

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Vincent

Each day the woman would walk by the pool. Once in the morning and again in the evening on her way to and from her office. She had been working at the aquarium for the past six months and enjoyed the perks that her job offered. The environment was so exciting, so many interesting people, and so many interesting things to see and do.

Each day she would stop and admire the grace and beauty of the Dolphins as they swam in their tank. On some days, these graceful creatures would spontaneously display their mastery over the water in the form of playful leaps and rolls.

That is, all but one.

The big male would always remain at a distance. Lounging on his side, intently watching the woman. At first, she paid little attention to the lone Dolphin at the end of the pool. But day after day, he would be there. Separated from the group, waiting for her to pass. It was not until several weeks had gone by before she would finally notice him.

Rarely did she put in overtime at work, and even rarer still did she work alone in the complex. However, this particular weekend was different.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and she had decided to go to work and finish a few tasks before the start of the busy week. So she rode her bicycle that day. Enjoying the sunshine of a sparkling spring morning. She was young. In her early twenties, she only wore loose with long flowing blond hair when she was sure she would be working alone. Her pretty yellow sundress fluttered in the wind, turning more than one head as she whisked by the early morning joggers.

Arriving at the complex, she locked her bike and tested the service doors.

Locked.

“Good,” she thought to herself. She would be alone today.

Unlocking the big steel door, she was greeted with the familiar smells of the aquaria, saltwater, a light hint of chlorine. Inside the complex, she could hear the Dolphins trilling in anticipation of someone’s arrival. Hoping that whoever it was would take a little time to play and break up their boredom.

She fumbled for the hallway lights, found them, and switched them on. She locked the door behind her and headed down the hallway toward her office. As always, she took the trouble to pass by the Dolphin’s pool to say “hello” to her friends. To play with them for a few moments.

They were incredibly beautiful creatures. Their glistening skin was soft, supple, and oh so very sensuous. They moved through the water with such dignity and power. It made her envious of their environment...and their bodies.

She took off her shoes and sat at the edge of the pool with her feet dangling in the saltwater. Her Dolphin friends were all trying to get her attention, longing for her touch and stroke. She would greet each in turn by name and speak gently to them, stroking their long chins and rubbing their tongues... a caress they especially enjoyed. Two would rest their heads on each of her legs, while a third would elicit her favors while resting his rostrum on her lap.

For the longest time, she did not notice the one Dolphin that always stayed separate from the group.

But after satisfying the group that had gathered around her, she spotted him in the far corner. She had tried many times to get him to come over and say hello, but he always chooses not to get too close.

This day would be different. As she watched, she noticed that he was ever so slowly easing his way over to her...never taking his eyes off of her. He moved strangely. Swimming on his side using a slow crawling-like movement. She could not decide whether he was acting this way because he was injured, sick, or just plain afraid of her.

She coaxed him on, shooing away the other Dolphins and gently calling him to the side of the pool. Splashing the top of the water with her hand.

Slowly, cautiously, he moved closer. At first, just touching her outstretched hand with his rostrum. His touch surprised her. It was unlike the touch of the other Dolphins. It was...strange. She stroked him softly, letting him relax and grow confident in her presence.

Eventually, he calmed and drifted along the side of the pool so she could stroke his long, finely muscled body. He even grew so bold as to allow her to rub his enormous tongue. By this time, the others had gone off and were playing on their own. Only the male remained with her, lounging in her gentle caresses and pleasant petting. She studied him intently, trying to understand the strange nature of this creature. Trying to fathom the strange feeling that she had.

It was then that she noticed that he had slowly rolled over on his side, exposing the evidence of his overtures. Immediately, she realized what her feelings meant.

At first it startled her. She had never considered this possible. And yet, there was the proof. For peeking through his genital slit was his deep pink, Dolphin shaped, cock. Quivering, pulsating, and obviously very ready.

It was at this point that she realized that she was aroused. Her heart beating fast and heavy, her skin tingling in anxious anticipation, her mouth long ago gone dry, and her crotch afire. Her mind raced. Why was she so titillated by this creature? What was it about his touch that so excited her? She searched for answers, questioned her feelings. In the end, she would give in to the powerful forces that had taken over.

As she continued to stroke the supple skin of the Dolphin, she soundlessly held a debate in her mind and quickly concluded. But, first, she would have to get him into the shallow pool. Would he come? The place they associated with unpleasant experiences, the Dolphins avoided that pool. (It was the pool used to treat them when they were sick.)

