

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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## Part 1 - Cleo

One day, I got a surprise invitation from my friend, Vicky, to fly out to Las Vegas and visit her and her new husband, Frank. Getting married was the last thing I ever expected her to do. Still, I wanted to see her, and I wanted to get out of Harrisburg, so I gave her a call and arranged to fly out.

Vicky picked me up at the airport in a small pickup, and we drove out to her place in the mountain town of Blue Diamond, about 30 miles out of Vegas. On the way, she told me about her husband. Frank worked as a mechanical engineer for a high tech company in the area, but he was almost a mountain man at heart. Vicky had been transferred to a job at that company and she had kept running into him. He had a big picture of a lion rubbing heads with a lioness over his desk, and she'd noticed that it was a real photo, not a poster. Curious, she asked where he'd gotten it. To her surprise, Frank said: "I took it. They're my cats. The male's Caesar and the female's Cleopatra, though I just call her Cleo." He'd raised Cleo from a cub, then gotten Caesar who was already half grown. Frank got him for free from somebody who'd found that a half grown male lion was too much trouble, even though the lion had been declawed and defanged. Fortunately, she said, Caesar hadn't been abused, and he was a naturally good tempered cat.

Vicky just had to go out and visit the cats. One thing led to another, and soon she was staying out there on weekends. One Friday when she'd driven out to visit, she found that Cleo had come into heat two days before. Frank had separated the two lions in different pens so they couldn't mate and have cubs. He explained that there was a real problem with surplus lions. The zoos simply couldn't take them all.

They visited Cleo in her pen, and Vicky found that Cleo had become almost insufferably friendly. She proceeded to tell me an incredible story.

"She was constantly demanding attention. She'd insist on having her head rubbed. Then she'd lick you with her rough tongue until you couldn't stand it. Then she'd rub against you and almost knock you down. Then she'd turn and present her rear end to Frank and crouch like she wanted him to mate with her. I noticed his face got kind of red and I looked down and saw his pants bulging. He definitely had a hard-on. I thought I'd tease him a little. I hugged him and rubbed against him, made a throaty growling noise and said, 'Grrroww. I've got first dibs. She'll have to wait her turn.' He hugged me back, nuzzled me and growled right back at me.

Vicki continued, "We made a game of it, and in five minutes I was crouched like a lioness on the bedroom rug while he circled me on all fours, rubbing against me and growling. I had problems keeping from laughing, but we managed to carry the whole silly act through to its conclusion. I crouched low and held my rear high while he squatted behind me and entered me from behind, and we both growled while he fucked me. We were both incredibly aroused, and I had one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever had. He growled louder and tried to roar when he came, but maybe that was the last straw, because he broke out laughing instead. We lay there laughing ourselves silly for a minute or two. Finally, I said, 'All right, Lion Man, you've screwed me silly. Now it's Cleo's turn.'

His response surprised me. He seemed to sober up and looked straight me. After an uncomfortable pause, he asked, "Are you just being silly or do you really mean that?" Maybe I'd been a bit slow, but I thought about Cleo's behavior and Frank's erection and wondered. Had he already tried fucking her? I was getting horny all over again just thinking of it. I tried an oblique track. "She's going crazy out there", I said. "She's so horny, you can't let her suffer. That wouldn't be fair." He didn't answer, so I continued. "I said she had second dibs. I'm not jealous. You're man enough, aren't you." I

shouldn't have said that, I guess it was kind of unfair.

He was staring at me. Finally, he asked, "What would you do if I did?" I replied, "Stand there and watch, getting hornier and hornier. Then I'd insist on taking my turn again. She can have second dibs but she can't have equal time." He was getting an erection again, but I wasn't sure I'd convinced him. I didn't know if he believed me or what. I leaned over and kissed him, then grabbed his penis and kissed it, then said, "You heard what I said. I'm getting horny again just thinking of it."

I'm not sure what convinced him, but he looked at me and said, "Okay, I believe you. I'll do it." It was dark out, and we didn't have any neighbors for over a mile. The area containing Cleo and Caesar's pens was surrounded by a tall, solid wood fence, and nobody could see us, so we didn't bother to put anything on when we stepped outside.

Cleo was still super friendly, and when Frank stepped into her pen, she immediately rubbed against him so hard that she nearly pushed him over. She quickly focussed on his hard, erect penis and sniffed it, pausing to make a funny expression with her nose wrinkled and her tongue part-way out. Frank said "Come on, Cleo," and she followed us back inside, where we could see what we were doing better and had guaranteed privacy.

