

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is a shorter story than my usual. It is intended to be a stand-alone story, but the main character (Anja) comes from my "[Michele's New Life](#)" story where she was introduced when Michele went to Belgium.

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The time spent with Michele and Tim during their recent visit on their European trip was so stimulating that I was having a difficult time letting it go. We managed to cram a lot of experiences into those few days and both of us found ourselves used to the extensively. I am sure it was somewhat unusual for even Michele to be so obviously a sexual object by so many different people. In her life she has two masters who have the ability to control her use: her husband, Tim, and a man they have formed a tight bond with, Carlos or Mr. R as she refers to them. They have very tight restriction on her use but either can determine her use by dog or man as long as her established limits and boundaries are met. I have known her vicariously for a while as an on-line friend, sharing our exploits and sexual challenges our men were providing for us. I had the sense that she was exposed to more variety of men and situations than I.

Actually meeting on my home grounds at Karl's property outside of Herentals, Belgium, I had the sense that she might have felt I had the wider variety of exposure. But I think her reaction was due to the fact that while Karl was my primary controller, his family and certain others had also ended up having privilege to me. I first began communicating with Michele when I read the account of her wedding ceremony to Tim and his dog, Cody. Many details of their exploits on their honeymoon was also posted. It was all very hot and exciting. And since Karl and I had been involving me with his dogs, we had not gotten much further than it being an occasional fun addition to our active sex life. After reading the account of Michele's wedding ceremony, Karl began getting interested in perhaps taking it further. We progressed slowly at first but it seemed to have a life of its own after it got going. The wedding ceremony we came up with was certainly erotic. I was wed to his two dogs while dressed very erotically in white. I had a collar on like the dogs and I was led in by leash.

The ceremony was to give me the same kind of commitment to the dogs as Michele had taken. That being that they would always have access to me as long as I was naked. And Karl liked me naked. As Belgium is in the Northern climate, we looked forward to those days we could be out on the back deck for our matings. Karl also started taking us all for walks on the property with me naked. It was all very exciting and intensely pleasurable for me.

Somewhere along the way the commitment was expanded to basically include his entire family. His parents really didn't intend to have any sexual relations with me but I was now expected to be always naked even with them. It was more than a little strange for a while to be in the kitchen getting meals ready for the family and working side by side with Karl's mom, who was completely dressed, of course. But, Karl's brother did have interest in me and so he would come over expressly for time to fuck me. The oddest one is how the old man on the next property got privileges to me, but he did and especially for his dog.

So, it seemed that I was shared by many when Michele came to stay with us recently, but the reality is that it is really that restricted group. Michele, on the other hand, has been shared with pilots on the private jet, guests and their dogs at parties ... quite a number of people in different situations. Hence, my belief that she is much wider used.

Her being here with us and sharing our experiences and her sharing mine (the dogs, Karl's brother, being naked with the family), kept me thinking about fantasies we teased each other with. Michele and Tim stopped for a brief visit to the Antwerp Zoo and I remember trying to tease if she got aroused viewing all those big, viral animals. We both admitted there was a fantasy about wild

animals probably for any woman involved in Bestiality, but the dangers of wild or caged animals seemed to not make it as arousing in consideration of that threat. But for some reason, that one kept coming back to me. I have many fantasies, someone so sexually active would, I suppose. And most of mine seem to be around sexual encounters. And, as my sexual experience has increased since venturing down this path, so has my fantasy.

I had a couple of days off from work starting tomorrow. Karl did not. In fact he had a short business trip scheduled that would take him away for one night. So we talked about my time. He was interested if I had any plans. I was non-committal and uncertain so he suggested the Antwerp Zoo. He knew Michele and I had talked about her visit to it and I have always enjoyed going to that zoo and it was easy to get to. He encouraged me and that felt good that he wanted me to enjoy my free time while he was gone so I decided that I would do it. Of course, all those silly fantasies started popping up in my head at the same time. What is it about wild animals and sex? The great taboo? The primal element mixed in with sex? Although we don't want to be abused and mistreated, do we also want it in a dark recess of our brain where the wild beast resides? From our prehistoric times of living in caves, wearing animal skins for warmth, and our mates were little more than primitive themselves?

But I fell asleep in Karl's arms like I often do and felt loved and content but feeling a longing already, just from knowing he would be gone for a couple of days, but only for one night. I should be able to survive one night and a couple of days. After all, I do have the dogs ...