She would have to try. But, unfortunately, this pool was too deep, with too many other Dolphins in the way.

She got up from the edge of the tank and walked to the small room where the shallow pool was. She opened the gate that led to the bigger pool and called the male Dolphin. To her astonishment, he willingly swam into the shallow water, turned around, and watched as she closed the gate behind him. Then, she closed the door to the room and turned around to face him.

He was quietly floating in the shallow water, turned on his side, his pink tool just showing. She paused a moment, second thoughts racing through her mind. But just as quickly, she reaffirmed her desire to experience the euphoria of joining with such a magnificent, gentle creature.

She reached around and unfastened the button on the back of her dress and slipped it off, draping it

carefully over the back of the chair. She sat down facing the Dolphin and, without taking her eyes off him, unsnapped her bra and removed it, liberating her firm breasts and erect nipples. As the Dolphin watched in obvious nervous anticipation, she took off her panties and laid them with the rest of her clothes.

Without hesitation, the woman stepped into the shallow water and sat down in front of the Dolphin. From this perspective, she was a little frightened by the size of this creature, and for an instant... second thoughts. But his calm movements and slow advances reassured her of his gentleness.

The Dolphin swam close to her, rubbing his long body along hers. She stroked his side, feeling his body quiver at her feminine touch. He opened his mouth wide at the intense pleasure that the petting gave him.

Slowly, she slid her hand underneath his belly, along the underside, in search of his genital slit. She could feel the folds of his skin form the opening of his love cavity, guiding her hand deeper into his private place. Her fingers cautiously probed the split until they met the tip of his pulsating cock, laying in wait just inside his body. She curled her finger around the tip, and to her astonishment, the tip of his penis curled around her fingers! Like her hands, the dolphin cock displayed exquisite dexterity.

She slid her hand up and down the shaft, feeling it pulsate in anticipation of what was to happen.

Guided by her soft hand, the Dolphin slowly erected his tool. She held him tightly, and affectionately licked his body with her tongue, tasting the salt of his briny environment. Finally, he arched his body, pressing his against hers.

Deliberately, but carefully the Dolphin rolled onto his side, exposing his extended penis. Shaped after his graceful body, this trembling staff of pleasure enchanted the woman. Tenderly, she stroked its' length, tickled the tip, and messaged the base. Then, leisurely she guided her tongue over the side of the big male toward his belly...his most sensitive erogenous zone.

As the Dolphin gasped and shuddered, her tongue approached the first folds of his slit. She paused to lick the folds and ever so slowly eased her way toward the deeper recesses of the crack. Eventually encountering the protruding organ, she wrapped her tongue around it.

The Dolphin had long since relinquished control of his body to the pleasurable creature and was barely conscious of his environment. His rapture was evident by his gaping jaws, closed eyes, and quickened heartbeat.

Occasionally his tail would slap the surface of the water in an unconscious reaction to the intense pleasure that the woman bestowed on his most sensitive organ.

The woman was working her way up and down the long curved shaft of the Dolphin's dick with her tongue, stroking its full length. Each time she reached the tip, the Dolphin would curl his cock around her tongue in a genital embrace unmatched by anything Human or Cetacean.

Eventually, the woman guided his love tool into her mouth and started to suck. Her hand squeezing the base of the trembling shaft. Sliding her lips up and down the length of the rod, she could feel the Dolphin's body tense and relax with each orgasmic spasm created by the rhythmic sucking.

At first, she gently suckled, but as the encounter progressed, she quickened her pace and sucked harder and harder, causing the Dolphin to breathe erratically and whistle at higher and higher pitches. He had never experienced oral lovemaking before and was in a state of pure rhapsody.

For the woman, the feeling of the Dolphins dexterous cock deep in her throat provided a pleasure that previous fellatiotic encounters never gave. It was a sensuous feeling that aroused her whole body to a new level of sexual awareness.

After several minutes of oral enjoyment, the Dolphin felt ready to cum. But, not being part of his plan, he withdrew his tool from the woman's mouth and back into his genital folds. It was now his turn to bring pleasure.

The woman sat back, curious as to what the big male was up to. He swam out toward the middle of the shallow pool. The woman eased her way toward the shallower water and leaned back on her elbows, and watched as the Dolphin leisurely swam back and forth, their mutual stares locked in a visual embrace.

