

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



"You know, that new rep from the feed-firm is coming again tomorrow." The man spoke in a high, silly sounding voice with an impediment which made him say "wep" instead of "rep".

"Yes Milord. Have we any particular requirements or just the usual standing order?"

"You know, the last two visits, she rebuffed me?"

"Really, Milord? How unnecessary of her."

"Yes, rather. Just sort of giggled and gave me a direct no-no! It's a jolly bad show, you know?"

"So shall we give her the special tour, your Lordship?"

"Hmm, yes. The special"

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The new territory was, if anything even more beautiful than her previous sales area. And she didn't have to deal with that awful place, "Sunnyside Farm"; it was someone else's problem now.

Today Jill was driving to visit the fodder buyer for a safari park. This had been a stately home until the impoverished owner had been forced first to open the house to the public and then to build the famous drive-through zoo.

The owner was a well known eccentric earl who preferred painting and womanising to running the park. Despite this he had ensured that he was present at both her previous visits, ostensibly to discuss business with her and his buyer. Both times he had managed to get her alone and proposition her, inviting her to become one of his "wifelets", the name he used for the concubines that he picked up and discarded at frequent intervals. She had treated this as a joke and laughed it off and he had not seemed to take offence; she had been awarded a good bonus-earning order.

Jill did not wish to become romantically involved with such a buffoon, no matter how wealthy. She had found it amusing to flirt with him, and she had decided to tease him a little today. Under her severe charcoal business skirt she was wearing a tiny lace thong which she would be sure to let him glimpse.

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She drove in along the service road which allowed staff and deliveries to avoid the queues of tourists' cars. She parked the shiny red Ford Focus in the small courtyard at the back of the barns and storage buildings. As she walked across the yard she was aware of some of the animal keepers in their "Jungle Jim" style uniforms, murmuring to each other as they watched her go by. Entering the office she was met by the buyer, Martin Jakes.

"Hello, Miss Brent. We've been looking forward to seeing you again", he said, smiling as he shook her hand. Jill was surprised to hear that; sales reps were usually regarded as pests by buyers who would have preferred to order their supplies by fax, without being persuaded to try out the new products.

"Thank you", she replied. "Will his lordship be joining us today?"

"He'll be along shortly, just finishing off some plans he's working on. We'll have a coffee while we wait." They had been chatting for a few minutes when Earl Showering entered the room.

"Hello my dear, so glad to meet you again!" he boomed in his jolly voice with the slightly silly lisp. Jill was going to stand up but he insisted she remain seated. "Do drink your coffee, my dear! So sorry to keep you waiting, but I've been making some last minute arrangements."

When he said this, Jill seemed to sense an unspoken message pass between the two men. Martin had sort of sly smile on his face, "why don't you give us your sales pitch right now and we'll give you a tour of the place later, if you have time?" he said.

"Oh! Okay." This was unusual; to be asked to give a pitch, and be offered a guided tour by a client?

"Thanks very much." She picked up her briefcase and took it to the desk and spread her catalogues and brochures on it. The next fifteen minutes were spent with the men discussing prices and

quantities with her. Once, when their interest seemed to ebb a little, she managed to accidentally drop a brochure on the floor, giving her the opportunity to momentarily expose her bottom, framed by the lace thong as she picked it up.

Having perked up their spirits Jill asked for the deal and wasn't really surprised to win a very good order for her firm.

With the documentation done, the Earl invited her to join him for lunch in his private dining room. At the table she managed sit down demurely yet with a quick flash of her thighs for His Lordship. They ate a light but tasty lunch and drank a bottle of wine and then the Earl made his move. They had moved to a comfy leather settee with their wine glasses when he pushed his hand well up her leg, almost touching the tiny strip of material between her legs. She pushed his hand away roughly, laughing and telling him to be a good boy. He invited her to become a "wifelet," but she refused with a smile. He tried once more before apparently giving up.

He picked up the phone and pressed a button, "Ah, Martin. Yes the tour is on. That's right, that one, for our special guest Miss Brent. Meet us in the yard."

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As they made their way, Lord Showering explained that the safari-park was closed that day for necessary maintenance. The stately home was open to the public, but that was a mile or so away, across the decorative lake and the woods.

The sun was shining as they left the building and entered the large cobble-stone yard. This wasn't the same one where she had parked; it was closer to the high fence of the animal enclosures. Four uniformed keepers were waiting by one of the service vehicles, a zebra striped pick-up. The buyer Jakes was there also. As soon as Jill appeared he became sharp and business-like.

"Okay, get the cunts kit off!" he snapped. For a moment, Jill couldn't make sense of what he had said; surely he hadn't used that word? The keepers moved quickly toward her, grabbing her by the wrists, gripping her painfully tightly. She tried to pull free but they were too strong. Her blouse and skirt were ripped from her and her bra pulled off, causing her firm breasts to quiver.

"Oh, my!" she screamed, "What are you doing? Your Lordship, stop them!"

