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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Jack had one hand resting on top of her back, the other hand gripping her around one thigh as he pulled her back onto his cock and then pushed her away again to repeat the process. Her large feline ears were flat against her long white hair, and her eyes were closed tightly as high pitched mewling moans escaped her parted lips. His hips snapped back as he pushed her away, then forward as he pulled her against him, creating a fast, hard rhythm of fucking on the floor of her room. She felt good to be in, hot and tight, and oh-so-willing, a human/cat hybrid bred specifically for sex. She lived for it, would probably go mad without it. The sounds of flesh slapping together echoed off her bare walls, the small bed in the corner of the room was untouched. He didn't bother with beds, they bounced and moved and made it too hard to get a good rhythm going. No, now when he would come to one of these houses he would push them onto their hands and knees and get right to business.

Her large breasts bounced and shook, nearly touching the floor as her upper arms began to weaken from the hard fucking she was receiving. Her nipples were hard and inviting, bright pink circles of flesh that begged to be touched. He let the hand he had resting on her back slide down around her side to her stomach and inched towards the milky rounds of her breasts, easily finding one nipple and giving it a hard pinch. She convulsed around him and let out a harsh cry, the walls of her sweet cunt tightening and making him groan, his eyes slipping closed as he continued to thrust in and out of her quickly.

He was close, eyes closed, balls tightening, all the blood flowing to a single point in his body where every nerve ending stood at attention to bring him indescribable pleasure. He pinched her nipple again, and again she convulsed and cried out, the sound going straight to his cock and sending him over the edge into a bright hot place of pleasure. It tore a guttural cry from his throat, and made his back go ramrod straight, his every muscle tensing.

By the time his muscles relaxed and he came back from that world of pleasure, his cum was dripping down her thighs. Her arms had gone out on her, and her ample bosom was pressed into the cold floor, her face turned to the side so that only one cheek touched the ground and she could still breathe. Her eyes had slipped open and he hated it. The empty look in them made his pleasure seem cheap. He always made them close their eyes, the blankness of them made him feel like he was fucking a doll, and if he wanted to fuck a doll he would go out and buy one. Lord knew there were plenty of suppliers.

He pulled his cock free of her and shuffled back a bit, his heart still pounding and his breathing only slightly ragged. The second he wasn't touching her she moved, getting shakily to her feet and picking up her discarded flower dress from the floor. She pulled it on and smoothed out invisible wrinkles down her front. Jack saw a drop of milky cum hit the floor and wondered if she would clean it up or if someone else held that job specifically.

"We thank you for your patronage, Mister E," she said, her voice sweet, lilting, a bit breathless. "Will there be anything else we can help you with today?"

She looked so calm and reserved, as though she hadn't just been fucked into the floor. She had no tail, a request he had made years ago. The tails were awkward, got in the way. Most men who came to the brothel houses loved them, but he never liked them.

"That will be all," he said, forcing himself to his feet and pulling his pants up from around his ankles. He bucked his belt tightly and checked to be sure nothing had fallen from his pockets. Wallet, check; sunglasses, check; badge, check. "Thank you for your time today, Lilly."

She smiled and nodded, "Of course, Mister E. We are here to please."

He tucked his shirt into his pants and left her room. He would need a shower, or just a wet cloth to wipe himself clean. He could do that once he got back to the station. He walked through the house and listened to the combined sounds of many other couplings. It echoed down the hallways, loud and clear. It was amazing that in the hallway you could hear everything, but once the door to the bedroom closed it was like mirror in his interrogation room. All the sounds got out, but none of them got in. Many of the hybrids hung around outside of their rooms, males and females alike, ranging in age from eighteen to their late twenties. Cats weren't all the house offered. Madame Mixie offered a variety of hybrids bred specifically to the unique tastes of her clientele. Dogs, cats, fox, a raccoon. There were others, but the more complex the hybrid the higher the floor in the house, and the higher the price per hour.

At the front desk, at the entrance to the house, the matron grinned at clients who came and went with ease and familiarity. She saw him coming and her smile became more sincere as she reached behind the desk and pulled his gun and holster from the checked item area. Weapons were strictly forbidden in her house, and he'd had to pull a few crazies off of the poor men and women who worked there.

"Mister E," she said, holding the holster out for him to take and clip back on to his belt. "I trust everything was as you like it?"