I woke suddenly and was getting ready to go with Karl to the train station in Herentals. Antwerp was just a short train ride from Herentals. We left the car at the station and I would use it at the end of the day to return to the ranch. Then I would use it again to pick up Karl on his return. I was glad now that he suggested the zoo to me. As he said, I have always enjoyed it and it would give me something different to do while he was gone. He added a little extra for my day away. Karl selected my attire for the day at the zoo. It was a simple sundress with spaghetti shoulder straps. I had a fairly plunging front and back. The skirt was modestly short coming to about mid-thigh but was full and the material was light. I would have to use a little care if the wind picked up. This skirt could catch the wind and fly up. Because underneath it he wanted me to be without any underwear. The sundress had some support in the bodice so no bra was okay, but with that light skirt, no panties would be interesting. Of course, someone seeing my thong would be nearly the same thing as bare, especially from the back.

When we arrived in Antwerp, Karl rushed off to catch another train taking him to Brussels. I was headed for the zoo. The Antwerp Zoo is perfectly located. It is across from the Antwerpen-Centraal Station. It is the oldest animal park in the country and one of the oldest in the world. Established in 1843 it is said to be one of the most beautiful zoos in Europe. At least I think so. The zoo is full of many animals from all over the world. I am leaving the large cat area and the idea of mating with exotic animals makes me curious, stimulated, horny, and, yes, quite wet. I shake myself or more appropriately my mind and remind myself that dogs and perhaps horses, domesticated animals anyway, are my limit. These exotic animals would be far too dangerous. Sex is fun but too much danger in the situation could turn it all into a negative or injury but being here, dressed like this, the thoughts persist. I finally scold myself, "Stop that, you'll just get yourself all worked up. At least the dogs are home and can solve my building frustration." I giggle loud enough for some around me to glance my way wondering who or what caused that reaction.

I was walking from the cat pavilion to the American Bison Michele mentioned when a storm suddenly breaks out. Thunder. Lightning. Rain. Big drops. There is some panic as people are scrambling for cover. A loud lightning strike, very close. I can smell it in the air, it was that close. It causes more people to rush and soon there is real panic now. People are rushing and pushing each

other to get away from the storm. I see a young child that has been knocked over and I rush towards her to pick her up and check her for injury when the father, soaked and panic stricken over losing sight of her, thanks me and scoops the girl up and runs for the exit. I stand there watching for a moment and turn just as a large group comes crashing by. They hit me hard, I stumble, losing my balance. I fall through some bushes alongside the sidewalk and hit my head on something, what ... but nothing ... I am out ... only blackness.

When I wake, coming to in the bushes, I am disoriented. I struggle up and check myself. I have a headache and a nasty bump on my head but otherwise I seem to be okay. Wet. Dirty, lying in the dirt under bushes will do that to you, I guess. I push through the bushes and back onto the sidewalk. Looking around I see nobody. Not a soul. And it is dark. Could it be that late? Or is it the storm. I look up to check the sky but I can't see anything, no stars. But even if it is still very dark skies, it must be nighttime to be this dark. I have been knocked out for a long time. I start walking and quickly realized that I am alone in a deserted zoo. The rain has stopped so that is something, but I am soaked. I need to get out of here. But despite the rain stopping, the lightning is still near. I can still here is to the East. The lights are on and it is eerily quiet. Even the animals seem quiet. I am walking, but I am no longer sure where the exit is. I now see that I am walking among the animal enclosures. Where am I? Another lightning strike close by. Then I jump, literally, I jumped. The lightning strike was very, very near ... and suddenly ... all the lights go out. I mean all of them. I thought it was dark before.

But in moments the clouds break and the full moon is overhead and the sky becomes filled with stars. It would be beautiful if I wasn't so scared and consumed with the thought getting out of here so I can get dried and warm. What was that sound? Sounded like steel mechanisms opening? Steel bars hitting other steel bars? It is coming from all around me. My mind is fighting to catch up to what I have experiencing. What I am seeing and hearing. Then I see what it must have been ... in the darkness I now see animals are outside their enclosures. All around. Some are pacing around each other as mortal enemies caged safely from each other they are now out in the open in new territory that could be contested. Others seem to be just exploring their new freedom. My mind screams. No that wasn't my thought of screaming that was me screaming. A large silver back gorilla is coming right toward me.