She rubbed against him some more and nuzzled his crotch, making that funny expression again. She was clearly interested, and after a few seconds, Frank got down on his hands and knees, facing her. Cleo rubbed heads with him, then rubbed her body against his while turning to sniff at his rear end. As she did that, she leaned against him and canted her raised tail in his direction, obviously inviting him to take a sniff. Instead, he reached up and stroked her tail, making her lash it, then scratched her on the rump just above her tail. She jumped a little, then turned to rub against him the other way, stopping just in front of him to crouch and present herself. All this time, she was purring and rumbling with pleasure.

Frank put his hand on her rump and she crouched lower with her feet back, holding her tail to one side and inviting him to mount her. Frank looked at me and asked for the last time, "You're sure you want me to do this?" I was so aroused by then that I answered, "Damn right I do. I'll get so horny watching you that I'll probably be ready take my turn with Caesar." He stared at me, but I think he believed me.

Cleo had apparently gotten impatient, as she'd gotten up from her crouch and circled around him to sniff and rub against him some more. Then she crouched directly in front of him, again presenting herself for mating. He turned to face her and got off his hands and knees to squat directly behind her. He put both hands on her rump and she crouched lower, pushing her rump up and back toward him, lifting her tail and turning it sharply to one side. He touched her beside her vulva with one finger, and she trembled and pushed back against his finger. If she wasn't ready and willing, I don't know what was.

Her tail was in the way of his legs, so Frank lifted it up over his knee and draped it across his leg. Then he leaned over her, getting partway up from his squat to put his hands on the ground just ahead of her hind legs. She stayed in her crouched position, so he spread his knees far apart and moved forwards until his rigid penis touched her rump beside her vulva. The root of her tail touched his groin before it bent to the side and hung out over his thigh on the side away from me. His penis was tilted up too high to enter her, so he shifted his weight sideways and reached back to push down on the shaft till it was more horizontal. He rubbed its end over her rump for a few seconds, trying to find the opening. Then, she shifted sideways an inch or two, and the end of his penis slid into her.

Frank let go of his penis and got his hand back on the ground beside the lioness. He held his knees

wide and gently thrust forwards, sliding a couple of inches into her before pulling back. Cleo continued to crouch, but her ears were back, and she made a low rumbling growl instead of a purr. Frank thrust again, penetrating her a couple inches more, then pulled back. Cleo kept still, so he thrust a third time, not stopping until his penis was buried fully inside her and his balls were pressed tightly against her rump. He glanced at me for just a moment, then carefully pulled back and thrust about a dozen times.

Cleo was getting restless and growled louder, but Frank thrust once again, then tilted his head back and grunted between clenched teeth, "Here I come." He pressed his groin tightly against the lioness, and for a few seconds I could see the muscles in his belly moving as he started to come. Within seconds, Cleo's rumbling growl turned into a full-voiced snarl, and she lunged forwards out from under him, leaving him crouched with his jerking penis squirting into thin air. Cleo whirled around to face him, still snarling, and Frank backed away from her in a hurry; but she collapsed on her side, then rolled back and forth on her back. I got the impression that she was a very satisfied cat.

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## **Part 2 - Caesar's Turn**

Frank stared at her, shook his head, then slowly got up from his crouch. He walked over to me, and I hugged him and growled softly in his ear. I reached down to feel his penis, but it was soft and spent from two wild fucks in a row. Watching him with the lioness had made me more aroused than I'd ever been since the first time I screwed Max. I wanted to get laid, and after watching Frank and Cleo, I wanted the same thing. I screwed my courage up and asked, "Frank, do you really think I could do it with Caesar, or would it be too dangerous? "

He looked at me for a long while. Then I noticed his penis starting to stiffen again. "I think you could do it. A lion's penis shouldn't be too big or anything. It's actually a little smaller than a human's. All cats have small penises for their size. Their big difference from humans is that all cats have backward pointing bristles on their penis. It's sort of a natural french tickler. I mated him with Cleo last year and he didn't get rough and rowdy. I don't think he ever actually bit her on the neck, which many lions do. It wouldn't be safe for him to do that with you. I'd have to stay completely away from him, though. A lion with a lioness in heat is totally jealous of any other lion that comes near. I'd have trouble helping you if you got into trouble. You mean you're actually crazy enough to try it?"

I replied, "I'm so horny now I'd fuck anything. You kept your promise, I'm not going to break mine. How do we do it?"

"First, we've got to make sure he's interested in you. That means you've got to smell like Cleo, so we need to borrow some of her scent and perfume you with it in the right places."

