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BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Do you think you'll have the system ready by the weekend?"

Don Chambers studied Bernie, the small balding manager of the aquarium, carefully hiding his contempt for the man. "I could have it ready tonight if I wanted to, but I'm gonna milk this as long as I can. "Sure, but only if I put in some extra hours."

"Well, maybe you can work the next few nights."

"Fine," Don said. "But it'll cost..."

"I know. I know. But the insurance company wants it so..."

"Consider it done."

"Oh...and don't let the employees find out, okay? I don't want them to think we're spying on them."

"You got it," Don said.

Don sat in a darkened control room around midnight, alternating between watching the most recent Star Wars movie and playing online poker. He was already in a good mood, having won about five hundred dollars, when he heard the security system ping. He glanced at the employee entrance monitor and saw the image of a beautiful green-eyed brunette pop up, under which the words Kelly Magnus appeared.

"Well, Miss Magnus," he mumbled. "What brings you to work after midnight?"

He followed Kelly's progress through the building as she moved from area to area and from monitor to monitor. Finally, she reached the dolphin pool, where she tossed a towel onto the ground, and, with barely a shrug or two, she slipped out of her clothing.

"This is interesting," Don said.

He used a joystick to zoom in on Kelly while the joystick in his pants began to stiffen. His curiosity peaked, and he put on a set of earphones to listen to Kelly as well as watch her.

Kelly got down and all fours and, not quite shouting, said, "Pedro. Pepe. Come here." A few seconds later, two dolphins popped their heads out of the water and fishtailed across the pool in front of Kelly. "Hi, fellas," she said. "Pedro. You first."

She crawled to a ladder that extended down into the water and, with her back against it, took a few steps down. The dolphin she called Pedro raced up to her and began fucking her while chattering dolphin squeals and clicks.

"Oh, God," Kelly moaned. "Yes, Pedro. Fuck me. Fuck me hard."

Don watched the scene unfolding in front of his eyes in shocked silence. After zooming in on Kelly's body and after gazing upon her jigging breasts, he loosened his pants, took out his cock, and began stroking it. He stopped, though, when Pedro swam away, and the other dolphin took his place. He was just too fascinated by what he saw and heard to even think about masturbating.

Kelly was arching her back to give the dolphin better access to her pussy. She was shouting, "Make

it move. Make it fucking move. Oh, yeah. Yeah. That's it."

When the dolphin was done with Kelly, it swam away as well. Pedro reappeared, apparently ready to go a second time, but Kelly shooed him away. "Once is enough," she said.

She climbed out of the pool, flopped on her back, dipped her fingers into her pussy, coated them with a white, milky fluid, and began to massage her clit. After a minute or so, she rolled onto her stomach, got up on her knees, reached behind her back to jam two fingers into her ass, and furiously used both of her hands until she practically screamed. Then, seemingly exhausted, she lay down, her back rising and falling as she gasped for air.

Don zoomed in even further, concentrating the camera on her pussy and ass. Seeing a white, viscous fluid oozing down her thighs, he mumbled, "I guess dolphins have a lot of cum to give."

He continued to stare at the monitor in front of him until Kelly stood up, grabbed her towel and clothing, and headed toward the women's locker room. "I'm glad I installed this secret camera in there," Don said. He smiled as he watched Kelly soap her body and run her hands all over it.

"I gotta meet you," he said. "But how? I can't let you know...but I have to. In three days, the system goes live, and you'll be on tape. I have to think about this."

The next night, Don sat in front of the monitors, his legs jiggling with excitement. "Where are you? Where are you? Come on, Kelly. Come on."

He practically fell out of his chair when he heard the employee entrance monitor ping. The moment he saw Kelly make her way to the dolphin tank, he ran out of the control room and then, as quietly as possible, crept as close to the tank as he could.

When Don got to the pool, Kelly was just about to lower her body into the water, where the two male dolphins were chattering away. The moment her waist was below the surface, one of the dolphins slammed into her, driving as hard as it could into her. Kelly hung onto the ladder with all her might as the dolphin repeatedly pushed up against her.

Don was transfixed by the sheer delight Kelly seemed to be experiencing. Her moans became louder and louder, her eyes squeezed together, her tongue ran over her lips, and, in a scream, she shouted, "I'm cumming."

No sooner had the first dolphin left her than the second arrived and began fucking her just as hard as the first. "Move it for me," she cried. "Make your cock move inside of me."

Don thought it unlikely that the dolphin actually understood Kelly. Still, there was something different than the action she had with the first dolphin. Her breath came in short bursts, and her exhalations filled the room—huff, huff, huff. When her orgasm seized her, she didn't say a word—she just moaned and trembled.

