

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

Everything seemed to move blindingly fast after the unexpected landing. A battered truck with three young black men carrying rifles screamed to a halt next to the plane.

Then followed a headlong dash across the dusty and open ground toward a small village some five miles distant. After a brief stop at the village my wife and I were separate from the other passengers and crew. We were the only white people on the plane and at that instant we feared for our lives. Another ten miles of painful travel took us to an old farm homestead. All the buildings were wooden but a quick observation told me they were designed to be misleading. Even though roofing iron and weather boards appeared loose and poorly maintained on close observation it was not.

As we passed what seemed to be the main residence I saw an older white man in the doorway. For a moment he stared at us then he turned his back and entered the house as our jeep screeched to a dusty stop near a long barn.

"Out you get," A young soldier prodded us toward the barn.

"Where are we," I inquired, calmly, although I was far from calm.

"Shut up and get in the barn," The soldier threatened.

Inside, the barn was divided by a long orange brick walkway. Jail like cells on either side appeared to be recent additions. In a previous life this barn had probably been horse stalls of some quality.

On one side several cells were now occupied by three or four huge hounds. On the opposite side only one cell was occupied. An almost naked man sat, head bowed, on a straw covered bench at the back of his cell.

June and I were bundled into the cell next to the man and the door was quickly slammed behind us. The man, if that was what he was, lifted his head listlessly. God, he was ugly. A brutish face with many scars and a badly disfigured nose all overhung by a protruding bony brow. Thick ape like lips and black and broken teeth completed what was not a pretty picture.

Although his face was striking by its ugliness his body was striking for its size and power. Not muscular, but obviously strong he was perhaps six and a half feet tall with a wide barrel chest that was covered in thick matted hair. Thick hair also covered his tree trunk, arms and legs. The overall effect making him a fearsome looking person. His nakedness was only covered by a grimy and skimpy loincloth that covered very little.

"Hi!" I offered lamely. He didn't reply, but his formerly disinterested look now seemed more alert as he fastened his eyes on us.

"Hi!" I tried again as I saw his sudden attention. This time I received a grunt for my effort. Then I noticed he was not looking at me, but at my wife. I moved toward the bars separating the cells.

"My names Tim what's yours," I inquired rather lamely.

He grunted, ignoring me.

I moved between my wife and the beast man and again tried to engage him in conversation. His response was to move from his place on the bench and move to the dividing bars. I turned to June

"You try," I said as I resignedly moved toward the straw covered bench at the end of the cell.

At that moment the rasping of a key in a padlock followed by the banging of the outer door, heralded the return of the soldiers. With them was a young black woman carrying a steaming bowl of water, several cloths and what looked like a shaving brush and razor. They came directly to our cell. The soldiers entered first.

"Remove your clothes," The leader directed. I hesitated.

"Both of you, remove, your, clothing, NOW!" He spat each word with a threatening menace as he waved his gun at us.

I looked at June and she met my glance. For a moment I saw fear flash through her blue eyes. I smiled lamely, then shrugged. Slowly we began to disrobe.

"Faster," In a few seconds we were down to our underwear.

"All of it, all of it, shoes too, Hurry!"

In a moment we both stood naked, and although the barn was a comfortable temperature I felt cold. June moved close to me as the soldier kicked our clothes toward the door

The Girl handed me one of the cloths and a length of thin leather. Seeing my confused look she said. "Tie the belt around your hips and fold the cloth in half and tuck it over the belt." Her voice was cultured British. It took my shaking hands longer than the simple task required, but I finally had the cloth in place.

The girl turned to June "Sit on the bench and spread your legs."

"No, why are they doing this to us?" She grabbed at my arm and I pulled her close protectively.

"Do as you're told, the girl ordered." June again refused and the girl looked at the soldiers and then at me.

"Tie him to the bars," For the first time the girl showed that she was definitely in charge. In an instant the soldiers had forced me back against the cell bars. Before I could resist, they had both my legs and arms tied.

"Now sit, all I'm going to do is shave your pubic hair."

June looked at the girl questioningly, but said nothing. Then she turned to me before sitting meekly down on the bench. She opened her legs a little. The soldiers had big grins on their faces.

Wider the girl ordered, June slowly parted her legs so that all could see the flaps and grooves of her secret place.

"What are we doing in here, next to that thing?" The ugly man's face was now pressed right against the bars only feet from where June sat in her humiliating position. His ugly face had a broad grin, of sorts, on it and his loin cloth was being pushed out by his hardening manhood.

The black girl looked up at the beast like a man, and said, "Haven't seen a white woman in the flesh have you Beast?" She returned to her task of applying a thick gel over June's pubic mound, and massaging it into her hair. June was afraid to move.

"Beast is sure enjoying this," one of the black soldiers observed. Look at that pecker rage.

Despite herself June looked up briefly. From her position on the bench, she was looking straight at Beast's groin and the now uncovered erection. In his excitement Beast had brushed aside the loin cloth to show his pulsing uncircumcised member. The foreskin had stretched back revealing part of the glistening engorged crown. A small sticky bead of liquid clinging to the tip of the thick monster that was perhaps three or four cm longer than mine and proportionally thicker.

June flushed red. It was probably fair to say she had never had such obvious displays of sexuality directed at her, ever.

"Can't say as I blame you Beast, that shore not a bad piece of ass," The other soldier suggested. "I could tackle it myself."

The Girl whirled around and snapped, "You know what your instructions are and you better not even entertain such ideas."

"You know we're just joshing girl. We know what we gotta do."

After several minutes the girl took a cloth from the basket and rubbed the gel covered mound removing the hair. The girl had finished shaving June's crotch and applied some ointment to the new smooth skin. June drew a sharp breath as the liquid seared her raw skin.

"You can close your legs for a while," the girl suggested as she removed the shaving dish from between Junes' spread thighs, chuckling at some secret joke as she rose and moved to the door.

The soldiers, who had proceeded the girl from our cell, entered the Beast's cage through the dividing door. Clearly Beast had some violent traits as the men were extremely careful, watching his every move. The girl moved into the hall to wait, perhaps a little afraid as well.

With guns drawn the men forced the reluctant Beast up against the cell bars where they placed a neck clamp around both the bars and the ugly man's neck. Beast glared defiantly, but did not struggle. Then the soldiers parted Beast's legs and manacled them to the bars. When he was secure they remove his loin cloth. At this point the girl entered the Beast's cage a little tentatively.

"Jesus you smell, Beast," she spat.

Even though he was secured she applied the gel to Beast's groin quickly and repeated the procedure that she had used on June. The girl was clearly nervous despite the close attention of the guards holding the beast man. In spite of her nervousness the girl seemed to take some delight in balancing his huge balls in her hand and fondling his erection. His rod twitched and he showed his decaying teeth in a snarl. Even as she shaved the brute much of his concentration was on June. Even when the black girl puts the ointment on the raw shaved area he didn't flinch.

In addition to the ointment the black girl took a large glob of clear cream into the palm of her hand and rubbed it along his shaft slowly, erotically, watching for any reaction from Beast. If possible, the best man's shaft had grown with the stimulation. The veins standing out even more. The beast's genitals were big not overly long, but swollen thick. His testicles were many times bigger than mine. They were much like those of a small bull, hairless, smooth and hard. They hung suspended between his bowed legs.

His penis had pronounced vein lines and wart like lumps that made it look rough and menacingly brutal. In addition, it was bowed abnormally to the left. All in all it was an ugly leg. His penis had pronounced vein lines and wart like lumps that made it look rough and menacingly brutal. There was something about this man, this thing, which was not quite human. There seemed to be so many differences from a normal human that birth defect, injury or diseases could not explain them all.

I noticed that June, who had avoided looking at the beast man at first, was now watching him from under her eyelashes. The beast, the beast man, may have been but his ugliness also made him compelling. His animal display of unguarded sexuality only feet from June's face was gripping. She was still naked and her whole body flushed red from embarrassment or stimulation, I wasn't sure which. Her feet rubbed each other slowly. In some perverted way I was turned on as well. I felt my shaft harden.

Finished the black girl rose and the soldiers left Beast's cell and pushed the door closed again with a shrill squeal of un-oiled hinges. The soldiers, perhaps wisely, undid the beast's manacles from this side of the bars. He snarled and spat as he was released, shaking the bars viciously. The soldiers backed off.

Finished they left by our cell door. As he swung the door closed the soldier looked at the agitated beast then at June, "Good luck, lady."

Ignoring the strange comment June rushed to the front of the cell. "Where's my loin cloth?" She asked.

It was the girl who replied. "You won't need one for a while darling, I'll bring you one later. By the way, that's not a man, well not all man, it's got a gorilla dad and a black mother, and you taugt that couldn't happen didn't you?" With a broad grin on her face, she turned and walked through the door. It was all quiet.

Quiet except for Beast s' heavy agitated breathing. He was standing next to June at the front of his cell where she had pleaded for her modesty. Beast reached through the bars and tried to touch her, she jumped back smartly at his brief clammy touch on her' bare shoulder.

June moved to the other side of the cell and retreated toward the Bench and did look at the Ape beast. Beast followed, all the while pressing against the bars, reaching through, and trying to get close to her.

"June, untie me please."

"Sorry, I forgot." She mumbled, as she came to me and started to untie the bonds about my feet.

Then a piercing screech behind her made us both freeze. The dividing door swung open. "Christ, they forgot to shut the door," I moaned

June spun her head around to see Beast paused at the partly open door. The beast looked just as startled as we were.

Quickly realizing his situation he pushed the door fully open and entered our cell. June had only partly risen when Beast reached her side. He reached down with one large, powerful hand and placed it firmly on June's shoulder. Then as he pulled her to her feet, he traced one finger gently along her cheek as his other hand caught June's wrist. His ample erection pressed firmly against her back. His body odour was rank.

Eyes wide with fear June the beast turned her and she now stood facing the beast, unable to back away, unable to speak.

He grunted something that sounded like words, and they seemed threatening. "June, say something," I hissed.

“What?”

“I don’t know? Anything... Anything that might calm him, can’t you see he’s agitated?”

“Calm him! Calm him? In what way calm him? Look at him, what do you think he wants? Have you seen that thing of his?” June’s reply was a mixture of horror and distress.

“If... If I say I like him, and IF he understands,” she paused briefly, pointedly, then continued to whisper “You know what he’ll think?”

Beast’s slippery erection jerked along June’s spine, she stiffened. “You see? Look at his thing poking into my back, it’s rock hard.”

Beast’s two powerful hands were gripping June tightly, hurting. June looked at the grossly ugly face and gagged at his powerful body odour. “You’re hurt... Hurting me, Beast.”

“Ah! Oh, I-I guess I like you, Beast, just a little.” She seemed to feel the need to qualify her reply. “You’re big and strong, Beast.”