I turn to run which was probably foolish but it was a reaction. But I don't get ten meters and I run right up to an animal enclosure. The steel bar door is wide open. I look to my left and right and all of them in this row are wide open. That metallic clang that I heard. It must have been these doors releasing and the animals pushing them open further only to clang against the bar of the enclosure. But how? Why? That sound was right after the lights went out. But that doesn't make any sense. Why would the locking mechanisms be set to REQUIRE power to be locked? That seems to be the opposite of a good functioning sense.

But sense doesn't matter right now and I have to get myself together. I can schedule a meeting with the designer to discuss this IF I SURVIVE. Because right now it is very clear that I am caught inside a zoo with all the animal loose. The gorilla! I was running from a silver back gorilla. Damn, where is it? I turn to look for any signs of the gorilla and then then to find way to the edge of the zoo and possibly out of here. But as I turn, I see him. He is standing not three meters from me. I glance to the left and the right. Not wanting to take my eyes off of him but I see that I have inadvertently step between turned over trash containers and other debris the animals knocked around upon finding themselves free of the cages.

I am not sure I have any good alternatives but the only one I see is to try to jump the debris and take off for ... somewhere. But I can worry about the somewhere after I get away from this big guy. I look into his eyes, and that was probably my mistake, and he moved to me with a roar. I turned to my

right, took a step and leapt into the air. The only problem was that he was already on top of me by the time I made my move. Then three things happened in rapid succession: one, I saw his hand reach for me as I moved but I was still moving; two, I was slowed because he might have missed me but he grabbed my dress, yes, the light weight one; three, I was now instantly standing naked with a silver back gorilla holding my ripped dress in his hand. And, oh yeah, he was sniffing it and then looked at me. Shit, what a day not to wear underwear. Even my thong would feel like some protection now. I am backing up to move again but he is immediately right there in front of me. I didn't know they could move that fast. But I tried anyway and turned to run. He grabbed my foot and my shoe came off. He grabbed the other one and held onto my ankle and not the shoe. But the strap broke in his hands and it came off anyway.

Don't ask me why, but my mind works this way. He was standing above me and I couldn't help myself. I had heard that gorillas, despite their size, had very small penises. So I looked. I know, weird. But if I am going die here and now, I at least satisfied one curiosity. And, yes, small. Very small. But I wasn't so much worried right now about being raped. I figured my real danger was just being torn to pieces by this guy, who was probably remembering all those dumb-ass people who stood outside his cage laughing and pounding to get his attention. But he seemed curious, too. And I didn't know if that was good. He still had my ankle and he lifted it until I had no choice but to fall over. He didn't exactly hold me upside down hanging from his hand held over his head, but it seemed close enough. My one foot was raised to about a meter and a half off the ground which put the rest of me in an awkward position. But worse it completely left my crutch open and exposed. And that was where his curiosity was focused.

I was still concerned only about being ripped apart when I looked up my body at him above me. He raised me a bit more and lowered his head and sniffed my pussy. He looked at it and touched it with his other hand and sniffed it again. He looked down at me and then used his digit finger and poked it right into my pussy. Okay, his cock is small but his finger sure isn't. He rammed it into me and pulled it out and then smelled his finger. God, he was interested. He put his finger back in and pumped it in and out numerous time and his knuckle ... damn it ... was hitting my clit with each downward thrust. I couldn't believe my body! How could I get turned on by this? A moment ago I was legitimately certain of my impending death by being ripped apart by a crazed gorillas. This moment my body is slowly surrendering to this feeling of being used, out in the open, and by a gorilla. And ... yes, it was feeling so good right now. Maybe I was wanting just one more moment of pleasure before resigning myself to my death. But then I saw a problem. To the side I saw movement and spotted another gorilla. This one was even bigger. There was a terrible roar from him and the gorilla holding me turned, still holding me but now dragging me around. But I was soon dropped as they attacked each other.

This was my chance and I took off along the cages. I still didn't know where I was headed but at least I was putting some distance between myself and the gorillas. Being fought over is one thing but by gorillas? Did not want to be the prize of that outcome. I suddenly stopped in a location under a tree so I was in the complete dark and could look to see what else might be around me and possibly try to locate any signs or reference for an exit. I wasn't having much luck. For some reason my familiarity with the zoo was not helping. I just didn't seem to be able to get my bearings. I had no idea where I was or what direction I needed to go. It was as if the zoo I was so familiar with was somehow changed in a way I could not describe or comprehend. I wasn't sure how I should proceed but I finally just moved. I would head in this direction. I mean the zoo is only so big so I should be able to get to an exterior wall by going in almost any direction if I moved far enough. I also decided to follow the walkway and to stay to the side so I could get behind something if other animals came along. The zoo was full of wild, exotic animals, I think the odds are pretty good I will encounter more.

