At times little thrills ran along my spine as his thick exploring digits touched my tender engorged nub. As I lay immersed and indulging in his pleasant fondling a shadow moved across my vision. From the corner of my eye I saw the sudden flash of movement, but it was quick and fleeting. I think Big red had seen it as well for he stopped playing with me and sat erect and looked about.

Drawing my knees together I quickly knelt. I had a sudden urge to pee and I grabbed my dress and slipped away from the preoccupied Ape, heading toward the cage door quickly. I cast a quick glance toward the main house when I had shut the door of Big Reds cage. There was no one about. Apparently they were all down at the jetty watching the ship arrive or at least watching from the

house verandah.

Immediately I felt depressed at the thought of the coming evening when I would be expected to give my decision. Only one decision would satisfy everyone that is everyone except me. With my bladder demanding relief I scurried around the cage to an area that was only meters from the forest. None too soon I squatted. As I felt the blessed relief I looked about at the sharp contrast of green cultivation set against the dark green, foreboding rain forest that towered above ready to reclaim the land once people grew tired of resisting its overwhelming presence.

Finished I was about to shuffle my skirt back into place when the sudden appearance of what I can only suspect was the shape I had seen over the cage appeared. The big flat and dark face plates stood out either side of his cheeks emphasized the flowing mustache and beard of the Ape. His dark red fur flowed from his head back and arms like a cosy rug. He stood there on all fours, his body partially turned away from me and his head turned toward me, lips pursed

I just stared at the new arrival, surprised but not afraid, he didn't look menacing, not in a life threatening sense any way.

"Hello there I greeted with a slight tremor in my voice, you're the one who jumped of the cage during the rain aren't you?" Stupid girl I admonished myself, not for the first time, for talking to a dumb animal. I smiled self-consciously and immediately wished I hadn't. His mouth opened revealing his canine like teeth and his face plates inflated, doubling rapidly in size, as he lent forward hissing provocatively. My smile vanished quickly and my knees suddenly grew weak. I dropped my head realizing I had antagonized, perhaps even threatened him with my smile.

From under the lashes of my down cast eyes I saw him ease back and the threatening posture abate. He circled me once and returned to the exact place he had been in when I had first saw him. My legs were still trembling and as I tried to stand but my wobbly legs couldn't hold me and I fell back on my behind in the warm wet patch of ground.

"Dame," I swore immediately recognizing what I had fallen in. My hands had swung back to break my fall and now I sat there leaning back my skirt raised, shirt open, knees bent and spread. This was an invitation that the new arrival couldn't resist he swung his furry frame around and was immediately at my feet.

My heart was racing. This was no Big Red he was a wild, free ape probably a great deal older than Big Red, he looked that way. Everything about him had more of a assured presence of an animal that was used to being in charge.

"Oh god, not you as well," I knew what he wanted; he had probably been waiting for this opportunity for days. "Okay, I won't fight you big feller," My invitation was hollow because I probably couldn't resist him had I wanted to and I don't think I wanted to.

From my position on the ground I looked up at the big red mass of fur squatting between my spread legs. I had opened my Legs in invitation as he sidled toward me. I can't explain why I did it but I had a sudden great need. It was a need that had not been fulfilled by Big Red just moments ago. I wanted to feel that special feeling that only an orgasm can bring. It was a feeling I had experienced face to face with Big Red and now I was face to face with this new arrival. I wasn't about to be rolled over, not again, I wanted to watch and feel myself being taken. Feel that special feeling as the apes' penis rubbed against that place inside me so sensitive.

I didn't have to wait long his tough leathery fingers explored my still puffy and wet vagina, I trembled as he stroked me. The feeling of total abandonment swept over me. I was the play thing of

a truly wild beast and all of my senses came alive. Here in the open where I could be seen by any passer by, not that there was likely to be any, I was about to be possessed by a big fury ape.

His rotund belly pressed against me as his hands partially left me, he seemed to be fumbling, directing himself into me. I felt the thick short protrusion enter me and press into my slickness. Then when he was satisfied that he was seated inside me he lent back with his hands bracing himself and shoved at me with his hips. His thrust pushed me away and I lost contact with his short penis. I groaned with frustration and eased myself forward, seeking, needing. I was surprised as his next urgent thrust was unerring driving him back inside me. Not prepared to loose him again I braced myself to respond as he made his short, powerful, lower hip thrusts into me.

The penis rubbed deliciously against the serrations of my inner sheath and I heard my own moans of pleasure that accompanied each thrust. I opened my eyes that I hadn't even realized I had closed. I observed the rotund ball of red fir between my legs, his face expressionless as Big Reds had been. It was then that I wondered why they did it if they didn't enjoy it but even as I thought those thoughts I saw the slight flicker in the beasts eyes and the minute roll of his lips as he thrust into me. I then knew he was enjoying me.

My body rode the waves of pleasure that the beast was drawing from me. The intense shallow penetration was directed at my seat of fulfillment and I closed my eyes once again to focus on my rising tide of gratification.

I heard my grunts and little cries grow louder but did nothing to suppress them. I didn't care if any one heard me. I began to writhe and squirm trying to maintain the growing intensity of my pleasure. The ape kept thrusting into me. I kept pushing back in response. We were on separate missions that involved self and I was drawing close to reaching that delicious height.

My entire being was on fire. I began to quiver and shake struggling to maintain my body contact with the source of my pleasure. Some place, deep inside me, I felt the charge build as a warmth began to spread through me. Suddenly it was upon me, charge after charge of clicking groin contractions made me buck uncontrollably against the apes discharging penis braking contact as I did.

I lay their limp, satiated and fulfilled, the pleasure I had sought earlier, but had been denied, had had happened. I felt drained and wilted. Slowly, ever so slowly I opened my eyes when I focused I saw the apes hand reach for my tummy his long shanks of hair brushing my sensitive skin as he did, I trembled weakly. His spread fingers touch the small white puddle of slippery semen that had pooled in my navel.

I weakly reached out my own slender hand and our fingers met in the sticky glob of liquid, life forming seed. For a moment the ape looked at me his finger moved imperceptibly and our hands touched briefly. For that moment I felt a weird connection of spirit. Then he withdrew his hand brushing it across my swollen open flower of women hood before he eased from between my legs. Without looking back he walked majestically on all fours into the rain forest.

I rolled over onto my belly and watched him depart. For several minutes I lay there searching the tree line for any movement. There was none, nothing moved in the canopy or the under story, it was all quiet perhaps too quiet. I sat up and looked around me nothing moved in the plantation either. Something strange was happening and it made me uneasy. I stood up and wiped at the wetness between my legs with my skirt. I could smell the pungent smell of sex.

Without conscious thought I began to walk in the direction of the house. The quietness was strange

and it preoccupied my thinking, so much so I hadn't realized that I was half way to the house with my shirt still open down the front. Horridly I fumbled the buttons through the holes then gave my skirt another few brushes to straighten it. I was only just in time because my aunt was hurrying down the back veranda steps to meet me.

"For heaves sake young lady where have you been? Your dress is a mess and so is your hair. Inside, inside, quickly, quickly," she hurried me into the house calling for Adinda as she did".

Everything became a whirl of action. Both my aunt and Adinda helped bath and dress me, fussing and primping me like a prized heifer, which I gathered I was.

"There, there, you look gorgeous," my Aunt simply glowed with pride as she made me turn this way and that. Repeating her words as was her habit. "Oh Mr. Wilson will be delighted to see yo looking so, so... lovely, good enough to eat isn't she Adinda,"

"Yes indeed she is Mom," the girl was only to willing to agree.

"This is ridiculous," I want nothing to do with that horrible man. I pulled no punches this time. If my aunt's feels were hurt so be it. "I would rather lay with an ape than with that man, I won't do it I wont marry him or even see him again." I let the faintest of smiles crease my eyes as I mentioned apes but only I knew the significance of what I had said.

"Hush child, you don't know what your saying, Adinda fetch me that lovely necklace Mr. Wilson gave Miss Abigail last visit quickly now, shoo girl." Adinda foraged in the low boy cabinet draw and retrieved the necklace. Moments later it was about my neck. Without hesitation aunt Sarah propelled me toward the full length mirror in the corner. I had to confess I looked very elegant, like a birthday cake ornament I thought. My aunt pressed a small fan into my hand and said It's warm now, if it gets too hot your makeup would run.

