

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Knocking on the rusted metal door of the run down brick building, the petite blonde coed had an uneasy foreboding that this was a mistake. The numbers on the battered steel awning matched the address she was given, but this didn't have the look of a university lab building. Glancing nervously at the rough-looking neighborhood, she regretted her choice of clothing. Waffling between a traditional appearance of veterinary scrubs or an alluring short blue skirt displaying plenty of tanned upper thigh, she had settled on the sexy look, desperate to make a good impression on the job interview. This had garnered plenty of lustful stares from some unsavory characters on the bus ride over here, and more lingering glances and suggestive comments as she walked from the bus stop to her destination. Self-consciously she tugged at the short hem of the skirt in a futile effort to gain a little more cover over her shapely rump. With daylight beginning to falter and her anxiety increasing, she was about to turn and leave when the rattling of locks sounded from within. With a protesting creak of neglected hinges the door opened just a crack. Part of a bearded face and a single spectacled eyeball peered out with a suspicious gaze.

"Yes?"

"Hi, Professor Woodson? I'm Abigail Lake. Abby. You had a job posting for a veterinary research intern... We talked on the phone about your..."

With another squeal, the portal was wrenched open. "Yes, Yes! Abby! Of course! Excellent, thank you for coming on such short notice!"

Abby smiled politely, suppressing a smirk at the man's disheveled appearance. He was a short, portly gentleman, probably pushing forty. His rumpled tweed sports coat had seen better days and his graying hair stood at odd angles of neglect. Large round glasses enlarged his pupils to a comical size and he had a habit of wringing his hands as he spoke. The Professor's eyes narrowed warily as he glanced around her, peering sharply up and down the trash-strewn industrial-district street. "You weren't followed, were you?"

"What? Followed? By who? I mean..." the girl stammered in confusion.

"Well, certainly you weren't followed," he countered with a nervous laugh. "Why would you be? In broad daylight? Preposterous! Forget I mentioned it. Come in, come in!" he exclaimed, grabbing the flustered girl's arm and yanking her inside. He shot another cautious look down the street, then secured the door with a clang, latching not one but three separate deadbolts.

With Abby in tow, the professor set off down a dimly lit corridor leading to an untidy office. Sweeping dust and assorted papers off a chair, he patted the stained cushion in an invitation to sit. Concealing a grimace of revulsion, Abby brushed a few remaining bits of potato chips off the perch and reluctantly sat down, taking in the details of the strange little room. For a professor's office, it was oddly devoid of bookshelves or filing cabinets. The desk was cluttered with an array of periodicals covering a hodge-podge of chemistry, biology, and genetics. A car-parts girly calendar — six years obsolete — hung on one wall, the corners of the page featuring a well-endowed but inadequately-clad Miss October curling with age. The office had a decidedly oily smell to it, similar to that of a vehicle repair shop.

The professor flopped down into a dingy office chair, clasping his hands over his rounded belly as his eyes roved up Abby's shapely legs. She smiled self-consciously, once again tugging the short hem of the skirt lower and regretting her choice of attire. "So!" the professor suddenly exclaimed, breaking the awkward silence as Abby flinched in surprise. "You're an expert in veterinary science. Excellent.

Yes, exactly what I need."

"Expert?" Abby countered with concern. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, Professor." I'm only a first-year grad student, and I haven't had any other internship experience. I hope you weren't expecting someone with expertise."

"Oh Posh!" the professor exclaimed with a dismissive wave of his hand. "You'll do fine! I expect this will all be pretty basic for you."

The girl smiled politely, hoping he was right and wondering what she had gotten into. "Your ad didn't provide a lot of information," she replied. "I'm not even sure what university department you're affiliated with..."

The professor busied himself with straightening a disorderly stack of papers, taking a moment to get around to answering the question. "Department?" Ah, yes... I'm, ah, with the... scientific... analysis... group, err, department division. We're new. You probably haven't heard of us.

Abby shook her head, indicating she had not. But it was a big university, with lots of departments, so who could keep track of them all? Besides, the offered pay was good, and intern positions were hard to come by, so she decided not to ask too many pointed questions.

"Now, you must realize, this work is all very hush-hush," Professor Woodson explained with a somber tone, peering over his thick spectacles. Abby nodded, knowing that research grants sometimes required the signing of disclaimer forms and non-compete agreements.

"And you understand your assignment will be the evening shift? The experiment requires around-the-clock monitoring, so you'll be on your own from ten o'clock until six the next morning?"

Abby was quick to agree. "Yes, that fits my schedule well. And you said over the phone that my shift was only part time, so I figured I could maybe do some homework or catch a quick nap if needed?"

"Yes, certainly," the professor concurred. "Well, this is just outstanding!" He exclaimed, standing up and rubbing his hands together expectantly. "What say we get right at it then, shall we? No time like the present, and all that. The lab is right this way..."

