

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



(c) by Lord John Thomas

I don't know if school children in America have the same system as we do here in the UK. Towards the end of the last term at school, we select a work placement that we think might interest us as a job when we leave school. We then attend that employment for a two-week period instead of school to enable our job choice before we have actually left school. I have always been interested in animals, and a placement at the local zoo really grabbed my attention. My name is Virginia, I am a small, slightly built blond girl, and I had my sixteenth birthday only a month before my job experience.

The two weeks seemed to pass by in a flash, and I was now on the last afternoon of my last day. I had thoroughly enjoyed myself the whole time. The idea of the scheme is that you should work alongside a regular worker and not be left unsupervised.

However, today when I arrived, there was a staff shortage due to a virus going around. I had been working with the baboons for the past three days, and at the morning briefing, I suggested that I felt confident enough to cope with the day's duties on my own. I was trying to impress so that I might get offered a permanent position when I left school. As they were in real difficulties, the supervisor agreed, on condition that one of the full-time staff called to check that I was alright at regular intervals.

The day had gone well. It was 5:00 pm, we were into the last hour, Pete (the regular worker who was checking me each hour) had just left, saying, "Meet you in the briefing room at six."

As this was my last day, I went down to the local pub to have a drink with a gang of workers, and we were meeting at 6:00 pm when the zoo closed. All that was left for me to do to finish the day was to put the food that I had already prepared into the empty indoor enclosure. At 5:30, a bell would sound to tell the visitors to the zoo that we were due to close. This was also the signal to open the door from the outside enclosure to the inside. The animals got used to this signal, and as soon as they heard the bell, they would automatically make their way inside to get to the food. Once counted in, I had to collect the water bowls from the outside enclosure, put them in to soak overnight, and was out of there.

There was always a rush to get to the three showers in the women's changing rooms, and it could sometimes be 6:30 before you got your turn. I wanted to be away on time tonight, so I had worked out a plan to beat the rush. I had put the food ready in the inside enclosure, and I had fifteen minutes until I had to let the baboons in. My last job of collecting the bowls would not get me messed up or smelly, so off I dashed to the showers. I hurriedly had a shower, got dried, put on my clean bra. I searched in my bag for my knickers when I heard the feeding bell.

I thought, 'Blow it. I'll get my knickers when I come back.'

Grabbing the nearest clean overall coat, I put it on and ran back to the baboon house.

I dashed straight through the food preparation room and reached up to the enclosure door control panel; the baboons were crowded around the door fighting each other to get in, and they were all getting very agitated. I pressed the button to open the gate and started counting them in. They were coming-in in such a rush that counting was impossible. Even when they were inside, they were chasing around wildly, so I just gave up counting. I assumed they must all be in and closed the ape's enclosure door.

I now opened my door from the feeding room to the outside enclosure. I went outside, closed the door, and wedged it with a log. This door had a highly complex locking system to prevent the

baboons from opening it from the outside enclosure. The problem was that it was too complicated to open that the permanent keeper I had been working with didn't bother to use it.

He had shown me how to wedge a wooden log between the outside wall and the door, as he said, "You aren't going to be out here if the baboons are in the enclosure, so why do they bother with the stupid lock."

I ran across the enclosure, gathering the drinking bowls. The overall coat that I had grabbed wasn't mine and was about ten sizes too big. It bellowed in the slight breeze like a tent as I ran, and the draught reminded me that I hadn't got any knickers or skirt on under the coat. I picked up the last bowl, turned around to return to the feeding room, and what I saw froze me to the spot.

Halfway across the enclosure were two adolescent males, coming towards me at full speed. I dropped the bowls and ran, not to anywhere, just away from the apes. The next second I was rolling across the ground, where one of the baboons had bounded onto my back and knocked me flying. He was coming at me again. I curled into a ball.

THUD.

I'm pushed over again by a baboon.

"Get into the submissive position. Quickly, before he hits you again," one of the keepers was shouting at me from the fence outside the enclosure.

'The submissive position?' I thought. Yes, we were told about this on our first day, but I never thought I would ever put it into practice. If being attacked, don't run under any circumstances. Always go down on your knees, head, and shoulders to the floor, with elbows tucked in and hands on the back of the head. This is the position that all apes use to signal that they are yielding to a superior and are no threat to him. It usually calms down the aggressor and ends any attack.

THUD.

