

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The quiet clicking of computer keys could sometimes be nearly hypnotic. A steady tempo and soft sound, working in perfect symphony with the words in the mind and the reactions of the fingers. It was like living in a personal bubble, untouchable by the outside world.

Honestly, it was Amanda's second favorite part of her job.

"Evening, Amanda," Eric greeted as he stepped into her office, breaking the blonde's concentration. Anyone else would have gotten an irritated scowl for coming in without knocking, but she'd given up trying to break him of the habit. If he hadn't learned after two years, nothing short of a miracle would get through to him. "Here are the reports you asked for. Do you need anything else before I head home?"

"No, I should be all set," she sighed in relief, taking the opportunity to stretch and work the kinks out of her neck. "Just two more emails to answer and I'll be done for the night. Got any plans for the long weekend?"

"Wife wants to go hiking, so probably going to spend most of it trying not to pass out," her friend joked as he handed over the files. "You?"

"Not really. Just going to lay back and relax. Well...as much as I can with a hundred hungry animals hanging out in my backyard." That pulled a laugh from the older man, as she'd intended. "Have a good night, Eric."

"You too, boss." With a smile and a wave, he finally left, leaving Amanda with the files and a humming computer. She waited until she heard the main door open and close before slowly releasing a very careful breath. The desire to look into the files was intense, but she put them aside so that she could concentrate on the emails she had.

Her family hadn't been sure what to think when she'd told them that she was going to open an animal sanctuary. Really, they shouldn't have been surprised; she'd loved exotic animals her entire life. Why spend her time on small dogs or ponies when she could focus on leopards and elephants and dolphins? She'd even started working for the local zoo in her teens. It was there that she learned about conservation and the threat that many animals faced. So she'd dedicated her life to helping in any way she could, and created an animal sanctuary. They took in animals that had been sold into captivity as pets. Most of the creatures they took in couldn't be released into the wild, so she had tried to give them as close to freedom as she could. Every section of the sanctuary had been customized to keep the animals comfortable, and it was consistently noted by inspectors that her animals were happy and well-cared for.

What really set her sanctuary apart, though, was their breeding program. Most sanctuaries fixed their animals to prevent breeding, but Amanda had taken a different route. With numbers in the wild quickly dropping and most of her animals being captured instead of bred, the animals in her care were a goldmine in terms of genetics. So every month, she would receive requests from zoos and animal preservation centers for breeding purposes. Obviously, not all of her animals were breedable, but those that were enjoyed a very steady sex life.

And that was why she couldn't wait to read the files. The requests had come in that morning, and she had an entire three days to fulfill the collections.

And that? That was her favorite part of the job.

With the last email sent, the blonde finally turned off the computer and opened the file. Most of the requests were to be expected; her best studs were always in high demand. However, the final request made her sit up in excitement. A zoo in Chicago had a female Przewalski, and she was one of the few sanctuaries that had a male with wild genetics. It was the first time anyone had requested him, so that's where she would start.

Leaving the office, Amanda casually walked deeper into the sanctuary. There were certain perks to living onsite, and working on semen collection was probably her favorite. Especially when no one else was on site and she could strip without fear. Being a closet nudist wasn't easy, but she made it work, and it wasn't like the animals cared if she was clothed or not. Why would they when they were naked all the time?

Reaching the Przewalski yard, the blonde whistled once, getting their attention before entering. She'd been charged by one too many startled animals to invade their space without alerting them first. And her wild horses were always happy to see her. After all, her presence meant treats.

The requested stud was easy to pick out; he was the biggest stallion in the herd and always came over to greet her when she visited. She'd raised him since he was a foal, so he was usually happy to see her. Unless she had a syringe with his yearly vaccinations; then he couldn't get to the other side of the pasture fast enough. "Hello, big boy," she greeted, giving him a good scratch behind the ears. "Want to have some fun with me?" His ears perked forward, knowing what that word meant. Most of her studs did. And when she made her way to the makeshift stables, he followed right on her heels.

Semen collection wasn't hard, but Amanda had figured out early on that many of her boys benefited from some...warm-ups. So in every exhibit, she'd worked in places she privately referred to as breeding stations. Horizontal platforms she could lay on comfortably as the requested stud mounted her, fucking her good and harder than any human ever could. After a couple of rounds, she would finally collect the actual semen sample to be sent out, while enjoying the feeling of animal cum leaking down her leg.