"Ah, sure," the pretty student responded, still completely befuddled as she hurried to follow the professor into the hall. Rattling keys, Professor Woodson began the laborious process of unlocking another steel security door, again outfitted with numerous deadbolt locks.

"Ummm... Exactly what sort of work are we doing?" Abby inquired as the professor worked through the levels of security.

"Pheromone research," her new employer offered. "We're studying the effects of olfactory stimulus response on sexual urges. Of course, we're only at the animal testing phase at this point, but I feel that we may be onto something entirely groundbreaking. Several perfume companies have already expressed a keen interest and have offered funding. Your veterinary expertise will be most helpful in monitoring the health of our test subject."

Most of this fell well outside Abby's field of learning but she was happy to gain valuable experience working with animals to bolster her professional resume.

The door finally opened, revealing a vast room with a distinct warehouse setting. "Over to the left here you'll find our supply lockers," the professor gestured. "There are surgical scrubs you can

change into, although what you're wearing is just fine by me." Abby cast a backwards glance over her shoulder, catching the professor's wandering eyes admiring her well-formed rear. She blushed and once more gave a futile downward tug at the elevated hem of her skirt. The professor issued a nervous cough and continued with the tour. They passed a small in-ground pool and what appeared to be a playground area before proceeding around a stack of wooden crates.

Suddenly a loud screech broke the relative quiet of the warehouse. Abby recoiled, her heart pounding in her chest. A large caged enclosure came into view and another excited howl issued from within. "That's JoJo, our test subject," the professor explained. A huge chimpanzee leaped from a swinging tire on a chain to the bars of the cage, eagerly extending a grasping hand. Professor Woodson laughed, picking up an orange from a table and offering the treat to the excited primate. The monkey grasped the prize and fled, retreating to the far side of the large cage where he carefully began peeling off the rind. Intelligent eyes flashed a quick look at Abby and the professor, his animal expression breaking into a huge grin before sinking his teeth into the succulent fruit.

"Loves oranges," the professor needlessly explained.

The chimp was an absolute monster. Abby guessed JoJo would easily weigh in at two hundred pounds of sheer muscle. He appeared to well cared for, with glossy fur and a calm demeanor. Then her eyes travelled further down the primate's body and she gasped. "Oh my god, he's huge!" She sputtered, a further flush of embarrassment creeping up her face as she stared in slack-jawed amazement at JoJo's massive genitals. Even limp, the monkey was endowed with an enormous cock that rivaled every bit of Abby's forearm for length and girth.

"A side-effect of the sexual stimulants," Professor Woodson explained off-handedly. "At this point we're not sure if that's something we want to cure, or whether we should simply promote it as an added benefit. But that's something for people with marketing degrees to figure out."

Abby gulped, casting a lingering look at the impressive chimp before following the professor on with his tour. The final stop was at a series of lab tables. Abby stopped in shock, thinking at first there was another monkey loose in the building. But it quickly proved to be just a stuffed and lifeless form, covered in fur and poised on its hands and knees. "Here's where you'll be testing JoJo," Professor Woodson explained, reaching for an aerosol spray bottle on a shelf. "This is our experimental formula. Just give a couple of mists around this dummy. The pheromones will trigger a reaction in JoJo and he will, ah... mount up, as they say." The professor demonstrated with the bottle, wafting a drifting cloud of vapor into the air. Abby inhaled but could detect nothing, thinking it simply smelled of water. The professor then pointed out a clipboard on a table with a detailed form attached. "You'll need to carefully monitor JoJo's sexual activity. Record the duration of his sexual encounter and just use your judgment on the various topics such as his level of enthusiasm, stamina, and so on." Abby's brow crinkled as she picked up the clipboard and skimmed over the lengthy printed sheet.

"Well!" Professor Woodson suddenly announced, glancing at his watch. "I'll leave you to it then. Here's the key to the front door and another key for JoJo's enclosure. Feel free to give him the run of the place. He's very gentle and friendly, and likes to be out of his cage and on the playground. The pool is also one of his favorite spots. I'm sure you'll have questions, but no better way to learn than by doing, as they say. You have my phone number in case there's something you can't handle, but it's really a very informal environment, so I'm confident I can leave it your capable hands. I'll see you back here tomorrow evening, and I'm sure you and JoJo will get on just marvelously."

The professor gathered up a briefcase and then hurried on his way. Abby looked around helplessly, feeling overwhelmed. But a screech from JoJo drew her attention. She approached the cage and the chimpanzee stood at the door, rattling the bars. "You want to come out and play, buddy?" she

inquired in a friendly tone. JoJo flashed a huge toothy grin and clattered at the locked door. The key turned the well-oiled latch and the huge chimp strode to freedom, issuing contented chuffing noises. He grasped Abby's hand and drew her along, leading her to the playground area. Abby followed, clapping and laughing as JoJo leaped onto a wooden play fort, showing off his climbing skills. "JoJo, I'm going to go change into some scrubs, but I'll be right back," Abby promised. She felt a bit silly talking to an animal, but the primate gazed at her with an intelligent expression, almost seeming to comprehend.