Approaching her again, he forced his rostrum between her legs, pushing them apart and wriggling his way toward her cunt. She bit her lip in response to the feeling of his head against her inner thighs. Then, as he pushed forward, she obliged him and opened her legs to his advances, exposing her bright pink, shaved vagina.

Having struggled his way up to the woman's heaving pleasure zone, the Dolphin managed, with the woman's help, to rest his flippers on top of each of her legs. Then, settling in a comfortable position, he extended that magnificent tongue and, with the very tip, nuzzled the woman's crack. Her head snapped back, and she gasped at his touch, her reaction telling the Dolphin that he had found the spot he was looking for.

He began his search for the one place common to all intelligent female creatures. The one spot that would elicit the most powerful pleasures that a male can give.

Unlike female Dolphins, this creature was so relaxed, so docile. And unlike the females of his own species, she had given him a new dimension in penile pleasure...the intensity of having his cocked sucked. He wanted to return that delight of oral stimulation before he proceeded to the next level of sexual ecstasy.

He probed the length and depth of the woman's vaginal slit, searching for the spot, watching her reactions, looking for a sign that he had found it.

The woman had long since given over to the Dolphin's maneuvers and was entering a state of mental rhapsody. As the muscular tongue of the creature swept the length and breadth of her cunt she whimpered quietly. Each time he lightly passed over her clit, she wished that he would pause and enjoy the bliss. Finally, after several passes, she could not stand it any longer, and she reached out and grabbed the Dolphin's tongue and gently stroked her clitoris with it. Understanding that the woman wanted him to lick this particular spot, he obliged.

The ferocity of her pleasure made her forget her environment, and she let go of all feelings and emotions. She was nearing the precipice, preparing herself to fall over the edge of ecstasy into the abyss of rhapsody. She was breathing heavily, her head thrown back, both her hands holding the Dolphin's rostrum tightly, when suddenly and abruptly...he stopped. Leaving her hanging on the very edge.

She yelled out, "NO! No! Don't stop now!...pleeease!!" but her cries went unheeded, and the Dolphin swam away. Then, nearly crying at not being allowed to experience the ultimate pleasure, she thought to herself, "Why? Why did he stop?"

The Dolphin had planned his actions well. He knew that they must join and climax together for them

to achieve a common plain of love. So he swam about the pool, preparing himself for the next step. The woman watched him, unable to understand why he stopped. She fingered her clit, trying to bring back the level of ecstasy that he had taken her to. But with no satisfaction. Only he could provide that service.

Anxiously, she waited for him to return, taking the opportunity to splash water over her hot body. She massaged her erect, hard, nipples trying to ease the soreness of the sustained arousal.

Finally, the Dolphin approached her again. This time turned on his side as he wriggled his way into the shallow water. The woman helped him move up beside her, stroking and admiring his fluid body, caressing his sensuous skin.

She fondled his body by sliding her hands over its full length, one hand on top and the other hand underneath. Then, starting from the tip of his beak, she slowly eased her way to the tip of his tail. Pausing ever so briefly to probe his crack.

She had positioned herself to maneuver the tip of his pectoral fin between her vulva. Gyrating ever so slightly, she tried to regain some of the pleasure of their earlier encounter.

The Dolphin had other plans, though, and after only a few moments, he withdrew his fin and erected his cock to its full length. The woman was surprised at its size. It was long. ...about 14 inches, somewhat knife-shaped, and was a pretty shade of pink. She knew now what he had in mind and obligingly positioned herself alongside him.

She grasped the erect penis and slowly eased her cunt over the top of it. It slid in easily. Carefully, she came down on him, positioning her body, so she was comfortable. She wrapped her arms around him in a tight embrace, signaling that she was ready.

The Dolphin started to probe the woman's vagina with his love-making tool. Its flexibility giving him the ability to explore the cavity in fine detail. Their tight embrace providing the means for them to communicate their mutual pleasure as the Dolphin probed her. He began searching for the precise locations that would trigger the most intense reactions. Each time he found a particularly sensitive spot, she would squeeze him gently to signal her elation.

Several minutes passed as he identified at least three places in the woman's love tunnel that caused her to react. Each time he touched one of these zones, her cunt would tighten and pulsate most exquisitely. Providing him with the powerful pleasure that he was seeking.

It was time to begin.