Cleo had stopped rolling about and was lying on her side. Frank got up and crouched beside her. She raised her head to look at him, then lowered it again. He patted her on the rump, and she didn't move. He looked up at me. "Come here. You'd better do this."

I got up and moved to crouch beside him. "What do I do?"

"Reach under her tail and wipe your fingers along her vulva. That will pick up her scent. Then wipe it all around your crotch. That should get Caesar interested." Cleo lashed her tail and stirred a bit when I touched her vulva, but she didn't do anything else. The fur was moist as I touched it, and I sniffed my fingers as I pulled my hand away. They smelled kind of sour and musky. My heart was beating hard as I wiped my fingers along my vagina and around my labia.

“Now what?”

“Let’s see if he’s interested.” We left Cleo inside and walked beside Caesar’s pen to the small building that Frank called the cat shack. Frank opened the door and turned on the lights. The small end of the shack was closed off into a room that was used to store frozen food and miscellaneous equipment. The other end of the shack housed the lions when they needed to be kept inside. The wall that separated the two rooms had a heavy door with a bolt-action latch that a human could operate from either side, plus a small window.

“Once he’s interested in you, he’ll probably get jealous if he sees me, and that could get really dangerous in a hurry. You’re going to have to go in there alone and do everything yourself. I’ll arm myself with the large CO2 fire extinguisher in case of trouble. It’s pretty effective at startling cats into stopping whatever they’re doing. I’ve never had to use it on him, so I’ll have the advantage of surprise. I’ll be in here with the lights off and watch you through the window.

My heart beat fast as I stepped through the door, and Frank closed it behind me and turned off the light behind it. In the lights of the cats’ room, the window hid his face. I walked to the outer door to the lions’ pen, and opened it a little. “Caesar?” I called softly. He was just outside, and he immediately pushed the door wider with his nose and stepped in. I pulled the door shut until friction held it closed; but I didn’t latch it, and I immediately turned to face Caesar. He was sniffing the air with his nose slightly wrinkled, then stared at me with his amber eyes. I held my hand out to him just like I would do with Max, and he sniffed at it, then tilted his head back and closed his eyes with his nose all wrinkled and his tongue partly out, just the way Cleo did. He looked like he was about to sneeze or something.

He held that pose for a few seconds, then made a rumbling whoofing noise and stepped toward me to investigate further. I stepped back and started to put up my hands to stop him, but we ended up with his face stuck in my crotch and my hands buried in his thick mane, holding his massive head. He held very still as he investigated, while I stood there and tingled all over with desire and fear. I could feel the breath from his nostrils puff against my crotch and his stiff whiskers press against my thighs. He whuffled again, a big puff of air, and pulled back. He had an almost besotted expression on his face that made me want to laugh. He reached up with his right foreleg to paw at me and scratched me a bit on the thigh as I pulled away.

Still facing the lion, I squatted down in front of him; he sniffed at my face, then rubbed against me hard, knocking me over. As I scrambled to my feet, still squatting, he circled behind me and again sniffed at my crotch, clearly interested. He patted me on the rump with a heavy paw and rubbed his head against my rump, again almost pushing me over. I couldn’t tell if he was really ready, so I just crouched down on my hands and knees with my head held low and my rump held high and waited for his next move. He sniffed some more, and for a moment I felt his big, cold nose-pad touch my labia. I looked back between my legs, and saw him move forward. Then I felt his chest fur brush against my back as he stepped over me to stand with his forelegs beside my shoulders.

I kept looking back, and as he lowered his rump, I could see his massive tail and dangling balls swing into view. Loose fur on his belly brushed against my back and rump as he shifted his feet and moved forward slightly. I could hear him breathing and rumbling above my head, so I held still, and he lowered his rump some more, bringing his partially unsheathed penis into view for a few seconds. I couldn’t see it very well, but it looked a little smaller than Frank’s penis, and I could see that it had a blunt-pointed tip that broadened steadily back to where the rest of its shaft was hidden by the sheath. He thrust toward me, and I felt the bunched muscles of his thighs press against my buttocks, felt the tip of his penis slide along a buttock and tap against my crotch just above my vulva. He pulled his penis back a few inches and thrust it against me with gentle poking motions, tapping me

each time above my vulva but moving closer with each thrust. His thigh muscles shifted slightly against my buttocks, and I lifted my rump a couple of inches higher, and then I saw the sharp pointed tip of his penis drop into view and press between my labia. I closed my eyes and held still.