"Dear, dear me, don't make such a fuss," he replied, giggling. "You didn't want to be my wifelet so you have to pay a forfeit. Don't worry, a clever girl like you will manage somehow. And get that silly string thing off her!"

A keeper happily obeyed the last instruction, pulling the thong away until it tore off.

The naked woman was dragged to the rear of the truck and was man-handled up into the back where three of the men sat with her, holding her safely.

The Earl waved as Jakes and the fourth keeper climbed into the cab and drove away.

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The pickup bounced over the rough roadway, banging her bare bottom repeatedly. The men took the opportunity to feel her up, squeezing her breasts and pushing each others hands away from her vagina.

"What are you doing to me?" She asked plaintively, "please, just let me go!"

"You must have pissed off his highness big-time." One of them answered, "He's giving you the special tour." The others laughed.

The truck was passing through one of the large, reinforced gateways that opened into the enclosures. They drove for a while through the safari park, passing groups of lions, some elephants and on by a muddy pond with hippos basking in the afternoon warmth.

"Where are we going?" she asked, through tear clogged eyes.

"You'll see, soon enough."

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After about ten minutes of rough track they came to a halt. Jill was dragged out of the truck and allowed to stand unheld. She tried to cover her pussy and breasts with her hands.

Jakes came from the cab. "Okay, cunt, this is the situation. You are taking the special tour. This is an opportunity not often available. You get the chance to explore the park, unaccompanied by anyone, without the confines of a vehicle. You can sample the sights and smells of Africa close to hand, so to speak. With a bit of luck you should be able to reach one of the gates without being eaten. A word of advice; if you are still in the open at nightfall, try to take shelter until daylight. Apart from that, it's up to you. Before we go though, you need to be anointed." One of the keepers brought an aerosol and sprayed her over her back, belly and bottom. Jill gasped at the musky smell of the spray.

"That should make you more attractive to a wide variety of our guests! Good luck, cunt." He was laughing as he returned to the cab; the others jumped up on the pickup as it began to roll, unwilling to give up their view of the helpless female standing forlornly alone.

"No, please don't leave me!" she cried, but a moment later the vehicle had left her behind.

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She looked around her. She was standing on the track that was normally covered by tourist cars but today was totally empty. The perimeter fence was nowhere to be seen and she was about a hundred yards from a small coppice. Remembering the lions they had passed recently she decided to hide in the coppice while she worked out a plan of escape. The men had left her with her shoes so she left them on; they were fairly flat heeled so she could walk alright. She entered the copse warily; it was shaped roughly as a square about fifty yards long. She felt safer in the trees, away from any watching eyes. At least the weather was warm; she wouldn't get too cold if she was here for a while. What should she do next? She realised that the park would reopen to the public tomorrow or the day after at the latest, help would certainly come then. All she had to do was keep away from the big cats, perhaps by climbing a tree? If she knew where the nearest gate was she could make a dash to it, they would have to let her out. But she also needed to know the safest way to it, and she had little idea of the parks layout. The best thing was to hide here until help arrived, she decided, and then she would raise a stink with the authorities!

Moving through the trees cautiously she saw no animals of any species. She would have to find a source of water. In a small clearing she saw a tap with a short hose attached; wonderful! As she broke cover she was suddenly confronted by a hideous vision! She let out an involuntary squeak at the sight. A figure about four and a half feet tall was before her. Its face seemed to be painted in bright colours, blue and red, emphasising the cheeks and nose. It had wide bright eyes, framed in rough hair or fur which covered its head and most of its body. The creature opened its mouth revealing large teeth with curved canines. For a brief moment she thought it might be a man, dressed as witch-doctor or something! But then she recognised it as a mandrill, a monkey from West Africa. It was making loud sniffing noises, its head tilted to one side. Scared, she dashed away from it, tripping on the rough ground. She had only made a few yards when something grabbed her wrist, bringing her to a sudden stop. Jill screamed as the animal dug its finger nails, claws into her skin. It was making weird whooping noises, tugging at her arm, making her go with it. "Owww!" she cried as she allowed the beast to lead her into the clearing. Other mandrills were approaching, some very small ones, children, pups, whatever they were called. The one holding Jill screamed at them and swung his free arm out at them to keep them away. She felt him let go of her wrist and she tried to dart away. The infuriated creature grabbed a handful of her hair and roughly pulled her to the ground as she screamed howled even louder! She found herself lying on the ground, monkey sniffing her skin, its sharp nails exploring her orifices. She pulled herself into a ball, her knees and elbows tucked in. Risking a peep she was startled to see him standing before her, his penis erect and pointing out from beneath his belly. The leathery black skin looked obscene as did the tapering tip. She shut her eyes to blot out the sight. A moment later she felt him behind her, something was being poked at her bottom! She tried to shift her position so as to make access more difficult but he began

jabbering and slapped the cheeks of her bottom hard, scratching her with his claws. Jill opened her knees a little, but not enough for him to get at her vagina. She was alarmed to feel him trying to push his penis into her arsehole, so she moved herself higher to bring up her cunt. Anything was better than being bum-fucked by this ape! The pointy cock slipped directly between her cuntlips, the tiny fur covered balls slapping against the edge of her pubes. The creature was a vigorous lover; his cock hammered in and out of her faster than any cock she had had. "Oh no! Don't let this be happening!" She cried out, but the rapid fucking continued until she felt his jism gush into her belly. The animal pushed himself away from her, cum dripping down her legs. Exhausted and humiliated she slumped to the ground, sobbing into the scratchy grass. Immediately her hips were grasped again and another mandrill prick slid inside her. More rapid fucking followed until she was pushed forward again as the cock spent its stinking load. She was not allowed to rest; one after another cock was plunged into her now gaping, slopping wet cunt.