"Of course, Mixie," he said, and when she offered one pale cheek to him he kissed it. "Lilly is beautiful. Almost perfect."

She caught the keyword in there, "Almost?"

He shrugged, "Her eyes, they're just like all the others."

She frowned, and nodded, "It's something from the breeding process, leaves them a bit dim in the head."

"Maybe it's all the drugs they use to keep them alive through the birthing process."

She gave a slight shrug, "Who knows?"

"Not me," he said. "But thanks, I had a great time."

"No problem, sweetheart," Mixie said, patting his cheek with her ring laden hand and smiling. "We'll be seeing you again soon?"

"Not too soon," he said. "Thinks are getting busy at the bureau. More people calling in each week with runaway hybrids. No one understands how it happens. They're bred to be docile."

"Oh my," she said, sounding concerned.

He smiled, "I'll leave you to your work and get back to mine."

She touched his arm, smiling, "Have a good day, sweetie."

He stepped out of the dimly lit house into the bright early morning sunlight of downtown Angel City. Cars whizzed in the street as men and women walked quickly from their homes to their jobs. Jack hated the traffic, but he loved the city.

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The homicide department of the ACPD was bustling. Jack stepped into the air conditioned hell hole and made for his desk. It was a cluttered work station, very little in the way of personal affects, but littered with case files and take out wrappers. He pulled his chair out and slumped down into it. His case load was high, not as high as the head detectives, but high enough that he was feeling the pressure. Six homicides in the last week that were hybrid related, twelve hybrids missing, thirteen hybrid suicides. The critters were bred to be docile, to take orders and be content with whatever was given them.

He opened the first file, one of the missing hybrids, and stared at the picture. The hybrid smiled up at him, but it didn't reach her eyes. She was empty, just like the rest of them. He sighed and flipped open the next file, a suicide. The picture was gruesome, a level of gruesome that could only be reached by jumping from the roof of Angel City's tallest building. Really, there hadn't been much left to identify the body as a hybrid. A set of mangled ears, which were coon ears, and a bushy tail. It had been the security tag salvaged from the remains that had cemented the coon hybrid's identity.

He flipped to the witness statements. One woman had been across the street, had seen the hybrid once he was about halfway down. Said that he looked afraid. No one had seen anyone else, witnesses from inside the building hadn't seen the coon go up, let alone an attacker or kidnapper. Security footage had nothing, as though the coon had known all of the blind spots. He heaved an aggravated sigh. This was ridiculous.

The coon had been bred out of an international company. The company called itself Frontier, they were among the first to breed the hybrids for distribution. Jack hadn't had much luck with the corporations responsible for the other hybrids, but Frontier was worth a shot. He closed the file and stood from his chair, pushing it into his desk and making for the exit.

"Where you headed, Jack?" a voice called.

The voice was unmistakable. Mick Daniels, a rookie. Newly married and newly added to the homicide unit. He was always grinning, probably because he was getting laid regularly by his cute little wife, and he had a look in his eyes like he was part of some great inside joke.

"Frontier," Jack said.

Mick nodded, "Working on those hybrid cases. I don't know why we bother. Not like they can't be replaced. And it would be a ton cheaper to replace them then it is to investigate."

Jack frowned, prejudice against the hybrids was abundant in all parts of the world, but he hadn't expected kind spirited Mick to be prejudiced.

"Every death, hybrid or otherwise, will be investigated," Jack said, "Hybrids don't just kill themselves. They're not programmed for suicide."

Mick didn't say anything else, and Jack left. It wasn't a conversation worth having, not with someone he would be working with for an undetermined amount of time.

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It was hot out, a summer day in Angel City always was. It was ninety-eight degrees, according to the plasma screen on the side of the building across the street. Ninety-eight degrees, and Jack felt it the second he stepped out the door. The heat came down on him and sucked all the air from his lungs.

The traffic in the heart of the city was stop and go no matter what time of day it was, rush hour traffic from 8am until midnight. There were only a few hours in the early morning when the streets were relatively empty, when the only vehicles to be seen were the street cleaners making their slow rounds. Now was not one of those few hours. Drivers honked angrily, impatient to get to where they were going.