I started moving quicker but maintaining a walk. I thought I heard something behind me and I turned around as I continued to walk, nothing. I turned again and stopped rigid in my step. Ahead of me was a full grown male adult lion. It was beautiful. And I hoped it wasn't hungry because it also saw me and was turned directly towards me. Then I saw a female behind it and a cub. But the male took several steps toward me and the female moved the cub to the side and put herself between us and the cub. I was no threat but how would they know that. Humans put them here. I was human. I was a naked human.

I took a couple steps back and the lion growled. A low, deep growl. I didn't know if that had specific meaning. I just knew I didn't like it. I stopped moving. He was no more than two meters from me now but he didn't stop. He continued slowly walking to me. He glanced to the side and I followed his eyes. There was some kind of ape, he roared and the primate hurried away. I took several steps back and he roared at me. I froze. Was it smart to just stay here with a full grown lion under two meters from me? Was it smart to move? But my body wouldn't let me just stay where I was. I didn't have that kind of control of my fear. I moved backward quickly several steps but was stopped abruptly. I had bumped into something and I looked back seeing it was a wrought iron picnic table. The lion made a move to me and I tried going back again but only managed to fall onto the table surface with my legs hanging off the edge. In one quick move the lion was on top of me. He roared into my face, a warning? I didn't need a warning any longer. I wasn't going anywhere but I didn't know what was going to happen. I somehow survived the gorilla, was I going to survive this?

Then I knew what was going to happen. He was between my legs and as he moved in closer to me my legs were forced to open further. Then I felt it, first along one of my legs and then against my crotch, his cock, poking at me. It was out of its sheath and poking to find my opening. He poked maybe five times before ... ohhhhhh ... suddenly I had a lion cock inside me. This was a cat! Dogs I was familiar with, but what was a cat like for fucking? What's wrong with me? I am about to be raped by a lion and I am wondering about its cock? But already, from the initial stimulation of the gorilla and the unconscious exhibitionistic mental stimuli, he went in easily. And like the dogs, he got bigger once inside me and now he was fucking me. Not as erratic and frantic as a dog has a tendency to do, but smooth and powerful. Maybe rape but my body was reacting to this pleasantly. I was being driven higher by his furry belly as it slid across my clit on each thrust of his cock into me. Yessssss ... this was good. Damn me, but this was good.

I was throwing me head side to side as my excitement built steadily higher. I was no longer concern with other animals. I was being fucked by a lion and his mate was sitting just to the side and was watching attentively, probably for two reason: her mate was occupied fucking and now vulnerable; and her cub was nervously moving around her and they were in the open with all kinds of animals now roaming around. But she just sat there. Partially watching her mate and partially watching the cub and for danger. All this stimulus, the nice sized cock fucking me, the fur rubbing against my clit and now over my nipples, too, the sense of continued danger, and the absurdity of being fucked by a full grown lion while lying on a picnic table, I crashed over and my orgasm crested and I fell over into an intense sensations as my orgasm consumed me, crashing over me. My entire body was reacting to this intensely erotic scene. My legs were shivering and my arms fell to the side, hanging over the edge of the table as my body quaked. I was just coming off my own orgasm when I felt the lion tense and go rigid but not before one more powerful thrust into me. He held himself inside me as deeply as he could push himself and I felt his spurts of cum deep inside my pussy. Geez, I had just fucked and orgasmed on a lion cock ... and loved it! And the lion had just filled my pussy with his seed and there was so much.

He quickly pulled out of me and I was about to attempt getting up when I was really shocked. The male moved over to the female and cub and they licked each other. But then the female stood and came to me. Aren't the females the true hunters of the lion pride? Is this where I get eaten? And

then ... yesssssss ... I am! This is too, too much. I am being eaten, but so deliciously. The female is between my legs now and lapping up her mate's seed escaping from my still gaping pussy. Her long, big tongue is sliding from the bottom of my slit up, into and over my entire pussy and lips and then over my already sensitized clit. And each time she licks my clit become more engorged and distended. No! I can't be ... but I am ... I am coming again. And as I do the female increases her licking, now taking up my juices. When my limbs fall limp to the table or off the table, she stops and backs out from between my legs. I watch her without moving my head. I don't think I have the strength. She is at my side now. And my body shivers again as she licks my nearest breast and nipple several times.