The simian gang bang continued, each new lover fighting for his place in the line before fucking her with all his might. She had no idea how long this torment continued; an hour? More? Eventually the queue dwindled until no more lovers came to her. Painfully, she sat herself up in the dirt. The creatures were showing little interest in her. A female mandrill took her gently by the hand and led her to the edge of the trees. Jill went passively, not wanting to be disciplined again.

Here the female sat on a fallen log and proceeded to groom the woman. Carefully she fingered the woman's hair, removing burrs and bits of leaf. She even found a caterpillar which she placed between her lips and chewed with relish! Then she turned her back and waited for the naked woman to do the same for her. When Jill delayed, the female began to jabber, becoming visibly agitated. Jill began to pick through the animals coarse coat, removing objects and bugs she found. When the female noticed she was dropping bugs to the ground she again became angry, pointing at the waste of food. Jill was given a fat caterpillar which she had dropped. The mandrills watched expectantly. Jill placed the revolting object into her mouth and chewed, almost vomiting at the texture. Reassured the mandrills relaxed and allowed her to continue to groom the female, as long as she ate all the bugs she found. Looking around at the other animals, Jill saw herself as she must look; a smart saleswoman who knew how to get what she wanted, reduced to an ape-fucked bug-eater sitting naked on a log with her equals!

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"Well, my Lord, the bitch certainly took a licking off the mandrills!"

"Yes, what dirty little buggers they are, made a monkey out of her, what, hey?" agreed Earl Showering, "I lost count of how many times she took cock, hey, what?"

They were watching a large colour TV screen. The room was smoky and stank of cigars and brandy. Men in safari uniforms and a couple of women, the earls "wifelets," slouched on sofas, watching the picture fade as daylight dwindled outside. The room had become hot, the faces flushed and sweaty. Clearing his throat, Martin Jakes mused, "I wonder what she'll do now?"

"If she has any sense, she'll try to get away under cover of darkness," answered one of the keepers. "If they find her still there in the morning they'll just fuck her rotten all day again."

His lordship made his guffawing laugh and in his high, silly voice, said, "Maybe that's what she would like! Another days non-stop shag! Turn her into cat food! Hey, what?" The others laughed dutifully for the boss.

"Any way, the c.c.t.v. wont show anything till the light comes back, so lets get some beddy-byes so we can be up good and early to watch what she does!" The earl went off to bed with his wifelets and one of the younger male keepers.

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Jill opened her eyes sleepily, snug and warm under the pile of stinking furry bodies. For a moment she didn't know where she was. Horror and dread almost overwhelmed her as she remembered the

events of the previous day. The air was damp and misty as the sun had not yet risen. The apes sleeping around her grunted and farted, none of them awake. yet.

She had to get away! If she was still here when they awoke, she would be raped all over again. Carefully, so as not to disturb them, the naked woman eased herself free of the bodies and limbs strewn all about her. She managed to stand on solid ground and crept a few feet away before stopping to take her bearings. They were under a large oak tree but she couldn't tell exactly where she was. Shivering in the chilly morning air she quietly moved out of sight of the group. She took a last glimpse of the sleeping heap of apes, she was disturbed to see one of them was awake, watching her departure with baleful eyes.

Moving more quickly now, she jogged painfully through the woods, putting as much space as possible behind her. As she moved she became afraid that she was being followed and ran faster, her breasts bouncing painfully against her ribs. The panic eased with the exertion and as she left the tree line she stopped to rest. She needed to find her way to an exit gate. The park was large but it should be possible to see the perimeter fence. The sun was rising over the Mendip hills, burning off the morning mist. Out in the open with no available cover Jill felt very isolated and alone. Where were the big cats; she didn't want to meet any of those! It was still impossible to see the fence or any of the gates so any direction was as good as another. She decided to just keep walking with her back to the mandrills settlement.

The naked woman was feeling hungry and thirsty, her feet were sore and her vagina and pubes were crusted with dried ape emissions. Surely she would find the exit soon?

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"She's on the move milord!" Jakes was waking the aristocrat and his consorts.

Lord Showering pulled himself groggily to a sitting position, "Which direction?" he asked.

"West, across open ground, sir" The earl smiled evilly, "So she might be breakfast for the big moggies? I don't want to miss this!" He climbed quickly out of the bed and, putting on a silk dressing gown, hurried to the TV room.

The big screen was already lit up and showing a clear image; a naked woman was wearily making her way across a field of parched looking grass.

