

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Sheela B.

I was in the change-room at the city zoo where I was doing court mandated 'community service' for a crime I committed a few months ago. I still had about two-weeks to go serving my punishment, but truth be told I didn't mind the work. It's cool working around the zoo, and I wouldn't mind working here full-time. Not that they'd hire me because of my criminal record, but a guy can dream.

I changed into my orange overalls, which were made of a heavy-cotton material. We had to wear these to differentiate ourselves from the actual staff who wore brown and tan coloured clothes. As it was a very hot day today, I took all my clothes off so I was naked beneath the overalls. I had to admit, I kind of liked the feeling too, knowing that if a button pops I would be exposed. I decided my parole officer wouldn't like that because the reason I'm here is for exposing myself in public.

I don't know how it got started but one day I pulled my cock out and walked around with it hanging out of my fly. I got such a rush, that I did it again and again. Eventually, someone called the cops who just happened to have a car close by. Long story short, they busted me and I got sentenced to four-hundred hours of community service, and some psychological counselling.

The counselling sucks, to be honest, it isn't working. I still get the urges to expose myself in public. I guess I'm a pervert. It's not like I do it to school kids though, so don't think too ill of me. I'm not that bad. But I have done it to women, and I suppose I need to stop it. At least to try to recover my damaged reputation after the court case and subsequent reporting of it in the press. Everyone in my area now knows I'm a pervert too, it seems.

I joined the other losers on community service in a work area in a part of the zoo the public never sees. The program Supervisor was an old man of about sixty called Rex. He put me to work in the gorilla enclosure today, where I had to repair a rope swing and clean up gorilla shit. That's one of the main jobs we did at the zoo, clean up animal shit. Rex informed me I was going to be on my own today, with a grouchy, "Don't fuck it up!"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Fucking up is what I'm good at, that's why I'm here after all."

The other petty criminals laughed, but old Rex didn't look impressed, and told me, "Fuck off with that attitude and get to work you smart-arse clown."

There's nothing I could really say, so I walked off toward the gorilla compound.

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The gorillas had all been put into the main hut, except for the alpha-male 'Buster' who was in the naughty cell. This is an area they put a gorilla if it's being temperamental and a risk to other animals in the Troop. Walking past the back of the naughty cell, I stopped and looked at the old gorilla. He was a big beast, probably a good one-hundred and twenty kilo's, and about one-hundred and seventy centimetres tall if you stretched him out. He has some grey hair around his face, making him look old.

Suddenly, and to my utter surprise, I noticed he was jerking-off. I've seen this before since I've been at the zoo. All the apes jerk-off fairly regularly, and sometimes in full view of the public without a care in the world. It's just a natural bodily function to them. However, gorillas are very surprising in one area. While having these huge muscle-bound bodies, the males have really small penises. A human man with a micropenis would feel hung next to a gorilla, as Buster's dick looked barely over an inch long. I googled this, and found this is true of all male gorillas. The females must have small pussies I decided. Buster's dick wasn't that thick either, like a lighter. I looked around, and noting I

was alone, said, "That's not a dick..." I pulled the buttons aside and flopped my cock out, "THIS... Is a dick!"

My cock is a nice thick one that hangs six inches soft, and gets to eight inches hard. I'm very proud of it, maybe too proud as I wouldn't be here otherwise. Buster looked up at the sound of my voice, then he looked at my cock for a good long time. "You like that, old boy? Makes your clitty dick look pretty pathetic eh?"

I laughed. Buster suddenly jumped to his feet, making me step back. He ambled over to the bars, never taking his eyes off my cock. "Oo, he likes cock," I said softly. "Not surprising, most little dick guys are faggots."

A hairy arm reached through the bars, and I backed off far enough so he couldn't touch me. I undid my overalls more so he could see my balls too. Then, feeling horny like I do when I'm flashing, I began to wiggle my hips to make my cock and balls jiggle and bounce about. "You like that? Eh, you like my big cock?" I taunted the gorilla who kept his arm outstretched toward it.

Part of me was tempted to let him touch it, but the images of the beast ripping it off filled my mind. How do you explain that one to the parole officer? I noticed the clock on the wall and with a sigh decided I better get to work. So I put my cock away and walked off to the enclosure door. As I entered I noticed Buster was still at the naughty cell bars with his arm outstretched. I chuckled, saying to myself, "Always leave them wanting more."

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Inside the main enclosure, I got the ladder and put it up against the supporting pole for the rope swing, climbed up, and started work on the rope. After a while, Buster started to make a big noise and was pulling at the fence between the enclosure and the naughty cell. I got down and grabbed a stick and jabbed him through a whole, yelling to him to shut up. I jabbed him a few more times, which made him even angrier.

Suddenly, a male voice said behind me, "What are you doing?"

I dropped the stick, swallowed, and said, "Err... Just seeing what has Ol' Buster all riled up."

The male voice belonged to one of the gorilla keepers named Joe, a guy in his early thirties wearing brown shorts and a tan shirt with the park logo on it. Joe is an imposing fellow in his own right and, is easily over six-feet tall. He looked me over with some distaste, "Don't poke him with a stick, you idiot. He could tear you apart if he got outta there."

