

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I had a-couple-of-days off from work starting tomorrow. My husband Johan 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 seemed interested if I had any plans. I was non-committal and uncertain, so he suggested the local Zoo. He knew I have always enjoyed going to the zoo, and it's easy to get too. He encouraged me, and it felt good he wanted me to enjoy my free time. While he's gone, I decided 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?

You might wonder why I think like that. You might think, *normal people don't go to the zoo and wonder what it would be like to fuck the animals*. That's true, of course, normal people don't. However, I'm far from normal and so is my Johan. We are both active beastophiles, with several large dogs that service us both. You read that right, my husband enjoys it just as much as me. That's why we're a match made in heaven. Soul mates.

Eventually, I fall asleep in Johan's arms like I often do feeling loved and content, but a longing just from knowing he would be gone for a couple of days if 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 think as sleep takes me.

I woke suddenly and was getting ready to go with Johan to the train station in our suburb. The zoo is just a short train ride from here. 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 Johan 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. Johan 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 at the stop for the zoo, I kissed Johan goodbye and he continued into the city. I headed for the zoo. The Zoo is perfectly located, it's across from a train station. It is the oldest animal park in the country, established in the early twentieth-century. This zoo is said to be one of the most beautiful zoos in the world, at least I think so. The zoo is full of many animals from all over the world. In the large cat area the idea of mating with these exotic animals makes me curious, stimulated, horny, and quite wet.

I shake myself, or more appropriately my mind, and remind myself, *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 could turn it into a negative if you get an injury. But being here... .*

Dressed as I was, the thoughts persisted though. 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 catching me talking to myself. I walked from the big cat pavilion to the American Bison one when a storm suddenly broke out. Thunder. Lightning. Rain. Big drops. There's 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 to pick her up. I check her for injuries 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, watching for a moment the father and child run, and turn just as a large group comes crashing into me. They hit me hard, and I stumble, losing my balance. I fall through some bushes alongside the sidewalk and hit my head on something. What? But nothing. I'm out. There's only blackness.

When I wake, coming to in the bushes I feel disoriented. I struggle to stand and check myself. I have a headache and a nasty bump on my head but otherwise I seem to be okay.

Wet, dirty, and lying in the dirt under bushes will do that to you, I guess, I thought looking at my dirty dress in disgust.

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 wondered?

I look at the sky to check, but I can't see any stars, only dark clouds.

Even if it's still very dark skies, it must be night time to be this dark. I have been knocked out for a long time, I think.

I start walking and quickly realised that I'm alone in a deserted zoo. The rain has stopped so that is something, but I'm 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'm walking, but I'm no longer sure where the exit is. I now see that I'm walking among the animal enclosures.

Where am I, I wonder feeling afraid? Another lightning strike close by. Then I jump, literally, I jumped. The lightning strike was very, very near, and suddenly all the lights went out. I mean all of them. I thought it was dark before.

Luckily, the clouds break, the half-moon is overhead and the sky becomes filled with stars. It would've seemed beautiful if I wasn't so scared and consumed with the thought getting out of here.

What was that sound I wondered, looking around in the dim moonlight? 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 been experiencing. What I'm seeing and hearing. Then I see what it must've been, in the darkness, I now see animals are outside their enclosures. All around. Some are pacing around each other as mortal enemies. Normally 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 found freedom. My mind screams. No that wasn't my mind screaming, it's me actually screaming as a large silver-back gorilla is coming right toward me.

I turn to run, which is probably foolish, but it's a reaction. I don't get ten metres and I run to an animal enclosure. The steel bar doors are 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 the 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 now, and I have to get myself together. I can schedule a meeting with the designer to discuss this **IF I SURVIVE**. Now it's very clear that I'm caught inside a zoo with all the animal loose.

A gorilla! I'm running from a silver-back-fucking-gorilla. Damn, where is it I think in a panic?