Beast’s face lit up with understanding. As June had suspected, ‘like’ to Beast meant something far more than just ‘like’. My stomach churned with fear. Things were out of control and I was helpless to do anything. Beast pointed at June then at himself and letting her go for a moment, clasped his two paw like hands together palm to palm and locked his four digits.

Understanding clearly, June replied without hesitation. “Beast, I can’t be your woman,” she turned to me.

“That’s my husband, I’m his woman. I can’t be your woman.” She tried to sound forceful as she pointed to me. Hopeful her confident reply would satisfy Beast and that he would accept her explanation.

The beast looked from me to June, reasoning was not his strong suit. Nor was Beast negotiating, he was demanding. He looked at me viciously, and grunting moved toward me threateningly. “No, Beast, no! You don’t have to kill him,” June’s new-found confidence faded quickly.

She jumped in front of me and put her hands on the repulsive beast man’s arm as she attempted to restrain his movement. As she did her arm brushed against his rampant greased rod, It Jerked alarmingly. It seemed most of his reasoning was well south of his head. Beast pulled June hard against his chest, claiming her as his own. His slippery hardness reached almost to the underside of her Breast. He pushed his hips hard against her. I could see his testicles churning in a way I had never seen before. The huge bull-like sack hang low and was not tightly bundled as mine were when I was hard. They were also big, perhaps four times the size of mine.

June’s shoulders slumped noticeably as she saw choices slip away. “Well, ah...” She turned to me. I shrugged helplessly. “Please help me,” she hissed.

“Beast untie me please,” I asked, in one desperate effort to buy time, “We can talk about the woman.”

He shook his head in the clearest sign yet that he understood English. “Please, Beast,” I implored, “Untie me.”

He shook his head emphatically. “Oh, Jesus,” June hissed. Her eyes flicked to his ugly face I could

see the restless hot hardness pressing into her chest. Then I heard June utter again "Oh, Jesus!"

Beast's oversized testicles were continuing to stir furiously against her soft stomach. Now from the tip of his already slippery rod dribbled a clear liquid that was running down June's stomach, leaving a glistening trail. "He's cumming on me," June hissed. "Beast, you mustn't hurt me. You... You must promise." June's voice was shaking with panic.

She looked down at the dripping staff. "Beast, please! I don't want to, please Beast don't," June continued shakily. "Please, please let me go, PLEASE. Beast! I'm only little and you're so big you may harm me. You don't want to do that, do you, Beast?" Boldly, with every attempt to reason getting nowhere she cautiously touched his huge, misshapen flesh, briefly, then continued "This, it's too big for me, Beast."

The beast had misinterpreted the touch. He paused, then wrapped one arm about June's waist and led her stumbling into his cell. Beast dragged June protesting to the pallet at the back of his cell and pushed her onto the crude bed. "No, Beast! Don't hurt June, please, I'm not ready. Sit, please sit... Sit here." June's voice came in panting gasps of fear as she patted the bunk.

For a moment Beast looked quizzically at June then sat beside her, I could see from her face that his body odour was making her gag. She looked back at me in despair, then reached out with her palm and ran her hand across his chest and down to the flat of his stomach, stopping at his navel. I could see the Beast's stomach muscles contract involuntarily. His straining rod oozed more of his beastly venom that spilled like amber lava from the penis tip and ran down the already glistening shaft making it even slicker.

June also saw the Pre-come lubricating his pole. She knew that this animal-man would not be able to control his urge to mate for longer. "Beast, please don't hurt me, please," I heard her beg softly. Obviously trying to soothe the beast about to take her.

Her eyes move to the misshapen shaft. She moved her hand between her parted thighs. I noticed that her vagina folds were open and glistening. After touching herself briefly, she looked down and a puzzled angry look flashed across her face. Her hand returned to continue her fondling his soft belly hairs that nestled at the root of his penis. I groaned and my tears began to flow. "Beast, just let me stroke you. I promise it'll feel good. That's all you want, isn't it?" I heard her whisper.

"June, please don't do it, please." She didn't even turn to me, but looked up at the Beast as she cupped his seething balls lightly in her hand. As she looked up the Beast's face was coming down to meet hers. "Oh God," she groaned.

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## **Part Two**

As my hand came to rest on this horrible beast's warm stomach I accidentally brushed the sensitive head of his member, it flicked in response and the Beast gasped at the sharp pleasure. His huge hot rod expelled more slick pungent lubricant onto the back of my hand.

The beast's body odour was overpowering, I gagged and struggled to hold back the bile that welled in my throat. His raw animal sexual display was scaring me and I could hardly move. My body trembled with fear at the looming rape by this gross creature. I had already seen that there was no escape and nothing or nobody was going to save me. I became transfixed on his grossly malformed shaft. My hand so close was covered in his pale yellow pre-cum. It was much darker and thicker than Tim's cum, almost as a reflex I rubbed my wet hand over my cunt lips to lubricate them.

It was then that I became aware that they were abnormally swollen, tender and very moist. *The black bitch*, I thought. *What was in that ointment? Those people who had captured us had obviously set this up. I was meant to be mated with this beast.*

The Beast's hip pressed hard against mine and his whole body was vibrating from the sexual tension. He was on the edge and I knew that he would not stop until he had had relief. I was going to be his receptacle. His testicle bag was continually moving, the two large balls jostling in the tight sack. I heard Tim beg me not to do it, but I had no choice and I didn't respond. This beast man was going to take me and struggling was not a sensible option.

I looked up at the misshapen features trying to determine what I should do next, but I was taken by surprise when the Beast's head was already coming down toward me. His foul breath made me gag and the bile came to my throat. I tried to push him from me, but I couldn't budge him. His mouth clamped on my shoulder and his breath came in putrid gasps. I flinched at the shock of one great paw clamping onto my left breast as the other slid under my left thigh lifting, dragging me tightly against him until I lay prone on the pallet.

The Beast's thumb rubbed my nipple, not deliberately, but I hardened in response all the same. I was struggling to breath at this point his drooling, putrid lips were all over my face and neck. He now covered me completely. Drizzling precum oozed onto my lower belly at an impressive rate. My stomach was saturated and slippery and the leakage was covering my pubic mound. *God, it was like a tap*, I thought.

I had lost my will to resist. I was more afraid of being hurt if I tried to deny him. The hand under my thigh had moved to the small of my back, pressing me suffocatingly tight against his powerful chest. Slowly he forced me further backward and I was able to lift my legs onto the straw covered platform as he did. For a brief moment he lifted from me to ease back between my spreading legs. *This is it*, I thought.

I could feel myself starting to become dizzy with fear and expectation. The Beast's hand slid from my chest and parted my now unresisting legs.

"Ah, no," I moaned "Uh... No! No! Please, please, please! Uh... Don't!" I gasped, and gave a strangled cry as he clamped his teeth into my shoulder in the manner of a rutting beast. But I hardly noticed the nasty nip he gave me. I groaned once more as I felt him make the first tentative prod His knee pushing my legs further apart to make way for his broad powerful hips. I briefly resisted, then my legs opened and I lifted my knees in surrender.

The Beast's was fully between my opening thighs. My groin tingled at the intense attention of his beastly member. I could hear Tim calling, screaming.

"No, June, I love you, don't, please don't... Don't let him do it. Don't let him, please, please, please." My husband's pleading tailed off into a sob. I had no choice, unable perhaps now, at this point, unwilling to resist.

The Beast pressed forward into my crotch and at the same time he continued bighting at my neck with his decaying teeth. He was trying to burrow his shaft into my exposed opening. I cried in anticipation of the pain that would follow. In spite of my horror, I raised my knees a little more, opening myself wider, to his unspoken demands. I could feel his blunt, warm, slippery hardness nudging, searching. He was still dripping precum like a dog. My hips and inner thighs were sticky with slime. *Men didn't do this, what was this beast*, I wondered? *Was he as the girl said, half-ape and half-human?* His aim was to low at first, then too high, slipping along my greasy furrow without



catching. All the time the Beast kept dripping more of his juice.

“Easy, Urrrg... Don’t hurt me, Beast. Ooh!” I cajoled, in an effort to diminish his brutal assault.

I clamped my eyes even tighter blocking out all but the smell of the beast above me. Even with my eyes closed I could still see, in graphic sordid detail, every movement of the ugly misshapen man about to mate me. Perhaps my picture of what he was doing was enhanced through the darkness. The secret need to know what doing it with someone else was like was about to be answered in the worst way.

I opened my eyes for the first time since the Beast had touched my breast. His powerful arms rested either side of my chest. I raised my head a little and I was able to see the harsh purple crown already partly encased in my clasping sheath. I looked across at Tim. He was calling over and over.

“June? June? June! No! No No! Oh. God. Please!” My Husband shouted.

His voice seemed far away and retreating as my thoughts centralised on my pulsing groin. Then I could no longer hear his cries only his mouth opening and closing. The Beast having found my hole was now pressing his thick stiffness past my outer folds. I closed my eyes once more and gasped, stiffened, then lifted again as he pressed his huge member down and forward.

“Oh!” I grunted with a little surprise, but not from the expected pain.

His invasion was stretching and spreading my gripping sheath. His brutal knobbly member grated against my silken, clinging walls. I was right, he was too big, but the expected pain did not happen. Discomfort, a pleasant discomfort surged up from my groin into my abdomen. I thought I would lose consciousness. He eased back. I moved with him so tightly was I wedged onto his thickness. He again slammed me forward and back my head tossed in snapping movements and my back arched in an effort to take him deeper, to finish this discomfort. The dogs started howling as if encouraging the beast above me.

“No, No, No!” I cried.

My ears were ringing with my own screams, as he jerked his hips, hammering his member frantically, then he paused, groaned, then withdrew a little paused for a second more then crashed back violently. The Beast’s body was shaking. I whimpered, and lifted my legs high into the air, anticipating a violent drive at any moment. I watched through tear filled eyes, I saw his straining, gloating, dribbling ugliness above me. He was breathing in raspy gasps between clenched teeth. Sweat ran in rivulets from his face and shoulders. Then the ugly man tensed, as his penis twitched powerfully. Anticipating his next move I pressed my hips onto his shaft. I screeched once as he drove his powerful hips back against me.

Shuddering with his own pleasure he lifted his head in an almighty groan. He kept pressing forward in an effort to climb further into me and deposit his seed directly against my cervix. My head slammed into the cell wall at the end of the pallet. He was now only inches from my face, looking me square in the eye, his mouth wide open, panting drooling, grunting and tense.

Only seconds after he had driven his devastatingly thick shaft into my clinging tightness he was firing his load, in hot shuddering blasts from his powerfully lurching member. I felt the warm bubbling gushes deep inside me. I started to sob. The Beast was uttering animalistic groans, almost yelps and his whole body trembled.