I close my eyes tightly, fighting another orgasm or maybe just the continuation of the last one. I realize at some point that the licking has stopped. I look to the side and the lions are gone. I am alone, again. But I know I am not. I can hear them all around me. Animals of all types roaming around, some fights, some calling out to each other or against each other. I need to keep moving. I roll to the side and brace myself and lean onto the table to test my legs. They are wobbly but I need to move. I stand up and take a few steps, the blood flowing again through my system. I sense much activity down the walkway so elect to cross the grassy grounds to my right. I am half way across when I 'think' I hear something behind me. I am always 'hearing' something now. I am convinced that at any moment there will be another animal and probably for good reason. But I turn and scan around me and see nothing but it is intensely dark and if the moon isn't shining on it, it is difficult to see. I try to trick my eyes and look just over what I am wanting to see and hope to use peripheral vision to see any movement. I see nothing. I turn to continue but freeze, again.

In front of me is a large wolf. It is growling fiercely at me. And I am tired of being warned. Why don't they believe me that I am no threat to them? But I am frozen. I sense something to my left, I look there and see another. Two wolves! The one to my left looks behind me and I follow his gaze and see yet another large wolf. Three wolves. I have stumbled into a small wolf pack. Dogs I know and these are essentially wild dogs. And dogs can be very ill tempered, especially if they have been abused. I don't think the Antwerp Zoo is cruel by any means but how do you know about all the handlers who work here? With dogs I know not to make eye contact unless they are friendly so I resort to be submissive and intending to display that I am harmless and no threat. But the classic submissive position for dogs is on the ground and on your back with the delicate underside exposed. I really, really don't want to have to do that. But they are all three growling menacingly at me now. And they are all approaching me. They are not threatened by each other or apparently needing to establish dominance among them. That appears to be already worked out. This must be the group in the natural setting display. They are free to roam a larger area and viewing locations are setup along a path around the setting. It is very popular. And I know there were more wolves in there than the three but the others could have been females and younger. I never paid that much detailed attention.

So, here I was. Naked and being approached by three large male wolves. They had spread out further and now had me fully surrounded. There was no way to escape, even if I thought I could run very well now. The closer they got the more menacing they actually appeared and I didn't like the looks of the teeth I could see being bared to me. I decided I had no choice. I slowly moved to the ground and curled onto my side. I soon felt three snouts at me, sniffing, and licking. One was at my ass and sniffing. He barked and licked me there, repeatedly. Another barked but I didn't budge. I just stayed curled into a ball, hoping this was a good enough submissive position for them to lose interest. It wasn't. I felt a sharp nip at my foot and a nudge from another. I reacted and moved my foot away. That of course opened me up. I was nudged at my hips and nipped at the foot. I sighed deeply and wanted to cry, I think I understood what they wanted from me. They were trying to get me to roll over and onto my knees. They smelled me and smelled my scent and that of another

animal. They wanted me, too.

Reluctantly, I rolled and got onto my hands and knees. The nipping and nudging stopped. The wolf I saw first must have been the dominant. He was on top of me first and immediately. He started probing with his exposed cock at my behind. I raised my ass to him and spread my knees a bit more. I did not want to accidentally have him into my asshole. And he found my pussy hole in short order. My previous mating with the lion and the licking from the lioness made my pussy ready for him and he slid in deep in the second thrust. He was pumping frantically at me and I could feel his cock growing inside and as it did my reaction to it grew, too. In spite of my situation I couldn't help the arousal that was building and when suddenly I felt his knot bumping in my pussy lips, I could feel the first shiver and release but that was just an indicator of things to come because my attention was taken from that to the stretching of my lips and my pussy hole as he pushed his knot at me, urgently, demandingly, insistently. I wanted to scream but put my hand over my mouth. It would not be good to draw any more attention to me, especially in this situation. The knot popped into me and I sighed deeply and shook but he started pumping more urgently again. He wanted his release, too. And now I wanted mine. Yes, tied to a wolf only shortly after having been fucked by a lion, I was wanting my release on the cock and knot of this wolf. And with the full realization that the other two wolves standing by and attentive to danger would also be wanting me for themselves when it was their turn. The knot moving inside me was doing the trick for me and when I felt the wolf tense and go rigid, jamming his cock and knot as far into me as he could, feeling his cock jerk and twitch inside me, I came at the same time. I just murmured without conscious thought or intent, "yes, please, yes, give me all of your cum." Over and over like he was one of mine at home.