He pulled back once more before thrusting the tip of his penis into my vagina, hesitated for just a moment as he decided he'd reached his target, then leaned forwards as he thrust again. I felt the hard, hot shaft slide out of its sheath and into me, felt him press forwards until his penis was sheathed in my vagina from its narrow tip to its thick hilt, felt the furred sheath press against my labia as it bunched up around the base of his penis, felt the two lumps of his balls press against my crotch. The sensation was tremendous, and I came immediately, trembling and moaning beneath the lion's belly as my vagina contracted and spasmed around his penis.

I expected him to keep thrusting like Frank would, or to explode in a fucking frenzy like my dog would, but Caesar held nearly still while his thigh muscles trembled against my buttocks as he moaned and rumbled above my head. He pressed tighter against me, and I felt his penis twitch hard within me and relax, then felt the warmth of a spurt of semen deep within me. He shifted position slightly and his penis pulled back a little, and I felt the back-pointing spines on its head pull on my vaginal walls as they fought its withdrawal. It didn't really hurt, but it did feel strange. His penis twitched hard in response and he pressed forwards again, releasing another warm spurt of semen against my womb as I continued to come. His thigh muscles were trembling harder and I felt him sway and shift against me, his penis spines pull against me and the shaft jerk and spurt a third time in response.

Then I heard him snarl and roar above my head, felt his thigh muscles press hard against me in momentary spasm, while the broad base of the shaft massed against my clitoris. Then he pulled back and stood up in a rush, snarling as he did so, and I felt his penis pull up and out with a sharp flash of sensation that made me come some more as the bristled head pulled free of my vagina. I fought to keep from collapsing on the floor and lifted my head to see what he was going to do. He was standing a few feet away, watching me as though he expected me to do something. Then he turned and flopped to the floor with an enormous sigh of satisfaction, stretching out with his eyes closed. I held still for a minute while my orgasm faded and I fought to get my breathing under control, then shifted to a crouched position while I watched him. He didn't move, and I quickly got to my feet and crossed the room to the door which Frank held open for me. Caesar lifted his head, then lowered it again, too satisfied for the moment to protest.

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### **Part 3 - The First Time**

Frank closed the door and latched it. He was almost speechless as he hugged me. "My God!" he said. "I don't believe you really did that! Are you all right?"

I hugged him back and said, "I'm fine, but I feel kind shaky. Let's go back in the house." I got dressed, then we filed out of the cat-house and back into Frank's house.

Cleo was still inside, so I collapsed on the couch while Frank took her out to her pen. I felt really wrung-out and shaky, but I felt good. I knew I'd done something that few women had ever dared dream of, and far fewer had ever done. Frank came back in, locked the door, and sat down beside me. "You sure you're OK?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, "but I'm getting cold. Maybe it's a reaction to the excitement. Let's get something hot to drink." I got some cold coffee out of the fridge while he got cups. We warmed it in the microwave,

and went back to the couch and sat down.

He looked at me and said, "That was the wildest thing I ever saw. I still can't believe you'd dare do something like that."

I grinned at him. "I couldn't let you get away with doing something I wouldn't do," I said. "You looked like you knew what you were doing. Was that your first time with Cleo?"

He blushed and I knew I had him. "No," he said. "We've done it a few dozen times in the last year and a half. But don't tell me you've never had sex with an animal before. You looked like you knew what you were doing, too."

He deserved to know my secret also. "That was my first time with a lion, but I've been screwing my dog, Max, for about three years. I'd just about given up on men before I met you. There was something wild and exciting about you, and now I know what it is. But how did you ever start doing it with Cleo, and what does it feel like?"

He took a drink from his coffee and lay back with his arm around my shoulders. "The first time I did it was about a year and a half ago. I've had Cleo for four and a half years, and she'd been more or less mature for about a year. She was coming into heat every couple of months, and she would stay that way for two weeks or more. She'd get super affectionate and she'd constantly demand attention. It would get so I'd be reluctant to get in the pen with her, cause she'd try to keep me from leaving. She knew more or less what she wanted and she knew who she wanted it from. Me. She'd rub against me, turn around, and present herself. I thought it was pretty funny, but I'd hug her and rub her face while she'd try to lick me, and I found I was getting horny thinking about what it would be like."

"The third time she came into heat, I couldn't get the idea of fucking her out of my head. I'd go out into the pen to play with her, and she'd crouch before me. I'd put my hand on her back and she'd tremble and push back toward me. She's such a good-tempered cat I wasn't very worried she'd do something dangerous. So one evening, I made up my mind I'd find out just how far we could go. I stripped down to just a pair of cutoffs and sneakers, went out and fed her inside the cat-house instead of her pen. I sure didn't want any spectators watching us. She was so horny she was more interested in me than in the food.