I turn to look for any signs of the gorilla and then then to find the way to the edge of the zoo and possibly out of here. But as I turn, I see him. He is standing not three-metres from me. I glance to the left and the right. Not wanting to take my eyes from him, but I see that I have inadvertently stepped between turned over trash containers and other debris the animals knocked around upon finding themselves free of the cages.

I'm 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. *I can worry about the somewhere after I get away from this big guy*, I think.

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 lightweight 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*, I curse in my mind.

Even my thong would feel like some protection now. I'm 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. 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, very small penises. So I looked. I know, weird. But if I'm going to die here and now, I have at least satisfied one curiosity. And, yes, it's small. Very, very small. I wasn't so much worried now about being raped. I figured my real danger was just being torn to pieces by this guy, who was probably remembering all those dumbass people who stood outside his cage laughing and pounding to get his attention.

He seemed curious too, and I didn't know if that is 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 crotch open and exposed, and that's where his curiosity is 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's interested, I thought amused.

He put his finger back in and pumped it in and out many times, and his knuckle - damn it - is hitting my clit with each downward thrust.

I can't believe you, body, I think amazed at myself! How can you get turned on by this? A moment ago, you were legitimately certain of our impending death by being ripped apart by this crazed gorilla.

My body is slowly surrendering to this feeling of being used, out in the open by a gorilla, and yes it felt so good 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. I heard a terrible roar from behind us and the gorilla holding me, turned, and dragging me around with him. The gorilla suddenly dropped me as the other silver-back gorilla attacked.

This is my chance, and I took off along the cages. I still didn't know where I'm going, but at least I was putting some distance between myself and the gorillas. *Being fought over is one thing, but by gorillas I thought? I do not want to be the prize of that outcome.*

I suddenly stopped in a place 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 find any signs or reference for an exit. I wasn't having much luck. For some reason my familiarity with the zoo isn't helping me. 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. As if the zoo I'm so familiar with had somehow changed in a way I could not describe or comprehend. I'm not sure how I should proceed, but I finally just move for the sake of it. 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, and exotic animals. I think the odds are pretty good I will meet more.

I started moving quicker, but maintaining a walk. I thought I heard something behind me and I turned as I continued to walk, but saw nothing. I turned again and stopped rigid in my step. Ahead of me stood a full-grown male adult lion. It looked beautiful in the moonlight, and I hoped it wasn't hungry because it also saw me and had turned directly toward me. Then I saw a lioness behind it with a cub. 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'm no threat, but how would they know that, I think. Humans put them here. I'm human. I'm a naked human at that.

I took a couple of steps back, and the lion growled. A low, deep growl. I didn't know if that had a specific meaning. I just knew I didn't like it. I stopped moving. He stood no more than two metres from me now, but he didn't stop. He continued slowly walking to me. He glanced to the side and I followed his eyes to see some kind of monkey. The lion roared at it, and the monkey scurried away up a tree.

Lucky monkey, I thought ironically.

I took several steps back, and then growled at me. I froze. *Is it smarter to just stay here with a lion so close, I wondered? Is it smart to move?*

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 stopped abruptly. I had bumped into something and I looked back to see it was a wrought iron picnic table. *Oh Shit*, I cursed in my head.

The lion made a move, 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. I don't think I can survive this*, I thought, scared to death.

Then I realised the lion isn't looking for a tasty meal after all. He's between my legs, and as he moved closer to me my legs were forced open further. Then I felt it, first along one of my legs and then against my crotch. His cock poking at me. The lions cock is out of its sheath and poking to find my pussy. He poked maybe five times before, "Ohhhhh..."

Suddenly, I had a lions cock inside me.

This is a cat! Dogs I'm familiar with, but what is a cat like for fucking, I wondered? What's wrong with me? I'm about to be raped by a lion and I'm wondering about its cock?

But already, from the first stimulation of the gorilla and the unconscious exhibitionist mental stimuli, he went in easily as I'm very wet. Like 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 reacted to this pleasantly. His furry belly drove higher as it slid across my clit with each thrust of his cock.

Yesssss... that's good. Damn me, but that feels good.