We were tied and we were especially vulnerable and I knew it. He turned on me and faced the other direction. All three now attentive. My orgasm finish, I once again could hear the sounds of this crazy night. Zoo animals all over the grounds. Sounds around us but not near. The wolf in me continuously tested the tie, even pulled my a few inches backward as he wanted to be loose. Finally he did and I could feel the cum running out of what I was sure was a gaping wide pussy hole. The next wolf was on me before I could even think of moving. And his cock was inside me almost instantly. Lucky on his part perhaps but the quicker the better. My hole was already loose from the previous knot just leaving and this one was very slightly smaller and he went in quickly with far less effort. I didn't orgasm with this one but my arousal was at a very high point, again. He just finished too quickly for me. The tie was a much shorter time, also.

The next and last wolf growled when I moved. I was just trying to adjust my position for my knees and back but he must have felt I was trying to leave. I stopped and froze and lowered my front so my ass appeared even higher even if it wasn't. That seem to do the trick and he was on my back and probing me with his cock. Eventually he found my hole and was nearly frantic in his pounding into me. He must have been the youngest. He was clumsy and erratic but that very action seemed be the very stimulation that I needed as he slipped out occasionally and his cock rubbed my clit along the full length of his cock. I shivered each time it happened but I needed for him to stay inside me. I needed for him to climax and hopefully they would then leave. His knot was in my pussy quickly, mostly from brute force on his part. He knew what needed to happen by instinct I suppose and may never have had the opportunity to experience before in captivity, being the minor male of the pack in the zoo. But his frantic and erratic and powerful thrusting had the effect on me that he was wanting for himself and I was already in my second orgasm from the three wolves when I felt his cock jerk and my pussy was again flooded with cum. Once again tied and defenseless. He turned also just like the others before him. And as I returned from my orgasm I noticed something different in the wolves. The two who were watching appeared to be on high alert. Something had their attention behind me and I could not see it. The wolf still in me was now frantic to get loose of me. He pulled and pulled. Not tugs to test the tie and the patiently wait for a bit, this was pulling. I was moving



backwards but he didn't want to go that direction and turned with me following. We weren't going anywhere really. He just turned us about forty-five degrees from before. But something has them spooked and I can't see what it is. All three of them are now growling and moving nervously.

When the tie separates they leave quickly and that makes me very nervous. I am sitting on my knees and I want to stand but my body is stiff. The night has cooled slightly and I have just spent the past time on my hands and knees with three wolves on my back fucking me. I see movement in the direction the wolves had been anxious about and I stand, getting ready to move. I see the lion, his mate and cub slowly walk out into the moonlight. They stop and look directly at me. I realize I too am in the moonlight and clearly visible to them. They continue towards me but their manner is unhurried and non-threatening. They pass within two meters of me. The female turns her head and looks at me as she passes. Too weird.

I need some rest and a chance to collect my thoughts. I see a tree nearby with branches low enough for me to grab and climb up. I hope to get just high enough to be away from the animals and perhaps be safe until help comes in the morning. I move quickly to the tree and jump and grab the branch and swing my leg over it, pulling myself up onto it. I move to the trunk and climb up a few more branches. I find one that affords a branching off the main branch and close to the tree trunk. I sit down and put one leg over each fork and my back to the main trunk. I feel amazingly stable. I might even be able to doze off and get some sleep here. Like that girl in the movie 'The Hunger Games'. Sleeping in the tree to be out of the way and safe from predators on the ground.

I am settling in. I hear and see animals wandering around the grass area I had just left. But I don't see any kills. It might be that the zoo just keeps them well enough fed so they are not needing to hunt for food. Maybe that is why I have survived so far. And I am settled in and secure because I feel something on my leg. Not an insect, something small, but something bigger but my mind is fuzzy from dozing off. My legs are spread and hooked onto the forked branches and I am very stable. I am also very spread and open. I force my eyes open and I cry out and I clamp my hands over my mouth, realizing my mistake and also now afraid of frightening the object now in front of me. The something that is on my leg is actually around my leg. It is a snake, nearly two meters in length. I am no snake expert and I have no idea what kind it is. I have no idea if it is a type that would squeeze me to death like a Boa or perhaps is poisonous. But it is moving and it is moving up my left leg. I feel it as it tightens to hold on and then extend itself further up and repeat that action. I also feel the tongue as it flits out and touches my skin. It is doing so generally but it is beginning to concentrate on the inside of my thigh. Is it taking in the cum from the lion and wolves and my own juices from the previous matings? Does it have some interest in that?