A commotion outside in the big hall signaled the arrival of the men. Lead by my aunt I entered the room. Uncle Mathew, the overseer, Mr. Wilson and another elderly gentleman stood hats in hand as we entered.

"Miss Abigale you look radiant," Wilson stepped forward to greet me. His belly was even bigger than I remembered it to be. I curtsied without conviction and with my eyes downcast. I lifted the fan to my face shaking it briskly. "Miss Abigale could I present to you the reverend Buck, I brought him along just in case there was a need for a preacher. My head snapped up then and my deep frown said everything.

"What's this about the natives Wilson? Tell me what transpires." My uncle intervned in an awkward moment. Defusing the outburst that he obviously suspected I was about to make. With his hand on Wilson's elbow he propelled him to the couch. "Sit there while I have a drink brought in." Infect everyone sat, including me, as Wilson began to tell of recent events with the natives.

"Dam pesky chaps those little fellows, sorry ladies for cussing ladies. There upset at something, don't know what its all about but it's a fair bet the missionaries stepped on their toes over some taboo or other. Been grabbing every white person they can and...." He paused as he ran a finger across his throat while holding his hair erect with the other hand. "Messy business!"

"Oh dear me." My aunt almost wailed.

"For pities sake woman control yourself," my uncle chastised. "There not here abouts are they Wilson?"

"That's just it Mathew they attacked the Jordon's down the coast a bit, working this way it seems." I looked toward my aunt who had slumped in her chair wringing her hand.

"We've never had a problem with the blighters before, live and let live I always say." My uncle was trying to convince himself that there wasn't going to be trouble but Wilson was shaking his head.

"Maybe so, but neither had the Jordon's. Killed all the men, took 'em by surprise no doubt."

"Mrs. Jordon.... and young Kate?" My aunt came out of her stupor long enough to show she had been listening.

"Don't know they weren't among the bodies we found, no women were, can't rightly say if they escaped or was taken."

"It looks bad, you could be next Mathew, sent a message to the admiral for help but it will take days, might be best to defend what you can.... Say the warehouse, move everything you need down there and wait. Might be days, might be weeks but I think they will be here next.

"I think they all ready here" Every head turned to face me.

"What do you mean girl?" Uncle Mathew was the first to speak.

"Well I think there her, have been for days watching us,"

"Think, you just think they are hear? What do you know? I have lived here for a long time now and I would know when they are about."

"The forest knows there about. I was feeding the menagerie just a half hour ago and suddenly every thing went quiet. Not a sound, no birds squawking, not even those in the cages. No monkeys screeching deep in the canopy, nothing, just deathly quiet. There here Uncle Mathew, been here since the monsoon rains started.

"Poppy cock!"

"No Mathew the girl may be right. Those that have survived at other places said the same thing, only that was in hindsight. The girl is smart Mathew; she has an ear for change." Mr. Wilson looked at me and smiled. For the first time I didn't despise him.

"Thank you Mr. Wilson," I acknowledged his support.

"Miss. Abigail might be right sir," The foreman chipped in. She dose spend a lot of time with the apes at the menagerie and that's very near the forest." He gave me a look that suggested he new more, but how.

"Nonsense, nonsense," Uncle Mathew wasn't going to back down easily.

"What harm can it do to play it safe Mathew, go to the warehouse. Its much easier to defend if they do come in from the forest."

The discussion went on for another ten minutes and finally Mr. Wilson persuaded Uncle Mathew to take the essentials from the house to the warehouse and play it safe at least for a day or two.

Aunt Sarah and I were hustled to the warehouse first, along with the wives and daughters of the plantation workers. The men worked urgently but with purpose to prepare barricades and transfer important documents and other household items to the safety of the now fortified building. Suddenly

when everything had been set up my aching, leaking breast reminded me the baby orangutan needed feeding. My breasts were now producing abundant milk for the baby without supplementary feeds but with the abundance came the problem of leakage. Now a small stain of wetness was starting to form on my gown above my nipple and if I couldn't relieve some of the pressure I knew someone would notice it so close were we in the now cramped confines of warehouse.

"I have to go, aunty, the little orangutan its his feed time." As I made to leave she caught my arm and dragged me back.

"Don't be stupid young lady it was you who said that the natives were out there, do you want to loose your head or something far worse." What could be worse, I wondered, but let it go realizing that she meant being raped by natives was worse than loosing your head. I wondered, if I had a choice whether I was prepared to die, I didn't think so.

"Mr Wilson would you hold this silly girl she wants to rescue some little orangutan she has been feeding.

"Come along here with me miss Abigail we have things to discuss." He caught hold of my arm and led me to the back of the warehouse. "Now young lady, what is your answer?" My mouth flew open ready to tell him what I thought but he placed his hand over my mouth so quickly that my eyes flew open in surprise.

"Let's not play games young lady, curse and kick if you want but you will marry me, you will have my children and you will save your family lots of financial embarrassment in the process. That's plain enough isn't it? If you're wondering if I am capable of making babies with you, don't be. I may be a little robust but I can still service a woman, there are ways. As he held one hand over my mouth he crushed me to his mobile belly and slipped his hand beneath my skirt. I think perhaps its time to show you right now. With that he dragged me behind the bales of spice and deftly kicked one to the floor and dropped me onto it.

"Not a word you here me? No one will come to help you, be assured of that, but there is no need for them to be concerned is there?" I nodded surprised at his strength and agility. I was painfully aware that I was unlikely to get help even before he warned me.

Mr. Wilson was a powerful man, he owned a lot of land and it seemed, he owned a lot of people as well. Then just when I thought he was going to rape me he flopped to the bale beside me, grabbed my face with his pudgy hand and squeezed it firmly.

"You have no choice, you marry me? However, I suggest we do things right and proper, how about you? Be assured young lady, one way or the other I will have you."

I knew I was beaten. Here a long way from home I could make just one choice. "Yes Ill marry you but you must help me, please I beg you."

"Help you?"

"Yes, please you must. I have to have the baby orangutan, its in the menagerie, it needs to be fed, right now, Ill do anything if you get him for me."

Jeremiah Wilson looked at me rather solemnly before he spoke.

"I believe you mean what you say Miss Abigail. If those blasted head hunters stay where they belong we will marry this afternoon." I was immediately taken aback. I wasn't expecting such an obscene rush, I was stalling for time, at least until Mr. Pope and his war ship returned. I had some idea he

would rescue me if the looks he had given me before his departure meant anything.

"But...but..."

"This afternoon!" he turned and waddled along the alleyway of stacked bags and bales of sweet smelling spices and out into the gloom that had overtaken the place as the clouds rolled in once again heralding the now frequent squalls of monsoonal rain.

As I walked back toward the entrance myself my heart sank as I heard one of the sailors from Mr Wilson's ship tell the overseer that the seas were gathering and we were in for a bad blow pretty soon. "No navy help any time soon my friend he said. I know that young Pope and he is a good man at reading the signs, served with him I did, for a short while any way and he was a canny sailor. No laddy, he won't risk being out at sea along this coast while there is a chance of a Typhoon bearing down on us."

My hope for rescue dashed I slumped to a bale of straw that had been placed just outside the door as a barricade.

"You don't look happy miss," the overseer, finished with his conversation with the sailors, looked at me with that now familiar smirk. Behind him several young, tough looking native workers and for or five sailors watched us closely. "lost something? Can I help?"

"No...no thank you, I'm fine."

"That Wilson chap bothering you?"

"Not really, no, every thing is fine thank you," I answered him through tight lips. I was never comfortable in his presence and even now when he seemed to be concerned for me I found it hard to understand his leering attitude. Behind him the men seemed to wait expectantly.

"Well, miss Abigail, and you will pardon me from saying so but its not right." I looked up at him with a deepening crease in my forehead.

"What's not right?"

"May I speak frankly miss?"

"If you must, but I don't see what we have in common to talk frankly about."

"Well miss we do. You see, that Wilson chappy told your aunt over there he would be marring you this afternoon, I wasn't eves dropping you understand, but he spoke loud enough for me and some of the men could here."

"Indeed?"