"The closed circuit TV system is marvellously effective, milord." Said Jakes.

"Yes, the tiny hidden cameras cover just about every inch of the park," agreed the earl. "We don't need to miss a thing!" Again the giggly laugh. They all settled down to watch, as the butler served tea and toast.

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Jill was passing a large pond, she was thirsty and considered taking a drink from it. The water was brownish and looked awful so she decided not to bother; perhaps she would get out soon and have a decent drink. Something else was drinking from the pond however, and it saw her across the water. Immediately it began to stalk her.

She saw it from the corner of her eye, turned her head and immediately began to run from the lioness that was slouching low towards her. Perhaps running was not the cleverest thing to do, but Jill didn't stop to think.; she ran as fast as her weary legs would go.

The animal was not hungry; all the animals at the safari park were very well looked after. But the sight of a fleeing creature immediately fired off its hunting instinct and it began to bound faster. The woman was no match for the cat and it flattened her with a flying swing of its paw. With the breath knocked out of her, Jill tried to roll to her feet. Surprised to find herself standing again she began to run blindly.

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The watchers gasped and cheered at the sight of the big cats lightning fast attack. "Oh my goodness; I do believe she's going to be jolly well eaten!" squeaked the earl.

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The lioness recognised instinctively that its prey was a feeble specimen; unable to fight back, or run away. So she began to act like any other cat with a toy; she began to play with it! As Jill stumbled forward the cat easily managed to get in front of her and slapped her down onto the ground again, pawing at her body. Jill staggered on only to be firmly grabbed and rolled over, again and again. After minutes of this which seemed like hours the exhausted woman just lay panting on the ground, resigned to her fate. The animal, now becoming bored with her game and realising that other members of the pride would soon be along to try and rob her of her prize, decided to finally finish her off. Taking up a position about ten feet from the prostrate figure, she prepared to make a final, killing leap.

Jill turned her face up from the grass to see the terrifying creature crouching alarmingly close by. Suddenly her view was blocked by another figure standing in a slight stoop, its back to her. It appeared to be a dark-skinned child, naked but for a thong of leather between its buttocks. The lioness, startled by this surprising new encounter, froze. The figure shouted gibberish and waved a spear at the animal which snarled and pawed back at it. The diminutive person took the spear in both hands and jabbed the point into the lionesses chest. With a howl of rage the baffled cat bounded away. When it was sure the lioness wasn't coming back, the rescuer turned to face Jill. It wasn't a child at all! It was a small pot-bellied man with a short, raggedy beard; a pygmy!

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In the view room the atmosphere was of slight disappointment. "Oh that bloody pygmy!" squawked Lord Showering, "why couldn't he mind his own fucking business?"

"Well, milord, when you decided to incorporate the village, you did say the pygmies were to behave in any way they felt to be appropriate to the scenario." Replied Jakes.

"Yes, yes, I know that! I just wish he'd not turned up yet, that's all." snapped the earl petulantly. "Still, the bitch lives to get fucked another day. And maybe still get eaten!" he said, brightening visibly.

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Jill, excited to be rescued, began to babble her thanks. "Thank you, thank you! You were so brave, please get me away from here!" She began to push herself to her feet but the man pushed her down again with his foot. He snapped out a string of gibberish. The woman stayed put while he found a short tree branch lying on the grass. He placed the branch across her back and pulled her arms over it. He tied her elbows to the branch so her arms were fixed with her wrists dangling in front at the height of her breasts. When he dragged her to her feet she towered over the pygmy and his face was on the level of her pubis. She saw he had used the rawhide leather thongs that had held his leather breechclout in place. Her eyes went to his uncovered crotch. The little mans testicles looked huge, out of proportion to his height and covered in what looked more like fur than hair! Hanging down from it was his penis; short but very chubby, the head still concealed in its sheath of skin. He saw her staring and grinned, then pointed the way to go and kicked her bottom to make her move. Jill squealed and obeyed, not wanting another kick from his hard toe. When she veered off the correct bearing he gave her a jab in the bottom with his spear.

They arrived at another copse, inside was a clearing containing a few wood huts grouped in a semi-circle. Around a small fire sat five pygmies. Jill began to feel uncomfortable that more men would see her naked. The men stood, surprised to see her she supposed. One man was old, with grey hair and beard, two seemed to be very young teenagers and the other two were similar to her captor;



about thirty or so she guessed.

"Please help me! I need to reach the exit gate. Can you please take me there? I'd be ever so grateful, I'm sure I could pay you, once I get to my purse!" The men didn't answer but all began to jabber at each other at the same time,

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"Can you tell what he's saying, milord?" the sound was clear but the language was alien to most of the viewers.

"That's Billy, the old one is Tomba and he's asking who the woman is and why she's tied up. Billy says he chased off a lion for her, tied her up 'cos he didn't want her running around in a panic. Tomba wants to be sure they won't get into trouble over her. Billy doesn't know who she is but she was running around starkers so she was up for grabs. He's going to fuck her so get out of the way!" Lord Showering translated colloquially but accurately. "They all speak English but they don't want her to understand them."