For maybe two long minutes he hung over me sweat dripping onto my blushing pink nakedness. Our

groins welded wetly together. All the time his shaft jerked and twitched. I felt more of his copious cum dribbling into the crack of my behind as he filled me completely. Then as he slowly, ever so slowly came down from his climax he withdrew with an obscene sucking sound. His warm juices flood from my vagina onto the prickly straw, making a wet puddle under my behind. *God, how much had he pumped into me, he was defiantly not human*, I thought.

My tears flowed freely as my body heaved with loud sobs. The Beast rose from the pallet his penis slick and glistening, a huge grin of sorts showed his triumph. He panted in a snarling grimace of victory. He had mated me and his animalistic desires were achieved. I was sure now he was not far removed from the apes. Someone had found a missing link.

Spent, the Beast slumped onto my tiny body, heaving and gasping for air. His weight was strangely comforting. For maybe five minutes he just lay there going soft inside me. Then, the Beast slipped from my distended hole, his penis like a slimy lumpy slug rested against my leg. He pushed from my still entwined legs and rolled from me. Turning me onto my side of the pallet so I faced Tim.

The Beast rolled over and placed his back to the wall behind me. He lifted my left leg and began to stroke and fondle me exploring wetly with his fingers. My clit was extremely sensitive and each time he touched it, it was like an unpleasant charge of electricity applied to my most sensitive part. All the while he watched Tim for his reactions.

Tim was as emotionally spent as I was physically spent and only stared blankly at us. The Beast's penis pressed into and between my butt-crack as he continued to explore my entire body. It could have been no more than twenty minutes since he had flopped free before I felt him began to harden once more.

*God, he was going to do me again*, I thought. *He couldn't, not this soon*. However, he left me in little doubt as he was again clawing at me, exploring with renewed vigour, I gowned inwardly. He explored my entire body for perhaps ten minutes or more before flipping me on my back and taking me for the third time. This time he was more aggressive as he humped into me slamming me hard into the pallet as he tried desperately for his third climax in less than an hour. My already bruised and battered vaginal walls screamed for relief.

With each thrust the Beast's gasps grew shorter and he was biting me painfully hard on the neck and shoulders. It was then that I noticed that he himself had several bite marks and a huge developing bruise on his shoulder. This was clearly a result of my loss of control when I had orgasmed just a half hour before. Then he came once more, but this time he kept humping as he fired his load. He slipped from me accidentally after the first few copious gushes firing semen into my groin and stomach. He tried to slip back into me, but was almost spent before he was able to regain entry. The Beast slumped from me and was almost instantly asleep. I smelt and felt so dirty from perspiration and sex juices that I no longer noticed the Beast's unpleasant smell.

It was so hard to tell the time in the barn, but it must have been well into the evening perhaps nine or ten. The lights still burned brightly as I lay there with the smell of carnal juices combining with the foul musty body doors of the Beast I was unable to sleep.

Suddenly, I realised that the lights were over bright, not normal. Why? I looked about but I could see no reason for them to be this bright. Finally, despite my situation I fell asleep. I could not have been asleep very long when I felt the heard stirring of the Beast's huge cock digging into my buttocks. I cautiously I rolled over to remove the annoyance, disengaging the Beast's huge hands from my breasts. The beast was still sleeping, breathing heavily and he only stirred a little. I was now facing the huge hairy body. His rock hard penis were twitching as he slept. The foreskin was stretched so

hard that it was almost completely peeled back revealing the smooth pink and purple crown. The thick blue veins wound through warty growths that stood out proudly. It was, at the same time threatening, grotesque and strangely handsome.

“What are you thinking about, you ugly bastard?” I whispered.

Before I realised what I was doing I reached out and touched the tip, it jerked as if it had a mind of its own, and my hand flew back. The Beast groaned, I looked quickly to his face, but he didn't wake. His testicles slowly churned within the scrotum. *Making more cum*, I surmised.

I reached out again, and placed a finger lightly on his bag. Still, he didn't move. I slowly wrapped my fingers about his shaft, not knowing why, except that I had always been fascinated by Tim's penis and this one was much bigger. I told myself I didn't want him to wake, but fondling he would surely do exactly that. I could feel my own groin tingle, become wet. I knew I should let go, but I couldn't. I was fascinated by this ugly appendage. It was so virile, so ugly and yet so handsome. I had to hold this grossly grand thing in my hand, I wanted it, needed it, inside me one more time.

My own abused groin stirred and contracted as I clenched his shaft a little tighter. He groaned. I didn't move nor did I let go. He rolled onto his back, leaving me less room. I clung desperately to the edge of the pallet while still holding the Beast's shaft.

I looked toward Tim, he seemed to be asleep. *God, I'm getting wet*, I thought. *How could that be?* Suddenly, I found sex again. I looked at the proud, ugly, bent rod, not at the beast man, but his sex. *God, I want that thing in me again*, I confessed to myself. I couldn't believe my own thoughts. Slowly, I let the ugly appendage loose and turned once again to look at Tim.

*Should I untie my husband*, I wondered? *What if I did? What would happen? Would I be putting him in danger if the Beast saw him free? What would, what could, Tim do except be hurt? We couldn't escape from the cell?* I knew I must leave him tied up, he would be safer that way, but I had to speak to him.

I eased from the bench carefully. I took one step toward him. Suddenly, a huge paw caught my hand. The Beast dragged me back to the pallet. Tim had woken. He screamed. “Let her go. Let her go, you filthy beast.”

I ignored Tim deliberately, and spoke directly to the Beast. “June not leave Beast. June Beast's woman,” I said, to console him as I saw what appeared to be anger rising in the beast man. He pulled me back to the pallet and I immediately rolled onto my back raised my knees and parted my thighs offering myself to the beast man. I patted my wet pussy. “You want a pretty lady again, Beast?”

The Beast placed his hand on my crotch and pushed two digits in deep. I gasped, Beast withdrew his fingers and smelt them. Then, as he eased between my legs, he showed his slick fingers to Tim in a defiant gesture before again pushing them back inside me. I stroked his arm and lifted my hips as he worked his fingers inside me. My hand slid from his arm to his erection and, I slowly eased the foreskin back over the bulbous crown. The skin was tight and I wet my fingers with spit and finished the job. The Beast had stopped fingering me and looked to see what I was doing. I in turn looked back into his ugly face in a defiant fashion that I hoped showed that I would not be a victim.

“Come, Beast, fuck me,” I reached for his massive arms and pulled him toward me as I leaned back. The ugly man covered me as he accepted my invitation. For the first time I felt that I was in control.

He slobbered all over my face and breast. I gagged from his fetid breath. His hips started pressing

and searching. As if a trigger had been pressed I shuddered and lost control in the expectation of his imminent entry. Without realizing I had I was biting savagely on his neck and ears and lifted my hips pursuing his hard rod. The Beast drove forward with a hard thrust. Our push towards each other was simultaneous. My eyes and mouth shot open with surprise.

“Aarrrrrrgh.” I screamed loudly. The thick shaft sank into me in one forceful plunge.

I looked into his vacant blue eyes for the first time. He had not moved since the first brutal thrust. I clung to the Beast with all my strength trying to absorb all of him. I clamped my vaginal muscles about his shaft several times in a rhythmic motion and he soon got the Idea that everything was OK. He started to slowly pump into me in long, smooth, lubricated strokes.

For the first time I was able to look at the Beast while he took me. I had been raped three times already today, and this was the fourth. Perhaps, it was different this time. I had really wanted it, perhaps more than the Beast. It was sex, for the gratification of a need I didn't know I had until this half-ape raped me. I panted as his stroking became more frantic.

The Beast was on his elbows taking all of his weight and the slapping of our wet groins echoed around the small cell. My breasts rotated on my chest with each thrust. I pushed my hips down to make better contact with his rubbing shaft as his balls slapped against my wet butt. For the second time in a few hours I had an orgasm building. I felt the Beast's strokes quicken. He was going to beat me to orgasm again.

“Uh... Arrh... Slow down, please don't cum, slow... OHHhh, not now,” I breathlessly begged as I felt my orgasm build. “Slowly... Please don't... Don't,” my back arched and I felt a hot flush building through me. “No, no, no! No, stop, don't cummm, ssssstop Arr... Arrrrrrh, Ooooh,” my pleading was not needed.

I shuddered and started to scream, louder and louder with each mind numbing contraction. As wave after wave of pure exhilaration washed over and through me, I slipped into a world I had not experienced before. All senses slowed down to a state of slow motion, I fainted.

I came too with the Beast slumped on top of me. It was then that I realized that we had probably cum together. The Beast was still inside me, his drooling mouth wide open gasping for air. His heart pounded against my chest as he fought to gain control. We stayed this way until his heart rate slowed to almost normal then he disengaged.

As he rose I swung my legs over the edge of the pallet and sat recovering with my head bowed and cum dribbling from me. My skin was clammy and sticky, it glistened with perspiration and sex juices.

Much later I was recovered enough to stand and instantly the Beast was by my side. He had no intention of letting me out of his cell. Just then the outer doors opened, and the girl entered the barn. She carried with her a basket and some cloth.

“Good morning,” she said brightly. “I see you've swapped cells. I was sure you wouldn't be needing this last night.” She handed me a belt and a loin cloth. “Oh, and perhaps this might help you clean up a little of the mess. He comes like a horse, doesn't he?” With a big grin she then handed me a wet towel.

“He's a big boy,” She gave me a knowing wink. I glared back.

The black girl moved to the next cell, and released Tim from his bonds. He slumped to the floor, unable to support his own weight. Paying him no attention the girl slid a plate of food under the bars

and returned to the Beast's cell and did the same.

"Pretty lady good fuck, Beast?" She gave an obscene gesture at which the Beast responded with a vigorous nod.

"Good boy, you did well," She turned to me, "And so did you, that was some performance maybe you have made some babies, yes?"

"What do you mean, performance?" I snapped ignoring the babies crack.

The girl pointed to the lights generally. "Performance, you know action. We videoed it, every bit. You were great and those screams, terrific, just terrific."

My stomach heaved. "You... You can't have? There's no cameras."

"Oh yes there is, twelve in all, and all pointed at you every minute."

With that, she turned and walked away, turning just before she left the barn. "The doctor will be in to examine you soon," she said. Then she left.

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### **Part Three**

Several minutes later, a slim naked native woman accompanied by guards arrived and was taken into the cell opposite me. The cell was the same green colour as mine, everything in the cell was green, benches bars and walls. In the cell next to her was a large English Mastiff. It stood when the girl entered the cell and went to the dividing wall. The guards then closed the outer door and opened the divider between the two cells. I couldn't help but notice an immediate brightening of the light in that area. The mastiff shambled into her cell and they closed the dividing door behind him.

The girl in the cell started to walk about the cell and the dog followed sniffing her pussy. The girl seemed to know what was expected and this appeared like a tease. The mastiff was becoming more and more agitated as she kept denying him access to her hidden treasure.