"Yes mama indeed..., well if it aint your wish to marry such a man and I recon it aint then I recon we can help for a consideration like." I looked at his face and the leer had grown to be almost a full blooded sneer.

"And how would you do that Mr Mactavish?"

"Well it depends on what you are prepared to give in return for our protection."

"Money, you're asking the wrong person for money sir. I have none."

"No no you misunderstand miss, it aint money we... I mean I want, no miss not at all."

"Well Mr. Mactavish, I fail to see what I can give you in return for your help, if it is help I want." He stepped a little closer so no one else could here his next remark.

"Well miss I think you do know what you have that I and my friends want, you see I know what you are getting up to in that ape cage. For a consideration I would be prepared to forget it. Strictly business you understand. The men," he waved his hand behind him, "those men, you see behind you well they could and would help me help you and all you have to be is generous with your ample favors, you understand." My heart sank, my hands trembled and my face flushed with anger and I slapped him with all of my strength.

'Your evil I spat." He clutched my wrist that he had caught as I made contact with his bewhiskered countenance.

"Now Miss Abigail it won't serve any real purpose to get angry with me with time so short before you are married. You can marry Wilson and serve him, bear his children. That is if he still wants you when I tell him about your special fondness for the apes. Now I wont tell him right off you understand, I'm patient, Ill tell him when I learn that your belly is swollen with child, then Ill tell him. A man like Wilson has pride, lots of pride. He has some station here in the colonial society so he wont be wanting his friends to here his wife is fond of apes now would he. He would likely do something drastic, his temper being what it is. Think about what I have said carefully Miss Abigail, Ill be back in ten minutes"

I just sat and stared at my feet, wringing my hands, eyes unblinking. My mind was completely blank. I tried to force myself to think rationally but my thoughts were scrambled, unable to hold any one thought for more than a moment. Then through my almost catatonic haze my aunt's voice. At first it seemed far off distant almost inaudible. Then it grew, still barely able to break into my addled mind.

"What's the matter girl," she shook my shoulders and I looked up at her confused.

"Aunty?"

"What's the matter young lady you seem so distant. Here, look, the men have brought the little orang-utan. Mr Wilson said he had promised you he would have the men fetch it for you." I stood up and without acknowledging the men took the baby and walked into the big warehouse. I didn't stop until I reached the back of the stacks of spice and other goods.

The baby was already snuggling to my breast although the cloths bared his way. The stain had grown larger and the smell of my milk enticed him to try to feed.

"Now then Little Man just you wait for mamma to get things organised here. The dress wasn't made for breast feeding but with some effort the belt and button loosening I finally freed both breasts. I hadn't even looked around to see if the coast was clear as I normaly would have.

It wasn't clear at all, my aunt had followed me and she just stood over me as I pleased the demanding lips to my full breast. Her eyes were wide as saucers as she spluttered her need for an explanation, repeating her words more than normal.

"What.... what.... what is going on here." She was visibly shaken. I looked up at her then down at the hungry nursing baby as it slurped hungrily.

"Feeding the little one Aunty.' I sounded glib, even to me, but it wasn't intentional at all and didn't

reflect the way I felt. Being found out suddenly kicked my lethargic, confused brain back into action.

Seeing the pain and confusion in her eyes I knew I had to explain, as I was about to start I cursed my own stupidity.

"Aunt, I'm sorry, it sort of just happened. At first It was an accident until I found it was a way of getting the bottle teat into his mouth. Then, it took a week, I started to give milk. I was surprised and sort of excited, no proud, yes I was proud that I could keep this little one alive.

"But heavens Abigail it's an animal, an ape, it's not natural. It's a sin, a sin in the eyes of god young lady. Now you stop that immediately." She reached for me but I part turned away.

"No aunty, don't touch him he's mine. I saved his life and Ill feed him until he no longer needs me."

"Oh talk sense girl, you can't be doing this, you're going to be married. What will Mr. Wilson think."

"Oh dam it aunty, you still don't understand do you I don't want to marry Mr. Wilson." Her mouth again dropped open, her lip trembled. Then she quickly recovered.

"Don't you use that tone with me young lady, well your hardly that are you, a lady that is" she looked directly at my breast as I automatically changed sides. "As for marrying Mr. Wilson, you have no choice, you have promised yourself and your father has given his blessing in proxy through your uncle."

The thought had struck me several minutes before but I finally was able to rationalise it. "Aunty, breast feeding the baby is just part of it. I was mated by Big Red, the red ape, I call him Big Red." As my aunt flopped to the bail beside me shaking her head, she looked totally stunned. I knew then that by confessing I was doing two things. Eliminating Mactavishe's attempt to black mail me and also making sure that I was putting myself beyond the clutches of Wilson who could not possibly want me when he found out about me and the Apes.

For a time my aunt just sat there then, suddenly, she sprang in to action. Calling Adinda to come at once in her high pitched voice accentuated by her anger.

"What do you know about this girl?" She stabbed her finger in my direction. It was clear, even to my aunt, that the girl new nothing. Perhaps she suspected something was not right when her sharp eyes must have seen my breast firm and enlarge. But expressive eyes showed that she knew nothing about me breast feeding the orang-utan infant.

Then My Uncle was summoned and after a long conversation with my aunt he turned to me. " don't know what to say young lady except that now I know why your father was at wits end with you. Sending you here seemed to be a good Idea but this beggars' belief. There is no doughty that you are letting a beast suckle you but the other.... " He paused to muster his thoughts then continued.

"Well I just don't believe it, not one word of it. Its just your pathetic attempt to shock your aunt, myself and I dare say, Mr. Wilson into letting you out of this marriage but that won't work." He turned to Adinda and then continued talking. "Tell Mr. Wilson and the preacher that the marriage is to take place in one hour, do you understand. She nodded and scampered off.

Mactavish was lurking near the front of the warehouse as I walked through the doorway that led to the jetty. We were heading for Wilsons Ship moored alongside about fifty yards away in deep water.

"Big and round Big and round belly, mark my words, I will wait," he hissed angrily as I passed and I wondered if his option would have been better in the long run. The clouds were building

overhead and in my heart as well. I looked to the heavens and the overcast was so low it almost seemed as if I could reach up and touch the passing blackness, as we arrived at the gang way.

A canvas awning was slung across the spar and anchored at each side of the ship with stout ropes. The binnacle was already draped with a purple and white cloth and a big, well worn bible rested on the cloth.

Wilson was dressed in his best evening cloths as he stood pompously next to me. The preacher went laboriously through the formal ceremony, it seemed everything had to be just right as he fussed and manoeuvred us into position. I felt nothing as I stood there, the very object of this ritual, knowing that soon I would be the bride of this man mountain. The preacher droned on and on. Finally I heard myself mumbling the final words in response to his and my Aunts prompting. My head was raised by stubby tubes of flesh that served Wilson for fingers. As I watched Mr. Wilson fumble with the ring. I saw, or didn't see, his knuckles as he began to slide the band onto my finger. In fact it was two bands. One a ring of gold the other was a huge diamond and ruby band that looked gigantic on my slender finger.

On cue the rain began to tumble down driven by ferocious wind that made the canvas awning flap and crack as it was whipped about by the wind. I heard the Master of the ship cry for his men to take it down before it did some damage. Already soaked to the skin the sailors jumped into action. The rest of the party scrambled for the cover of the companion way to the cabins below no more than a yard from shelter. Even so the driving sheets of rain had soaked every one before we were able to secure the shelter of the main cabin.

Normally a ship like this would be entirely turned over to cargo space but this one was primarily Wilson's floating office. The cabin was sumptuous and could not be bettered on land. Ornately carved desk and chairs on an expensive carpet was the feature of the cabin. A table set just inside the door was groaning under the quickly prepared meal and simple wedding cake that had been fortuitously rescued from the deck moments before the rain tumbled down.

I ate nothing said nothing as I stood in my uncomfortably wet dress. The others were just as uncomfortable with just the one exception, Wilson. He ate passionately casting only the occasional glance in my direction. Even a new bride was not deterring him from his main objective, food. I looked down at my hand at the two rings that banded my wedding finger. They seemed so heavy. My heart fluttered as I fingered the treasures. It was simply gorgeous, beyond belief, and even with his shortcomings as a groom Wilson was generous to a fault when it came to indulging my feminine passion for jewellery.