I began throwing my head side to side as my excitement built steadily higher. I felt no longer concern with other animals on the loose. I'm being fucked by a lion, and his mate is sitting just to the side watching attentively. Probably for two reasons, her mate is occupied fucking and now vulnerable; and her cub is nervously moving around her. They were in the open with all kinds of animals now roaming around. However, she just sat there. Partially watching her mate and partly 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. I fell into 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 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, I thought in amazement! And the lion had just filled my pussy with his seed, and there's so much cum.

He quickly pulled out of me and I was about to attempt to get up when I saw the lions not far from making me freeze in fear. The male moved over to the female and cub and they licked each other. Then they casually walked off not even throwing me a backward glance. I'm alone, again, but I know

I'm not. I can hear animals 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 into the table to test my legs. They are wobbly, but I need to move. I stand and take a few steps. The blood starts flowing again through my system, and lion cum dribbles down my legs.

I sense much activity down the walkway, so I choose to cross the grassy grounds to my right. I'm half way across when I 'think' I hear something behind me. I'm always 'hearing' something now. I'm convinced that at any moment there'll be another animal and probably for good reason. I turn and scan around me and see nothing, but it's dark except for moonlight, the problem is the shadows. The shadows are pitch-black and you can see nothing in them. A great place for an animal to hide. I try to trick my eyes and look just over what I'm 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, now growling fiercely at me once I have seen it. It had been sneaking up on me in full hunting mode. I shivered with fear. I feel tired of being growled at. *Why don't they believe me that I'm no threat to them*, I wonder in frustration?

My body is frozen with fear. I sense something to my left, I look 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. Dogs can be very ill-tempered, especially if they have been abused. I don't think the 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're friendly, so I resort to be submissive and intending to display that I'm harmless and no threat. The classic submissive position for dogs is on the ground on your back with the delicate underside exposed. I really, really don't want to have to do that. All three are growling menacingly at me now, and they're still approaching me slowly. They're not threatened by each other, or apparently needing to show dominance among them. That appears to be already worked out. This must be the group in the natural setting display. They're free to roam a larger area and viewing locations are set up along a path around the setting. It is very popular, and I know there were more wolves here than these three, but the others could have been females and younger. I never paid that much detailed attention.

So, here I'm. Naked and being approached by three large male wolves. They had spread out further and 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 whined, 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, 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 go into my asshole. He found my pussy 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's building 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. My attention taken from bumping to the stretching of my pussy as he pushed his knot in 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. 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.

With the full realisation that the other two wolves were standing by and attentive to danger would also be wanting me for themselves when it was their turn. The knot moving inside me did 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's one of my dogs at home.

We were tied, we were also especially vulnerable, and I knew it. He turned on me and faced the other direction. All three now attentive. My orgasm finished, 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 me 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. The next wolf was on me before I could even think of moving. His cock inside me almost instantly. Lucky on his part, perhaps, but the quicker the better. My vagina is already loose from the previous knot just leaving and this one is only slightly smaller. So he went in quickly with far less effort. I didn't orgasm with this wolf, but my arousal got to 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 seems 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. The wolf seemed clumsy and erratic, but the action seemed to be the stimulation I needed. He slipped out occasionally, and he rubbed my clit along the full length of his cock many times.

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 this before in captivity being the minor male of the pack in a zoo. His frantic, erratic, and powerful thrusts had the effect on me that he wanted for himself. I began 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 defenceless. He turned also, just like the others before him.

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 couldn't see it. The wolf still in me seemed 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 moved backward with each pull, 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. Something had them spooked, and I can't see what it is. All three of them are now growling and moving nervously.

When the tie finally separates they leave quickly and that makes me very nervous. I sit 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 hour-and-a-half 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 walks out into the moonlight. They stop and look directly at me. I realise I too am in the moonlight and clearly visible to them. They continue toward me, but their way is unhurried and non-threatening. They pass within two metres of me. The female turns her head and looks at me as she passes.

How weird, I think as I watch them disappear in the shadows.

