

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Leoanny took her first job at a local pet store. The merchant carried cats, dogs, rabbits, gerbils, mice, reptiles, and several orders of fish and other aquatics. It was here that Leoanny received her first taste of zoophilic inspiration.

It was an ordinary afternoon after classes. Leoanny had made her way to the shop to set about her assigned tasks of emptying litter boxes and refilling food and water dishes. As usual, she donned an ankle-length, vintage, black, printed sweep skirt. She had long ago abandoned the very notion of undergarments given that her lust-filled days required frequent access to her hot box. Her oversized, black, hooded sweatshirt covered her backside just low enough to hide the lack of panty line beneath the thin material of her skirt. Her only other protection from the elements were her leg warmers and ankle-high, black combat boots.

Leoanny busied herself in a small kennel that held two collies each about two years old. One of the collies was particularly playful running about the area of its cage and in and around Leoanny's legs as she poured kibble into the dishes. Leoanny kicked playfully at the dog so she could successfully manoeuvre the large, commercial-sized bag of dog food.

The collie increased its enthusiasm in running around Leoanny's legs until it found itself caught up in the swing of her skirt. Leoanny put down the dog food and lifted her skirt in an attempt to free the trapped dog. Rather than removing it from beneath her skirt, the collie attached itself to her leg and began humping.

Leoanny watched the dog speculatively. She had witnessed this behaviour before, but had never been on the receiving end. The collie continued, its humping growing more vigorous by the minute. To Leoanny's surprise, she sensed herself becoming aroused as she watched the dog's persistent thrusting. She could easily see that the animal had become erect.

Her interest piqued, Leoanny bent down to touch its protruding member. Cautiously, she rubbed the collie's midsection while it panted in her ear. The stiffness felt good to touch. The dog bent its body to lap at her hand. Leoanny enjoyed the cool, textured wetness of its tongue. This sparked an idea.

Leoanny pulled a chair from the corner and sat. She propped her leg's open and hiked up her skirt to her waist. She pulled the collie by its collar toward her. As she pets the collie and stroked its beautiful coat, the collie responded to the attention with its lovable licks. Leoanny hugged the collie to her, enjoying the warm softness of its fur. She then guided the collie's head down between her legs.

The collie seemed to know exactly what to do. It sniffed and licked. Sniffed and licked. The sensation of the collie's tongue against her muff felt like nothing Leoanny could describe. The collie lapped enthusiastically. It wasn't long before Leoanny climaxed in the collie's beautiful mouth. The dog continued to lick away until every drop of Leoanny's nectar had been cleared.

Realising what she had just done, Leoanny quickly pushed the collie away ashamed. She righted her clothing and set about the actual job she was getting paid minimum wage to do.

This was only the beginning; however. Leoanny couldn't shake the longing she had developed for the collie's oral pleasuring. She found herself daydreaming about it every time she entered its cage. She even fantasised about reciprocating the act on the dog. She had never performed fellatio and thought the collie to be a perfect opportunity to practice. She imagined its hot juices squirting into her mouth as she sucked the furry beast. Her pondering seemed so attractive that she decided to disregard her moral reservations, but, upon arriving to work that afternoon, she was disappointed

that her beloved collie had already been sold to some unsuspecting, newlywed couple.

Leoanny wondered how many people shared secret relationships with their pets. She knew she couldn't be the only one in the world with such bizarre affections, but this wasn't something that people would openly discuss. The whole topic of sex in general is pretty taboo. Leoanny had never heard her parents talk about it. Even when her mother had sat her down for 'the talk', the conversation amounted to harsh assertions that all boys were evil, nice ladies kept their legs closed, and sex kills. Leoanny had already learned the truth from her avid reading so she easily dismissed everything her mother had warned.

Almost two months had passed before Leoanny felt ready to explore again. A strikingly beautiful Great Dane had entered the store's inventory. The dog was stunning. Leoanny knew that on its hind legs it would tower her 4'11" frame. She wanted to be dominated by this creature.

She waited until the store's owner had left to make the daily bank deposit run. Leoanny carefully entered the Dane's cage. She began to pet the dog's coat and scratched it behind its ears. She teasingly rubbed its belly. The dog laid down on its side obligingly. This is exactly what Leoanny wanted.