The defining rain eased but didn't abate and my aunt and uncle as well as Adinda took their leave anxious to change into dry cloths. None knew how to take their leave and it was a stilted embarrassing moment. The crew also headed out to their separate ship duties. I heard the Master call to his men to swing the cannon onto the Warf.

"We'll need it up at the barricades lads. See Mactavish, he'll show you where to locate it. We have to expect the blighters to come in from the jungle some time tonight....." the companion way door was banged closed and the rest of the master's instructions was muffled and the noise below decks ceased. On deck the bustle and voices could be still heard as they called to each other. The sound of dragging of heavy equipment was not masked by the very nature of the ship, all ships.

I didn't couldn't look at Mr. Wilson, my husband, God I was married to this gross man who continued to eat dabbing the corner of his mouth with a napkin to remove the remnants of grease and food partials. A minute passed and he finally discarded his napkin onto the table.

“Well young lady I told you I would have you one way or another, now you are my wife.”

Mr Wilson began to unbutton his jacket as he walked deliberately to the night cabin which was really a recess in the wall of the main cabin. It was solely occupied by a sturdy bunk with a high board side that would be very useful in high seas when the ship pitched and rolled.

Purposely he removed his long jacket, hanging it on the array of hooks that were arranged vertically on the architrave of the night cabin. Not once did he look in my direction as he continued to disrobe by undoing his shirt, one deliberate button at a time. It wasn't until he pulled the shirt tail from his trousers that he finally spoke.

“Disrobe and into bed with you girl we might as well start on that family right now.” As he turned toward me to speak I saw his massive stomach become liberated from the restraints of his clothing as he loosened his cumber bun. A shudder of revulsion ran down my spine when I saw his thick, black, hairy chests that covered rolls of mobile fat like a carpet.

As my eyes became hypnotically fixed on this man, my husband, a little thought ran through my head, he really wasn't so different from the big red ape, not really. He was fatter, much fatter and his pale white skin looked anaemic when compared to the dark skin of the shaggy red furred ape, but otherwise he was little different.

What a mess my life had become. All I wished for now, at this very moment, was to be alone with the orang-utan. Now however, I was going to be treated as a breeding receptacle for a conceited old man who treated people as possessions. I couldn't run or hide there was nowhere to go and no one to help me. As things stood I had to make the best of a situation I couldn't change. I quickly unlaced my dress and let it fall to the thick, lush oriental carpet that covered almost the entire deck of the cabin.

Finally with trembling hands I stood naked before him. Now I felt even more venerable as my tiny slim frame was overshadowed by the bulk of the man. As he looked me over lasciviously, Mr. Wilson ran his thick pink tongue over his lips and let his pants slide to the deck beside my dress, I thought of the irony, I thought of the irony of our cloths touching there on the floor as the fat hairy man reached out to take my hand.

Under his rolling folds of fat I saw that he already sported an erection much larger than Big Red's. His massive hairy arms encircled me, drew me close, crushing me against his warm hairy belly. I had never imagined a man to be so hairy. His puffy fingered right hand lifted my chin up as his pudgy lips came down to meet mine. For a moment I resisted but his demanding wet mouth and tongue prized my lips apart and I succumbed to his wet slobbering kiss.

I closed my eyes tightly as his wet kisses continued pressing my lips against my teeth uncomfortably before he slid his mouth onto my neck nipping me hurtfully. I groaned loudly with discomfort. It was a groan he took for pleasure as he continued to salivate over my face and neck.

His heart was pounding as he groped at my behind, pressing my belly hard against his gross nakedness. His stale rum tainted breath wheezed from his exploring mouth. He sucked hard on my nipples and I felt myself giving milk. I hoped he didn't realise what was happening. His skin grew clammy He was shuddering and moaning with lust as his excitement grew. My feet no longer touched the floor as he wrapped on big paw under my pliant bum cheeks and the other firmly under my arms lifting me powerfully into the waiting bunk, never once letting his roving lips leave my body.

As I landed gently on my back he rolled in after me. His mountainous frame pressing me against the

ships side. I groaned and he realised what he had done. Immediately he reached out for me then lifting his massive body and drew me in under him. Now I was hidden under his mountainous frame with only my head free. His body pressed down like a jelly mold, wrapping about me as he took some, but not all, of his weight on his two supporting elbows. Now he began to kiss me even more passionately and I couldn't resist. For some unexplainable reason this huge mound of surrounding flesh felt comforting and protective. Even though the strong smell of body odour pervaded my nostrils I warmed to his ministrations and began to kiss back.

Time passed, I felt a sense of being pleasantly engulfed, wrapped in a warm blanket of protective fat. I had seen the huge sea lions, near the cape, on the voyage out here and I wondered if this was how the female seals felt when being mated.

Holding much of his weight on one elbow he drew first one of my legs from under him and then the other leg was dragged to the side spreading me open under him. His lower body now settled heavily between my parted legs. With some difficulty he managed to raise himself enough to allow his hand to seek and find my exposed groin and the soft folds of my vagina. First one finger parted and explored my surprisingly inviting wetness. His pudgy digit delved and rubbed at my sensitive parts as I squirmed in response. Soon his exploring digit was accompanied by a second thicker finger that, once inserted, stretched me uncomfortably.

With the cabin light illuminating the bunk with eerie yellow and shadows that flickered and danced to the movement of the moored ship straining on its moorings as the sea became more rough. I continue to endure his delving fingers with some rising pleasure as I became accustomed to the stretching intrusions. Time had no meaning as I felt a growing sense of excitement engulfing me.

Satisfied that I was ready Mr Wilson sat up kneeling between my parted legs. I felt a loss as his warm body left mine. I looked up at his huge torso with misty eyes as his hands cupped my buttocks and raised my hips to his groin. I couldn't see his manhood under the copious folds of his gargantuan belly. Then, unable to get close to my groin, he physically lifted his flabby belly onto my taught lower stomach, covering my sparse, hair covered mound with warm pliable fat.

With his belly lifted out of the way Mr. Wilson hands lifted my hips from the mattress. He first pressed himself against my exposed groin the after several gentle searching prods he thrust his lower body forward seeking my vagina. By breasts jerked sharply at the unexpected drive. Looking down between my milk engorged breasts that framed the heaving wobbling belly that seemed even more bloated than before. The man's belly seemed to contort and jerk in the dancing lantern light that cast long and irregular shadows into the bunk.

Several more hopeful prods of the man's rigid penis achieved the same result. I voluntarily lifted my legs higher resting them on the ample hips of my partner. At the same time he began to fumble between our bodies with his thick fingers as his frustration grew. With one hand under my hips he lifted me onto his swollen shaft. His other hand, with busy fingers, spread and directed his hardness into my now engorged vagina. At first he parted me then enter me with a slight press forward. I gasped with the surprise of the invading thickness. A little success at first was enough for him to be confident of succeeding in taking me. He removed his guiding hand from my groin and once again gripped my hips, pulling, directing my tint body onto him . Feeling my wet warmth gripping his penis tip he jerked his hips forward, forcing a little cry of discomfort from me.

My eyes grew wide as he sunk himself deeper and deeper into me. I was surprised at his size after experiencing the orang-utans modest member. As Mr. Wilson's entire body wobbled with each of his brutal driving efforts, I heard my own sharp grunts echo around the cabin. The grunts kept time with his searching penetrations. The squeaking, squealing rigging was now being obliterated by the

uncontrolled grunts and the loud wet slapping as our groins came together.

His face and chest became a beaded mass of perspiration. Heavy drops of salty sweat dripped from his nose and chin as his exertions grew. His chest and belly hair was already dark, wet and matted from his exertion. The man's gross flopping belly made its own unique wet sounds as his sticky sweat splashed onto my taught tummy.

From the corner of my eye I thought I saw something move. I looked up toward the small portal high on the cabin wall. It seemed dark at first then a slight movement outside the porthole let light from a shielded deck lamp outside shine into the cabin. For the briefest of moments I thought I saw a face, a dark face, then it was gone. I might have dwelled on it but a sharp stab of pain deep inside me made me wince and cry out as Mr. Wilsons stabbing penis nudged my cervix, brutally, as he began to increase his speed. I knew enough to be aware that he was about to cum. His contorted face told the story of his effort. I smelt my own body fluids as the wet slapping sound grew in intensity and became more rapid.