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Jill couldn't understand the men's words but they were obviously arguing. The grey one snarled louder and the others became silent. Her captor and the grey one continued to jabber at each other but then he began to release her arms and the men crowded close, studying her greedily. Jill was placed sitting on a tree stump while they argued. She very thirsty and made signs for drinking. One of the boys looked to Tomba for permission and, getting a nod ran off to the huts. A few minutes later he came jogging back with an ice-cold can of Fosters and a stick of French bread with ham filling. They must have fridges in the huts, she thought.

The naked woman wolfed the food and guzzled down the beer. When she had finished she realised the talking had stopped and the men were waiting for her. She was beckoned to her feet and led a couple of yards to a patch of thick grass. Billy suddenly put his arm around her neck from the back and pulled her down onto her back. The two young boys each grabbed her ankles and pulled her legs back as far as they could over her head. As Billy came and knelt between her legs she saw his penis had become fully erect. He placed his lips over her vagina and spat on it. He took his cock in one hand and rubbed the tip between the lips of her vagina, lubricating it with the spittle.

"No, please don't do this to me! I need your help, oh please noooo!" her voice rose to a squeal as the thick knob-end pushed slowly into her. She tried to pull her hips back away from the intruder but the boys held her firmly in her place. Billy was in no hurry and took his time sliding in until his furry balls reached her cunt.

"Ooooh!" Jill murmured softly as he rested deep in her body. It seemed an age before he began to slide out again and now she couldn't bear for it to leave her. "No, please, keep it in me. Oh, oh don't leave me. Ooooh!" she heard the men snigger at her moans.

The group hunkered down to watch her being fucked and to await their turns. Hands reached out to feel her breasts and belly, to run over her legs and bottom. Billy continued his long slow fuck; in, the balls creeping towards her cunt, pause, then slowly back until the knob was almost out -but not completely, making her gasp in disappointed anticipation of losing the fat monster in her belly. And again, and again, always the same maddeningly slow rhythm.

The woman tried to look sideways but could only see the leering faces of the other men. They were becoming impatient with waiting for Billy's climax, they wanted their turns. The old one snapped a stream of invective at him to which Billy replied with obvious annoyance. A few strokes later and Billy became still; Jill wondered if he had come but he was simply preparing to roll them both over. He took his weight away from her, gripped her by the shoulders and then turned them both over so she was now on top. He did this without his penis leaving her cunt completely and she found herself kneeling astride him, impaled. She tried to move herself up and down more quickly but he held her hips tightly. Hands roamed over her body which was now more accessible. She gasped as a finger



was pushed into her anus. "Owwh! Don't do that!" she snapped, angrily, "I don't like it!" she tried to grab the importunate hand. In response her bottom was slapped hard, very hard! It was the old one, he grabbed her hair at the nape of her neck and angrily pulled her head back, snarling into her ear. He released her with a clout to the back of her head. The woman got the message loud and clear; the little men were in control! She must obey.

Now he forced his finger into her bum hole deeper and more roughly, reaming her out and making her a little wider. She had an idea what was coming and a moment later it came.

Jill felt a blunt force push against her anus. She tried to move away from it but the cock in her cunt and the men's strong hands held her in place. The pressure increased, it hurt! She tried to shit the cock head out but the muscular action just let it in more quickly. Her anus was stretched open, then it closed around the head as it entered, trapping it. Jill gasped, was forced to breathe quickly as the pain rolled up her body. Then it the pygmy in her arse pushed fully home and she screamed in agony! The two cocks in her body rubbed together, separated only by the membrane between her anus and cunt-tunnel. She had never felt so full in her life, even when she had experimented in her bedroom with bottles and all the toys that girls like to try to see how wide they can stretch.

Now the cocks began to move together, developing a rhythm; as one went in the other pulled out. The helpless woman had never felt anything like it! It was the strangest sensation she had ever felt; a heady mixture of pain, pleasure and humiliation. How could human beings treat someone like this, she wondered. She wasn't their possession to be used any way they chose! All the men on this estate were without any compassion for her at all!

As the pain passed away and she was able to enjoy the incredible sensations in her body, the feeling of being a mindless fuck-toy began to overwhelm her. She lifted herself fully onto her elbows, taking hold of Billy's arms to keep herself stable. The two men were fucking her vigorously and she ground her bottom against the invading cocks, trying to obtain the maximum contact with both. Billy found her nipple with his mouth and sucked hard, rolling it between his teeth and flicking it with his tongue.

She lifted her head and opened her eyes and saw that a third man had positioned himself on the ground with his knees at the side of Billy's head. His erect and huge, ugly cock which resembled an old tortoise's head, was at the level of her face. She knew what was required of her, the white whore. She opened her mouth and took it between her lips. She sucked the pot-bellied little man's bloated knob as hard as she could. He laughed and thrust it deeper into her throat, guffawing when she choked. Jill sucked the horrid-tasting knob and slid her head up and down the shaft. Suddenly he jerked and spewed his smelly sticky cum deep into her throat. She gagged hard and threw up her last meal, vomit spraying over the man's belly.