Leoanny continued rubbing and scratching the dog's belly. She slowly moved her hand toward the dog's genitalia and began to gingerly stroke its member. The dog quickly became erect. Leoanny positioned herself between the dog's legs and took it into her mouth. Excitement rushed through her entire body as she began to pull and suck with her lips. She wanted more. She eagerly swallowed up the Dane's entire doggie dick, feeling it pulsate in her throat. She choked a bit on its length as it throbbed in her mouth. Leoanny felt her body flushing with desire as she thought about the dog mounting her.

A voice suddenly said, "What the hell!"

Leoanny froze just as the dog began to release its semen into her throat. It's creamy, salty jizz escaped the sides of her mouth as Leoanny spluttered to release its engorged bulge. Freeing herself from her load, Leoanny turned to see the store's owner staring, mouth agape at the scene before him.

"I'm so sorry!" Leoanny said.

Leoanny jumped up from the kennel floor flushing red from head to toe. She couldn't believe she had been caught. The bank run usually took at least a half hour. "I wasn't expecting you back so soon," she exclaimed not knowing what else to say. She began wiping her mouth and cheeks vigorously with her sleeves as she fought back the urge to cry at her stupidity. Now she would probably lose her job. How could she possibly explain this to her parents?

"I forgot my keys," the owner said, remained frozen in place gaping at her.

Leoanny nervously fidgeted shifting her weight from one foot to the other wanting to run from the intensity of the owner's stare. The owner, Vance Weller, was a short, dumpy sprout of a man. He wasn't terribly attractive and at just over forty years old, he had never been married nor did he have any children. From what Leoanny could surmise, he was a bit of a loner. He was warm and friendly enough to her and the store's patrons, but it didn't seem like he had very much of a life outside the pet store. Leoanny never heard him talk about friends or family. She knew he spent most of his free time at home watching old, foreign films with subtitles. Leoanny had discovered this fact during a brief conversation held after Mr. Weller had observed a book she had been reading, and commented on a movie of the same title he had just seen.

Several minutes went by as they each stood there motionless, not saying a word. Finally, Mr. Weller approached Leoanny simultaneously retrieving a folded napkin from his pocket. Leoanny reflexively jumped back as Mr. Weller began to wipe away the dog's residue from her mouth.

"Shhh," he quieted. "It's okay."

Unsure, Leoanny allowed him to continue wiping away the remnants of her heinous act. Mr. Weller quickly cleaned Leoanny's face, then balled up the napkin and replaced it in his pocket. He continued to stare Leoanny directly in the eyes.

Leoanny, uncomfortable under his gaze, shifted her eyes toward the floor. She watched a small trail of ants march down the wall from a crack in the windowsill, intent on collecting a stray bit of kibble that had escaped its bowl.

Mr. Weller placed his hands on Leoanny's shoulders. She continued to concentrate on the ants. Mr. Weller lifted her chin, forcing her to look at him. She could feel his breath, scented from the cinnamon-flavoured gum he had chewed, waft across her face. Leoanny felt her heart quicken its pace. She realized his proximity frightened her.

Mr. Weller's facial expression transitioned to one of curiosity. He asked, "Have you done that before?"

"Um... no," Leoanny almost whispered.

"What made you...?"

He started to ask, but was cut short as Leoanny burst into a fit of tears. Mr. Weller caught her slumping body before she collapsed completely to the floor.

"Shh. There, there," he soothed as he stroked her head as if she were one of the kittens in his collection.

He rocked her convulsing body back and forth until she calmed.

"Stay here a minute, okay?" Mr. Weller commanded softly.

Leoanny nodded helplessly.

Mr. Weller rose and disappeared to the front of the store. Leoanny heard the click of the door lock. She knew he must have placed the '*Back in ___minutes*' sign on the door as it was still much too early to lock up for the night. He returned with a bottle of water in hand.

"Here, drink this," he said untwisting the cap and handing the bottle to Leoanny.

She hadn't realised how thirsty she was. Leoanny gulped the refreshing liquid down, happy to focus on anything other than the situation at hand.

"Better now?" Mr. Weller asked gingerly.

Leoanny nodded slowly, still not wanting to look him in the eye. They continued to sit like that on the kennel's floor in silence for what seemed like an hour. Leoanny wasn't sure what was to come next and really didn't think she wanted to know. Gathering her courage, Leoanny felt it was only right to try to apologise again.

"I'm sor-" she started.

"I do it too, you know?" Mr. Weller cut her off surprising her with his sudden admission.

Leoanny's jaw dropped. "W-What!" Leoanny said.