When the second dolphin swam away, the first came back, but Kelly pushed it away, scrambled out of the pool, and lay face down on her towel. Don craned his neck to watch the white dolphin jism ooze out of her, jism that she coated her hands with before she began to finger her pussy and ass. She moaned again, falling face down and giggling.

When, after a few minutes, she stood up, Don tried to blend in with the shadows in the corridor. He

studied Kelly as she passed by him, enthralled with how she carried herself. She stood straight, held her head high, and, with her breasts flat against her chest and her nipples pointed skyward, strode purposely toward the locker room.

Don waited a bit before following her, focused on her hard, athletic ass. When he heard the shower turn on, he snuck into the locker room and watched as Kelly soaped her body. Seeing her up close with the dolphins, on her towel, and now in the shower was vastly more exciting than watching her on camera. When Kelly turned off the water, he crept out of the locker room and returned to the control room.

"I have to tell her tomorrow," he said. "The last thing I want is for her to get caught."

Bernie paced up and down the control room. "Well?"

"I need tonight," Don said. "It should be ready tomorrow. I'm pretty sure."

"Okay, then. Good. Thanks. Let's meet tomorrow evening."

"Fine." Damn. How am I gonna let Kelly know?

When Kelly entered the aquarium the next night, Don made up his mind. He would just walk up to her and tell her about the system—after she had fucked the dolphins and fingered herself. He wanted to watch that show one more time.

He arrived at the dolphin pool just as Kelly was lowering herself into the water. Her moans filled the darkened space as the first dolphin furiously fucked her and increased in intensity when the second dolphin moved in. Then, suddenly, she disappeared.

"What the fuck?" Don tried to comprehend what was happening until the dolphin, with Kelly wrapped in his dorsal fins, broke to the surface.

Kelly screamed, gasping for air before she and the dolphin disappeared again. Realizing that Kelly was in big trouble, Don raced to the edge of the pool and waited for the dolphin to surface again. When it did, he dove in and smacked the dolphin on the snout.

He was pleased that his high school biology class information had come in handy because, as he hoped, the dolphin issued a high-pitched squeal, let go of Kelly, and dove back under the water. Don grabbed the sputtering Kelly and swam as hard as he could to the edge of the pool. It was a struggle, but he managed to get the nearly limp Kelly out of the water and onto her towel.

Kelly, in between coughing and spitting out water, mumbled, "Who...who are you?"

"Never mind that. Let's be sure you're okay."

"Did...did you see what I...what I..." she mumbled.

"Yes. Shhh. Catch your breath."

Kelly, with fear written all over her face, turned her head toward Don. "Please don't tell anyone...oh, God...please don't..."

"Don't worry. I won't."

Kelly pushed herself to a sitting position and stared at Don. "Why are you here? What...what..."

Don was almost mesmerized by the sight of the beautiful, naked Kelly sitting in front of him. Struggling to maintain his composure, he said, "My name is Don. I'm installing the new video monitoring system. It goes live tomorrow, and, well, I wanted to warn you that you couldn't continue to...you know."

Kelly buried her head in her hands and began to sob. "Oh, no. How long have you watched it? Oh my God. You must think I'm a sick, perverted..."

"Those are judgments," Don said. "I don't judge. I am curious, though. Come on. Let's go to the locker room. You can shower, and I...I gotta get out of my wet clothes—most of them, at least."

Kelly grabbed Don's extended hand and stood up. She grabbed her towel and clothing, hung on to Don for balance, and walked with him to the locker room. "You saved my life," she said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"I...I owe you."

"No. I only did what anyone would have done."

"But..."

"We're here. I have to strip down to my underwear, I guess. You can shower off. I'll wait for you, and then we can talk."

Kelly leaned against the lockers and watched Don strip out of his clothing. When he was finally standing in front of her in only his boxers, she said, "You've watched what I do. You know my...my routine. I haven't finished yet. Perhaps you can help me."

"You mean..."

Kelly turned her back to Don, raised her arms, placed her palms on the lockers, and spread her legs a bit. "Yes. Finish me."

Don eased up behind Kelly and slid four fingers of his left hand into her pussy. When he pulled it out, it was slick with her juices and dolphin jism. Don reached around her body with his right hand and began to massage her clit while at the same time easing two of his slippery fingers into her ass. Her moans fueled his lust, and, in an almost manic manner, he finger-fucked her as hard and as fast as he could.

Kelly almost screamed when she came. Wasting no time, she spun around, dropped to her knees, yanked Don's boxers down, and took his stiff prick deep into her mouth. She moved her head up and down furiously, letting his cock slam against the back of her throat. After only a minute or so, Don groaned, arched his back, and unleashed a torrent of cum straight into her belly.