Some of the vomit went onto Billy's chest. Angered, he slapped her breasts, first the left, then the right, three times each. The shock of the slaps brought on her orgasm and she began to yelp like a bitch, "Yl, yi, yi! Ooh, ohhh! Ahhhh! Oh, fuck me good! Fuck me, you sawn off little shits! Harder, you fucking little twats!"

Spurred on by her screams, the other two speeded up their shagging and she felt them gush hot jizz into her at the other end.

"Ohhh! I'm cummingggg" her body convulsed and shook and she slumped, her face falling into the sticky, stinking vomit covering Billy's chest, exhausted.

They lay quietly for a few moments but the two boys started demanding their turns. Warily the three men pulled themselves free of the white woman and moved away to sit on the grass.

Jill was not to be allowed to rest yet. She was laid onto her back once more and the boys took up position, one in her cunt while the other tipped her head back and entered her mouth. Perhaps, because of their youth their orgasms arrived quickly after a few minutes of vigorous fucking. When they vacated her she still had the sixth man to entertain. He decided to fuck her arse, but she lay unresponsive, almost indifferent to his equally fat cock. More jizz was squirted into her sore anus but she no longer cared.

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"My goodness!" exclaimed Lord Showering, "What a woman! She takes cock like a Reeperbahn harlot! Must have a cunt of leather, eh, what! Haw, haw, haw!"

Martin Jakes, visibly roused by what they had watched, said, "My lord, why don't we send in the rescue truck and bring her back here? I'm sure we'd all like to fuck a gifted amateur like that this afternoon."

"Certainly not!" replied the earl, "she's got to finish the tour first. Then I'll decide whether she's still worth keeping. Fetch another bottle of port!"

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Now that the marathon shagging seemed to have ceased, Jill eventually eased herself to her feet. She felt sore all over, especially her cunt and arsehole, which were stuck up with crusty, drying spunk. The pygmies were nowhere to be seen. She made her way to a hut and found a large fridge, well stocked with beer and cold meats. More thirsty than she could ever remember, she drank a couple of Fosters and ate some Snickers. There was a modern bathroom and when she had eaten she took a can of beer into the shower. She cleaned out her orifices with a sponge and shower gel, and brushed her teeth with a toothbrush from a

complimentary pack. She towelled herself dry and used a hairdryer she found in a wardrobe.

The huts were obviously intended for tourists at certain times. She took a large beach towel and wrapped it around her; she didn't have to be totally naked anymore!

Watchful for her rapists, she left the hut carrying some more chocolate bars and a beer can. She felt more confident now; she had seen a map of the park on the inside wall of the hut and had memorised the way to the nearest exit gate. It wasn't more than a couple of hundred yards from the pygmies village and she set off at a quick pace. As she left the cover of the trees, her towel was pulled from her by a concealed Billy who tried to grab her. She saw the gateway immediately and made for it running naked all the way to it, calling out for someone to help her.

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"She's nearly made it, milord!" Jakes stated what was obvious to all the viewers.

"Yes, she's done very well, haw haw! Nearly home safe and sound."

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There was a watchtower at either side of the gate. In one of them was a safari-suited guard. When he saw her, he called, "What the hell are you doing in there?"

"Please, let me out! Before the fucking pygmies get me! Hurry!"

The man climbed down the rough wooden staircase and was joined by another man who had been in the guard hut. They opened a small door within the gate and she ducked in quickly, screaming, "Lock the gate! Before the pygmies come through!" When she looked back, there was no-one following her.

The guards took her into the hut. They appeared mystified by the sudden appearance of a naked woman on their patch. Jill tried to explain how she had been abandoned, naked out in the safari park, how she had spent the night outdoors, but without the rapes by the apes and the pygmies.

"Okay, lady. I don't know how you really got into the park, but you're trespassing. We're going to take you to the boss, see what he thinks."

"No, don't let his lordship get me! Its him that did this to me, just get me back to my car so I can get my spare clothes!"

"No can do. We'd better keep you in custody until this is sorted out. Just come with us."

"Well, please lend me your jacket, until I can get dressed?" They both ignored her request.

Jill was frog-marched, with one man on either side, out of the hut. This time, riding in the cab of a truck, she was driven to another part of the park. When it stopped, they took her to a walled compound and pushed her through the door. Inside, it looked like a small sports hall, with tiered seats on each side. She was taken to the centre of the floor where three small iron rings were set in the floor forming the three points of a triangle. She was forced to her knees and her head pressed to the ground. The men looped a thin rope around her neck and tied it to the ring at the apex of the triangle. Both her ankles were tied to the other rings so her bottom was in the air and her head only an inch or so from the floor. Her arms were left free but she couldn't use them in this awkward position.

The two men stood back, admiring their handiwork. "His lordship wants to see you, so he'll be along in a little while, so don't go away!" they both left, laughing.