Abby quickly returned, wearing a tight pair of pink scrubs that clung delightfully to her trim form. She picked up the clipboard and the spray bottle of sexual stimulant. "JoJo?" she called. "You want to show me what you can do?" The chimp obediently clambered down off the jungle gym and approached. Abby sprayed the mist bottle over the prone form of the chimpanzee dummy and patted the furry rear of the construction. She mentally chastised herself, wanting to be professional but finding her heart pounding in her chest at the thought of JoJo putting that massive cock to work, even if it was wasted on a stuffed dummy. The pretty intern's nipples perked into a state of arousal as the anticipation built. But JoJo simply looked at the dummy with a bored expression, then shambled off.

Abby bit her lower lip in disappointment, carefully going over the details of the form on her clipboard, surveying the extensive list of topics she was supposed to observe. After a moment there came a splashing sound. Investigating, Abby found JoJo enjoying himself in the pool. She approached and sat down at the edge near her test subject. JoJo tentatively reached out a hand and Abby offered hers in return, feeling a bonding moment with the monkey. JoJo's powerful grip locked down and in an instant the cute intern found herself dragged into the pool with a huge splash. Sputtering, she rose to the surface. "JoJo! You naughty monkey!" she chastised. JoJo looked down, his lower lip pouting. Then he dared to glance back up, hints of a forming grin begging for forgiveness. Abby couldn't help but smile. The chimp had an alluring personality that she just couldn't stay mad at.

Feeling forgiven, JoJo reached out with both arms in open invitation, asking for a hug. Realizing that she wasn't going to get any wetter, Abby complied, settling back into JoJo's lap as his powerful arms enveloped her in a loving embrace. From her veterinary classes, Abby knew that it wasn't only humans that craved physical contact, so she cuddled up to the huge monkey and felt the animal's muscles relax with satisfaction.

JoJo's hands began roving, caressing Abby's arms. She sighed and snuggled closer. But the chimp's exploring fingers soon sought out more intimate areas. His long, leathery fingers caressed the side of Abby's breasts and then closed down on her fleshy orbs, finding and teasing her aching nipples. She groaned and squirmed, but then reached up and pulled the primate's hands away. "JoJo, you can't touch me there," Abby commanded.

Undaunted, JoJo's hands crept back, once again squeezing down on Abby's firm little tits. She arched her back, savoring the shiver that tracked through her body. "JoJo, you can't..." Abby explained. But even to herself, her voice seemed to lack conviction. After all, what harm could it do to let the chimpanzee caress her? She reached back up with her hands, interlacing her fingers with JoJo's as the beast continued his lustful exploration of her cleavage.

One of JoJo's hands slipped inside the blouse of Abby's scrubs, popping buttons unable to resist his muscular arms. JoJo tugged the bra strap off one of her shoulders and Abby — almost in a trance — tugged down the other strap and fumbled with the stubborn clasp at the front of the bra. A shock raced through her. What was she doing? She knew better than to let this lecherous monkey disrobe her! But somehow her resistance seemed dulled. Breathing heavily, she allowed her perky little breasts to spill free. A warning voice at the back of her mind bleated in protest that this was all

wrong, but that was easily ignored. Wriggling, Abby squirmed her way out of her bra and scrub top, tossing the drenched garments out of the pool before leaning back into JoJo's loving embrace.

The monkey's one hand remained sensuously squeezing at Abby's heaving breast. The other hand travelled lower, caressing the girl's taunt, naked tummy. The voice of reason in Abby's mind screamed objections as delving monkey fingers worked their way into the waistband of her scrubs. But the voice faded into background chatter as the throbbing of Abby's heart and clit overruled all common sense. Breathlessly she reached down, wriggling her hips as she tugged her scrubs and tight pink panties downward. The material bunched up at her ankles and she kicked in frustration, prying off first one shoe and then the other. The scrubs and panties pulled off easily after that, leaving the veterinary intern clad in nothing but her short white socks.

Abby gasped, eyes rolling back in their sockets as JoJo found her tight, slippery twat. An extended finger toyed with the unfurling folds of vaginal flesh and then eased inside the slippery pink folds. The girl writhed in the chimp's embrace, thrusting her hips in an eager, wanton response. JoJo's long finger dug into her snug pussy and Abby quivered, feeling the first hints of an orgasm begin to tease. "Deeper," she moaned, clasping the primate's hand in hers and giving an encouraging push.