Again I was bowled over, but this time I rolled into the other baboon, who lashed out, ripping my coat open. I rolled up onto my knees, got my head right down, and clasped my hands around the back of my head as tight as possible. One baboon came across and punched me in the side of my ribs. It winded me, but I managed to stay in the kneeling position, with my bottom up. The baboons were suddenly calmed down and now just seemed curious, poking, sniffing, and prodding me. I could hear the keeper outside the enclosure shouting for someone to get the tranquilizer gun and for others to go around to the enclosure entrance to divert the baboon's attention.

It would be a long way to run to get the gun from the main office, where it was kept. They would then have to run back around the enclosure to the entrance. This was the entrance that I had wedged shut with the log. But they weren't going to know this until they got there. Only then would they realize that they couldn't get in. All of this would take at least another four or five minutes. Meanwhile, my torn overall coat gave the baboons and the now-gathering crowd clear visibility of my lower end. The baboons were squabbling over who was the main man out of the two of them.

Usually, the big dominant male wouldn't let them get anywhere near any female. But as he was now locked in the inside enclosure, this was their chance. They must have realized that I was female by their prodding and sniffing. I looked back under my own body; I could see both of them had pink pricks sticking out of their sheaths. One grabbed my leg and pulled me sideways, I didn't fall, but before I could bring my other leg across to close the gap, the other baboon was on my back.

I had thought that I had seen a little pink prick sticking out, but it was growing inside me within seconds as he pounded away. I was a true virgin, and this was a rude awakening. He was ramming me like it was his first fuck, and all his birthdays had come at once. I was in extreme pain, but that didn't stop me from getting aroused. I hadn't got a clue what to expect, but feelings were welling up inside me, and my cries of pain turned into moans or gasps of pleasure. I felt his hot cum squirting inside me in no time at all. When he slipped out, he was still squirting as he ran around like an excited child. I didn't know what an orgasm was, so I didn't know I hadn't had one.

I was still gasping and moaning when baboon number two got mounted. It went in easier than the first one. Although just as big, there was less pain this time, and the pleasure started immediately. I was soon pushing back onto him as fast as he thrust into me. When I felt his hot load pumping up, I was treated to my first orgasm. How do you describe it? There isn't anything that I have experienced before or since you can compare it to. All I know is that as he slipped out of my cunt, I rolled over and over, writhing about uncontrollably.

This was a big mistake. As quickly as they had previously calmed down, they got aggressive again. One of them grabbed hold of me by the sleeve of my coat, dragging me across the ground. My overall ripped into two pieces and left me with only one arm in a sleeve of half an overall. I quickly got back into the submissive position, with my bum up in the air, and was instantly mounted, by which one I don't know (not that it matters). I was getting used to this by now, as I soon pumped in unison with him.

I could hear the keeper's voice shouting from the perimeter fence. "Try your best to keep as still as possible. I'm gonna tranquilize him."

I looked across; he was standing at the top of a ladder, leaning against the fence with a rifle in his hands. I froze, praying that he would hit the baboon and not me.

WHACK.

The dart thudded into the baboon. He let out a yelp. But it didn't stop him fucking. He kept pumping away as though nothing had happened, and it was lasting a lot longer this time. Then I heard another WHACK. This time, the other baboon yelped as he scampered away across the enclosure. Back to my baboon. He was still going strong, fucking away as if the dart had no effect.

I could now tell the signs and knew I was building for another rush of emotion and spasms. I wasn't disappointed; the ape shot his second load, and I arched my back high as he pumped the fluid up deep into my virgin cunt. His motion stopped, and I felt a dead weight bearing down on me. I collapsed to the floor face down, with him still inside. His prick was gradually shrinking and slipping out. Then I felt him lifted off me by two keepers who had scaled the fence, using ladders.

I was carried back inside and laid on a stretcher. They draped a blanket over me and carried me to the medical room. I was examined by three of the head keepers in the medical room. They were all male, only one of which was responsible for first aid. They had my legs wide open as they poked and prodded, and eventually, they cleaned me up. I was then read the riot act and told how lucky I had been.

"They could have ripped you to shreds. You're lucky you weren't killed. You know you should NEVER go into the enclosure until every one of the baboons has been counted. And what do you think you were doing wedging the door? There was no way we could get in to rescue you. And lastly, you were told the zoo rules about underwear when not wearing jeans. I can't imagine what you were playing

at. No wonder they got aroused. You know they've got an acute sense of smell."

They were right. It had been explained to me that you count the baboons back inside to make sure the enclosure is empty. The wedging of the door open was, as I've already said, not my idea, but they didn't want to hear that.