Then he stopped and with a strangled, gurgling cry he came. I felt nothing, well perhaps a bubbling feeling deep inside but nothing more. Unlike Big Red, or the other ape's, squirting discharge which had added to the intense experience of being mated. However, Mr. Wilson ejaculation felt inconsequential.

For some time Wilson knelt between my obscenely spread legs as he struggled to regain control of his breathing. His entire body was bathed in a wet glow of perspiration. Slowly his ragged breathing slowed. First one knee then the other lifted away over me. Pushing one of my legs away from him Mr. Wilson flopped down beside me. For a moment neither of us moved. He raised himself on one elbow and looked directly into my eyes.

His mouth opened to speak but before he could say a word something flashed down and a dull thud echoed in the cabin. Mr Wilson closed his mouth as he slumped on top of me, unconscious. I screamed twice then fainted.

I don't know how long I was unconscious for but I became aware of being man handled, naked, down the side of the ship by groping black hands. The driving rain lashed into us and I suspect that it was the rain that had revived me. At the bottom of the ships side boarding cleats I was tipped, unceremoniously, into a large canoe that reeked of fish .

There was about two inches of water in the bottom of the small craft which only added to my discomfort. My mind flashed back to the moment Mr. Wilson had lay beside me. Then the dull thud just before he crumpled heavily onto my still prone body he had been breathing but unconscious. His breath was the last thing I had heard.

No sooner had I landed in the boat than it began to rock wildly, thumping into the ships hull, as several men jumped into the narrow shell. They immediately picked up paddles but not before one man handed me a dipper shaped wooden bowl and indicated that I was to bail.

The paddles dipped into the choppy waters, propelling the wooden craft out into the bay. As we cleared the protection of the jetty the rough water began to ship on board in copious amounts requiring me to begin my assigned task as the bailer. The salt spray and the driving rain was frighteningly uncomfortable as the boat pitched and dipped with each wave.

Things only became worse as we rounded the headland into the open sea. The grunting dark figures bent to their paddles and I bailed furiously. My effort was driven by my own fears of drowning in an unfriendly ocean whipped by a monsoonal storm. Time became irrelevant; my body ached from the

continuous and repeated effort.

Just when I thought this reckless journey would never end I saw off to larboard a twinkling light. Then, minutes later, another light joined the first. Soon there were a dozen or more lights that were being used as a beacon by the paddlers to guide the small craft home to what was clearly their destination.

Houses on stilts, among the coastal mangroves, were gliding past before I realised that we weren't the only canoe making that very same journey that night. No fewer than six boats were now in a tight formation and the lights revealed that there were six men in each boat. The sound of scraping mangrove roots on the bottom of the canoe signalled that we were in the shallows. Over the side phosphorous darts in the water marked the track of fleeing fish. The men stopped rowing and dropped their paddles into the canoe as it glided onto a muddy mangrove bank.

I was dragged more than helped from the craft and suddenly a red fury bundle was thrust into my arms. It was the baby orang-utan. The rain still beat down as I was assisted to clear the slippery tidal slope on the muddy bank. With the feeling of soft grass under our feet the pace was quickened. We were underway again, this time by foot. My already aching muscles screamed in protest as they were called on to walk, almost run, before they had really stretched from their cramped state in the canoe. We headed in land. The mangrove fringe was soon left behind as we followed a distinct but narrowing trail into the increasingly dense jungle.

The rain continued to fall unabated. Large rainforest leaves accumulated the droplets until, weighed down, they spilled their contents onto the jungle floor below. Several times I was drenched by these torrents making my already plastered hair direct streams of water down my back for minutes afterward.

I was finding it hard to maintain my footing in the slippery mud of the overused trail. The spidery web of tree roots and lithe lianas that hung from every tree, like giant coils of rope, added to my dubious ability to maintain my footing. With both my hands holding the clinging infant ape I only just managed to maintain contact with the fast moving group of head-hunters.

To make matters worse the infant decided that he was hungry and began to suckle on a bouncing breast that must have teased and tempted him. The cramped quarters of the little canoe had made my body ache and now my calf and leg muscles had joined the chorus of pain that racked my body. I knew my feet were cut and bleeding but I could neither stop nor see in the dark as the snaking procession of head-hunters moved on tirelessly.

It wouldn't be long before I needed to stop and rest. I was struggling to place one foot after the other now. Fortunately, even as I thought of just stopping in protest a cry went up from the front of the column and the procession stopped.

It would be late the next day before we approached a small collection of native built buildings.

I was exhausted. My arms ached from carrying the baby and my feet were tender and bleeding. As for the rest of my body it just screamed in protest from the long walk. All I wanted to do was lay down and sleep. Fortunately the rain had stopped about midday although the sky continued to look threatening. I had heard of the monsoon season on the way out here and how it was hard on foreigners but was essential to the lives of people living here.

All of the buildings were built off of the ground and most seemed identical. I was bundled into a hut that was dark except for a dull red glow of a fire in the middle of the floor. My eyes soon became accustomed to the dim light and I saw one old woman sitting near the cooking fire. Gradually I

managed to distinguish several other women two of which came to me as I stood confused looking first one way then the other. One of the women took the orangutan from me and placed it in a cane basket a yard or so away from the fire. The other women took my arm and led me to the opposite side of the fire, beckoning me to sit down.

When I was seated on the surprisingly soft rug several more women appeared and were soon busy bathing my tortured feet. A long time later, perhaps an hour, I really had no way of knowing they had finished. In that time I had been bathed as well as my cuts and bruised feet attended to. My hair had also been dried and brushed so that it glistened in the glow of the now stoked fire that was heating a large pot of some sort of stew. Not having eaten in almost two days my stomach growled in anticipation. At this point it probably didn't matter what the food was, so long as it was cooked.

I had no sooner consumed a large helping of the porridge like substance than I felt my tiredness overcome me. The women saw my deep yawns and indicated a spot in the far corner of the building. Several rugs were spread out in this area and it was clear that this was the area set aside for sleeping blankets. In addition there was also some hammock like tubes suspended from the center and side posts of the hut. I was so weary I could have slept any place. I felt comfortable that these people meant me no harm, otherwise why would they have gone to so much trouble to clean and attend to my wounded feet. I was asleep immediately.

I squinted awake as the first ray of sunshine I had seen in days shone directly into my face. I sat up and stretched, conscious that I was still naked. The other women were already up and about. I hadn't heard them rise, so soundly had I slept.

After a brief meal I was again fussed over by the women. My entire body was covered by a watery red dye by busy hands that sensuously rubbed and gently needed it into my once flawless, pink skin. My blond hair was also died a rusty red color and I couldn't help but notice that it was very much like the color of the orangutan fur. Shell and bone ornaments were placed about my neck ankles and waist. Each ornament was either in the shape of or had carved upon it an orangutan in one form or another. It took ages but finally the women finished and as a group they stood back and admired their work, chattering excitedly to each other.

Looking at the ornaments I got an impression that this tribe must worship the orangutan, otherwise why would they have this images on every single trinket. The thought made me look closer at the building that I was in. It was then that I saw the scratch carvings of orangutans on every pole. I sat and studied them for a long time and each one seemed to tell a story. What story I couldn't fathom.

As my hair dried it seemed to become a richer orange. It also began to smell. The smell concerned me for a while until I realized it matched very closely the smell of the orangutan. Was I meant to look and smell like an orangutan, I wondered.

For the rest of the day I remained in the smoky hut where I was allowed to feed the infant several times. I still got really excited each time I fed him. The sucking of my nipple by those continuously moving lips and the pressing tongue that milked every drop from my breast made me tingly all over. After each feed Little One was taken from me and removed from the hut. During that time I had time to reflect on the last forty eight hours. However, every time I tried to focus my mind wondered between my current situation and what might happen to me here in this village. The crowing and clucking of roosters and chickens, screeching monkeys and snuffling pigs that rooted under the building for morsels of food created an atmosphere so foreign to me that some how felt like a trip back in time.