I am diverted by activity below me. On the ground are several other large cats and I suddenly realize that trees might not be the safest place after all. But that quickly passes from my concern as they move off. They are competitors in the wild and not trusting of each other. And, additionally, I feel the snake moving again and my attention is again drawn to it. As it gets closer to the end of my thigh, the thought occurs to me that I am spread open and it seems to be following the scent or taste of the leakage from my pussy. And is there any greater phallic symbol that can cross your mind when it seems you have been fucked for much of the evening and your body is still raw with erotic and tantalizing sexual stimulations? I admit it, snakes are an ultimate phallic fantasy symbol for me. I don't know why but the very idea of something inside you, moving of its own free will, long and probing ... I shuddered. But I don't need that, especially not tonight if ever at all. I feel its tongue flick on my pussy lips and then it repeats several time and when it hits my distended clit, I shudder physically, not just a thought but my legs shudder and shake. That startles the snake and it tightens its grip on me. It is now probing my pussy lips and clit with frequency now and when the head pushes on my lips and causes a slight separation and the tongue flicks just inside, I can feel my body's senses rising to another orgasm more from thought than physical contact so far but all it

would need now is the physical contact. If the snake actually entered me, turned, squirmed and twisted inside ... I might explode.

And I didn't need that! Certainly not up in a tree three meters off the ground. I have moved my leg and the snake is not in contact with the branch any longer. It is solely wrapped around my leg in its pursuit of ... whatever it is in pursuit of, my pussy I think. I slowly move my other leg to the same branch and when I do, my legs close a bit and the snake moves its head out of the way. I slip off the branch and grab it and swing down from the branch and let go dropping to the ground. The impact jolts the snake loose and I run away from the tree and the snake, not knowing where I might be running towards, but I know I am getting away from that snake.

I run and run. Now I am trying to cover distance. I have to find the outer perimeter of the zoo property. Finally I stop when I seem to be quite alone in a wooded area which is also dark. I walk slowly, carefully now, turning frequently to see if there is anything following or around me. How do I get out of here? How do I survive the night? I no longer worry about being found like this, naked and alone in zoo among all these animals loose to wander. I just want to survive it and get home. To be with Karl, again.

I feel the need to get somewhere off the ground, again. But not a tree this time. The idea of the snake still creeps me out. I see a small shed across the walkway ahead. I go to it hoping it will provide some refuge for me. The door to it is locked but the roof might be an option. I don't know what time it is. It seems an eternity since I have been dealing with this but I don't know if dawn is soon or still hours away. The shed's roof peak is maybe two and a half meters high. The lower roof edge is about one and a half meters and there is a box nearby. If I can get up onto the roof and onto the peak, maybe I can safely rest there and recover. I move the box under the lower part of the roof and jump up to get my knee onto the sloping roof. I struggle to get some footing to be able to reach higher and pull myself up. I finally have a grasp of the peak with one hand and pull myself up to get both hands onto the peak and I am pulling myself up. I try to get my feet up to push with. My arms are over the peak so I have the peak firmly under my armpits and I am relieved. I know I can do it now. Just rest a minute, recover some strength and then make the push to sitting on the peak. Then I will be safe. I am sure of it and I am finally feeling some sense of safety and security is within my grasp.

Then, a shadow goes over me and I see hoofs are next to my shoulders on the peak of the roof. Hoofs? Once again this makes no sense. What is ... happening? I look at the hoofs next to me and then I feel something poking my ass. I look closer and I know I have seen that coloring before. I look up over me and I see it, a giraffe! Damn. He is so tall and his legs so long this wasn't even a problem for him. And now I know what else is happening and I try desperately to avoid this. Trying to avoid one more animal from using my body like this. It has to be able to stop at some point. Or does it? Or will it? Do I really have to wait until dawn? But even dawn might not mean anything. It might take them hours to rally the support and manpower they will need to roundup all these animals and get them back into their cages and pens. This could go on for much longer than I had originally considered.