Panting, she squirmed in JoJo's grasp and turned to face him. Settling back down in his lap, she fumbled in the depths of the churning water, her fingers finding the throbbing shaft of his rigid cock. Oh, god, what was she doing? There was no way she could take a monster cock like this, to say nothing of the bestiality aspect! The fleshy shaft slipped away, her delicate hand unable to wrap a full grip around its massive girth. She brought her other hand to bear, a shock running through her as she gained a true sense of the beast's alarming size. Undaunted, she guided JoJo's monkey cock to the flowery portal of her eager little pussy, biting her lower lip nervously as she settled more of her weight into the creature's lap.

Her twat resisted, straining to refuse such an enormous invasion. Lights flashed across Abby's vision and she arched her back with passion. A prolonged squeal escaped her lips as JoJo's throbbing cock forcefully pressed inside. Abby collapsed forward against his wet, furry chest — human and primate both heaving for breath. Several inches of hot monkey prick plowed into Abby's pussy and then ground to a halt in the tight, clutching embrace. Her clit pulsed in time with her hammering heart. Biting her tongue against the pain, Abby slowly churned her hips, grinding herself lower. JoJo thrust and she howled with lust, feeling the last of her resistance melt away in a convulsive vaginal quiver. Emboldened, JoJo pulled Abby's lithe, naked body downward and in a slow, steady motion. Abby wept, tears of joy and pain, as every last inch of that impossibly huge monkey dick squeezed its way into the clutching depths of her juicy snatch.

Stuffed to the brim, Abby trembled with lust, feeling JoJo's massive balls snug up hard against her straining pussy lips. She clung tightly to the beast, her hips falling into a natural rolling motion. JoJo picked up the rhythm, his hips grinding to meet the girl thrust for thrust. They started slow — a sensual, intimate dance. But soon the pace became more frantic.

JoJo's fingers ranged over the girl's shivering, naked back, caressing, moving ever lower. The monkey's powerful fingers soon clutched at Abby's naked, bucking ass cheeks, drawing them apart. Abby leaned forward, savoring the sensation of her secret nether opening being so shamefully exposed. One hand eased its way into the open crack of the girl's rear. A probing finger accidentally brushed across the tender puckered flesh of her clenched little anus. Abby's eyes flared wide in surprise and she pressed herself hard against her animal lover's firm chest. JoJo sensed her enthusiasm and teased again with a probing fingertip. Abby mewled in desperation, feeling her tight rectal pucker flutter, nipping at the fleshy digit. Blindly reaching back, the girl frantically sought out JoJo's delving hand, closing her fingers down around the monkey's extended middle finger. Her

jolting hips made for a difficult moving target but at last she was able to guide the beast's finger into the cute little dimple of her anus. Abby pushed, sighing with anticipation. JoJo got the idea. He stiffened the probing digit and began to probe. Abby's tight puckered asshole trembled, then blossomed open to the monkey's insistent pressure. The pretty intern squealed, her arms wrapping back around JoJo's powerful back and drawing him in tight. The chimp's finger plowed into her ass, adding an extra buck and squirm to Abby's churning hips. Passionate drool oozed from the girl's slack lips as JoJo added an enthusiastic ass-fingering to the mind-blowing destruction of her cunt.

Abby came. Hard. Stars exploded across her vision and the air seemed to suck from her lungs. Her straining pussy and quivering little shithole convulsed in synchronized spasms of orgasmic passion. She flailed mindlessly in JoJo's strong embrace, thrashing out of control. Her pussy clamped down in rippling contractions on JoJo's pillaging cock, sending him over the edge. His balls drew up tight against Abby's fluttering twat lips and exploded. He roared with bestial lust and his cock swelled to even larger proportions as the first blast of cum rocketed down its length. Abby shrieked with delight, perched on top of what suddenly seemed like a fire hose. An alarming eruption of hot monkey cum blasted into her vaginal depths, drenching her pink, quivering fuck slot with a scalding slathering of goo.

The water in the small pool tinted with a cloud of milky white as Abby's pussy sprayed a torrent of female ejaculation. JoJo thrust again, blasting another massive load of frothing sperm into the girl's eager womb. His finger dug deep into her clutching anus, driving Abby's ongoing orgasm into an even more desperate fit. Tears of joy streamed down the girl's face as she shamelessly rode that spewing monkey dick. JoJo's stamina seemed relentless, pounding thrust after orgasmic thrust into the poor girl's wrecked little twat. She paced with him, thrust for eager thrust, gasping desperately for breath as the shameless convulsions of her cunt and steamy pink asshole raged on.

Finally Abby slumped into exhaustion, her well-reamed little fuck holes still twitching out of control. Panting, she clung to JoJo weakly, her body jolting as the monkey finished off a few final cum-spewing thrusts. A flood of sperm oozed from Abby's overstuffed pussy into the water of the pool, turning into a streaming torrent as the primate finally withdrew his softening cock shaft from the wreckage of her silky snatch. He began to pull his finger from the clutching embrace of Abby's tight thitter but the girl twitched and reached for his retreating hand. "No..." she sighed, savoring the intimate sensation. JoJo eased his extended middle finger back into the clutching confines of her anus and the pair of lovers clung to one another in post-orgasmic bliss.