And we were told that it is preferred that even female staff wear jeans. But if we decide to wear a skirt or overall coats are worn without jeans, the zoo provides special knickers made in a rigid material, with elastic around the legs. Not sexy, very rough on the skin, and they made you sweat.

In the hot weather, most girls just wore the overall coat over their bra and knickers. Otherwise, it was too hot. None of them ever wore the special knickers that were provided. These special knickers had tactfully been explained when I first started at the zoo. They'd told us that when working with chimps and some of the less aggressive monkeys, wearing these cast iron knickers prevented accidental injuries.

In short, the keepers said that what had happened to me was entirely my fault. They even suggested I could be prosecuted for not following the safety procedures. They said they might even have to bill my parents for the value of the two baboons if they don't recover from the anesthetic. With this on my record, they said I had no chance of a job, here or anywhere else.

I kept saying how sorry I was and asked if there was anything I could do to put things right. I suppose you're young, and you've learned your lesson. Up until this mistake, you've shown a lot of promise, and it would be a pity to spoil such a promising career. If we were to keep it quiet and not report your mistakes, we would all be in trouble if anyone found out.

"What are you prepared to do to make it worth our while?"

They were all aroused by what they had just witnessed, and giving me an examination hadn't helped.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, what about a little feel?" asked one man.

"I thought that was what you'd just done to me."

"You're not very cooperative, are you? We might as well make the report out now," he snapped.

"No, don't do that. I'll lay back and let you play with me," I said apologetically.

They'd been poking around already, so I didn't think it was worth making a fuss about. There were hands all over me, and I was soon getting aroused by the man playing with my clit. I started lifting, arching my back laid there with my eyes closed. I felt great, and I couldn't disguise the fact. Then someone lifted my legs high and wide, and I felt something entering my cunt, and it wasn't a finger. One of the men had lowered his trousers, and he was up on the examination couch with me. Once he'd got his knob end in, he pushed his stiff prick up in one thrust.

This was my first experience of fucking in this position and being laid on a comfortable couch. This was starting to become enjoyable. He was a man of about forty-five and physically quite fit, he was in no hurry, and his strokes were slow and long. I lifted with each of his strokes, and each time we met, I felt his balls slapping my arse. I realized I was moaning out loud, and one of the other keepers was rubbing my tits.

The other keeper climbed onto the head of the couch and knelt over my face, pushing his prick towards my mouth.

"Come on, luv, give this a suck," he said as he pushed it hard against my lips.

I reluctantly opened my mouth and sucked like I was told. Once again, this like the fucking was quite pleasurable once I'd got used to it. I could taste some liquid seeping from his dick. It tasted almost sweet. I thought it didn't taste like piss, and he can't be cumming yet. I had never heard of pre-cum, but that's what it was. Every few strokes, he would thrust hard, pushing it into my throat, and making me gasp for breath. My other lover was still lunging away at my cunt, and I was responding to every movement. I got used to timing my breaths to just before the prick blocked my windpipe, which enabled him to push deeper.

"My God, she's swallowing my dick right down her throat. I've never seen anyone take this much before. I'm cumming already, oh god! AH AHH. Oh, Jesus, that was fucking unbelievable. She's a fucking natural," and at that, he pulled out.

Now while he'd been giving his speech, his prick had been going deeper, and when he shot his load, it wasn't a case of me swallowing it. It was shot straight down my throat into my belly. The trouble was while he was shooting, he kept it in my throat, and I almost passed out through lack of breath.

As he pulled out, I coughed like a person taking their first breath after being saved from drowning. Being taken this close to blacking out is a strange sensation, and although the rest of my body was limp, my hips had continued thrusting away as if on autopilot. I could suddenly feel my cunt flooding with fluid and contracting in a spasmodic and uncontrollable way. My lover was simultaneously injecting his liquid up deep inside.

He pulled out and stood there watching me writhing about. The keeper, who had only been feeling my tits, climbed onto the couch, lay down beside me, and rolled me over on top of him. My legs dropped either side of his body, and he slid me down onto his dick. He started by holding me around the waist and lifting me up and down.

He was using my cunt like a wanking glove. Gradually, I regained my consciousness, and I took over the lifting up and down to get the longest stroke I could without letting it slip out. Someone was fingering my arse, using the slimy cum around my cunt to aid the finger that he was poking deep into me. Now he was using two fingers, god that hurt, but he'd stopped and pulled them out in no time.

Now what? No, he wouldn't. AHG! He was. He was forcing his prick up my arse while I already had another prick up my cunt! I thought my flesh was being ripped apart. But it appears that the female body must be designed to take this kind of abuse. Within five minutes, I was experiencing as much pleasure as I was pain.