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. 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 a few more branches. I find one that affords a branching off the main branch and close to the tree trunk. I sit 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'm 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 aren't needing to hunt for food. *Maybe that is why I've survived so far*, I wondered.

I feel settled and secure on the branch. After a while I feel something on my leg. Not an insect, something small though. My mind is fuzzy from dozing off. My legs are spread and hooked onto the forked branches and I'm very stable. My legs are also spread and open. I force my eyes open and as I adjust to the darkness I see what it is. I begin to cry out, but clamp my hands over my mouth. Realising my mistake and now afraid of frightening the object now moving up my leg.

The creature is actually around my leg, it's a snake, two-metres in length. I'm 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 python or a Boa Constrictor, or perhaps a venomous snake. Still, it's moving and it's moving up my left leg. I feel it as it tightens to hold on, then extends itself further, and repeats. I also feel the tongue as it flits out and touches my skin. Strangely, it seems to be concentrating on the inside of my left thigh.

Is it drinking the cum and my juices from before, I wonder? *Do snakes have an interest in that?*

I'm suddenly 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? However, that quickly passes from my concern as they move away. They are competitors in the wild and not trusting of each other, and additionally I feel the snake movement 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'm spread open and it seems to be after the scent or taste of the leakage from my pussy. Is there any greater phallic symbol that can cross your mind

when you've been fucked for much of the evening? Your body still raw with erotic and tantalising 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. 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 times. 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.

I didn't need that, certainly not in a tree three-metres off the ground. I have moved my leg and the snake is not in contact with the branch any longer. It's solely wrapped around my leg in its pursuit of whatever it's 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 what I might be running toward, but I know I'm getting away from that snake.

I run, and run. Now I'm trying to cover the 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 very 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? I wonder feeling a fear ripple through me? *How do I survive the night?*

I no longer worry about being found naked and alone in the zoo among all these animals loose to wander. I just want to survive it, and get home. To be with Johan, 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 into it hoping it will give 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 like 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 metres high. The lower roof edge is about one and a half metres 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'm 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'm 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'm sure of it and I'm 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've seen that colouring before, it's a giraffe!

Damn.

He is so tall and his legs so long, this wasn't even a problem for him. I realise what else is happening as I try desperately to avoid it. Trying to avoid one more animal from using my body like this.

It has to stop at some point, I think feeling defeated. 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 round-up all these animals and get them back into their cages and pens. This could go on for much longer than I had originally thought.

I look back as I'm trying to gain a foothold 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 wonder?

I struggle, but it is fruitless. I can't gain a decent enough foothold fast enough. All I have managed to do is open my legs for him just as he thrust his very large cock at me, and with 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. That first thrust puts quite a bit of his cock into me. But there's so much more remaining. I didn't think it could all possibly fit inside me. However, I could tell he is intent to try.

The giraffe had his hind legs still on the ground and his forelegs on the roof. The angle with me on the roof hanging down the slope turned out to be perfect for him with all those things considered. His thrusts were pushing more, and more, of his cock in me. I have no idea how much cock I had in me, or how much might still be outside that he wanted in. I'm being pounded harder and better than any time tonight. His cock is like a horse, or at least what I imagined a horse's cock to be like. His cock is large enough that I felt completely stuffed, and he's already hitting places inside I have never had a cock hit before.

He's hitting my cervix with every thrust, and while there's some pain associated with that, it's like the pain of an extra big dog knot being forced past your tight, unyielding pussy lips. How you are stretched further than you think you could, but you manage it. This is like that, and the more I'm being bumped at my cervix, the less I cared. I'm also feeling something I had never felt before, my entire body being fucked. The ramming I'm receiving began pushing me up the roof, and then I would slide back down. The surface was not shingled or it would have taken the skin right off me. Still the movement felt tremendous on my nipples as they dragged along the surface of the tin roof.