Even though he wasn't requested often, her stallion knew exactly what she wanted when she got onto her breeding station. Most studs she would lay on her back so she could watch them, but this one she trusted enough to relax on her stomach. It only took a couple seconds before he'd jumped up, his legs around her hips and his belly rubbing against her back. His cock was already long and erect, and she could feel it rub against her as he gave a couple short thrusts. He'd barely nudged against her cunt before he dropped back down. That was normal behavior, so the blonde didn't worry, or even look back. There would be a handful of aborted attempts before he actually got serious and fucked her for real. It was one of the reasons she loved all of her equine studs. They teased better than they fucked, and they all fucked very, *very* well.

It was nearly thirty minutes later before the stallion finally thrust in, uncaring that she wasn't big enough to take him fully without some stretching. None of the studs cared if she *could* take them, only that she *would*. And take him, she did. Even as he hammered into her, thrusting deeper and deeper until she would have sworn that she could taste him in the back of her throat, she kept moaning and begging him to take her harder. Most horses didn't last long, but this stud had worked on his stamina and could take her for nearly five minutes. By the time he finally filled her, she was nearly incoherent with pleasure, basking in the feeling of her womb swelling with his seed. Distantly, she wished it was possible to bear animal offspring; the idea of being knocked up by her animals was an erotic fantasy that she often indulged in. Especially when he pulled out and his semen came gushing out of her.

"Good boy," she praised, sitting up and ignoring the slight shake in her limbs. Giving the stud a good

scratch under the chin, she smiled lazily. It would be a couple hours before he was ready to take her again, but she wasn't in any hurry. They had a long weekend, after all. More than enough time to fulfill all of the collection requests...and have some fun.

...maybe she would fill the order for the wolves next.

Horse cum was still leaking out of her when Amanda woke in the morning. She could hear the Przewalskis shifting around outside the shelter, starting their morning routines and not paying the naked human in their stall any mind. Even the stud that had fucked her into oblivion didn't seem interested in continuing their activities. That was another reason she loved taking animals for lovers. They weren't clingy. None of them cared if she walked in smelling like another animal. If she bent over for them, they fucked her. If she didn't, oh well. Maybe next time.

Making sure that the semen sample she'd collected was in the appropriate storage container just outside of the pasture, the blonde hooked up a nearby hose so that she could take a makeshift shower. Not nearly enough to be truly clean, but good enough to remove the mud and leaking cum. It also bought her time to plan which animal she wanted to collect from next.

As always, there had been a variety of requests from across the country. Zebras, monkeys, apes, bighorn sheep, wolves, big cats, even some of her bears, among others. Not everything she had was safe for her to have sex with first, and some animals just weren't equipped to fuck her effectively. Those animals she would save until after the weekend so her other volunteers could help out, but that still left a lengthy list of studs for her to take her pick of.

But which one was next? She'd originally planned on doing the wolves, but her pack wasn't usually in the mood for fucking early in the morning. They preferred evening marathons, so she'd have to fill the day with other partners. So many cocks to choose from, so little time.

"What do you think?" she asked the camel that was watching her dry off. It just blinked at her as it chewed, looking utterly unimpressed. "Excellent idea," she said anyway, tying her hair back and out of her way. "I'll just walk around and see who wants me." Which could be just about anyone. Even some of the female animals liked to dominate her. The only creature to never show any interest in her sexually was the judgemental asshole currently watching her. "Wish me luck." His grunt was probably not anything positive, but she decided to pretend that it was and walked away.

The animals wouldn't need any specific care for at least a few hours. She'd made sure to overfeed when her volunteers were around, so they shouldn't be too antsy. Some basic cleanings and dinner should be all that was needed for the day. That left plenty of hours to fuck. Especially when she passed by the monkey enclosure and heard one of her favorite calls.

Compared to the number of other animals she had, she really didn't have very many bonobos. Only six, and only two were male. Honestly, she was debating sending them to a zoo where they could have a larger clan, but at heart, she couldn't bear the idea. It was a joy, having partners that loved casual sex as much as she did. And when she entered their enclosure, she was greeted by happy calls and warm bodies.

It wasn't long before she was laying on the ground, the largest male happily fucking her with strong and steady thrusts. She'd certainly had bigger cocks, but the size of the testicles slapping against her more than made up for it. By the time they were done, she'd be covered in cum, and her womb would be nice and full. Exactly how she liked it. In the meantime, she got to enjoy the male between her legs and the female that was kissing her. Her only complaint was how quickly each session

ended, rarely lasting beyond fifteen seconds, but it wasn't so bad when there was always another partner just waiting to have their turn.

"Come on," she grunted as the first male climaxed inside and started filling her. "Give it to me. Our DNA is 98% identical; you're as close to an animal cousin as I have. So come on. Give me all you've got." By the time he pulled out and the other male was able to take his place, she was so close to her climax that it almost hurt. So it was a relief when the second stud hit her in all the right places to make her orgasm. The rush wasn't enough to make her black out like it was with some of the studs, but it did bring about the endorphin rush as her mind turned to mush.