"After she ate, she came over to me and wanted attention really bad. I crouched down and hugged her and pretty soon she was turning around and presenting her butt for the hundredth time, basically saying 'Fuck Me!' As she did that, I could smell a sort of sour muskiness that had to be her "in heat" scent. It wasn't unpleasant, if anything, it made me feel hornier.

"I didn't know whether her vagina was large enough for a human penis, so I decided to explore a little. I squatted down behind her and put my hands on her back. She lowered her back, raised her rump, and turned her tail to the side. I could feel her trembling beneath my hands. I kept one hand on her back and stroked her tail and thighs with the other. After a couple strokes, she jumped up in excitement, then turned around and presented herself again. This time, while I held one hand on her back, I touched her beside her vulva with my index finger. She jumped a little, but then pushed back against my finger. I stroked her slit with my finger, then pushed it in a little way. She growled and jumped up in a rush, but immediately circled around, rubbed against me, and presented herself for some more. This time, she was willing to hold still, and I was able to push my finger into her vagina all the way. She held still for a moment and I could feel her vaginal muscles contracting in waves around my finger, then she growled loudly and jumped up while I pulled back in alarm. She was pretty excited, but she wasn't angry, just unbelievably horny. My blood was pounding in my ears and

I was buzzing with excitement, myself

“She settled down after a while and presented her butt again. This time, I used my middle finger, and I was able to finger-fuck her a half-dozen times before she growled and jumped up. She was tight around my finger, but not too tight for my penis, I thought. I was ready, and I figured she was as ready as she’d ever be. I was so horny by then that my balls were aching, so as soon as she presented herself again, I pulled my shorts off and squatted right behind her. I stroked her back, leaned over her and put my hands on the floor beside her. I could feel her tail pressing against my groin, but her rump was so wide I couldn’t get into position at first. She didn’t move, so I reached back with one hand, grabbed my penis, and felt for her opening. I was fumbling around back there like the amateur I was, not really sure where I was poking her, while she was pushing back against me, rumbling softly and trembling against my thighs. We were both amateurs at this, I guess

“It probably took only fifteen seconds or so before I found my target, but it felt like forever. I felt the head of my penis slide along a soft, warm groove, then catch on a hole in its deepest portion and start to slide in. I let go of my penis and pressed forwards a little as Cleo strained to hold her tail aside and push up and back against me. I got both hands on the floor in front of her hind legs, spread my knees as far apart as I could, and pressed deeper. The root of her tail jumped spasmodically against my groin and her furred rump trembled against my thighs as I slid two-thirds of my penis into her. She was hot and tight around my penis, and I could feel waves of muscle in her vagina tighten around my shaft and then relax.

“As I pressed deeper, I could feel her thighs tense, and she started to growl. I stopped pressing deeper, pulled halfway out, and held still. Her vagina clenched around my penis as it moved, then relaxed when I held still. I was so excited and horny that I was almost ready to come. I didn’t want to yet, so I just held still, and she relaxed a bit more and stopped growling. I thrust a little into her and pulled back again. She didn’t tense-up as much this time, so I thrust deeper, then took a few slow, shallow strokes.

“She was so hot and tight, and the sensation was so tremendous, it felt like my balls were going to explode — I couldn’t hold back any longer. I thrust into her until my balls were pressed tight against her rump and I felt the head of my penis bottom-out inside her, pulled back once more, and thrust again, as deep as I could. That did it. As I started to come, I felt her vagina clamp tight around my penis. Then she growled loudly, the growl became a snarling roar, and she jumped up in a rush and pulled out from under me, leaving me coming in thin-air. I scrambled back in a rush as she turned around and took a swipe at me. She swatted me once with her claws partway out, then collapsed on her back on the floor and started rolling back and forth.

“I got up real quick and backed out of there into the supply room. She’d nailed me on the shoulder, and I was afraid had a set of good, deep scratches there. I took a quick swipe with a tissue along my dribbling penis, then inspected the claw-marks. Checking them with a mirror, I could see they weren’t that bad after all. I cleaned them out with peroxide, put some antiseptic and band-aids on them,

“Then I turned my attention to my penis. There was some blood on it, and I realized that, after all, that I’d just deflowered a virgin. I got cleaned up and dressed, and carefully went back into the room with her. It turned out she wasn’t mad or anything, she was ready to fuck again! I sure wasn’t. That was plenty enough excitement for one day! ‘Maybe tomorrow, Cleo’, I softly said to her. I was right.