As the giraffe pounded me with urgency and determination, I felt myself losing the battle of control. Despite all my intentions to get away and avoid being used again, I was quickly rising to the peak of sensations. With these feelings now coursing through me, I no longer cared. I didn't only want 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 me, is going to be the orgasm of orgasms. A true mind-blowing orgasm. As it crested, and washed over me it felt 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 no longer hung onto the peak of the roof. That marvellous cock in my pussy now

supported me. A giraffe cock, which drove into my body still. My body just lost any control, it started shaking, shuddering, and quivering. I felt myself lift off the roof, impaled by the huge cock like a fitting doll. 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 nowhere to be seen. My body ached all over, but I'm still alive. I moved to stand 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's still no evidence that night was turning to day. Much to my frustration.

I look around in the moonlight. Having fallen off the roof was not part of my plan and I feel lucky I haven't broken any bones. I'm inside an enclosure. Not too far away I see the shapes of several giraffes eating leaves off a tree. In front of me a big square shadow that led inside the shed I had just been raped on top of.

Raped by a giraffe, I thought with a chuckle. *That one should go down in the history book for sure.*

I steel myself and entered the blackness. My rationale being that I might find shelter inside, clothes maybe, and possibly even a phone. The darkness seems too much, and I retreat back to the pen. It's so dark inside that not even my eyes could adjust to it. So I walk to the high fence of Giraffe enclosure and feel along it until I find a human-sized gate. It's open of course, like everything else in this damn place.

I'm still in the wooded area of the zoo, this place is so large and there's even more that isn't open to the public. I find the path again and decide to stay with it. If I try to hide they find me, if I'm out in the open they find me. I can't compete with an animals heightened sense of smell, especially if I smell like the zoo slut. The sounds of cracking branches, grunts, growls, roars, barks, and so on are all around me. *The animals are whooping it up tonight*, I think with a deep sigh.

The trees are like thick shadows, and between them the weak moonlight breaks through to cast a gloomy light. To add to this, I can see the mist rising from the ground, and I shiver as the night gets colder.

I'll die of exposure before I die from an animal attack, I think morbidly, wrapping my arms around myself in a futile attempt to warm up. I spotted a shadow moving amongst the trees and broke into a run, heading for open ground. The shadow grew larger, following me. *This thing is fast? Is it a bull or something*. I wondered?

My body screamed in protest. After all it had been put through so far tonight, a sprint is the last thing it wanted. My leg cramped and I had to stop. Breathless and panting hard, I stretched my thigh in the vain hope I can get running again. The beast sounded close, so I turned to look at it. As I did it hit me hard and I went flying through the air, passing out when I hit the ground. I don't know how long I was out, but when I woke I hurt from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. I woke on my back and went to sit up, but I hit something and fell back onto the grass. I reached up in the darkness to feel a rough, leathery object above me. It moved in a regular motion. *It's a stomach*, I thought horrified.

Whatever beast had knocked me down is now standing over me. I looked around to see the legs silhouetted in the pale moonlight, thick like posts. At the end near my waist, something seemed to be moving. It twisted and straightened, and twisted again. It seemed to be getting longer and longer, not sure if I were seeing things, I wiped my eyes. The squirming thing touched my leg, it felt warm. I

don't know what happened to me, it seemed as if the strange thing hypnotised me with its strange movements.

It pushed against my pussy and that woke me from my daze. "What the fuck?" I said, but it was too late.

The strange penis of this beast had entered my already stretched vagina. *After taking giraffe cock, it must be like a cave down there*, I thought ironically.

The weird thing with this wiggly snakelike cock is that it began to fuck me, even though the beast above didn't move. The beast grunted, and puffed occasionally, but that was all. The penis reminded me of an elephant's trunk the way it moved, but I knew this beast is too small to be an elephant. The cock felt coarse inside me, not smooth like most cocks. This coarseness increased the friction I felt inside, my sore body began to respond.

What's wrong with me, I wondered, as the pleasure began radiating from my pussy like heat.