After a short while of this action the big dog appeared to be growing impatient and he barked at her. She stopped for a moment and parted her legs slightly, giving him a good sniff, then she swung away and commenced her prowling of the confined space. The dog again barked and shook his head, spraying slobber all over the woman in the cell. She again stopped and the beast sniffed long and hard at her vulva. Once again the girl snapped her legs shut on the dog's nose and turned away to walk once more around the cell.

The dog barked again, but now he had enough and jumped up onto her shoulders, knocking the slightly built woman to her knees where she remained. Immediately the dog was upon her, but she crawled away to a spot on the floor that seemed to have light shining upwards from it. It was the same spot she had stopped at when she had let the mastiff sniff her. The dog was humping on the girl's rear, even as she crawled, searching for her opening. It didn't take him long he seemed to have done this before.

The mastiff began to hump harder and climbed further onto the girl. I could see from my cell that he had entered her and was driving vigorously. The girl was moaning and trying to remain still as the big dog buffeted her. The dog finally became still and I heard a large groan from the petite young woman. I stooped down to get a better look at what was happening and I could see her dilated

vagina and what looked like a red ball blocking the entrance. I didn't know much about dogs, but it seemed like this was the knot that I had read about. If it was I knew that the girl and dog might stay that way for some time. From around the knot, a small amount of dog cum was now dribbling out.

Several minutes later the dog swung one leg across the girls back and tried to disengage. Both partners yelped with pain. The dog then stood butt to butt with the girl. All the time the girl moaned and occasionally the dog gave a growl as she tried to pull herself from him. A large hand wrapped about my waist as I stooped to watch the dog and girl opposite. The beast had grown excited by the action in the compound opposite us and was ready to take me again. I felt the nudge of his penis as he decided to mimic what was happening in the other cell. I was to be taken doggie style for the first time.

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The dog and girl were still tied when the guards arrived. The Beast was filling me with his cum for the fifth time since I had been taken to the cells.

As usual, with guns at the ready, the guards entered the cell. Although reluctant to move away from me the guns seemed to strike enough fear into the ugly creature, and he backed off me. His thick member glistening with my body fluids and drizzling semen. While one of the guards covered the Beast with a pistol, the other ushered me out of the cell. I readjusted the loin cloth to cover as much of my pubic area as I could, as I was guided across the open yard. There several children playing boisterously near the steps to the main house where I was being taken. Once inside, I was escorted to a room that was some sort of surgery.

"Sit on the bed," the guard ordered. "The doctor is on his way." The guard left only to return minutes later, with the doctor. He was the white man Tim and I had seen as we entered the compound.

"Remove the loincloth, and lay face up on the bed," he ordered.

I did as he commanded fearing that to disobey could mean some sort of harm. Firstly the man, called the doctor, inspected the bites and bruises left by the ugly beast man. He turned my head from side to side. "He made a mess of your shoulder and neck, girl. I'll give you an injection of antibiotics in case you have an infection from his rotting teeth. The bruising is extensive, but it will heal."

The doctor turned to his guards. "The Beast one is a rough bastard when he fucks." The doctor retrieved a needle from a stainless steel cabinet and injected my arm. "Now part your legs," he demanded, and I complied.

He lifted my legs and placed each one in the gynecological stirrups hanging from the ceiling. For the next ten minutes I was subjected to a humiliating but thorough internal examination. All the time the doctor, if that was what he was, only grunted and muttered to himself. "Congested, very congested," he muttered, but seemed satisfied.

He left me with my legs still high in the air and went to a cupboard near the examination table and removed a long wire like needles. He then went to a refrigerator and removed a vial containing a gel like substance. Then, with vial in one hand, and the needle in the other, he went to a microscope and drew something up into the needle. Returning to the examination table, he spoke, "This may sting a little." He nodded to the two guards who moved quickly to my shoulders. "Hold her still, don't let her move, you hear? Ready?"

They nodded as they gripped me firmly. The doctor slid the long needle into my still dilated vagina.

From the corner of my eye I could see a small television screen that seemed to be pictures of the insides of my vagina. Then the unmistakable view of the neck of my cervix appeared on-screen, all the time the hole at the top grew closer, then it was gone as the needle entered the tip of my cervix. Several times I felt the sting of the needle digging into me, as it continued on its journey.

"Steady, girl," he said, as the concentration showed on his face. "This may sting a little."

"Ahhhhhh!" I caught my breath as a sharp pain, not unlike that of a needle prick flashed through the base of my stomach.

For a few moments it lingered then twice more I felt the sting and saw the flesh of my internal organs penetrated by the fine needle. Then I felt a rasping feeling of the withdrawing needle and the doctor declared himself finished. "Now, that wasn't too bad was it? Your cervix is inflamed, and slightly swollen from that rough bastard's dick, but from what I observed you didn't mind it too much."

"What have you done?" I gasped, as he lowered the stirrups.

He ignored my question, and asked one of his own. "How old are you?"

"Forty," I replied sharply, "Now what have you done to me?"

"Hmm forty, well, that's not too bad. Not bad at all, forty. Do you still have periods?"

"What?"

"Do you still have your periods?"

Confused, I answered, "Yes, yes I do, I do have periods."

"Good! I'm conducting several experiments at this establishment, one of which is to decide if women close to the end of their cycle, heading toward menopause, can conceive regularly. You have been mated with a very potent individual. Very potent indeed. He has the highest sperm count and the greatest sperm volume of any man or beast I have tested. Five or six times that of very healthy individuals, in fact. If a woman is at, or near, ovulation she will almost certainly become pregnant when mated to the Beast. You see, his sperm remains viable for long periods in the female body. You noticed its gel like quality no doubt." He paused briefly before continuing.

"Look here, I'll show you what I mean," The Doctor turned on the monitoring screen. "See, see here," he showed me what he had just done. That is the beast cum inside your womb. He fires it so hard up against your cervix that it is injected directly into your womb. You are awash with the Beast's sperm and it will be viable for three, four days. I have planted three eggs into the lining and you have one of your own there as well. We'll just have to wait and see how many babies you have."

I began to abuse the Doctor, but one of the guards nudged me with an ever-present Gun. "Quiet while the Doctor is talking," he ordered.

"Unfortunately, Beast is not a pleasant fellow to look at, and considerably retarded mentally by human standards. However, short of artificial insemination, which can be unreliable and expensive. The beast is an ideal donor for my initial experiments." The doctor paused briefly and tapped his pen on the desk.

"We need to be away from the large urban areas where our research would surely be found out.

Unfortunately, the Beast appears to dislike black women intensely, no doubt some past experience. And what I first thought to be an advantage turned out to be a draw back. Yes, we have tried several black women before you arrived and he beat them viciously. White women seem to be his preference. We noticed this when we showed him pictures to gauge his response to a selection of potential mates. The only white woman in the batch was the one he showed interest in. So we arranged for a white woman. You were the only one we could get on short notice, we have contacts at the international airport you understand. You will not be the only one, just the first." Again he paused

"In all probability you are already pregnant, but if you aren't there is enough sperm swimming around in your womb to populate a nation. Look at the screen, please."

A television screen attached to the doctor's microscope was showing pictures of a seething mass of sperm on a slide. "This sample was taken from your vagina just moments ago. Your womb is congested with seminal fluid which is seething with the strongest of the strong."

"God, no! Please God, not me, I can't be pregnant," I uttered this aloud.

"You are, or will be soon, to be doubly sure and to help my other enterprise you will stay with the Beast for several more days, at least."

"Other enterprise?" I queried, ignoring the statement about being with the Beast for several more days.

"Oh yes! To finance my research I need money, lots of it. Thanks to your performance the footage that I acquired last night will be made into a bestselling video." He turned to go. "Come with me," he kept on walking without looking to see if I followed.

I slid from the examination table, stunned, and followed obediently. *Pregnant, I couldn't be pregnant, not to that ugly beast creature, I thought horrified. I just couldn't. I wouldn't go back.* The fleeting moment of defiance overtook me even as I followed the doctor I realized that I would. I was too afraid not to.

The doctor went into a side room that was a plush office. Through a large window behind the desk, I saw a well-appointed film studio. The doctor sat at the desk and indicated I should sit opposite. "Let us discuss your future," he said. I just sat there as the doctor outlined what he wanted from me. "You will, we hope, become pregnant, if you're not already. Two more days with the Beast should do it." He paused as he walked around the table. "Overkill most likely, still no harm being certain. Now the other thing is you have to earn your keep, and if you don't want any harm to come to your husband you will comply. OK?"

"Yes," I replied numbly.

"Now, this is what I want you to do. When we take you back to the cell you will encourage the Beast to screw you on the pallet. He doesn't need encouraging, though does he, nor do you I suspect." He giggled, which seemed strange. "Before you get down to business, there is a small glass portal on the bench, you are to clean it with this cloth, then position your butt over it. We need some penetration shots and some cum on your tits, perhaps a bit of cock sucking. Yes, your sweet mouth around that ugly cock will turn the punters on."

I could see the perverted twist to his mouth and the mad glint in his eyes as he was imagining what he described. "What?" I looked at him stunned



"I think that I was perfectly clear. We'll work with some of the other footage later, but what we have is excellent. You did notice the room was a bright green didn't you. We put the backgrounds in later."

He pointed to the screen on the side wall. The video projector was turned on and immediately I was confronted by myself naked on the big screen. I flushed red and was still blushing when the video finished, painfully aware of my current nakedness. I was subjected to reliving my rapes in graphic and close detail, including me kissing the ugly beast with more gusto than I remembered. In fact, if I didn't know it was a rape even I would be easily convinced that I had taken part willingly. I was able to see the full volume of his load as the footage of him shooting his yellowish mass onto my stomach was emphasized from several angles. As well, every sound was recorded and included in the footage, pants, grunts, screams and whispers.

"Excellent, excellent, of course, that was only a sample of what we have, it will run for much longer when we finish. You come up beautifully on film, you don't look your age at all. I promise you this video will bring in heaps of cash I promise. Any questions?"

"You aren't serious," I said mouth and eyes wide.

"Very, remember your husband's future depends on you. I have no intention of releasing you alive, it would not be in my interest to do so. So your choices are very limited if you wish to have a full life. It won't be so bad, you will have the best of care and in return you will submit to my experiments. You must admit you have enjoyed it so far."

"ENJOYED it, enjoyed it, I've been captured and raped by the ugliest, smelliest human I have ever encountered. Not once, but many times and now you tell me I am probably pregnant to this beast, at forty, forty, do you have any Idea. Do you, do you?" I spat the words hysterically at him.

Calmly, he replied, "Look at the screen." He then spoke into a microphone and the screen flickered to life. It was footage of me as I played with the Beast as he slept, footage of me, contemplating mounting the sleeping hulk, then even more footage, footage that he had not shown before as I talked calmly to the Beast as he took me on the fourth occasion, footage and sound of me begging, screaming then climaxing, close-ups of my face as I did. The film stopped.