Finally Abby roused herself from her animal lover's arms. A drenched and tired JoJo also clambered from the pool, happy to return to the comfort of his cage for a well deserved rest. Abby towed herself off, donning a fresh pair of scrubs. Then she retrieved her clipboard, going over the assessment form and giving JoJo a glowing review on each and every aspect of his sexual performance. She paused, chewing thoughtfully on her pencil as she noticed that the form made no specific mention of the monkey's sexual partner. Apparently the experimental assumption was that JoJo was mounting the stuffed chimpanzee dummy. Abby shrugged, content to keep that detail her own personal secret.

Still clutching the clipboard, Abby approached JoJo's caged enclosure, filling out a few remaining details on the form. Her mind began to wander however, and a smile crossed her lips. The petite coed hadn't experienced a lot of sexual partners, and certainly none of them had ever dared to finger-fuck her up the ass. It had been a tantalizing experience, but as her heart rate began to rise she knew it had only left her wanting more. She gazed longingly at the dozing form of JoJo, his limp cock still an alarming size. Surely it would be an impossible task to squeeze that monster prick into her tight little ass. A shock ran through her! Where were these thoughts coming from? Abby was a well-mannered girl, raised in a respectable home and... and... getting pounded up the pooper by that



incredibly powerful cock sure seemed like a pretty good idea. But no! She could never do such a thing, because... because... well, her objections began to falter. After all, she had already been fucked — oh so wonderfully fucked — by the beast, so would it really matter if... No! No! This had to stop! An excited shiver rippled through Abby's rectal portal, beckoning. But Abby clenched her fists around the clipboard and steeled herself, knowing she had the strength of will to resist...

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... JoJo's throbbing cock plundering her quivering asshole was a sensation beyond belief. After quietly entering the cage, it had taken only a bit of fondling and encouragement from Abby's loving fingers to coax that enormous prick back into a massive erection. Her fresh scrub bottoms tossed aside, the pretty veterinary intern found herself in an indecent position on her hands and knees with the powerful beast enthusiastically mounting her from behind. With Abby's skillful fingers guiding him in, JoJo was redirected from the obvious target of her pretty pussy and the throbbing fleshy knob of his cock found a perfect fit in the dimple of her rectum.

The muscular primate thrust forward. Abby's straining asshole resisted and she cried out in pain. JoJo placed a firm grip on both sides of the girl's upthrust, naked hips, holding her in position. He lunged forward once again and Abby pressed rearward to meet him, biting her lip to hold back another shriek of dismay. It seemed a hopeless task, but suddenly she felt her tight rosebud tremble, loosing its defensive clench. With a wet pop, JoJo's enormous cock knob plunged into the loving embrace of her straining anus. Abby's back arched and she hissed with delight, an instant and enthusiastic convert to the pleasure of taking it up the ass.

JoJo tentatively eased forward. Abby wriggled her sexy hips from side to side with playful enthusiasm. Every tiny bit of added penetration was a hard-fought battle and a glistening sheen of sweat beaded on the pretty intern's skin. JoJo pulled back and Abby's fingers clawed at the floor. The monkey thrust forward and the girl's hands balled into fists as pain flared in her rectum. "Fuck! Yes!" she begged through clenched teeth, lunging backwards in desperation.

The muscular primate drew back again, pausing in ominous warning as he readied himself for the next punishing, ass-fucking stroke. A sense of tension built. "Oh god... Do me," Abby whimpered, spreading her knees into a wider stance and bracing her hands against the floor for the inevitable. JoJo reached forward, grabbing a fistful of blonde hair and drawing Abby's head painfully upward. She turned in his grasp, eyes wide with fear and anticipation. A deep inhale of breath turned into a desperate, submissive sob.

JoJo lunged. Abby shrieked. The chimpanzee's massive cock shaft plowed into the girl's tender, silky-smooth rectum, the entire fleshy length plundering her tight asshole in a single prolonged stroke. She issued a lustful wail, grinding her naked ass hard against JoJo's furry loins as his huge nut sack pressed up against the ruffled lips of her gaping pussy. A trickle of vaginal fluid seeped from her pink folds, dribbling onto the floor. A shudder of passion set the muscles in Abby's firm thighs to trembling and an intense orgasm convulsed through her ass and pussy. Her entire body clenched, her sphincter muscles gripping down on JoJo's fully embedded cock in a series of rippling contractions. He pulled back against the quivering embrace, the friction of his cock adding further fuel to the blaze of the pretty coed's orgasmic spasms.