Some time in the afternoon clouds rolled in once more and the sky went prematurely dark. It seemed

to be a signal to the natives. A cacophony of voices accompanied by a drumming of sticks on other sticks created a defining racket. A flickering orange light that grew and engulfed the hut, illuminating everything, indicated that a huge bonfire had been lit. As the fire seemed to reach its peak the radiated heat could even be felt inside the hut that must have been some 20 yards away. Softly at first a distinctive chanting began in minutes it had grown to even dominate the clashing stick drums.

Two of the women came back into the hut and after surveying me again they seemed satisfied. I had been sitting on the rug when they came in and they helped me to my feet. Then walking behind me they propelled me from the confines of the building that I had been in restricted to all day.

The flames of the fire sent little devils of burning bark and leaves dancing into the sky lighting up the entire village square. People were chanting and clapping as I advanced down the stairs of the building toward the fire, with the encouragement of the women.

I hadn't noticed it at first but several yards away from the fire was a bamboo cage. Inside the cage sat a huge male orangutan, that on first glance, I thought was Big Red. But as I was encouraged toward the cage I saw that this animal was about half as big again as Big Red was. Two men stepped to either side of the cage as I approached. To my surprise one then spoke.

"This King" The man speaking indicated the orangutan in the cage. I looked at the man, a little taken back at first, but I thought I should say something. Raising my eyebrows I repeated what the native had said pointing as well in the direction of the ape.

"This King, His name is King?"

"His name Magool he King of us" The nameless native made a wide sweep of his hand to encompass everything including the long house set close to the forest on the west side of the clearing.

"Ohh," I said rather blankly. Then recovering my composure, "This orangutan is your King, your big chief." The native then smiled broadly, happy to have made me understand.

"You be Magool's female you be his woman have Magool's baby make baby new king." Suddenly it dawned on me what this was all about. Those dark shapes I had seen when I was in Big Red's cage during the first monsoon rains and the feelings I had of being watched when I fed Little One, the feelings were real I had been being watched by these people. They thought I was the mother of the baby orangutan and that Big Red was his father. I had been brought here to mate with their King and have his child. The parallels with Mr. Wilson and Magool were startling.

"No, no you don't understand," I protested. "The little orangutan isn't mine its, its an orphan, found by my aunt. She was trying to save it when I came along and found out I could feed it by letting it suckle my breast while I gave it a bottle." The man's expression was blank. His limited understanding of English meant that I had lost him with my defensive and hurried explanation.

"Baby yours," he poked my full breast to make his point. "You feed baby, baby yours. You be bride of King have King's baby. He be white haired like you. This please the gods. White hair is strong, we be powerful tribe, take many heads."

"Please no you don't understand, the baby is not mine. I can't have a baby to an orangutan I just cant." I hoped what I was saying was true if it wasn't I may be already pregnant.

"You and King have baby, you be queen. King decide now if he want you for his bride." A creaking behind me made me turn to see the bamboo gate open. "You go to King now, he decides." Both men

took an elbow each and directed me into the cage closing it after me.

Crouched just inside of the doorway I watched the big mountain of lank fur. He turned to look at me without expression. It was impossible to know what he was thinking. In front of him was this red human who smelt like an orang-utan but was clearly not. His small brown eyes, unblinking, seemed to stare through me. I felt uncomfortable, uneasy at his lack of response to my presence in his domain.

For many minutes he watched me while I avoided his gaze. I didn't wish to upset or antagonise the Ape in any way. My uneasiness grew to almost panic as time passed. I just knew he didn't want me there, I could tell or at least I thought I could. I had seen the response of Big Red in the past weeks and although you would never say that his face was animated it never possessed the cold stare that this animal had.

Outside the chanting had decreased as the people seemed intent on what would happen next. Clearly they too expected the Ape to do something. It seemed as if they considered that all they had to do was to put me into the cage and he would take over. I looked out at the crowding faces, every face showed an unfulfilled expectation. As the minutes past the mood of the natives changed from excitement to disappointment. If something didn't happen soon I would be in as much danger from the annoyed head hunters as I potentially was from the Ape.

"Dame you do something," I hissed. As I looked up at him. Still he was unmoved.

"Oh hell don't you want to do me. Don't you know what's expected of you." I was feeling desperate as my stomach seemed to tremble and squirm with frustration and fear.

"Okay Ill come to you then," with that I edged forward on my haunches to close the gap. As I neared the ape I turned once again to the crowd. They were mostly silent and expectant. However there were a few smiling faces, especially those of the guards and the women who had attended me, there little gestures encouraged me to move even closer, I did.

A foot away from the orang-utan I smelt his distinctive ferrel smell. The smell was much stronger than Big Red or the other wild orang-utan although it was similar. Now that I was close to this impressive beast I again played the submissive female. My head again bowed avoiding eye contact, my own knees were almost touching the knees of the squatting ape. My senses were alive for any danger that the animal posed.

I crouched in front of the huge orang-utan for several more minutes. Those minutes seemed a great deal longer than sixty seconds. My muscles, tight and tense, vibrated from the strain of remaining still and unthreatening. Finally there was a reaction from King. I cringed and braced myself for the inevitable blow as I saw his big four fingered paw lift. But the expected blow didn't eventuate. His movements were slow and deliberate as his hand lifted cautiously. Finally his thick fingers came to rest on my head.

A hissing exhalation of air escaped my lips as I slowly relaxed with the realisation I was not in any immediate danger. Gently he combed my hair with his fingers. Lifting and letting my dyed locks fall only to repeat the action again and again. For some time he continued to groom me as the cacophony of chanting and drumming grew once more.

Eventually his other paw moved to my chest. He fondled and poked at my raised nipple tentatively. Satisfied with his first tentative exploration of my breast he became more confident and inquisitive. Now he pressed and prodded at both my breasts more firmly. My hair, face and breasts seemed to preoccupy him as he explored me intimately.

I had forgotten the natives just outside the cage for a moment as I watched and felt the ministrations of the great ape. Slowly I was drawn forward onto the chest of the beast as he continued to explore my body intimately.

My eyes closed to further focus the tender explorations. I felt little trembles of desire ripple through me. His paws slid down my back bone, one lump at a time. Slowly I lent back and looked up at the face of the concentrating Ape.

Tentatively I began to move. My body colour was rising as I felt a need, the same need that Big Red had instilled in me back at the plantation. My loins were damp and tingling making me ready for the male. My female scent of willingness was sending signals to the sensitive nose of the male ape. I saw the slightest of twitches from his broad nostrils. I watched his tongue wet his lips and I felt his grip on my hips tighten. Nothing existed beyond this cage, I don't know what it was but I needed this beast as my mate.

With the beast holding my hips I lifted first one arm and reached out for the ground behind me. As my hand felt the floor of the cage I immediately reached back with my other arm. Now with both arms bracing me from behind and my back arched I was able to stretch my legs out one each side of the apes hips. I was offering myself to the King.

He lent forward and looked at my groin with renewed interest. One thick finger prodded my cleft with intense curiosity. I trembled as the thick digit slid from my mound along my parting folds that were already damp and engorged. He lifted his finger almost immediately to his flat nose and sniffed then tasted my wetness.

Satisfied he lent closer still and his finger returned to my moist groove drawing a sharp inhalation of my breath as it sunk into me without warning. Although I was wet I wasn't prepared for the thick intrusion. Kings head was now just inches from my vagina as he fingered me deeper and deeper.

Once again I closed my eyes as the big ape explored me intently. My mind mapped his every touch. I felt more intensely the moving finger as it pressed into and expanded my inner secret. His searching digit had penetrated so deep that the knuckles of his fist were pressed firmly into the soft flesh of my vaginal mound. I grunted loudly as I felt the discomfort of his exploring finger colliding with my protruding cervical neck.

King had felt the hard protrusion that was the portal to the secret passage into the heart of what made me a woman. The tip of his finger began to circle the nub delicately as he examined its shape. I gasped from the pleasure of the examining finger and my breath was now coming in short panting whispers.

My ears rang with the sounds of the chanting and drumming of the excited natives. I opened my eyes to see black faces pressing fingers clutching tightly onto the bamboo bars of the cage. I should have felt some emotion, I knew I should, but I didn't. At the very least I should have had the emotions of fear or embarrassment but I simply didn't.