I look back as I am trying to gain a foot hold and to climb over the top of the shed roof and off the other side. But what I see is startling to me. This giraffe is big ... down there. I now remembered seeing males at the zoo when they were exposed. Probably when the female was in heat. Is the continuous fucking I have endured giving off a similar scent to these animals? I struggle but it is fruitless. I can't gain a decent enough foothold fast enough. And all I have managed to do is open my legs for him just as he thrust his very large cock at me. And my luck, at least tonight, he hits the mark on the first thrust. He didn't tear me wide open, so he isn't too big, but he is VERY big inside me. And that first thrust put quite a bit of his cock into me. But there was much more remaining. I

didn't think it could all possibly fit inside me. But I could tell he was intent to try.

The giraffe had his hind legs still on the ground and his forelegs on the roof and the angle with me on the roof, hanging down the slope turned out to be perfect with all those things considered. And his thrusts were pushing more and more of his cock into me. I have no idea how much I had inside or how much might still be outside that he wanted in. But I was being pounded harder ... and better than any yet tonight. His cock was like a horse or at least what I imagined a horse to be like. His cock was large enough that it felt like I was completely stuffed and he was already hitting places inside I have never had a cock hit before. He was hitting my cervix now with most every thrust. And while there was some pain associated with that, it was like the pain of a dog's knot being forced past your tight, unyielding pussy lips. How you are stretched further than you think you could, but you do. This was like that, and the more I was being bumped at my cervix, the less I cared. Because I was also feeling something I had never felt before. I was feeling my entire pussy being fucked and the ramming I was receiving was pushing me and then I would slide back down slightly on the roof. The surface was not shingled or it would have taken the skin right off me. But the movement was tremendous on my nipples as they dragged along the surface of the roof.

As he pounded me now with urgency and determination, I felt myself losing my battle of control. And despite all that, all my intention to get away and to avoid being used once more, I was quickly rising to the peak of sensations. With these feeling now coursing through me I no longer cared. I not only wanted this orgasm that was right there for me to take, I needed it. After a night like this I deserved this orgasm. An orgasm that I knew, even before it hit through me, was going to be the orgasm of orgasms. A true mind-blowing orgasm. And as it crested and it washed over me, it was more like a tidal wave of sensory overload. I felt my body being jolted from my pussy to my clit to my nipples and then spreading out through my entire body. I was no longer hanging onto the peak of the roof. I was supported by the marvelous cock in my pussy. A giraffe cock and it was driving into my body still. But my body was just losing any control. My entire body started shaking, shuddering, and quivering. My eyes rolled back into my head and all went black.

When I came to, I was lying on the ground next to the shed. The giraffe was nowhere to be seen. My body ached. But I was still alive. I moved to stand up and I stopped. My joints hurt. My muscles ached. I stood and stretched and looked around, once again. I had done that a lot tonight. I checked the sky and I could still see the stars. There were still no lights to be seen. I couldn't have been out for long. And there was still no evidence that night was turning to day. Much to my frustration.

I am still in a wooded portion of the zoo and suddenly I have a sense that I might know where this is within the zoo. If I am right it is near the back of the zoo. The back of the zoo contains the maintenance area. There would be other buildings and equipment there. Even if the buildings are not open, perhaps one of the vehicles or equipment could provide some shelter from further exposure to the animals. As I remembered the location, it would be shortest to go through the wood directly in front of me.

I rush that way and I soon trip and land doubled over a fallen tree, perhaps from the storm tonight. Then I see something, a shadow? Yes, but what ... a very large shadow ... directly over me ... What I see seems like trees are stepping over me. But no, I know trees don't walk. I look up ... I cry out and I look back along the elephant that is over me. At my ass I see it, an almost erect elephant cock pointing at my pussy, my abused and worn out pussy. I scream ...

Bzzzzz ... Bzzzzz ... Bzzzzz ... Bzzzzz ...

What? Now what is happening? I struggle with my mind to come to, to help me and not shut down but it persists ...

Bzzzzz ... Bzzzzz ... Bzzzzz ... Bzzzzz ...

“Anja! Get up! You’re going to be late for the train into the city for the zoo. Get moving. And turn that alarm clock off.”

Alarm clock? Karl? Zoo? Her eyes focus ... her bedroom? No it can’t have been, it was too real.

But Karl is talking again. “You were pretty wild in your sleep last night. You moaned and cried out several times, but I couldn’t wake you. You must be exhausted. Are you feeling well? Are you coming down with something?”

I just stare at him and ask, “Have you heard the weather?”

He looks at me with concern, “They are saying Antwerp could expect some very severe weather ...”

But I am not listening to anything more. I pull the covers over my head and curl into a fetal position. No way am I going to that zoo with severe weather ...