It was the rocking of a female bonobo against her groin that finally brought Amanda back to awareness. The hands around her hips were so similar to humans but just different enough to remind her that it wasn't a member of her own species that was fucking her. Not someone that would form an emotional attachment to her or get jealous that she slept around. And, no matter how hot the fantasy was, not someone that would be able to knock her up.

God, she loved her life.

"I should probably take a break for lunch," Amanda groaned as she finally locked the door to the bonobo exhibit and stored the semen samples she had taken. "But first, an actual shower." It was probably a good idea, as she smelled like she'd spent the night in a barn...which she had...and then rolled around in a monkey pen...which she had. The cum leaking from her cunt certainly didn't help the picture.

But before she could go more than a couple of feet, she heard a very familiar roar that made her groin ache in want like she'd been celibate for years. It was the one call that she could never ignore, and before she was completely aware of what she was doing, Amanda found herself rushing to the work showers she'd installed for workers that wanted a quick rinse before going home. There was special soap inside that helped strip scents away, allowing people to safely work with predators after having cared for prey items. A necessity for her, considering it was Star that was calling for her.

Star was a white Bengal tiger, and the first animal she had brought to the sanctuary when it had begun. He'd only been a cub, rescued from the exotic pet trade, and she had raised him herself. He had also taken her virginity, taking advantage of her nudist tendencies. That was the main reason that she would always come running whenever he called for her. After all, she was his mate before she was anyone else's bitch.

Another roar had her rushing out of the shower and running across the sanctuary. It was pure luck that the tiger section wasn't too far from the monkeys and apes, and most of the large felines didn't even look up when she hurried by. They all knew what it meant when she was called, and though she sometimes let other males fuck her after Star, there would be no one before him.

Star was pacing by the time she reached him, as big and regal as he had always been. The moment he saw her he started giving his chuffing call, telling her to hurry in the only way he knew. Amanda was only too happy to oblige, slipping into his enclosure as she had a million times. Because of all of the inbreeding with white tigers, Star was rarely asked for in a breeding capacity, which was fine. It meant he was all hers.

"Hey, big boy," she cooed, carefully reaching out and scratching him behind the ears. His purr always made her grin. "You want what's yours? Hmm?" Knowing the signals she needed to send to him. In some ways, her relationship with Star wasn't any different from how it was with other

animals. She was a convenient fuck partner. Good for sex and not much else. In other ways, he was one of her few 'traditional' partners. He was always happiest when she engaged in the normal tiger mating practices. That meant a lot of face rubbing and quiet rumbles and rolling on her back when everything was done.

When Star moved behind her, Amanda had no issues with prostrating herself. She couldn't do the tail flick that tigresses did to signal readiness, but he'd never needed it. Feeling his warm body over her always made her shiver, and when his hips dropped to rub against her, she couldn't stop a small sound of anticipation. The hardest part of the whole partnership had been training him out of biting her neck, (she was not into being killed by her sexual partners, thank you very much) but all he did was lick the back of her neck before dropping his hips and thrusting in.

A tiger penis wasn't impressive in terms of length at all. A couple inches at most, but the spines are what made it interesting. They scraped at her insides in a way that was almost more pain than pleasure. Going in wasn't the hard part, even as he rocked a couple times to wiggle as deep as possible before he came inside. The pain came after he climaxed and she had to swipe at him, making him jerk out and all the spines got pulled out with it. But she'd learned to take the pain with the pleasure and nearly purred as she rolled on her back. It was a signal that she was accepting his attempt to breed her and was open to further attempts.

Not that he would mount her again too quickly. Instead, he settled for flopping beside her and starting to 'groom' her; it was their usual post-breeding ritual. He'd lick her all over, rubbing his scent into her pores, before taking her a few more times. Today, he seemed unusually focused on her breasts, licking them several times and seeming fascinated when her nipples hardened. It made her wonder what he would do if she was lactating and he was getting milk. Would he approve? Would he think that she was making the milk for his cubs?

"Seems like this is the day for fantasizing about one of you knocking me up," Amanda chuckled, stretching the kinks out of her spine as he continued to groom her. "You'd probably get all upset if someone else got me pregnant, though, and I don't need a jealous tiger." He chuffed at her, seeming to tell her to be quiet before getting up and starting to groom her abdomen and groin. It would likely be another few minutes before he was ready for round two, but he never let her leave before they'd had at least ten rounds, so the blonde wasn't too concerned.

...although it did mean she would have to hurry to feed all of her animals before going to bed.

Unfortunately unfinished due to the closure of the Beastforum...