"Next time you rail at me, lady, remember that footage of you and the Beast, remember his thick shaft. The one that so fascinated you. Remember it sliding into you, thick and hard. His ball sack slapping against your butt. Then remember how you felt as you climaxed his hot, warm, fertile seed spilled into you. Then you look at me and tell me that you did not enjoy the experience that I afforded you." He waved his hand dismissively. "Go and do as I suggested. Don't forget the cleaning cloth."

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The two guards came in on cue and I was returned to the barn still naked. Tim was now fully alert and rushed to the front of the cell. Are you Ok love, he enquired. I just nodded in reply not trusting myself to speak. The Beast too had come to the front of his cell and was watching anxiously through the bars.

"Here you are, Beast. Your lady is back." They opened the door and pushed me in.

The Beast caught me by the shoulders and looked me up and down. He seemed genuinely concerned. I began to sob and I looked across at Tim, he said nothing. The Beast led me to the bench and began stroking me gently. *Christ, he's in love with me*, I thought, as he wiped my cheek gently. I

was fragile, I didn't know what was to become of me and I needed someone to hold me. I leaned against the Beast as sob after sob wracked my body. The Beast stroked and fondled me in a loving way. But it was clear that he wanted to shag me as his hands worked their way to my lower belly.

Through my tear filled eyes I saw his tight member, foreskin stretched back to reveal most of the crown, suggesting his readiness. I looked at the bench and saw the glass panel the doctor had mentioned, still clutching the cloth he had given me I wiped the area clear of straw and dust. Even as I did the Beast began kissing and nipping at my neck. In spite of the Beast's bad breath and foul body stench, I felt a warm tingling need clutch at my groin.

The doctor was right, I was not as much the victim as I wanted to believe.

The Beast parted my legs and as he did, I eased across to the glass panel as the doctor instructed. At that moment a light must have been turned on underneath the pallet for my groin became bathed in clear crisp light. Slowly, ever so slowly, the Beast eased between my thighs and pressed forward.

My heart was pounding against my ribs, "Slowly, Beast... Please!" I instructed, and I placed a hand against his pressing shaft, he complied. In short jabs he entered me and began humping seriously. Slowly his tempo built and I forgot about the camera focused on my pussy and began to respond. To my surprise a tingly feeling began in my clitoris then a spreading warmth throughout my body signalling yet another orgasm. My breathing became quicker, each breathe raspier more laboured and louder, much louder as my arousal grew.

The incredible feeling in my clitoris and inside my vagina was excruciating. I wanted to orgasm. My pussy contracted involuntarily, clutching, grasping. I wanted that feeling to last forever. I don't care what was going on around me. I lifted toward the invading flesh, arched, biting at the beast man. I was tearing and clawing with hands and feet, then I exploded, screaming twitching as I did. All the while the Beast kept humping into me.

Even as I sank into this euphoric stupor, the Beast was arriving at his climax with quickening thrusts. I remembered the camera. "Pull out, Beast, Pull out, and squirt on my pussy please."

The Beast didn't understand, or didn't want to waste his seed because even as I spoke he began to cum. I was glad he didn't pull out because I liked his powerful gushes inside me. The beast man eased from me with a plop. He held his penis against my groin for several seconds and then straightened his arms, so he looked straight down into his eyes. I looked straight back at me. I took his hand and placed it on my stomach, "Baby inside," I said simply. He looked puzzled, and I repeated, "June got Beast's baby in belly."

I made a cradling motion with my hands and some other gestures before the fog of understanding broke and he began to smile, his ugly broken and decaying teeth were appalling. *God, how low had I sunk to be screwed and enjoying it with such a gruesome individual*, I wondered? Then I again remembered the camera and what the doctor had asked me to do.

I turned to place my lips on his deformed, yet effective penis. I made the move slowly so as not to give the Beast the Idea I might be leaving him. His shaft was limp though still bloated. I was straight above the glass panel, but tried not to look directly into it. I licked the purple crown of the flaccid cock. I could taste my own juices and salty cum. It wasn't too bad and after several minutes of licking which the Beast seemed to be confused by I became bolder. Bit by bit, I took the Beast's still soft member into my mouth. Just the crown at first. I could feel it stir and it had become a little hard. Little by little I took more of the Beast into my mouth, and worked the crown with my tongue.

In the meantime, the Beast had begun inspecting my pussy. Parting and stretching the already

dilated vaginal lips. He lifted my hips and parted my legs further and I felt his head moving toward my groin. He sniffed loudly, then as I continued to suck, I felt the Beast's first tentative contacts. I shuddered. I lifted myself onto his legs so that I was lying prone on top of the beast man. All the time, I remained with his hardening shaft in my mouth. The Beast began tonguing me. Lashing his tongue from my clit to my behind.

When I looked up, I saw not two feet from me on the other side of the bars Tim. He was watching intently, as I worked the beast into my mouth. The Beast's shaft was now fully rampant and I had to ease back as my jaw began to ache. I could feel my own groin tighten as the Beast continued to devour my sloppy cunt. I slid the penis from my mouth and turned back disengaging the busy lips from my crotch as I did. I slid down beside the massive frame he lifted and dragged me beneath him and in one thrust we were again joined.

Although I didn't climax this time I was able to disengage the Beast as he started ejaculation and the cameras got what they wanted. No sooner had the Beast broke from me, the guards and black women entered the barn. The women spoke as she approached the cell. "Time for the lady to go for a rest, Beast," She signalled me to come to the door and I eased from the cell. The Beast made to follow, but the guards warned him off.

I was taken to the main building where I remained for several days. Each day I had a swab taken as well as a urine sample. By the week's end the doctor declared me pregnant. "Congratulations, June, you're pregnant, with how many I'm not sure. But pregnant, you are. Now, we have to decide what to do with you. To place you with your husband, or to return you to the Beast until we get another pretty blond. Now, to be with the Beast all day could be too much, after all, he is rather demanding. But perhaps we can compromise. Say we share you between the two. I wonder what your husband might think of you now that you have been fucking and sucking the Beast."

June said nothing, but wondered the same. However, she did want them to speak to Tim and try to explain to him why she had behaved the way she did with the Beast. The doctor continued, "You know, the Beast has been pining and he clearly needs you. His ball sack is tight, I've never seen him so randy. Are you ready for him?"

I nodded, then said, "Yes, doctor, I would like to be with my husband also. However, I'm afraid that adjoining cells might stir the Beast up, if I return to Tim."

"We'll have to see, you'll return to the Beast immediately, and when you've drained him we'll put you in with your husband. To do it the other way round with the Beast in need of sexual relief, may cause problems. But when he is satiated, he may not react so strongly. Now, remove your shift and shoes."

Five minutes later, I returned naked to the barn. When I saw the Beast I understood how he felt. I immediately grew wet with expectation, and as I approached the cell I had eyes only for the beast man. The Beast was so excited that he was shaking the bars of the cell and the guards could not move him back. After some discussion they decided to remove Tim from his cell, and place me in there and open the dividing door to give the Beast access to me. When Tim came out of his cell he came directly to me. The guards kept him at arm's length. "June, I love you," he said, trying to reassure me.

"I love you too, Tim, but I must go in with the beast man. When he has mated me, they'll return me to your cell." I was finishing my sentence as they ushered me into Tim's cell and closed the door firmly.

The black girl spoke as she handed me the key to the dividing door. "Undo the lock and throw the key back, June. Oh, and good luck, he's pretty stirred up."

My hands shook as I undid the padlock, I was a little scared of the way the Beast was carrying on. However, because of his infatuation with me and his animal like urge to mate, I felt I would not be harmed too much. The Beast was holding the gate as I placed the key in the lock. His look said it all. He would have me on the bench instantly and his throbbing member would plunder my already wet depths.

I was sure then that I was in no real harm. The lock clicked open. Immediately I threw both the lock and keys back under the bars. I stood back. The Beast shook the door and it swung open. Instantly he was beside me, and he swept me into his arms and rushed me back to his pallet. The Beast was very excited and I knew I was about to be serviced in a not too gentle manner. He was all over me even as he placed me on the pallet. His huge body covered me and I barely had time to spread myself for him. Instantly he was prodding and shoving his deformed member at my groin. I could feel the dribbling pre-cum on my leg and on my groin as he searched for his relief.

My own groin grew tight with the now familiar precursor to an orgasm and I hadn't even been penetrated. One orgasm in fifteen years prior to being captured, and now I had three in the past six intercourse with this gross beast. Then he burst into me in one hard shove. I screamed, then shuddered as he penetrated me. Already wet with expectation, I took him easily and although he was rough, I hardly noticed as my whole body was consumed with shuddering spasms.

My heels dug into his calf. He humped hard and bit down onto my already damaged shoulder. Within seconds he shuddered and came. Gushing days of pent-up semen into my cunt. "That feels good, Beast" I encouraged as the last significant spurt coated my insides.

He mumbled into my shoulder as he strove for breath. "You were good. I missed you, Beast."

I meant what I said, and held the Beast body tightly, not wanting him to leave me. After several minutes, he disengaged and I sat up. I saw that Tim was back in the now closed and locked cell next door and the guards and girl all watched anxiously from the safety of the outside of the cell.

I tried to stand, but the Beast pulled me back and began stroking my hair as he sat beside me. He placed his left arm about my waist and sought my groin. I reached for his penis that had not yet gone completely soft and it stirred. I caressed his seething ball sack as he slid a finger into my sloppiness. I leaned into his smelly lap as he pressed my head to his groin I began to kiss and lick his shaft. Instantly he began to harden and as he did, he quickly had me on my back on the bench.

All the time, Tim watched intently. I could see he was aroused by me being taken by the beast man and he remained hard all the while. After I had recovered from my third fucking at the hands of the Beast, the guards were confident enough to enter the cell and remove me. The Beast was not pleased, but he was less aggressive than he had been an hour earlier.

He immediately became angry as he saw them push me into Tim's cell. Tim rushed to me and hugged me tightly. I could see the Beast at the cell bars shaking and screaming. Tim took me to the pallet. Suddenly his mood changed.

"Right, now it's my turn," he said.

Then, without hesitation, he pushed me to the pallet and rolled on top of me. The Beast was screeching and thumping the bars of the cell in protest. I hardly felt Tim enter me, as I was still dilated from the fucking by the Beast, and my pussy was congested with beast sperm. Tim thrashed

about on top of me in a manner that surprised and shocked me, then he came hard and seemed pleased with himself.

In the next cage, the Beast was furious, and rattled the bars unmercifully.

I was angry with Tim for using me to soothe his own shattered pride. In many ways I understood, but I wanted and needed to hug and to hold him. I had to explain why I had responded the way that I had and most of all to ask him to forgive me. I knew it wasn't my fault, but I felt a guilt that I had to be shared. I also had to find time to tell Time I was pregnant with the Beast's child, maybe more than one.