It was because of the awful traffic, the gridlock, that Jack never drove. He would take the underground metro into downtown Angel City from his apartment near the train yards, and from there everything was within fifteen minutes of everything else. Fifteen minutes from the police department was Frontier, a building that, though not the tallest in Angel City, was certainly domineering. It had cost more money to build than Jack would make in his lifetime, built to look like the future, with high archways, walls built more from glass than steel, and holographic tour guides with artificial smiles. He flashed his badge at the front desk and secretary smiled at him as though she were indulging a small child, picking up the phone to call the secretary of the person at the top.

"Hello Daisy," she said, "This is Ama. I have a Detective Eines here. He needs to ask Mister Garrison a few questions."

She nodded into the phone, as though the woman, Daisy, would be able to see it, listening to her speak. "Of course. I understand. Thank you, Daisy."

She placed the phone back on the receiver, her face fixed into the perfect image of regret. "I'm sorry detective, but Mister Garrison has stepped out for the remainder of the day."

Jack smiled, it was his patient smile, "That's fine, ma'am, I'll just speak to someone else instead. I'm sure there is someone here who can answer my questions."

Her expression dimmed, her apologetic smile faltering. "Mister Eines--"

"Detective," he corrected.

"Detective Eines," she amended, "No one here is authorized to speak with the police."

Jack raised an eyebrow, "No on? So no one here has a rudimentary knowledge of how this place runs?"

She looked worried, and he pressed on. "So, will you be closing today then? If Mister Garrison isn't here, then how can this place function, if no one else knows what's going on?"

"Sir," she said, her voice taking on a whining tone, a pleading one. "Please."

"My questions are simple," he said. "Anyone with a knowledge of how the hybrids work would be able to answer them."

"Sir," she started again, desperately trying to get the upper hand, she was cut off.

"Ama," someone said from a doorway to the left of the reception desk, "If it's answers about hybrids that this man wants, I can give them."

It was a man, a young man, in his late twenties. He was wearing a lab coat and a pair of black rimmed glasses, beige slacks leading down to shiny black dress shoes. He was smiling, eyes appraising Jack so intensely that he thought he might blush. He put on his best game face.

"And you are?" Jack asked, moving away from the flustered receptionist.

"Dr. Anderson," the man said, holding out his hand to shake, "I work in the genetics department."

Jack took his hand they exchanged a firm shake. "What is it you do then?"

"I help to design the hybrids," Dr. Anderson said, "I work on altering the DNA to get the desired results. It's an art, precision work. One wrong move and you ruin the entire batch."

Jack nodded, "And you'd be willing to answer some questions?"

"More than!" Dr. Anderson said, grinning. "I can tell you just about anything you want to know about hybrids. I can even give you a tour of the facility."

Jack was suspicious. Either Frontier knew nothing about what was going on with hybrids, or they were damn smug about having nothing to do with it. There was no other explanation. No one was forthcoming with evidence, not when billions of dollars could be at stake. Dr. Anderson, whose security tag said his first name was Marcus, motioned to the door still open behind him. Jack moved through it carefully, on the alert. He doubted it would be a trap when so many witnesses had seen him enter, but one could never be sure.

The hallway on the other side of the door was unspectacular. A long, white hallway with gray doors leading off to God knows where.

"We're going straight," Marcus said as the door slid shut behind them. "The labs are upstairs. There's an elevator at the end of the hall."

"You're very cooperative," Jack said, falling into step beside the doctor. "At the other companies I've had lawyers trying to bind me contractually not to say a word about anything they may or may not say."

Marcus laughed, "Well, we have nothing to hide."

"And they do?"

He shrugged, "If they didn't they wouldn't be so reluctant to help. The things happening with hybrids... it's terrible."

Jack studied Marcus' face. He looked sincere enough. "You're fond of the hybrids then?"

Marcus nodded, "I helped to create them. I feel like I'm responsible for their wellbeing. If I, or any of the other scientists here, are doing something that is making them do the things they're doing, then we need to find out so we can fix it."

Jack pulled his small notepad from his pocket. "The hybrids are killing themselves, running away from home, some have even killed their owners."

They had reached the end of the hall and the shiny steel doors of the elevator loomed before them. Marcus pressed the button to summon the metal lift, and then turned sad eyes on Jack.

"None of those things should be possible," he said, "When we create a hybrid we install a chip in the frontal lobe to help curb unwanted personality characteristics."

"The frontal lobe," Jack said, "How does putting the chip in there help any?"