However, there was another emotion and it suppressed all others. I felt the rise from some place deep within my very being of a deep primal urge to mate. There seemed to be some trigger within me that responded to this urge. I had felt it in Big Reds Cage, I had felt it again with the wild orangutan and I had even felt it with Mr Wilson. Even as I lay there with the scrutinising gaze and the examining finger of the big ape I felt the rising need flood through me. I couldn't then, nor afterward, explain my feelings but they were there and at this very moment needed fulfilling.

That was exactly what King had in mind. I saw his short penis stiffen and jerk. His finger slid from

me with a wet slurp scarcely audible but never the less I heard it, or to be more accurate felt it. I was exceedingly wet and receptive, in need of what only a male could fulfil.

Satisfied that I was ready the ape was preparing to mount me. I don't know how he knew I was ready and willing to mate, but he did. All of his actions suggested he did. Perhaps it was my aroused odour. I could smell my own distinctive odour that seemed to accompany my arousal. The apes sense of smell was far more refined than mine, that I knew. Perhaps though, it was simply a sixth sense that King had supported by my responsive reactions and supported by my scent.

All around the compound, beyond the cage, the tempo of excitement grew. My behind slid across the dirty floor of the cage as the two great clutching paws spread my legs and pulled me onto his already erect penis. The beast was unfaltering as his short stubby member parted my slit and slid directly into the neck of my vagina.

It was so simple yet stimulating. The feel of the beast's slight yet thick penis penetrated my engorged and slippery vaginal opening made me quiver with expectation. My body was more than prepared for the almost inadequate offering of the beast. Even as I thought about his size and began comparing it to the more sizable penis that Mr. Willson possessed I realised that size may not be an issue.

His hips heaved his groin at me, his rippling thrusts were teasing my inner responses. My wide spread groin clutched and squeezed on the rigid teasing penetration. I felt the penis twitch and lift as the ape used his own muscle contractions to enhance his own pleasures. The squishy feeling of his two large egg shaped tactical added to my growing stimulation. His smooth round hardness, rubbed against me firmly, deliciously. The slightly flared head seemed to have penetrated just enough to match an exceedingly sensitive place just inside and at the top of my vaginal sheath.

I felt it building; my entire body began to shake. My behind lifted and for the briefest of moments, every sinew in my body stiffened, holding quivering. My back arched like a bow. My legs stiffened and trembled with a delicious strain. Then my groin clamped down sharply as I felt or heard, I'm not sure which, five or six loud clicks that seemed to possess my entire lower body with racking bolts of pleasure. Each contraction was accompanied by involuntary, fit like, jerks and heaves of my entire body. Contortions that threatened to expel the ape from my clutching sex.

But I didn't. And as my body began to relax I felt a warm wetness seep into me. The ape had just ejaculated his semen into me. As he did I looked at his face and saw little change from the expressionless stare that I had seen earlier. He almost seemed disinterested as he casually looked about at the natives outside the cage.

I hadn't realised that everything had grown quiet so preoccupied in my own pleasures had I been. For a while longer The ape remained joined to me then he went limp and flopped from my distended, wet, gooie, mush of vaginal flesh. King eased my hips up and slipped from between my open thigh. I lay there and watched the ape casually glide away from me leaving me open and exposed. I subconsciously slid my fingers to my squishy vaginal opening. My inner folds were spread open like the petals of a Lilly and saturated with sticky semen. I felt the wetness of my own and the beast's copious secretions leaking from me. Some of our conjoined liquids trickled between my ass cheeks across my tight butt and wet the dirt floor under my behind.

The early silence was broken once more by the sudden uproar of the natives as they shouted the apes name over and over Magool, magool, magool. I just lay there looking up at the last visible star disappear behind the heavy overcast as the first drop of rain hit me squarely between the eyes.

The rain swept into the cage with the repeated ferocity of previous days. The assembled natives scurried for the shelter of the long house and other buildings that enclosed the compound. There was no other sound but that of the pounding rain. There seemed to be no end to the amount of water laden clouds that rolled in from the east day after day. Even as I lay there, spent, I felt myself being dragged toward the back of the cage by the powerful grip of the hairy armed ape.

The back of the cage was partly covered in thatched grasses and vines. It was mostly designed as protection from the hot tropical sun. The cover was less effective as a shelter from the torrential monsoon down pour. However, it was shelter and apart from a few leaks it served adequately.

Magool drew me hard against his furry body. I was contented enough in the knowledge that I would not be harmed and I was able to relax. The big thick fingers of the ape absentmindedly fondled my hair as I was comforted by his body warmth. I began to feel drowsy as I leant against my most recent orang-utan lover. His heart beat was rhythmic and soothing as tiredness engulfed me in the darkness of the distant place where I had become the bride of the orang-utan King.

Sometime later, I don't know how long, I was awoken by the caressing fingers of the ape as he again explored my private places. I tried to brush him away but he was intent on exploring me. I groaned with resignation as he rolled me onto my belly.

A big hairy arm pushed my shoulders down into the damp leaf matter that served as the orang-utans bed. I was his plaything as he poked and prodded me intimately, seeking, finding, making me groan and writhe with my own carnal pleasures. Then in that dark place he covered me inserting his penis into me and slowly casually began to hump his hips energetically as he manipulated his penis into that special place. His grinding hips pressed his ample tactical sack against me as he served me. For a long long time the ape took his pleasure with me until he reached a point where he need his bulding needs had to be released. His movements became more rapid and powerful.

The air in my lungs was forced from me in sharp gasps that kept time with his thrusting hips against my buttocks. My entire body was rocked forward each time and each time I had to inhale quickly before the next slap of his demanding groin against my smooth pink buttocks. His hip clutching paws held me tighter and tighter until, with a grunting sigh he came, releasing more of his warm seed into my already congested vagina. Before dawn He took me another four times.

It was barely dawn when the native who spoke English came to the door of the orang-utans cage and beckoned me out. Barely able to avoid the clutching hand of King I slid to the door. Outside I was able to stand erect. As the cage door closed I looked down at myself. The mud from the cage floor covered my chest, hip and knees. I could feel the caked mud on my buttocks and back as well. With the fresh smell of the air outside the cage I became mindful of how badly I smelt. Magool maybe King but he didn't seem to warrant much attention spent on the hygiene of his cage. It was then that I felt dirty and in dire need of a wash.

A deep warm bath would have been delightful but a wash would suffice for now. As I obediently followed the man back to the hut I looked closely at his rippling back muscles and tight rounded bottom. Dame what was I thinking. I had just spent a night in an orang-utans cage where I had been serviced over and over by a big hairy ape. My inside thighs, belly, and matted pubic hair bore testament to the copious contributions of the ape to my congested vagina. Still, the sight of this almost naked man with his well toned body just a few feet in front of me demanded my full attention. He must have been late thirties, I guessed, but he looked extremely fit. Not one ounce of fat any ware. His brown body visibly glistened with health even in the dull early morning sunlight.

He strode into the hut without pausing or speaking. Inside were for men. They looked important with

flowing, gaudy feathers cascading from a conical woven headdress. Like the man who had brought me here they wore brief monkey fur loin cloths that barely covered their genitals. There were also two familiar faces. The two older women who had dyed my hair and body and decorated me with bone and shell bangles and ornaments were standing patiently.

One of the men, with the fancy headdress, spoke directly at me. I didn't understand a word but the native who spoke English translated.

"You are now the queen and you have certain responsibilities. You will provide a hair, a white haired prince, that will give us much power over our enemies. King has sired many off spring in the past. He is very potent and he will put child in your belly to grow and become our leader. Each day you will rest here, in the hut, then when night comes you will return to Magool and make him happy. Soon you will show signs that you are with child and only then will you stop visiting the King. Your place here is special to us and you will be protected until your child is born." He stopped talking and all four men looked at me intently. Apparently I should reply but what could I say. Their minds seem to have been made up. I couldn't convince them before that I couldn't have a orang-utan child so I felt any plea was useless but I would make another attempt. With a resigned sigh I began to speak.

"I told you yesterday that women cant give birth to ape babies," I crossed my fingers in a cincear hope that what I said was true. "Its impossable, do you understand me?"

The translator spoke to the other three men who appeared to be tribal elders. Almost as one they turned to the baby orang-utan in the make shift crib and pointed with conviction. I had forgotten about the baby until that instant. My tyred brain was foggy with lack of sleep.