The day was a long one, and Tim fucked me four times. Each time it was not for my benefit, but for Tim to prove to the Beast that he was as good as the ugly beast, and that I was his. The reality was that the beast was much stronger, more virile, and more able to arouse me during sex. I spent much of the day begging Tim to forgive me. So much begging that I was getting angry.

"Tim, for Christ sake, won't you listen to me? I had to give in to the beast, you have seen what he is like. He just takes what he wants and he wanted me. No one or nothing could help me, I was alone and I didn't want to be hurt. I had to give in."

"You didn't have to enjoy it. I saw your face, you enjoyed being fucked by that stinking monster. Listen to him complain now."

"You don't understand, Tim, I couldn't help it. He stimulated me like nothing before. My body betrayed me. I got carried away with the event, and yes, I enjoyed his sex and the feel of it inside me the way it rubbed and the way it hosed cum into me so powerfully. I can't take it back, not one moment of it. Even if I could, I don't know if I would want to. While I'm angry, I should tell you I'm pregnant. Yes, it's the beasts, and it was planned by our captors." I had run out of breath.

"Pregnant?"

"Yes, pregnant."

"You can't be, we haven't..."

"You don't get it, do you? The whole Idea of the evil doctor is to breed from that ugly beast!"

"For Christ sake, you can't be right, not that," Tim spat in the direction of the Beast.

I calmed down a little as I saw his shoulders sink. "Yes, Tim, to the Beast, and it may be more than one child. The doctor believes that one is mine, and he planted eggs in me from other women. Black women, as part of his experiment to see if the Beast could fertilize all the eggs."

"For God's sake, how do you feel about that?" He was seething angry.

"Honestly?"

"Yes!" He spat

"I really don't know, I don't think I mind having a baby, but I don't know. There is one other thing you have to know Tim, well two other things really"

"And what other good news do you have."

"My time with the Beast was filmed and the video tapes and DVD's are going to be sold as a porno movie. The doctor said he could never let us leave here."

There was silence except for the Beast's incessant chimp-like sounds. Tim sat defeated for a long time. Then the barn door opened. The black girl approached the cell. "June, come here," she ordered. I stood and walked to the front of the cell. "I'm putting you back with the Beast for the night, there's no use putting his food inside while he's like this, he'll only spill it."

"I understand, perhaps it's better that way. Tim is in no mood to have me near him. I told him everything."

"Yes, we heard. Come on, Beast will cheer you up with that tool of his. You can't put a word in for me, can you?" She smiled, and I returned the smile genuinely.

"Why doesn't he like black girls?" I asked as she opened the door and we were standing together almost as friends.

"I don't know, something in his past, I guess," she said. The Beast was at the gate waiting for me, He had stopped his grunting sounds and even moved back as the black woman tapped the bars. "He's ready, as usual," she pointed the end of the stick she carried at the Beast's groin.

"Yes, and so am I," I again grinned at her, as she opened the door just enough to give me room to enter.

I slipped inside and went straight to the Beast. His erection pressed into my breast, and was already leaking pre-cum as he hugged me close. "Take me to the bench," I pointed to the bench. The Beast lifted me onto the bench, and I had just enough time to settle under him with my knees bent and splayed before he began to fuck at my groin. "Please go slow, I want to cum," I said, but he probably didn't understand.

However, it wasn't going to be an issue as I already had that pleasant ache that I didn't get when I had sex with Tim. My vagina began to tingle, and the tingling warm flush spread even as he pressed into me. Immediately he began to fuck, I exploded. So quickly it took me by surprise. I scratched and clawed at the Beast as my hips flailed about. As big as he was, he struggled to keep contact. However, he did and as I slowly subsided, he continued to fuck.

I had no sooner settle down than it began again itchy warmth spreading then I was out of control once more screaming and crying. Each time I had an orgasm, I become louder and seeing no reason to suppress myself I just let it out. This time the Beast came too, as I was sinking back into my warm glow. I had wanted this all day, and didn't realize it. *God, this beast is good*, I thought. I lay beside him, wrapping myself into him tightly. The lights for the first time since I had been here were dimmed. Then they went completely out.

Twice more that night the barn echoed to my orgasmic cries. Twice more my insides were coated with the Beast's copious seminal fluid. We fondled each other all night, and sleep came only in small snatches. I had never felt so relaxed with the beast, perhaps because I had gotten the issue off my chest as far as I was concerned, and even though Tim probably could not understand, I felt better, less guilty.

The Black woman came to the door as the lights came up, and signalled to me. The Beast let me go without protest. That night had been a turning point. The Beast new I was his.

"I don't want to go back in with Tim," I said as she opened the door and let me out.

"Doc's orders, he wants you to spend the days with Tim, and the nights with him."

Tim refused to speak, and no amount of trying seemed to change his attitude. After two more days of playing no speak with Tim, and being fucked to orgasm by the beast, they took me to the house. The doctor waited my arrival. "It seems we have a situation with your husband," he said.

"Yes, he has disowned me"

"I have another job for him, and you have another job as well. A new white girl arrived this morning, a brunette. I want her introduced to the Beast, and I figure you're the one to do it. I'm also desperate to have him mated with an African girl, and Lisa here has volunteered to be that girl," he pointed to the black woman who brought me here. "In the past, he has been rough with all the black girls I have given him, but Lisa is willing to risk his anger, if you'll be there to assist."

"What about me? I mean, do I get to stay with the Beast, or do I get replaced?"

"Your test yesterday shows that you have at least six viable embryos, so I'm no longer prepared to risk you with him. That doesn't mean you won't have sex with him, but the new girls will take up most of his time, and be first each day to get the most and strongest sperm. You'll be limited to one encounter a day, perhaps less, depending on the number of girls he will serve."

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## **Part Four**

When I returned to the cages, I was placed in the cell near the Beast, and Tim was taken to the cell opposite. Several female gorillas were in the cell next to Tim and they were curious of their new neighbour. Lisa introduced Tim to the gorillas. "Tim, this is Molly, and that one is Rose. Which one do you like?" Lisa asked.

"For Christ sake, they're gorillas, what's to like? Gorillas all look the same to me," Tim complained.

"It's like this, Tim, you choose to because you're going to make babies with her."

"You're out of your fucking mind," Tim spat.

Lisa remained patient, and continued in a calm voice. "Tim, your choices are very limited at this moment. You either screw those she apes, or we have no further use for you. Do you understand, no further use?"

This time Tim said nothing, he just stared intently at Lisa trying to fathom what the intent was behind her words. Finally he appeared to decide. "I can't do that, I can't screw a gorilla."

"But. Tim, you can," Lisa chided. "They're really gentle animals, and both girls are in season. Your pecker is longer than a gorilla, so I'm sure they'll be glad to accommodate you, if you're patient and gentle."

Tim laughed nervously, "No, no way. I can't do that. Not with a gorilla."

"I'll let Molly in with you, get friendly with her and see what happens."

"I have to do this don't I?" Tim needed reassuring that he really had no alternative.

Lisa just nodded. "I'll let Molly in, and see what happens. I'll stay in here with you. I'll even help you if there is a problem."

Tim looked nervous, and even though he couldn't bring himself to forgive me, I wanted to let him know that what he was being forced to do was not going to affect the way I felt about him. "It's Okay, Tim, just be careful. I love you," I called, and got a quick nervous glance from him.

Lisa let the young female gorilla into the enclosure. Molly sidled around the close confines of the cage until she was as far as she could get away from Tim and Lisa.

"Okay, Tim, make friends with her," Lisa encouraged.

Tim is wearing only the loin cloth he had been given days we arrived sidled ever so slowly toward the hairy beast. She let him approach, but seemed wary. When Tim was right next to the female he stopped.

"Groom her, Tim, use your fingers and look for things in her fur, That's what apes do," Lisa encouraged. "She's been in the lab, and is used to humans touching her."

Tim reached out tentatively and the squatting girl ape lets him search through her soft fur. As Tim became bolder in his attention to the Gorilla, she in turn became curious about Tim. Her attention was drawn by the loin cloth and she grabbed hold of it and peeked under the covering. For a moment, Tim stopped his fondling of the females fur and watched what she was doing. I saw Tim draw a deep breath as his tummy sucked in. The girl Gorilla was gently playing with his penis and from my partly restricted view I could see that it was erect.

"Tim," Lisa called softly, "Try to finger her." Tim's hand slid carefully down the round gorilla stomach until it was lost to my sight in her furry groin. "Can you feel her?" Lisa called softly.

"Yes, I've found her cunt, and she's all wet," he replied in a muffled whisper as his face was buried in the gorilla's shoulder fur.

"Okay, now slip in behind her and see if you can lift her hips enough to let her sit on your lap." Lisa instructed.

As Tim began to sidle behind the Gorilla she let his raging erection go and turned her head to see what Tim was doing. On his knees behind the girl gorilla Tim was beginning to become more confident. Without further instruction he placed both hands under the female's hips and to everyone's surprise, she lay face down with her palms flat on the ground and her behind presents to Tim.

Without further encouragement from Lisa, Tim caught hold of the She Gorilla hips and directed his hard penis at the exposed, puffy gorilla pussy.

"Be careful, Tim," I called

"Don't rush, just press in slowly see how much of you she can take." Lisa added

I saw Tim's face screw up with effort, as he moved his hips slowly searching for the ape's pussy. Then his head tilted back and his mouth formed a big Oh! I knew he had entered the girl gorilla at that moment, and Lisa sidled closer to watch. I envied her the closeness of that moment. Tim was now pumping his hips in a steady concentrated fashion.



"I'm almost right in," he gasped, "She's taking all of me."

"Don't be rough now, let her get used to you," Lisa advised.

"Oh my God, she's tight, its gripping me like a vice," he panted. "This is incredible!"

He was humping the gorilla firmly, his groin locked in her pussy. The female became a little restless and turned her head. Then she got up on her elbows and then straightened her arms. I thought she was going to break free of Tim's grasp, but she remained under him as she turned her head to face him. Incredibly, she pursed her lips in a kissing type of gesture while making low rhythmic grunts of contentment. For a minute or so Tim fucked his gorilla lover.

Then he groaned, thrusting sharply and as deep as he could. I knew that he had cum. The lady gorilla again pursed her lips appearing to throw Tim a kiss. She wriggled of Tim's swollen shaft, and slid from under him, ran to the other end of the cage.

"Oh my God... Oh my God, did you see that Lisa," I said, and she turned to me but I could say nothing. What can you say about your husband fucking a gorilla?

Lisa left Tim's cell a short time later and came to my cell. The girls in there have been under some intense treatment from the doctor. "Their eggs were extracted and he did something with the genes, wanted them to be compatible with humans or something like that," she informed me. "He's using Tim to try to make them pregnant, he's sure it can be done."