The prick was still pushing deep up into my bowels, and the pain was still making me wince. But this overwhelming volcano was building deep in the pit of my stomach, and I couldn't control my body movements. I was crying out whelps, groans, and animal-like noises, so much so that the spare keeper held a towel over my mouth to deaden the noise. The climax was coming, and all three of us could sense it. They were both pumping in unison, and their strokes were getting faster.

Then the spunk started pumping. I could feel it warm up my arse. The spunk in my cunt was met with a rush of fluid from deep within that forced its way passed the prick and sprayed over his balls. Then I had a sudden contraction, which squeezed another shot out of his prick. My arse now had a contraction, squeezing the other man's prick, as if my cunt was showing it how to react. These

contractions, arse, and cunt continued well after the man had pulled out of my arse, and I had been pushed off and aside by my other stud. I lay there convulsing uncontrollably, with all three men looking on and making crude remarks.

I was cleaned up and told to meet them at 7:00 pm the next day at the Cross Keys (this was a pub in one of the local villages). I promised I would, but I never intended to keep that promise, and I never did. They gave me an overall coat to wear, and they walked me back to the women's changing room, where they left me, saying, "See you tomorrow, don't be late."

I thought to myself, "Fuck you! You're not seeing me or my arse again!"

The changing room was empty, as it was now getting on for 7:00 pm. I found my bag of clothes, and my knickers had been there all the time. But being skimpy little ones, I had missed them. They'd been tucked into the sleeve of my blouse. I was soon dressed and made my way out of the zoo. As I passed the briefing room, the light was still on, and I could see three of the lads inside. I thought that's kind of them. They've waited for me.

As I opened the door, they all got up and rushed towards me, asking if I was alright now. I didn't know whether they'd seen my performance with the baboons or just heard about it, but they all seemed genuinely concerned. Nobody made any rude remarks or tried to blame me, not like the keepers. They asked if I felt up to going out for a drink or did I want taking straight home. I needed a drink, so what the hell.

"Come on, lads. Get me drunk. It's been one hell of a day."

The evening in the pub went well, we were soon laughing and joking, and the day's event was almost blanked out of my mind. I was being plied with booze as fast as they could get me to drink it. After about an hour, I was loosening up, and the lads were taking it in turns to pull me into the corner of the booth and snog (kiss) me. This was quite OK with me, we were in public, and I knew that kissing was all they could get away with here.

"You lot can drink up and get out and take that tart with you. You're upsetting my regulars. This ain't a whore house." This was the pub landlord, and he was angry.

The lads drank up and helped me to my feet, I was now not very steady, and we all got in the car.

"Where can we take her?" said Pete.

"Just take me straight home now, thanks ever so much. I've had a great night; you don't know just how much I needed that drink tonight."

"You ain't going home yet, darling. Surely you want to show us how grateful you are?"

I could tell by how they were looking at me that they wanted more than just a kiss and a cuddle, so I said. "I'll let you all have a snog, and a feel of my tits on the way home, if you want."

"Let's take her to Giles's barn," said one of the lads.

They all agreed with that idea, and despite my protests, we were soon pulling up at the entrance to a deserted barn in the corner of a field.

I was led in, there were no lights, and I soon handled their pricks and was encouraged to take them in my mouth. I was being stripped; someone was removing my blouse, while another took down my

skirt. I was going to get fucked, and I thought I might as well get it over with as quickly as possible.

They laid me down on my back. As the first one was about to get stuck up, I said, "If you want to lay on your back, I'll get on top and fuck you. That way, Garry can fuck my arse at the same time. And Jim can use my mouth."

They were stunned for about two seconds, and then they got organized. We were soon all in position, and I was once more fucking away. The drink had loosened my inhibitions, and my libido was in overdrive. Although they were all two years older than me, they weren't very experienced, and I led them all the way. Not to say that they didn't give me a good time, but they all cum their load in what seemed like seconds before I had a chance to get into my stride.

So I was soon into second helpings, and they all moved around to different positions. The second time took longer, and I got a minor orgasm, but when they all moved around again for their third fuck, the spunk took longer to rise, and I was able to build my orgasm back to a peak. It didn't compare with the one earlier in the night, but the lads thought they were god's gift to womanhood.

They took me home, and I never saw any of them again. I never returned to take up a job at the zoo, and ever since that day, I've never been near a zoo. I shudder if I see any kind of ape, even on the TV.

*The End.*