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"Fill up the picnic hampers; lots of champers and grub. We're off to see a live show now!" giggled the earl. He dressed in his own rather posher version of a safari suit, swigging the last dregs from a bottle of port as he did so.

He stumbled off to the yard, followed by his hangers-on; a couple of bleary-eyed wifelets, a group of keepers and the butler, struggling to carry a large food hamper. They all clambered aboard a camouflage-painted Land Rover and set off, bouncing across the park.

Lions and a rhino had to run to avoid being hit by the vehicle whose driver was still inebriated from the drinking session.

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The noon sun beat down on Jill's bare back. Her knees and neck all pained from her terribly awkward position. Her throat was dry and she felt more wretched than she could ever remember. When would they release her? Would she ever be able to go home and take a hot soothing bath? Those things seemed to be from a different world; this never ending torture was more real to her now. Perhaps they wouldn't let her go; they could keep her forever or until they became bored and fed her to the beasts?

She heard voices, shrill and raucous. From her inelegant position she could see to her left; a group of people were seating themselves in the rows of spectator seats. Lord showering was there, and some women. How could women let her be treated like this? Why didn't they help her? She could hear the earls sing-song voice haw-hawing and giggling as he poured out glasses of champagne for his cronies. The party were eating and drinking as she suffered! What sort of animals were these?

Jill started to become dizzy and faint from the lack of food. Her eyes began to droop and she hoped she would pass out, when the sudden silence frightened her to wakefulness.

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The party had been eagerly tucking into the contents of the hamper when the shutter at the end of the hall had slid noisily open. All eyes were on the dark entrance as an indistinct figure slowly moved out into the sunlight. A woman of the group gasped, another choked on the slice of French toast she chewed, at the sight of the thing blinking in the bright sunshine.

A huge ape-like creature, six feet tall and broad in its build, it walked like a gorilla with the backs of its hands touching the ground. But it had a long face with curved fangs curling under its upper lip. Thick silvery black hair covered most of the creatures chest and back.

It squatted in the dust as it sniffed the air. Its long hairy arms reached around to scratch at its neck and back and then at its genitals. When it saw the large white arse protruding from the ground and pointing its way it cocked its head to one side and sniffed loudly.

Martin Jakes was the first to speak, "Milord! Not the hybrid? Its too bloody dangerous, its never

been near a human before!"

Lord Showering snarled at him, "It's a primate, isn't it? When it smells the pheromones it'll fuck her!"

"But it's a gorilla and baboon cross! It might have the baboons vicious streak; it could just rip her head off without taking a close look at her!"

"I know what it is; didn't I arrange the breeding of it? I told you, the bitch just has to take her chances; don't you get soft on me now, Jakes. You were happy to see her put with the mandrills, it could have been the hyenas she met up with; you didn't give a shit about that!" The dialogue stopped as the goriboon began to approach the naked, bound woman. It walked on all-fours with its bottom uppermost, then reared up onto its lower limbs as it neared her. Jill strained to see what was coming. By twisting her neck and looking between her thighs she could just see a pair of hairy legs topped by the biggest cock she had ever seen, except on a donkey! Panic overwhelmed her; not more abuse of her cunt! Hadn't these pigs done enough to her? She threw herself against her bonds but she had such restricted freedom that she could hardly move. The ropes just cut into her even harder. Should she try to strangle herself with the one around her neck?

The goriboon squatted before her and rested its huge balls on her head as it examined the scratched white skin of her back and the ridge of her backbone. She could feel its long thick penis lying hot along her neck, a drip of pre-cum oozing onto her skin.

The wifelets, despite their inebriated state, felt a pang of empathy at this further humiliation of an innocent human being. This was a woman trying to earn a living, who had not asked for this disgusting treatment, had done nothing to deserve it.

They, and perhaps one or two of the men, would have helped her but for fear of their boss, and also their curiosity; they all wanted to see what the goriboon would do.

It traced a clawed finger over the contours of Jill's muscles. She retched and gagged at the stink of its vile breath and body odour. The huge animal leaned further over her and pulled the cheeks of her bottom apart. It sniffed then began licking at her anus when the smell pleased it. Gripping the cheeks in its great clawed hands it heaved her arse nearer and wider apart, sucking hungrily at the taste of shit. Jill screamed at this new assault on her recently buggered bottom. Startled, the ape released her bum cheeks and grabbed her hair, trying to pull her head up for a better view of this strange animal he was discovering. Of course, her head was tied down, and the creature became frustrated that he couldn't raise it higher. Angrily, it slammed her head down on the ground, almost stunning her. Remembering the lovely taste of her arsehole, the goriboon crawled to her rear and resumed its lapping at it. The creatures' rough tongue slid into her cunt-slit and the tangy flavour surprised it. Jill felt her lips being parted and then sucked so hard she thought they would be pulled off! She felt as if she would be sucked inside-out!

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The crowd watched in fascination as the goriboons penis began to swell. It rapidly replicated a mans arm holding an orange!

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped one of the wifelets, "its too big for her! Surely she cant take such a horrid thing?"