Tim was left with Molly all night. Several hours after mating Molly, he sought her out again. As he moved up to the she ape who had edged toward Time coyly. As Tim drew near the female crouched down offering herself to him.

Tim was as hard as I had ever seen him, and he wasted no time at all to move in behind the female and catch hold of her hips. Without preliminaries, he sought her pussy with short thrusts and several repositioning movements of his hips. From my place, I saw the female flinch and I knew Tim had once again taken her.

Twice more that evening, Tim took the enthusiastic lady and was laying contented beside her when Lisa returned. Without preliminaries, she opened the door between Tim's cell and the one that Rose the Gorilla now occupied by herself.

Lisa then stepped up to my cell. "Good morning, June," she seemed bright and bubbly. "Today it's my turn."

The Beast was growling, and a little more than agitated. For the past several hours he had paced the small confines of his cell. His distorted penis was almost constantly erect and the moist tip dribbled pre-cum. "Your turn?"

"Yes, darling, my turn. My turn with the bestial one."

"But, but he's in no mood for experimenting today," I stumbled through my reply.

Lisa didn't reply, and she was already shedding her clothes that she neatly folded and placed in a pile at the entrance to the cell. One of the ever present guards moved in quickly to retrieve the bundle and return to the end of the cell block. Lisa was not a big girl, probably a little shorter than myself with glowing ebony skin, petite breasts and a flat tight stomach. She had shaved her pubic mound and was as bald as I was. Her behind was slightly prominent and her hips flared in a totally

feminine way. In fact, she was a gorgeous lady.

Lisa opened the door and entered, locking the door as she did. Now naked and inside the confines of the cage, she looked vulnerable, not near as tough as she had portrayed herself in earlier days. She was twirling the keys on her fingers trying to look casual as she again spoke. "Well, here goes," she sighed. As she approached the dividing door.

"No, Lisa, you can't. Not just yet, look at him, he's agitated and randy as hell. He'll rough you up something awful if he doesn't kill you. Give him time to settle."

Lisa paused, almost relieved at my suggestion. "Okay, just how do I do this? I have to admit I have dreamt of him fucking me the way he has screwed you, but he doesn't like black girls I know that."

I moved up to the cell divider and reached out for the Beast. Immediately his large paw grabbed hold of my forearm in a vice like grip. I reached behind and beckoned Lisa up to the divider.

"Beast like June, want June." I spoke simply and softly.

When the Beast was randy you couldn't stop the inevitable, but with bars between us I hoped to bring him into contact with the black girl in a less aggressive way. With my free hand, I reached down and grabbed hold of his warty penis. It was sticky with pre-cum and smelled gross.

"Here, hold him," I looked down and Lisa's eyes followed me. "Go on, take hold," I encouraged.

The Beast had moved his gaze from me, and was looking at the black girl with what passed for anger on the ugly countenance. Lisa's hand moved tentatively toward the misshapen penis that was gross and virile at the same time. As soon as she had hold of him I took my hand away. The Beast growling became lower as Lisa became more tactile in the next few minutes. His grip on my arm had loosened as he absorbed the attention. I saw Lisa's other hand slip through the bars and cup his seething testicles. She looked up into the beast's eyes. The beast let my arm go completely and reached through the bars and gently touched the girl's nipples.

"The keys on the floor," Lisa hissed, "Get the keys, and open the door, June."

With my eyes glued to the pair of the dividing bars. I gathered the keys from where Lisa had dropped them and unlocked the door. It opened fractionally, as the key tripped the lock. The squeaking door drew the Beast's attention, and he drew back from the bars and moving quickly came into our cell. I stepped back as he made for Lisa.

Catching her about her slim waist, he smartly retreated toward his cell. As he did, he also caught me with his free hand and dragged me with him. Everything was happening quickly, as the ugly beast carried and dragged us to his bench. Lisa was his main focus, and he dumped her roughly onto the pallet. He pushed me down next to her. He was on top of Lisa quickly. I was jammed against the wall as the beast fondled Lisa roughly. Parting her not unwilling legs the Beast forced his fingers into the black girl deeply before withdrawing them.

He sniffed her sex several times, and Lisa looked at the ugly beast expectantly. Poised between her parted thighs, his wart covered penis oozed a clear liquid that spilled from the eye of his penis tip across his stretched foreskin to form rivulets down his bent shaft. Finished sniffing the Beast put his fingers to his lips and licked Lisa juices from his thick digits. Satisfied, she was ready, he lifted Lisa's legs wide and high as he pressed forward.

"June, he's going to do it. He's going to fuck me!"

She beamed a smile that was one of both pleasure and apprehension. As the beast started to cover the small black girl beneath him, I was able to watch for the first time the beast take a woman. The thick penis knob, still dribbling pre cum, probed at the black girl's groin. The bent shaft failed to make contact with the soft folds at first, and I whispered, "Move your hips to the right a little."

When she did the searching beast penis sank into the soft folds of the girl's warm centre. Ugly grunted and pressed his loins forward. Lisa groaned a little and gasped as the thick appendage began to sink into her soft welcoming pussy.

Encouraged by the wet tightness that enfolded his flesh, he began a vigorous humping of the black girl beneath him. Lisa was groaning loudly and the beast above pummelled her. The wet slapping of the two groins was making me all runny. I had been so intent on watching the locked couple with the Beast's oversized balls bouncing on the girl's ass. I didn't see him free one hand until a big paw closed over my pussy. In seconds, a stubby digit was parting my folds and two other fingers were inside me. The beast man began finger fucking me rapidly, and in time with his thrusts into the other girl's pussy.

As my own hips rode the Beast's fingers, I could barely focus on what was happening next to me. I did see Lisa's eyes roll back, and her legs stiffen. Then a tremendous orgasm swept over the tiny frame. She thrashed, and bucked under the massive bulk pinning her down. Her back arched and vibrated as she clawed at the Beast's back viciously. With perspiration covering her face in glistening beads, Lisa began to come down from her punishing orgasm. I shifted my focus to the Beast as he stopped fingering me. I could see the familiar clenched jaw, and taught body that signalled the beast's pending orgasm. I knew the Beast had begun to empty his seed into the accommodating black girl's pussy. As he filled her vaginal sleeve, Lisa was well on the way to becoming the second woman to be carrying the beast's offspring.

The Beast turned to me, as I lay on my side pressed firmly against the back wall of the cell. He had not yet withdrawn from Lisa, but I knew what that fixed look said. Still panting from his just completed exertion the Beast rose to his knees withdrawing from the black girl's pussy. At the same time, he grabbed my hip and was pulling me toward the centre of the pallet. Lisa was being pushed out-of-the-way, and only just managed to swing her feet to the floor before she fell.

Now in the centre of the pallet with the Beast between my legs, I held my breath. He had the look of anger in his eyes that I couldn't understand. Perhaps he had felt betrayed that I had brought the black girl to his attention. Whatever his hatred was toward black women, would probably not be understood, but he seemed to have enjoyed Lisa's body while he had fucked her.

Now he was about to fuck me, and I wanted him so badly. I was as runny as I could get. Ready and waiting for the big malformed cock to enter and stimulate me to an orgasm. That he was still glistening from the other women's juices was of no result. The beast was capable of coming twice on one erection, I had experienced that before. I also knew that he would take longer this time and that was what I was looking forward to after being separated from the beast for so long.

He came down over me, Lisa looked on dishevelled and still panting from her own vigorous screwing by the Beast. The beast man still had the look of anger as he took his weight on his forearms and prodded at my vulva. I was wet and open from the finger fucking and he was slippery from Lisa's pussy juices. So ready were we that when he found my centre he glided deeper in one thrust.

It was then that his anger became clear. He began to thrust hard and long. So long that he slipped from my pussy twice on the first three plunges. Then his hips became machine like and thumped into my spread groin. He was so deep that his huge testicle sack was slapping against my behind with

each stroke. Each heavy thrust drove the wind from my lungs and my breasts rotated in time with the pounding, dragging uncomfortably on my chest.

For at least ten minutes, the beast pounded into me. His deep thrusting became painful and I could not contain my occasional scream. The beast's breath came in broken gasps as he tried to keep up his rhythm. The perspiration dripped in copious amounts from his face and chest. He was now no longer supporting all of his own weight as his chest and head lowered onto me. His hot, sweating body shuddered with each gasp for air and I just struggled to breath under his bulk.

The passion of the act had overtaken the rutting animal and he was biting my neck hard and painfully. I knew he had broken the skin and I reacted by biting him back and holding my jaw closed on the beast man's flesh. He threw his head back in pain, allowing me a moment to gasp a lung full of air. The sound in the cell was must have been deafening.

Lisa had moved from the pallet to the door at some time during my brutal fucking and was looking back at me nervously. Then, suddenly, the Beast stopped his powerful hip drives at full depth inside my battered vagina, and the familiar warm flood of his cum filled me. The beast held himself deep inside for some time, and I had to endure his bulk until with his heart rate slowing as he withdrew and rolled from me.

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Three days after my brutal fucking at the hands of the Beast, I suffered terrible stomach cramps. The following day in spite of intervention by the doctor, I aborted all the developing foetus. After recuperating for four weeks, the doctor considered that I had recovered enough to return to the program.

Lisa had taken over as the mentor to the now steady stream of both black and white girls being taken to the Beast. I was informed that I was going to be reassigned to help try to recreate the circumstances that led to the Beast being born. It apparently had been a long-held belief that the ugly beast was the result of a mating between a human and an ape. Whether it was a female ape and a male human, or a female human and a male ape, it was unknown.

I was now well entrenched as a compliant member of the doctors establishment, and when I was told I would be mated to an ape I was concerned especially after being with the Beast on so many occasions. But when it was explained to me that the apes that I was to mate were not aggressive and that their penises were considerably smaller than the Beast's, I was somewhat placated.

When I was completely checked out by the doctor, I was placed in a cell toward the end of the long cell row in the barn. In the adjacent cell were what I believed to be five chimps. They were really bonobo, a more placid relation of the chimp. Like humans the bonobo indulged in casual sex and that made them an ideal choice for the doctor's project. Bonobo were also ideal because these animals were just one of the two ape types that resided in the locality that the Beast had been found.

The dividing door was opened by one of the guards and for some time nothing happened. The bonobo were quite happy to stay in their cell while I didn't particularly want to hurry any relationship by making the first move. Finally, one of the five was a little more forward than the others and came into my cell. He remained cautious and stayed at a comfortable distance from me.

Another hour passed before the bonobo summed up enough courage to come right up to me. He reached out gently with his large hand and touched my arm as I sat on the bench. When I didn't react, he explored my face before he moved on to cup my left breast and then my right. Then he caught my nipple between two strong fingers and rolled it lightly. I groaned at the pleasant contact

and the ape rolled his eyes in response.