The primate's cock slithered in retreat from her rectal fuck portal, the fleshy rim of her anus flaring as it struggled to retain its loving hold on the knob of his prick. Drool trailed from Abby's slack lips as shimmering trailers of pussy lube oozed from the pink lips of her snatch. Orgasmic spasms left her quivering and barely able to maintain her submissive position on her hands and knees. JoJo held himself at the ready, only the huge fleshy knob of his dick still embedded in her straining anal



pucker.

Finally the girl's frantic orgasm began to subside. Drenched in sweat, she panted desperately for air, slowly regaining her composure. JoJo allowed her a moment of calm to gather her wits. Then he thrust, muscular hips lunging forward to once again fully bury the entire length of his monstrous cock in Abby's abused and straining bowels.

The intern howled with lust as a fresh orgasmic spasm took hold. JoJo stroked in retreat, the friction between his cock and the tender flesh of her tight little asshole burning with intense passion. He savagely plowed back in and Abby arched her back compliantly, eagerly taking every butt-fucking inch. Furry loins met Abby's quivering ass cheeks with a fleshy slap, the rounded orbs of her rump pressing flat against him. JoJo began to piston like a machine, hammering his massive, rigid cock over and over into the sobbing intern's upturned asshole. Abby's dropped her head to the floor, eyes glazing over in mindless passion as she reached behind her and tugged her firm ass cheeks wide open in eager invitation.

JoJo thrust ever deeper, grunting with every full-length stroke. Abby resumed her position on her hands and knees, muscles straining to support the full weight of the huge butt-fucking primate now fully mounted on her back. With a final lunge, he sheathed his cock hard and deep into Abby's quivering asshole and beat his fists on his chest in an act of dominance. He roared as his balls contracted, snuggling up tight against the enveloping embrace of her glistening unfurled twat lips. His cock throbbed and a torrent of spewing monkey cum surged deep into Abby's quivering bowels. She sighed with mind-numbing passion, feeling her lover's hot seed soothingly coat her guts. JoJo pulled back a few inches and gave a punishing thrust, launching another frothing eruption deep into her belly. Again he withdrew and then spiked his cock up her ass once more, rewarding her with yet another fountain of sticky splatter.

Abby's trembling arms collapsed and she sprawled flat onto the floor. JoJo fell on top of her, knocking the breath from her lungs. She gasped in desperation and pressed her ass upward, urgently trying to match the timing of every single heavenly thrust of JoJo's wonderful cock.

Abby's tummy swelled with cum as the beast pumped her ass beyond its limits. She came again, savoring the sensation of complete degradation that can only come from taking — and savoring — a savage monkey ass-fucking. Frothing sperm bubbled out around his relentlessly driving cock shaft, escaping from the clutching grasp of the girl's abused little rectal pucker. Finally the chimp's frantic lunges became more erratic. His broad chest heaving for air, he hammered a final stroke into the little blonde's convulsing asshole and offered his last dregs of sperm as his body jerked with passion.

The lovers lay coupled together for several moments, post orgasmic twitches teasing their spent forms. Then JoJo finally withdrew, a wet sucking noise arising as his softening cock was tugged from Abby's well-reamed anus. The pretty intern giggled as the beast pulled out. Her once-tight little shitter puckered open and closed obscenely and the pressure of the cum overload in her tummy slowly gurgled up and out of the gaping orifice.

JoJo rose and staggered. He collapsed on the far side of the cage, exhausted, and was soon snoring contently. Abby looked longingly at the beast, hoping to cuddle, but the furry primate was out like a light. She sighed, feeling the first hints of remorse as she gathered her discarded clothes and dressed in silence. A walk of shame soon followed as she left the cage, quietly locking it behind her as a spreading stain of monkey cum drooled relentlessly from her plundered asshole to form a growing stain of wetness in her scrubs.

In uneven steps, Abby lurched away from the chimpanzee enclosure and fell onto a dusty couch near

the supply lockers. Sleep took her almost immediately — a nervous, twitching slumber fraught with dreams reliving every wonderful moment of her encounters with her primate lover...

The rattling wheel of a mop bucket roused her hours later as the janitor on the daytime crew showed up for work, whistling a happy tune. Exhausted and looking much worse for wear from her interaction with the monkey, Abby avoided eye contact and slunk her way to the door as the man's back was turned.

Entirely distracted, she found she could not focus on her classes that day as her mind kept wandering back to her misadventures in the lab. Did she dare to return? But internship positions were so hard to come by. Indecisive all day long, Abby boarded the bus that evening, her mind still not resolved on whether she was returning to work or to hand in her resignation.

She unlocked the front door to the old brick building and made her way to the professor's office. Voices sounded down the gloomy hallway as she approached and she cautiously peered in the open door while politely knocking on the door frame to announce her presence. Professor Woodson looked up, his face brightening into a welcoming expression. "Speak of the devil, there she is!" he proclaimed. "Abby, my dear, please, come in, I want you to meet someone!"