"I do it too. The animals. I really love them."

Mr. Weller waited, trying to gauge her readiness to hear more. Leoanny's eyes widened. She blinked repeatedly wondering if she was sure she had heard correctly.

"Let me show you something, okay?"

Mr. Weller fished his wallet from another pants pocket. He opened it up to a set of photographs encased in plastic. He removed one from its holder.

"Look. This is my dog, Rollo. He's a terrier mix," he said, smiling at the picture.

He handed the picture to Leoanny. It was an image of Mr. Weller kissing a cute brown and white dog in the mouth. In the picture, Mr. Weller wore a light-hearted expression Leoanny was unfamiliar with ever seeing before. She smiled involuntarily at the love she saw emanating from the photograph. Mr. Weller took the photo back and replaced it in his wallet. He gingerly pats Leoanny's thigh, looking at her almost pleadingly as he elaborated.

"I love, Rollo, so much that I make love to him, and he makes love to me," he said. Leoanny sat forward with interest as she absorbed the confession. "I've been doing this a very long time. Since I was younger than even you are now," he said. "You have to be careful though. Not everybody will understand loving an animal this way." He looked at Leoanny in utter consternation. "Promise me you'll be careful, okay?"

Leoanny shook her head up and down in agreement. She couldn't believe her ears. She looked at Mr. Weller with new found interest.

"Okay, then. This'll be our little secret. Don't worry about a thing," he said.

Leoanny sighed in relief. A single tear escaped her reddened, puffy eyes and trailed its way down her flushed cheek. Mr. Weller reached forward and wiped it away with a thumb. He sat back and stared at her again questioningly.

"Are you a virgin, Leoanny?"

The question caught Leoanny off guard. She wasn't really ready to shift the conversation back to her. Furthermore, she wasn't really sure how to answer this particular question. She thought for a moment. "I think so," she said finally.

Mr. Weller laughed heartily. A soulful laugh that reminded Leoanny of Santa Claus. He gathered his composure. "How does one think they're a virgin? Either you are, or you aren't," Mr. Weller stated matter-of-factly.

"I've never had sex with somebody else. Just... er... myself," she said.

Leoanny had no clue why she's sharing this very personal information with her boss, but she desperately wanted somebody to talk to about these things. She had no one.

"I see," Mr. Weller said, and stroked the short stubble on his chin. He thought for a moment. "So, I take it you're really curious about the real thing?" He asked, an odd grin spreading across his face.

"Kind of."

Leoanny was unsure of where this conversation was going. It felt really weird to talk about her desires so candidly. Although they had been working together for almost a year, Mr. Weller was still virtually a stranger. The room grew quiet again. The two of them continued to sit there each lost in their own thoughts. After several minutes, again Mr. Weller was the first to break the silence.

"I could show you," he told her, more as a definitive than a suggestion.

Leoanny felt the hairs rise on her arms. Did he mean what she thought he meant?

Leoanny looked at her boss in alarm, her eyes bulging from their sockets.

"It's your choice, of course," Mr. Weller assured quickly. "If you want to know what it really feels like, I can show you when you're ready. Whenever you're ready."

Mr. Weller abruptly got up from where he was sitting and began to tidy up. He grabbed a dolly and moved several drums of cat litter from the storeroom to the front of the shop. He then started wiping down the counters.

Leoanny felt confused. She contemplated all that had transpired over the past hour or so. It seemed so surreal. Leoanny studied Mr. Weller. He wasn't that bad looking of a guy. He was definitely older and definitely fatter than what she might have thought attractive looked like, but he was nice. Nice went a long way in her book. She made up her mind.

Leoanny took her time standing up. She shook out her leg that had numbed from sitting so long on the floor. From the corner of her eye, she saw Mr. Weller glance at her as she made her way to the restroom. Safely in the confines of a stall, she sat down to release the urine that threatened to erupt from her nervous bladder. She quickly pats herself dry and flushed.

Leoanny made her way to the sink to wash her hands. She stared at her reflection in the mirror and saw the small bits of napkin that must have stuck to her wet, sticky face when Mr. Weller tried to clean it. She splashed several handfuls of water on her face, then dried it with a paper towel. Solidifying her decision, Leoanny pulled her sweatshirt over her head, exposing her smallish, taut breasts and stepped out of her skirt. She tossed the clothing onto a chair and exited the restroom stark naked.

The End