With his flexible cock he would tickle each pleasure spot. Then, starting with her clit, he would rotate the tip of his sex organ around each spot. The stimulation caused her body to shudder at the potent feeling that he provided. He would then go on to the next spot and repeat the procedure, stimulating each zone in rotation.

She was in absolute heaven, each time his genitalia would kiss a vaginal erotic zone she would whimper. At first quietly, but as his stimulations continued, her whimpers would become near screams.

Slowly and deliberately, he stimulated her, bring her to the edge of that abyss, allowing her to look over the brink but always bringing her back to safe ground. He knew that to go over the edge would signal the end of their orgasmic encounter. And he...like her, wanted to stretch out the pleasure to its absolute limits.

She had never experienced lovemaking like this in her life. The flexibility of his genitals gave her such extreme pleasure that her eyes rolled back deep in her head and her teeth chattered with each sub orgasm. She never wanted this to end. The Dolphin was also experiencing the most satisfying fucking his life. Unlike other females he had experienced, this one was content to let him lead the way.

She had wrapped her legs around his tail, and each time that she approached the edge, she would squeeze. With her breasts fitting neatly on either side of his body, she could feel his heart pounding, each breath that he took, and the low-pitched sounds of his moans. His body was like a living collection of jello—each muscle quivering with the rapture of the coupling.

They danced on the brink for what seemed like hours, eventually forcing her to beg him to let her go over...but he refused. So instead, holding her tightly with his fins, he continued stimulating her in such a way that she had entered a higher plain of sexual pleasure. Over and over again, he ticked each pubic zone, flexing his cock, at time twittering it in such a way to resemble a vibrating dildo. His staying power was extraordinary.

Her screams were now reaching a crescendo. She had to climax, or she felt that she would explode. The Dolphin sensed this, and with some reluctance, decided to let her go. For a final time, he tickled each erogenous zone until he reached her clit. Then, thrusting the tip of his penis deep into her genital canal, his body tensed, and with a shrill whistle, he pumped his load deep into her and allowed them to climax together.

The woman screamed with each pulse of the Dolphin's ejaculation. Her whole body shuddered violently. Her vagina tightened as her soul reacted to the spasms of the most potent climax she, or probably any other human female, had ever experienced.

The climax would last for nearly two minutes, with both creatures shrieking in their own way—the Dolphin whistling...the woman crying at the top of her voice.

Sadly, it was over.

The Dolphin withdrew his cock back into his body, and the woman rolled onto her back and almost immediately fell into a deep sleep. The Dolphin had rolled back onto his stomach and gently placed his flipper over the woman's breasts, holding her tenderly as she slept.

After several hours, the woman awoke to find herself held by her Dolphin partner. She smiled and reached over to pet him. Stroking his glistening skin, she spoke to him softly. Embracing him tightly, she kissed his cheek. She could feel a warm glow as the two of them snuggling. Never again would she be able to have sex with a man and be able to enjoy it.

After several minutes she finally got up and got out of the pool. She showered in the stall used by the trainers and dressed. All the while, the Dolphin watched her, lounging on his side. He, too, would never again be able to have sex with his own kind. It would not be the same.

After dressing, she opened the gate to the shallow pool, and he swam out to join the others. It was late in the day and time for her to go home. Her work would have to wait until tomorrow. The Dolphin and the woman looked at each other one last time as she left. They both knew that this would not be their last encounter.

EPILOGUE

While many may consider this story to be pure fantasy, it is, in fact, based on some reality. The descriptions given of the Dolphin's genitals are quite accurate. To keep their body streamlined, male Dolphins retract their penis into their body. A slit is similar to a vaginal slit, located toward the tail houses the retracted penis.

The finger-like dexterity of the Dolphin's penis is also documented. Made of mostly muscle, it is under conscious control and can be used as a finger.

Like Humans, Dolphins enjoy love-making at any time. There are no 'sexuality cycles' like most other non-human mammals. Although, like human females, there is a fertility cycle in female Dolphins.

The only known erogenous zone of a Dolphin is the belly. Touching or stroking this area almost always immediately elicits a sexual response. Therefore, people who swim with Dolphins avoid touching this area at all costs...unless they are willing to deal with an amorous Dolphin!

Sexual contact between Humans and Dolphins is not unknown. The best description of such contacts can be found in the book "The Mind of the Dolphin" by Dr. John Lilly

The End.