The pretty intern offered a polite smile to the cute little redhead seated across from Professor Woodson's desk. Judging from her age and surgical scrubs, Abby presumed she was a fellow student from the veterinary program. The girl offered a shy smile and nervously clutched a clipboard to her chest. "Abby, this is Jessica Harper," the professor introduced. "Jessica, meet Abigail Lake. Jess has just been hired on and you two will be working closely together."

Jessica smiled and awkwardly extended an offered handshake. Perfunctory introductions complete, the professor gestured towards a second clipboard laying on the desk. "Abby, I was just going over your report from last night and wanted to compliment you on your attention to detail. Fine work, absolutely." Abby smiled and picked up the clipboard to occupy her nervous hands. It seemed to provide a soothing effect, and her jangled nerves quickly began to calm.

"I did have one question," the professor continued, opening a drawer and retrieving a small pair of pink thong panties. "Our janitor found these floating in the laboratory pool this morning, Miss Lake. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

Abby flushed beet-red, wishing the ground would open to swallow her up. She attempted to stammer out an excuse, but her lower jaw only worked in silence as no reasonable explanation came to mind.

"I must say, Miss Lake, that the facilities here at the laboratory are not intended for your personal use, and I must take this breach of protocol quite seriously," the professor warned.

Abby looked down at the floor, her heart pounding, caught between a sense of dismay that she had forgotten her underwear in the pool, but relieved that the professor apparently had no inkling of the other events that had transpired between her and JoJo. Would she be written up for this, or maybe even fired?

To her relief the professor then took on a more friendly tone. "But of course we can overlook these small indiscretions, can't we? I assume you're willing to make amends?"

Abby gulped and nodded, thrilled to not have a black mark on her employment record.

"Excellent!" the professor beamed, reclining back in his chair. "That's the sort of attitude we like to see. Now if you wouldn't mind just sucking my cock, we can quickly put this matter behind us."

Abby blinked. Had she heard correctly? Surely Professor Woodson hadn't just requested that she suck his prick... in front of Jessica as a witness? But the man leaned further back in his chair and unzipped his pants, removing any remaining doubt.

Abby bristled. Her fingers clenched tight around her clipboard, her knuckles turning white with rage. How dare he! She would have him fired! The university had a zero-tolerance policy against sexual harassment, and if this wasn't a blatant example, she didn't know what was... and... and the professor at this point had unleashed his erect prick from the confines of his pants and was looking at her expectantly. Her eyes locked on the professor's rudely exposed penis. She felt like a kitten mesmerized by the gaze of a cobra.

"I... ah..." she stammered, once again trying to voice her indignation. But the thought crossed her mind that the professor was offering her a fair opportunity to make up for her personal use of the laboratory pool. No! Absolutely not! She shook her head, trying to clear her muddled thoughts. She didn't owe anyone a blowjob simply because a pair of her panties had been found floating in a pool! It was an insult! But it was... also an opportunity to smooth things over... Tentatively she licked her lips, thinking that maybe it wouldn't be so bad. It was a fine looking cock after all, and surely giving that fleshy shaft a bit of oral loving was a small price to pay for keeping her job. A glistening drop of precum formed at the tip of the professor's dick, beckoning.

Seemingly of their own accord, Abby's feet took a couple of hesitant steps towards the professor. The clipboard clattered as she absently set it on the desk. "There you go," Professor Woodson encouraged, reaching out to her. Abby smiled, teasingly brushing her blonde hair back over one ear as she sank to her knees in front of the professor. His hands gently clasped the back of her head, guiding her downward until those sensuous pink lips made delicate contact with the slick knob of his hard, throbbing prick. Abby's mouth parted and she dutifully lowered her head, taking him in deep.

"Umm..." the professor groaned, tangling his fingers in the pretty coed's hair. Abby began to bob her pretty face up and down, cheeks dimpling as she gave a greedy suck and tickled him with her tongue. "There, now that wasn't so hard, now was it?" he inquired. Abby shook her head and mumbled incoherently in agreement around her mouthful of cock.

"Now then, Miss Harper, we'll go ahead and get you started," the professor addressed the wide-eyed Jessica still perched in her chair, clutching her clipboard like a shield. "It would seem Miss Lake could use your assistance, so why don't you tug down those scrubs of her hers and put your pretty little tongue to good use? Abby, can I interest you in having Miss Harper rim out your tight little asshole for you?"

Abby groaned at the prospect of the cute redhead burying that pretty face between her ass cheeks. She eagerly bobbed her head in agreement up and down on the professor's throbbing cock.