I blushed. "Yeah... Sorry about that."

"These are wild animals, even if they act a bit tame sometimes. They can turn on you in an instant."

I nodded. I'd heard this speech every day I've been here. "Sorry, I'll get back to work."

"Yes, I need the gorillas displayed by lunchtime, as we have several large tours coming in. I'll be back in an hour and I expect you to be finished."

I nodded sheepishly, and Joe walked off back into the compound buildings. "I'll expect you to be finished," I said with exaggerated facial features and a mock voice. "Asshole!"

I headed back to the ladder and finished installing the new rope for the swing. I put the ladder away,

and got the shit bucket and spade and began to scrape up gorilla crap wherever I found it. "God these things shit a lot," I said as I scraped up another foul-smelling brown turd into the bucket.

I filled a bucket and took it out to the back of the compound. Every day some guys in a truck come and collect all the animal shit, I know this as I have done that job several times now. Cleaning out enclosures is one of those dirty jobs that has to happen every day at a zoo. Let me tell you, there's a lot of it too. The animal shit is collected and sold to some dude across town, who then sells it to the public. Some of it is sold as garden fertilizer, and other shit is sent all over the place for scientific study. I kid you not. University students examining lion shit, and stuff like that.

Anyway, I grabbed another bucket and went back into the enclosure, and began to collect the last lot. After I had what I thought was the end of it, I headed back to the compound. My work is done, for now.

Half way there, I heard a loud grating sound and turned sharply to see what it was. To my horror, I saw Buster had ripped part of the fence out of the ground that separated the naughty cell from the main enclosure, and was heading in my direction.

I thought, *fuck, I'm only twenty-two. I'm too young to die.* I turned to run, but I felt a thud in my back and fell to the ground. Then I felt my whole body being lifted, Buster had me by the collar of my overalls. He flung me like I weighed nothing, and I landed on the ground winding myself in the process.

As I gasped for air, I felt Buster's hand on my back grabbing at me. This time I didn't go through the air, instead I felt my overalls rip, and they came off as his powerful paws gripped the material. I was naked and a captive, with no means of escape.

Buster scooped me up in his arms and carried me across the enclosure to an area that was obscured from view by the public. Even gorillas liked some alone time once in a while, especially for mating. He flung me in the corner and stood back looking at me. I saw his little gorilla cock sticking out. I looked round for help, but there were no people anywhere.

Buster advanced on me, picked me up, and held me against him. His hairy stomach pressing into my hairless back. I could feel his cock in my ass-cheeks, before I could react I felt him pushing into me. For a moment I found it funny, imagine trying to get that tiny cock inside me. "I'm not a gorilla bitch, you idiot," I shouted.

Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain as his cock went right up my butthole, not far mind you, but it did get in. I struggled as he started to fuck me, but Buster was stronger than I even imagined. He was thrusting in as hard as he could, his hard little gorilla dick pumping my anal sphincter like crazy.

After a while, the pain stopped and things started to feel weird, like nothing I had felt before. The friction of his cock on my anal ring gave me pleasant feelings. A few minutes later, and I started to get a hard-on. Buster's fucking me, and I got a hard-on, it still blows my mind today. My arms were free so I started jerking-off, while Buster had his way with my ass. Then after a bit, I felt his body stiffen, he grasped me harder, and the way he breathed I knew he was close. I jerked-off faster to get my fun while I still had Buster's attention, and thankfully I came hard shooting about five spurts of human cum across the dirt. I grunted, and so did Buster as his gorilla cum shot inside me. It was wild, I have never cum like that before.

Then just like that, Buster flung me to the ground and ambled off.

I was feeling great, but as post-coital reality hit me, I knew I had to get out of there. Especially since

the door to the compound was open, and if Buster got in there I would be done for. I jumped to my feet and kicked dirt over my cum, ran out and grabbed the remains of my overalls, and rushed out. Buster, thankfully, had walked to a trough and was taking a drink. I grabbed the bucket and spade, closed the compound door, and locked it.

I got out of the ripped remains of my overalls and found another pair and put them on, putting the ripped ones in the bin. I stopped to get my breath, and just take in what had happened. I was raped by a gorilla, but who was I going to tell? Nobody. I went to the phone and called the switchboard to inform them that Buster had broken out of the naughty cell.

It didn't take long and a dozen men and women were there to assess the damage. I didn't let on what had really happened, although Joe looked at me suspiciously. Looked at my overalls more to the point. Old Rex comes around and I told him what had happened. I said when I saw him get out I hid in the mating corner, and waited for my chance to escape. They were sympathetic to a point, said I was lucky and quick thinking. Rex even offered me the chance to go home.

I shrugged it all off, saying, "It's no big deal, shit happens!"

"I'm glad you know that," Rex said with a wry smile.

"Why?"

"Cos they need help on the 'shit truck' and I volunteered you."

"Oh shit!"

"Exactly!" Rex said, and with drooped shoulders, I walked out of the compound toward the waste management area.

*The End.*