"Old me say this your baby,"

"No, no no I said before its a foundling, we rescued it and I fed it." Another brief interruption while he spoke to the old men.

"Your breasts full, look they now leek milk, you are babies mother."

"Its imposable, I said before I can't have an ape baby. No woman can." Again he translated. Then one of the elders spoke to the women. When he had finished she left the hut returning to a stony silence several minutes later. She was followed closely by another woman. In her arms was an ugly infant with patches of reddish black hair on its shoulders and long black cascading locks. Its face was almost human except for its broad flattened nose, straight mouth and googly round eyes.

"It possible, you look?" I had and I was stunned. It certainly looked like a cross between an orang-utan and a human.

"But, but....." my voice trailed away as I found nothing to say that would convince myself far less the natives.

"This girl raped many times by young orang-utan boys in the forest and she soon have big belly. She have baby orang-utan you have baby orang-utan." The discussion was over the women took me aside as the elders left. Soon I was being cleaned of the dirt and grime of the previous evening. My hair was matted and laced with straw from the orang-utans bed. Some vagarious brushing soon had it shining once more. Only when I was cleaned up was I allowed to feed the youngster. It wasn't too soon either as my breasts were heavy and dripping milk.

Today became the pattern for the next few days. Each morning I was taken from the cage washed, groomed and allowed to feed Little One. Each evening just before sunset I was taken back to Kings

cage where he was readily waiting for me. On my arrival King hustled me to the back of the cage and wasted little time in mating me.

Although I enjoyed each and every encounter with the big red ape I began to feel a little depressed. Was this going to last for the rest of my life. That was the question that kept haunting me. And the ugly baby was it really a half breed orang-utan and human? If it was the thought of being pregnant to the ape scared me. Not because I was afraid of being pregnant, not at all. Like most girls my age, especially my friends, we had all planned for and dreamed of the day that we had our own babies to care for and nurture.

Giving birth, here in the forest, without the assistance of a midwife or a doctor that scared me most. The site of that tiny, ugly individual that the young woman carried into the hut to demonstrate that women could really give birth to orang-utans, made my flesh creep. I'm sure anything you carried inside you for so long would become part of you but.... I tried to block these recurring thoughts from my mind but each time Magool climaxed inside me the thoughts returned.

By the fifth night Magool was losing interest in me. When I was returned to him he dragged me to the back of the cage and took me as he usually did after a daylong abstinence. My sleep had always been interrupted by his insatiable demands but that night he let me sleep unmolested. Just as the sun was rising and the native approached the cage Magool must have reconsidered his needs. He reached first one then the other of his leathery paws out to clasp my hips. With a few calculated moves he tucked me beneath him and began to rut.

The English speaking native stood good-naturedly by the cage gate as the King took me. The native was smiling broadly as my head bobbing with each powerful thrust of the apes groin. My heavy breasts also swung sharply with the impact of his body with mine. Over full my breasts began to spray fine fountains of milk from the minute ducts in my nipples.

The warm trickle of excess semen told me the ape had finished and soon after he released me from his firm grasp. I stumbled to the opening door and was glad to be able to stand. As I walked the increasing wet patch between my thighs was a reminder of my recent mating. All I could think about was getting myself clean of the sticky goop.

The rest of the day was much the same washing and grooming, feeding the infant then returning to the waiting Magool. Tonight, however, was different the moon would shed no light into the cage and the darkness was eerily disturbing.

As I lay there with my brain churned over and over with all of the events of the recent past. As usually happens in the darkness only the bleakest of possibilities presented them self as possible. The night as black as it was in this deep corner of the jungle was alive with sounds. Screeching monkeys seemed much louder to night than ever before. Ground animals shrieked and insects cheeped incessantly. There were sudden sounds as well. They were frighteningly threatening in their intensity and made worse from having no easily explainable source. I sidled nearer the big ape as my only source of protection.

The seconds seemed like minutes and the minutes dragged into first one then two hours. I really had no way of knowing how much time had passed but it must be passing. My thoughts skipped crazily from one topic to another even when I tried to focus. A screech, I jumped, then a squealing followed by a series of grunts, it was quite near perhaps a monkey, maybe a wild pig. God I didn't even know if there were pigs here, I had never seen one near the plantation. The night dragged on.

I must have dozed, I was certainly tired enough. I woke and in that place between sleep and

wakefulness I heard a noise. Then again this time it was so sharp and close that I jumped startled by the scraping noise. It was the cage door. I peered into the darkness while pressing ever closer to the warm body of my protector. He had woken as well. I could feel his heart beat lift. Then a strange voice.

"Miss Abigail, are you there." It was whispered and hard to even be sure of the words then again the whispered inquiry.

"Miss Abigail are you in there." Sure that it wasn't the native I replied.

"Yes.... Who is it?"

"Sergeant Preston mama, from the Ketch Adelaide Lieutenant Popes ship mama we are here to rescue you." I edged forward away from the stoic frame of Magool.

"Is Mr. arrrr Lieutenant Pope with you?"

"Yes Mama, he's back in the forest there a bit with twelve more marines covering us mama. As best as he can in this pitch black that is." I slipped through the open door of the cage and with the Sargent to guide me headed toward the forest as quietly as I could. The cage door swung on its vine hinges in the gentlest of breeze, an invitation to Magool to follow.

I had to follow close to even see the sergeant in front of me. I was kind of glad of the darkness for the first time in many days I was totally aware of my nakedness. It hadn't seemed to matter after I had become accustomed to everyone around me almost as naked as I was. The red body and hair coloring had given me a sense of being clothed. Now in the presence of Europeans I felt exposed.

"Is that you Sergeant?" A whispered called challenged us from some where up ahead cut into the silence.

"Yes sir Lieutenant."

"And the Lady?"

"Yes sir she's with me." I grabbed the Sergeants arm and brought him to a stop.

"Sergeant I'm rather embarrassed but I'm naked and I would appreciate it if someone had something I could cover myself with."

"Sorry mama here take my coat," I could feel the sergeants embarrassment even if I couldn't see it.

"Thanks Sergeant," I took the coat and even though it swamped me I felt comforted in the knowledge that my nakedness was now not revealed.

"Miss Abigail?" It was Lieutenant Popes voice. "Are you okay?"

"Yes I'm okay." I was glad of the dark at that moment so I didn't have to explain the red skin and hair.

"Saw them put you in the cage," he made a slight embarrassed cough that told me he had seen me naked and red.

"Oh!," was all I could say. Another dry cough signaled that the conversation or indeed the rescue party should move on.

"Your safe now miss Abigail I have 12 good men here, all marines plus Mr. MacTavish, he insisted on coming, good man that. My heart sank, good man indeed. "We best be off now, its hard going in this jolly darkness and we dear not use a light until we are well away from this place."

He was right it was hard going. We felt our way along the narrow path with clinging vines picking at us as we passed. The aerie cries of the jungle accompanied us as we made our way cautiously for perhaps an hour. It was at that point Lieutenant Pope ordered the lighting of a taper which helped the party press on at an increased pace. Hours later we stopped. A small hut set back among the encroaching forest trees seemed to have been the Lieutenants destination all along.

"Its two hundred hours. We all need a rest here till dawn. three men on guard. An hour on and three off. The rest of us will try to get some sleep, we will leave at dawn. Dawn was when I would be missed at the village and it was a certainty that I would be pursued.

There was barely enough room for ten people to bunk down on the bamboo floor but some how we managed and soon there was a constant buzz of snoring all about me. As weary as I was I couldn't sleep at first. Every movement or sound had me turning in its direction. Then just as my lids began to droop and sleep began to wash over my exhausted body a weight fell upon me and a hand clamped over my face.

"Don't make a sound." It was MacTavish. His foul breath contaminated the air about my face as he hissed in my ear. "I said you should be granting me favors but no you was too cleaver for MacTavish, too good for him ayh girly. I wriggled but his weight pressed down harder.

"If you wants people to be hurt then make a noise." His tone was ominous and threatening. He pressed something hard and sharp against my side as he parted the Marines coat that I wore to reveal my nakedness.

"Now Girly just part those pretty legs and open up the door for old MacTavish to come in and get all warm. He was quick and brutal as he took me. In seconds it was over as he came with a shuddering sigh, His seed spilling into me to mingle with the apes fertile seed.