"Shut your snivelling, you useless cow!" snapped the earl, "if she cant take it, I'll put you down there next!"

"Milord, she's right! A cock like that could kill her!" Jakes was looking worried.

"Then she'll go for cat food! That was always on the cards! Now stop fucking whining or I'll sack the lot of you!"

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Down below, in the dust, the goriboon was placing the tip of its purplish-red against Jill's cunt opening. The cock was slightly curved with a quite sharp twist just below the head, so the whole

thing looked deformed. The woman squirmed as her hairy master pushed it against her cuntlips. "They want to kill me!" she thought, "they just see me as another animal for them to torment to death!"

The wetness brought on by the earlier licking and sucking allowed the massive cock to push her lips inwards and the sides open out. She began to scream with the intense pain. The ape took her shoulder in one hand and a hip in the other and heaved itself against her bottom; she was unable to resist in any way. Without finesse or any attempt to prolong its own pleasure, the ape plunged deep into her belly. The twist below the knob caused the whole shaft to turn like a screw, about a quarter turn, making her gurgle like a moron; her face contorted into a mask of idiocy. Her sensitive clitoris was squashed flat against the wall of her vagina, making the sensations it felt seem vague and dulled. All her insides seemed to move up and down with the goriboons cock which fitted so very tightly up her cunt. She had never felt so filled up in her entire life! For the second time while being fucked that day, Jill vomited.

Her whole body jogged in rhythm with the apes jolting, thrusting prick. She felt its desperate attempts to become totally buried inside her, but she was unable to move herself in any direction to help or hinder its desire.

She wanted to help it. It was in possession of her, it had her, it was her total commander!

Spittle dripped down onto her cheek from its gaping, foul-smelling mouth, getting closer to hers as the animal crouched over lower as it strived to expel its load of cum inside her belly.

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Up in the seats the watchers, hot from witnessing the scene below, sought their own escape. Lord Showering wanked vigorously, Martin Jakes grabbed a wifelet and, releasing his hard cock, forced her mouth down over it and fucked her head, anger and lust causing him to choke the woman until she passed out from suffocation. Only when he had squirted his jizz down her throat and released her to fall heavily to the floor were her tortured lungs able to suck in the life-saving air!

The other wifelet was held, bent over a seat backrest, and fucked simultaneously in the cunt and mouth by two lust-crazed keepers.

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Jill, mated to the goriboon, like some experiment in animal husbandry, her body starved of food or drink and constantly abused during her time in the park, her mind deprived of even the slightest human kindness, became disconnected from the reality of the situation.

Her identity became a blur; her situation was no longer something she consciously thought about; she was just a thing being fucked by a monstrous knob! Her purpose was solely to serve the owner of the hot hard thing punishing her cunt. By lifting her bottom up as far as she could to meet the thrusting cock she could tell she was pleasing her master, even though the movement was severely limited. She could tell this by his grunting, which increased with every little push she gave. Also, each grunt produced a larger dollop of spittle to fall onto her face, some running into her mouth. She strained to turn her head to catch more of her masters juices, tried to kiss his face; he deserved her total devotion!

The goriboons' claws scratched her skin, the rope collar scraped her neck raw, her cramped posture made her joints ache agonisingly. She didn't mind; she just wanted to please her owner. The grinding cock worked away inside her, then with a final deep thrust a jet of hot cum sprayed into her belly. Jill was so wonderfully happy! Her master had deemed her worthy of his spunk! What more could she do to show him her love? She could only stay, crouched as the throbbing cock pumped the last of his emission into her.

The ape, spent, rested for a few moments, then pulled out of her and stood, more cum dripping onto her back. Scowling, the ape gave her bottom a hard slap and slouched away to its lair.

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The earl shot his load over the senseless wifelet still lying on the ground. "Well, that was an interesting little exhibition! Time for a snack, I think. Lets take tea back at the house."

He set off for the exit.

"What about the cunt, milord?" called Jakes.

"Oh, er, sort her out man. She took the tour, but bring her up to the house first." He paused, then pointed to the prostrate wifelet, "Oh and throw that silly bitch into the park; she's cat meat! "

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Jill felt her ankles and neck being released from their bonds. She was pulled to her feet and half-carried from the hall by two keepers who had been given the task. They shrank away from her vile stink, a mix of vomit, animal and human cum and the secretions of creatures glands. She was tumbled into the back of a truck. As she was driven away she was dimly aware of a woman screaming in terror nearby. She forced her eyes open and could see a commotion on the other side of the security fence; a number of the lions were tearing at something which struggled briefly and then was still.

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Back at the house Jill was placed in a suite of rooms where she showered and dressed in some clothes which were provided. Later, she was then taken to see Lord Showering. He acted as if nothing unusual had happened, he offered tea and biscuits while Martin Jakes wrote out an order form for the best sale of animal feed anyone had ever been given.

"My dear," the earl squeaked, " when you are feeling ready, please feel free to leave and continue with your calls. I will be in touch in due course. You will, of course respond immediately to my communications and make yourself available at any time I require. Failure to comply may mean a re-run of the tour."