Marcus smiled, "I don't get out the lab often, I forget that not everyone knows what different parts of the brain do. The frontal lobe is responsible for overriding and suppressing unacceptable social responses. Rather than relying on them learning what not to do, we have opted to manually override their emotional processes."

Jack jotted down as much as he could, nodding, following automatically when the elevator arrived and Marcus climbed in. The doors slid shut and the doctor pressed the button for the fourteenth floor. The elevator began to climb, the ride was so smooth that if it hadn't been for the beeping as they passed each floor, Jack wouldn't have known they were moving at all. After a few seconds the doors slid open, and Marcus led the way out onto the fourteenth floor. This one was different from the floor they'd come from. Directly outside of the elevator was a round lobby area, with hallways leading off in all directions. Every wall was made from thick, clear glass. Through the glass he could see endless labs, with doctors, assistants, and hybrids, all milling together.

"In this area we bring out the full developed hybrids for testing, to be sure they're up to par."

Marcus was leading the way into the thick of the action, navigating through [SPAM] of scientists with long practiced ease. Jack followed, feeling clumsy as he bumped into men and women repeatedly.

"Is there any way that you could have let hybrids be distributed with defective chips?" Jack asked, coming up beside Marcus as he led the way down a less crowded hall.

"No," he said, "We test thoroughly. Any kind of defect would be found and the hybrid would either be fixed, or euthanized."

"You're saying your tests are absolutely fool proof?" Jack asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Absolutely," Marcus said, meeting his eyes. "If you can get me the chips from the... dead hybrids, I can prove that the chips were fully functional."

Such conviction. Jack met his eyes and nodded. The doctor really believed what he was saying, there was no doubt about it. They had stopped moving at some point and were standing alone in a dim hallway. Some of the lights overhead had gone out, others flickered weakly.

"Where are we?" Jack asked, looking around.

Marcus moved towards one of the doors. "My office. Excuse the lighting, we had a power surge two weeks ago and it knocked out this entire area."

Jack jotted that down in his notebook, it was an interesting tidbit of information. "Does that happen often? The power surges?"

Marcus shook his head, fitting a key in the lock of the door and opening it. He flipped the lights on inside. The bulbs had been replaced, or had remained unaffected, all of them worked fine. Jack followed him in, the door clicked shut behind them quietly.

"It was the first power surge I've experienced here," the doctor said as he walked around the desk and sat down.

Jack sat in the chair closest to him, staring across the expanse of the desk at the cooperative doctor. They were silent for a while. Jack couldn't think of any questions, and it seemed that Marcus was out of conversation topics as well.

"So," Marcus said finally, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his desk and lace his fingers together, "Do you want to know anything else?"

"How long have you worked here?" Jack asked, the first question that came to mind as being even remotely relevant.

Marcus looked thoughtful, "Five years with Frontier, two years at this particular branch. I worked in the England branch before I came here."

"You're not English," Jack said.

"No," Marcus agreed, "I'm not. And that is why I came back to the states; back to Angel City."

"Homesickness?" Jack asked.

Marcus nodded, "I missed my mother, and my partner at the time."

"Your partner?"

Marcus sighed, eyes dropping away, "By the time I got back into the states I'd already been replaced."

"She was cheating on you?"

Marcus raised an eyebrow, smiling an amused smile. "He. He was cheating on me."

Jack felt awkward, he fell silent. Marcus fell silent. They stared at each other for a few minutes. When Jack's beeper went off he nearly jumped out of his skin. The number was the precinct.

"Can I use your phone?" he asked.

Marcus smiled, pushing the land line phone across the desk. Jack dialed the precinct and waited. It had been the Chief who called. There had been something in the security footage of one of the suicide scenes. They'd gotten a glimpse of something, a hybrid, that wasn't the one dead the next day. Jack promised to get there as soon as he could and hung up.

"I've got to go," he said, sliding the phone back towards Marcus.

"News?" the doctor asked.

"Maybe," Jack said, standing. "We can continue this another day."

Marcus jotted something down on the back of a business card and handed it to the detective.

"My number," the doctor said, smiling. "Don't hesitate to call if you have any questions."

Jack nodded, sliding the card into his pocket. Marcus was appraising him again, that same intense appraisal he'd been doing when he'd first seen him downstairs.

"Really," Marcus said, smiling, "Don't hesitate to call for anything at all."

Jack felt himself going red and hurried out of the room. He felt hot, and it had nothing to do with the summer heat.