Jessica went through the same mental contortions as Abby had just navigated, reasoning herself from indignant rage to resignation, and then on to enthusiastic agreement. Abby's alluring, swiveling hips called to her and the thought of prying her tongue deep into the steamy depths of the pretty blonde coed's crinkled asshole seemed like a great way to start her first day of work. As if in a trance, she laid aside her clipboard and rose from her chair. Abby's scrubs and panties were soon tugged down to her thighs and Jessica's chest heaved with nervous anticipation. Trembling fingers delved into Abby's creamy ass crack, spreading those succulent cheeks wide open. The crinkled flesh of a winking asshole called to her, setting Jessica's mouth to watering. Abby mewled with delight around her mouthful of cock as soft lips pressed a gentle kiss onto her puckered shitter. The tip of her tongue probed, and anal resistance soon gave way to a lustful embrace. Jessica's tongue wriggled deeper and Abby's hips bucked in response, feeling an orgasm begin to simmer.

Turning wide, lustful eyes up at the professor, Abby sucked hard, drawing another groan from the middle-aged scholar. He clutched feverishly at the back of her head as his hips bucked. Abby's cheeks bulged like a chipmunk as the professor's balls unloaded. An explosion of cum burst from the girl's lips, sliming back down his rapidly stroking cock.

Jessica buried two fingers into Abby's neglected pussy, pushing the cute blonde over the edge. The blonde intern's orgasm triggered. Wetness squelched as Jessica's fingers worked their magic, thrusting back and forth in that slippery pink fuck slot. And never once did the little redhead's tongue falter, thrusting and exploring, digging deep into Abby's tight, convulsing anus.

Finally the professor urged Abby's cum-soaked lips off his deflating cock. Reluctantly, Jessica abandoned her loving attention on Abby's cunt and anus. With a stunned expression, Abby stood and tugged her scrubs and panties back into place, attempting to recapture some sense of professional composure. She lent an equally perplexed Jessica a hand in standing, and both girls giggled nervously, unsure of how this had all just happened.

"It's an absolute delight to be working with you two. I sense great things in store for our research," the professor exclaimed as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. "Abby, why don't you introduce Jessica to our friend JoJo?" Abby smiled, thinking that sounded like an excellent idea. "Oh, and you two pretty little cunts might find these useful," the professor continued, opening a second desk drawer to reveal an assortment of sex toys.

Abby stiffened, briefly taking offense at being called a pretty little cunt. But then she softened, deciding to take it as a compliment. She found her hand reaching out to fondle a massive pink butt plug and turning a lustful expression towards Jessica. The redhead blushed as an eager grin began to spread.

"I'd like to observe you two in the lab with JoJo, if you don't mind," the professor mentioned casually. Abby beamed in agreement, and Jessica only managed to half-stifle a squeal of delight. "I just have to finish up a memo, but why don't you tasty twats go get started with JoJo, and I'll join you in a bit?" the professor suggested. Jessica giggled, reaching out to grab a large rubber dildo from the desk drawer, then snatched up a wickedly studded strapon as an afterthought. Abby prudently grabbed a bottle of anal lubrication and followed her exuberant redheaded assistant out the door. "Abby!" the professor called after her. The perky blonde's face reappeared in the doorway with a quizzical expression. "Clipboards," the professor reminded with a gesture. "Remember good documentation is good research."

"Yes sir!" Abby enthusiastically agreed, grabbing up the two clipboards and hurrying off down the hall in pursuit of Jessica's fading footsteps.

The professor wore a satisfied expression, his gaze following Abby's swiveling hips as she left his office. His cock was once again swelling to a state of erection. But business first, he chastised himself. He turned to his desk, calling up his email and began to type:

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*RESEARCH LOG 347.*

*The initial trials of the revised formulation are proceeding better than expected. Two blind-study-group test subjects — "Abby" and "Jessica" — have been recruited from the local veterinary college, believing they are involved in a different focus of animal research.*

*Suppression of both test subjects' mental defense mechanisms to sexual stimulation and suggestion*

*are even higher than our best expectations, and are estimated at 97% repressed. Delivery of the experimental formulation is working well, applied to the test subjects' clipboards and absorbed through skin contact.*

*Recommend this trial phase be continued for another four weeks before expanding to a larger female test group.*

*Given the enthusiastic response of both test subjects, the laboratory animal, JoJo, is expected to begin displaying evidence of sexual exhaustion. Recommend we obtain additional animals to maintain stress levels at manageable levels. Requisition request is hereby submitted for three additional primates, one dozen large canines, and two well endowed stallions to explore the mental and physical limits of the two test subjects.*

*Respectfully Submitted,*

*Professor J.Q Woodson*

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A shriek of delight echoed down the hallway, stalling the professor's finger on the SEND button. A girlish giggle followed, along with an enthusiastic primate bellow. The professor smiled and sent the email on its way before stepping from his desk and proceeding down the hall. Research work was an exhausting profession, but someone had to do it.

*The End*