Placing his head to one side, he rolled my hard nipple again and seemed pleased at my reaction. He slid his other hand down my stomach until he reached my hairy map of Tasmania. I felt myself becoming wet.

"Oh, what the hell," I sighed out loud and opened my legs to see if he would continue his explore me and he did.

He moved his head closer to my pussy and then he poked one finger at my slit. It sank between my generous folds and I wriggled my hips forward and enjoyed the powerful manipulation of the digit. Too soon he removed his finger and sniffed it. I watched the bonobo male standing between my legs. He now had an erection that was thin and tapered and very hard. The tip was a knobby head a bit like the crown of a human penis. It was long to the animal's size, but not when compared to the Beast's implement.

It had been many weeks since I had been fucked and I wanted more than a quick dipping finger in my pussy. I rolled over and presented myself to the smaller ape. He needed no more invitation and instantly he was prodding at my slit. In an instant he had plunged into my sloppy wetness. He was smaller than a man and very much smaller than the Beast, but he moved his hips rapidly as he attempted to breed me. In twenty seconds it was over and I was left feeling empty and unfulfilled.

I hadn't felt the ape cum, but I knew he had. Having fucked me he was satisfied but still had a boner. And I wondered if I could persuade him to screw me again. It wasn't hard, all I had to do was put my pussy in his direction and he was immediately inside me. His aim was faultless and his vigour was encouraging as he stroked hard and fast to achieve his relief. This time I did feel a little warmth surge into my belly and then he was out of my slit and strolling away.

The other bonobo had been attracted by the activity and had entered my cell. I retreated to my pallet and sat there. There was no action for the next hour or so and after taking another look at the passive animals I stretched out on the pallet to rest. Several minutes later an ape jumped up onto my pallet and started to explore me as the other animal had. He dipped into my pussy with one, then two fingers. It felt good and I was again ready to be screwed. Just as I was about to roll over and offer the ape my leaking pussy he pushed between my partly opened legs and directing his long thin penis at my pussy. Like the other bonobo his aim was impeccable and I was quickly being fucked missionary style.

I didn't realise it at once, but I had wrapped my legs about the ape as he screwed me. This animal was a little slower in his movements and took much longer to cum. Just before he did, I felt a slight tightening in my lower belly, then I began to shudder uncontrollably as my orgasm hit.

Now encouraged by their friends the other bonobo males wanted to explore the hairless ape that their two friends had screwed. My pallet was somewhat crowded as the three apes began to explore every facet of my body. I hardly realised that another of the bonobo was between my legs until I felt a tingling of my clitoris as it hardened. The ape was holding his penis against my open pussy and rubbing it all around my distended folds.

He had discovered my rather large clitoris and was rubbing it with a finger as his tool brushed across my soft pink flesh. I shuddered and another climax overtook me. The ape kept tormenting me for several more minutes as his friends explored my face, hair and breasts. My senses were being overwhelmed.

I half sat to watch the ape between my legs and he looked directly back at me inquiringly. He

seemed to be asking permission, not that he needed any but I nodded anyway. Satisfied, he slowly pushed himself into my pussy. Deep enough, he let go of his shaft and grabbed my waist firmly with both hands and began to hump me missionary style. He took perhaps twenty seconds before he came. Without ceremony, he hopped from me, penis still erect, and sat at the end of the bench while another of his friends began to finger me.

The fingering was pleasant and I moved my hips in response. Encouraged, he slipped another digit in beside the first, then a third digit from his other hand was stretching me beyond belief. I was now thrashing about on the bench helped by the second ape rolling my nipples vigorously. Suddenly the fingers were gone and the ape grabbed my legs and pulled me on to his thin hardness. Like the others, he finished quickly.

The fifth ape was fucking me even before his friend had moved completely away. That first twenty-four hours with the Bonobo I was taken many times. Without preliminaries usually they would grab my hips and take me from behind or missionary it didn't seem to matter to these randy apes.

For a month I was kept with the bonobo and they seemed to enjoy my company as I did them. The sheer enjoyment they got from sex was incredible. Sometimes they were overt in demanding sex. On one occasion a bonobo stood in front of me as I sat on the bench and stood on two legs thrusting his hips at me with his penis as stiff as a peg. When I got down on all fours, he was on me in a flash, and fucked like a fury. At other times one of the animals would distract me while another would approach me from behind and grab me. Several times I was fucked awake by a randy ape.

I was taken to the big house at the end of the month and the doctor ran a series of tests both internal and external. Two days later I was returned to the Bonobo pen, but now there were at least ten male apes in with me.

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Over the course of the next month I remained the main source of entertainment for the bonobo group. Four or five times a day I was submitting to their quickie fucks and still I failed to become pregnant to the bonobo troupe. For several days the doctor couldn't decide if I should stay for a third month or if another women should replace me. Finally, he decided on replacing me.

In a confiding moment he placed his aging arm on my shoulder and told me that he had fully expected that I would conceive. As I hadn't, I was to work around the complex and aid other girls who were being taken to the Beast and the bonobo until I was near ovulating again. Then I would be mated with the old chimp that had been a pet about the house.

A chimp program was on hold at the moment, because of the difficulty in obtaining chimps due to the civil war that is raging in the neighbourhood. While chimps were considered the second option as a possible partner in the conception of the Beast. The difficulty in obtaining young males was interfering with the pace of the doctor's program. Adult female chimps in the wild, under the best conditions, usually only have one baby every 5 years. Although a definite candidate in the fertility factor, chimps were behind the bonobo in order of preference. So the doctor had not placed any urgency on obtaining the more chimps to breed with.

Now that I had not conceived to the smaller primate, the chimp had improved as an option in the doctor's program to reproduce another ugly man-beast. As part of my duties I was to become friendly with Mugabe the chimp.

The next two weeks were menial and Mugabe had begun to follow me about the barn and the yard beyond. The morning dawned clear without a breath of moving air. It wasn't hot yet, but when the

sun got fully above the horizon, it would certainly pack a punch. Mugabe was again in close attendance when I emerged from the sleeping quarters. When I stopped at the well to pump the water into the water trough that served the yard animals Mugabe started to run his fingers up and down my calf. I stopped pumping the water and began to scratch his head in a mock grooming style.

"You're friendly this morning Mug." I spoke softly to him as he continued to stroke my legs now with both hands.

Mugabe became a little bolder and tugged at my ankle. I responded by sitting down in the soft red dirt with him. He seemed pleased and continued his tactile exploration. Emboldened by my lack of chastisement he lifted my dress, the only garment I wore, and peeked underneath. I knew what was interesting him. I was about due to ovulate and his interest probably signified I had started.

His big hands were a feather like touch on my soft inner thighs and as he moved from one leg to another touching ever so gently. I was becoming aroused. I knew I was becoming runny and if my bonobo experience was anything to go by the ape would soon want to explore the source of the female odour. As expected Mugabe grunted and lifted my skirt higher, lowering his head to the source of the scent, and sniffed. First sniff at the centre of the smell and his penis hardened

I sat facing the old male chimp my legs slightly open as he lifted his head from my crotch and replace it with his hand. A long primate finger dipped into my pussy and I gasped in pleasure as he began to finger me. I leant back, supporting myself with both arms and lifted me, but onto the exploring digit. Instantly I was panting with the pent-up lust from my enforced two-week abstinence.

There by the water trough observed by chickens and goats I was being seduced, chimp style, my groin muscles tightened. Mugabe was intent on my slit as he continued to work his finger about the sensitive inside of my vagina as I continued to respond, physically and vocally. Then a building orgasm finally erupted and I was bouncing and moaning, bare-ass on the red dirt, oblivious to everything except the finger inside my pussy collar still rubbing my sensitive trigger.

Then the finger was gone and as I opened my eyes to see what had happened the ape had caught me by the hips and flipped me onto my stomach. His powerful arms, then lifted my butt high enough to be in line with his stiff rod. Two prods and the pale pink shaft were against my open slit. One more thrust brought his groin slapping against my ass as his short, thick tool vanished into my sloppy interior. Seven or eight hard thumping thrusts of the ape's powerful behind had him unloading his seed into my clutching tunnel.

Then he dismounted letting me slide to the earth gently. Moments later he was standing next to me as if nothing had happened and I lay panting in the red dust of the yard with a chicken standing on my hand and go at licking my face.

"Wow." I sighed as I began to stand.

For the next twenty minutes I continued to do my chores with Mugabe close behind. Occasionally he would lift my skirt and touch me and I found it hard to resist the chimp's playful overtures.

"Later big guy, later I have to finish the chores."

As I knelt to separate a biscuit of hay from the rest of a bale Mugabe began to finger my mound and pussy suddenly he drove an exploring digit into me. Quickly he had a second thick finger stretching my cunt wide. I remained where I was unmoving, submitting to the ministrations of the old chimp. I began to groan and rotating my hips against the intruding fingers as he increased his manipulation of my vagina. After several minutes his thumb came into play and began to roll about my clitoris.

Instantly, with my tension already raised, I came in shuddering gasps.

I moaned beneath the Apes hand as he worked me to a new high. My thrashing hips resulted in dislodging the exploring fingers and the ape stood back. As my tension passed, he was immediately poking at my pussy and as he parted my folds he mounted me with gusto. Slamming into me many times with his knobby penis. Finally, he grew tense and stopped thrusting. I felt a warm trickle inside my pussy that told me he had cum once again.

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A rumbling of heavy trucks brought me to my senses, not just one, but a number of trucks were rolling into the yard. I jumped up, dislodging the ape that was still inside me and went to the door. They were army trucks, six of them and there were many soldiers and some men in other uniforms that could have been police. They were spread out about the yard and house. I closed the door quietly and went to the back of the feed shed.

The soldiers searched the buildings methodically and I was soon found. Apparently there had been a lot of Europeans go missing in recent months and pressure had been applied to the government to find where they had gone. When some of the women turned up in bestiality movies the protests bordered on outrage and that outrage grew. It had taken a coincidence of significant proportions that led the authorities to this farm.

It appeared that the previous owner recognised a unique feature pattern of the brickwork that had appeared in the very first movie made by me with the Beast. The man happened to belong to the censorship board of review and when he was shown this film in which I had been identified he immediately recognised the floor of his old barn. Some discreet investigating led to the raid and the liberation of everyone imprisoned here.

I had mixed feelings about my liberation. My marriage was in ruins and there was no way that I could go back home and face my family or friends after all the publicity surrounding the abductions and what we were made to do.

In the meantime, all the prisoners were provided with counselling and some were sent home to their families. The rest of us were provided with accommodation at a luxury resort to rest, recuperate and plan our futures. It was near the end of the six week period when, for me, things got worse. I tested pregnant and the father could only be to the chimp, Mugabe. There were only two options and I knew which one I was going to take.

*The End*