The strange cock wriggled and pushed, and pumped until I could hear the sounds of wet flesh rubbing against each other. Sure, I had gotten wet, but the beast had contributed its own sticky precum to the mix. I began to thrust against the cock as it worked my pussy. *Whatever this beast is, it knows how to fuck*, I thought in ecstasy.

The pain in my body subsided as my orgasm built from my new lover's attentions. He pushed his cock into me as deep as he could, and even then he had a lot of cock left out. While inside my pussy his cock would move and squirm as if it had a mind of its own. This is what I imagined a snake would be like, only this is no snake. My body moved around by the force of the beast's cock trying to stuff itself inside me. I began moaning loudly like a two-dollar whore. The beast leaned forward, putting more weight into his thrusts.

I felt my stomach tighten unbelievably, I knew I was close. Then the beast came. As the hot semen hit my cervix and filled my womb the tension in my body released. Again the eyes rolled back into my head as an extremely powerful orgasm shook me from my core. I must've looked like an epileptic having a fit the way my body jerked and twitched while that cock pumped its seed inside me. I felt the force of its ejaculation push the strange cock out of me. It continued to spray semen all over me, so strong it landed on my face and hair.

As my orgasm subsided a great weariness fell over me, and without even I thought I fell asleep.

I woke feeling freezing cold. A dim light finally poked above the eastern horizon. The creature that last fucked me had moved on, so slowly I sat up. My head spun and so did my stomach. The zoo seemed quieter now, many of the animals, no doubt, had found a place to sleep. I heard a familiar grunt behind me, which startled me. I scrambled to my feet with great effort and turned. Standing about four metres away eating grass, a rhinoceros grazed.

"It couldn't be," I whispered in shock.

Looking at its groin that strange penis moved about like a trunk. "Holy shit," I said. "No one would believe me if I told them," I said to the rhino. "But you were a great fuck. Thank you."

I blew it a kiss and started to limp toward a path. The rhino never acknowledged me, obviously.

As the light grew I spotted a building and headed toward it. The door was open and I entered. Inside looked like some kind of vet's surgery. I spotted a phone. I rushed to it and picked the phone up, it was dead. Putting the receiver down with a grunt of disappointment I headed further into the building. I got lucky. I found a locker room that had a shower, some coveralls, and rubber boots. The water in the shower was still hot so that felt good. I found some soap in the wash basin in the toilet and used it to wash myself all over. Judging by the dirt and grime that I washed down the shower drain I must've been filthy. The paper towel dispenser gave me enough paper to dry myself. Then I dressed in coveralls and rubber boots.

As I stood in the doorway of the empty surgery the sun had risen, and I could hear vehicles. Sure enough, after another short period a four wheel drive came into the open area making the rhino run off. They headed straight for me, and I was ready for them too. The vehicle pulled up in front of me the doors flung open. A tall, big man dressed in khaki's asked, "Lady? Are you alright?"

I smiled at them. "I am now you're here," I said.

"How the hell did you get locked in? Tonight of all nights?"

I told him about being knocked out in the panic to flee from the storm, and woke up after the zoo had closed. Then I said a gorilla attacked me and ripped my clothes off, but I escaped. I told them I made it to this surgery and found these clothes, and spent the night in here hidden.

He shook his head in disbelief. "Jesus, lady, you're lucky to be alive. We had a 'Jurassic Park' type emergency because of that storm and all the animals were set free. They're wandering around everywhere."

I shrugged. "I figured as much, that's why when I found myself here I decided to stay put and wait for help."

One of the other men said, "You did the right thing, lady."

"Can you take me to the front gate so I can catch the train home?" I asked. "Oh, and you'll need to spot me some train fare, I lost my bag somewhere."

That's how I got home. As weird as it sounds after a night of being raped by various animals, I rode the train home as if nothing happened. When I got home, I had to break in through a back window as I didn't have keys. I sat drinking some coffee, feeling oddly satisfied. My black Lab came over and I patted him. "Can you believe it, Vic?" I asked him rhetorically. "I've been fucked by a lion, wolf, giraffe and rhinoceros. It was the greatest night of my life."

The End.