Kelly licked him clean and slowly rose to her feet. "Let's shower," she said. "Then we can talk."

"Not in my wet clothes," Don said. "If you'd come to my place and..."

"Sure," Kelly said. "Give me your address. My GPS will find it."

Don's main concern while driving home was that the cops wouldn't stop him—he'd have a hard time explaining why he was clad only in a pair of wet boxers. Once inside his house, he dumped all his clothing into the washing machine, showered again, and changed into a pair of chinos and a button-down shirt. Hurrying to make sure he finished all his planned activities, he made a quick phone call.

"Dude. Sorry to call so late. Yeah, it's kind of important. I met this chick, a real animal lover, so I want to borrow...that's right. I want her to think...okay. Thanks. I'll pick him up Saturday morning and bring him back Sunday. Yeah. I hope she's gonna spend the night. Thanks again."

He finished the call and had just walked out of his bedroom when the doorbell rang. When he opened the door, he was surprised to see Kelly wearing a very short sundress. "I thought I'd change," she said. "I wanted to look nice."

"You look beautiful," Don said.

"Thank you," Kelly said. "I brought a couple of bottles of red wine with me. I'm going to need...reinforcement...to talk about my...um... preference for animals."

"Have a seat in the living room," Don said. "I'll open the wine—both bottles—and bring some glasses."

Don's heart was pounding as he popped the corks out of the bottles. In her mini-sundress, she was easily the most beautiful woman he had ever known. He carried the two bottles and two glasses into the living room, sat next to Kelly, filled her glass and his, and smiled.

"I guess you want me to start," she said.

"Whenever you're ready."

Kelly drained her glass of wine, poured another, and took a deep breath. "It started when I was twelve," she said. "We had neighbors who both worked and who owned a German Shepherd. They didn't want to keep him outside or cooped up all day inside, so they paid me like twenty dollars a week to walk him when I got home from school. Well, he had this habit of pressing his nose right between my thighs when I walked into the house. At first, I was embarrassed, but then it started to feel good. One day—I can't even say why—I decided to take off my clothes and sit on the couch. He came up to me and started licking me. It was amazing. I had my first orgasm ever."

Kelly paused, drank some more wine, and then continued. "I decided to take the next step. One day, I got down on all fours, and...well, he figured out what to do. What I didn't know was that dogs have this knob or something at the end of their penises that become really big when they're inside a vagina. I was stunned at how large it felt inside me and how wonderful it felt, particularly when he just kept on shooting jism inside me. I also didn't know, though, that dogs stay inside the female for like fifteen or twenty minutes after they come. I was terrified that the owners would come home and find us, but eventually, he slipped out and trotted away. After that, I decided to take the next step."

Don, his hand shaking, finished his wine, filled Kelly's glass and then his. "The next step?"

"Anal," Kelly said. "I had to direct his penis, of course, but when that knob expanded in me, I had mind-blowing orgasms. Anyway, I was able to have sex every school day for four years. When I was on my period, I just let him lick me, of course."

"Of course," Don said.

"When the neighbors moved away, I was frantic," Kelly said. "I begged my mother to let me have birth control so I could have sex with boys, but the truth is that they were nothing compared to the dog. Any boy I fucked became possessive, you know? They wanted me exclusively, but I was on the hunt for better sex. I'm not into exclusive relationships. They create problems. Anyway, when I went to college, I was able to live with my grandma. She had no clue what was going on around her, so I was able to start a dog-sitting business. Most of the time, I had to watch little dogs. They were useless, but on occasion, I got a big dog to have fun with."

Kelly finished another glass of wine and leaned back, sighing as she did. "Do you think I'm...sick?"

"I don't judge," Don said. "In any event, what you told me seems...pragmatic. Tell me—do you know any other women who share your, as you call it, predilection?"

"Oh, yeah," Kelly said. "One was an older woman, around forty or so, whose husband couldn't get it up. I don't remember exactly how it happened, but she wound up paying me fifty bucks to let one of the dogs I was watching fuck her. I would have let her do it for free because she ate my pussy while she waited for the dog to take his dick out, but fifty dollars was a lot of money to me back then. Then I have this cousin—oh Jesus—the things she did."

"You gotta tell me," Don said.

"Her family is rich," Kelly said. "They raise horses for polo. We got drunk once, and I told her about my...um...hobby, and she laughed. She grabbed me by the hand and dragged me into the barn. Watch this, she said. She stroked a stallion until its cock was hard. Christ—it was enormous. Then she stripped off her clothing and sort of backed up until the horse cock was inside her. I mean, it was barely inside her because it was so big. When the horse came, his semen literally exploded out of her pussy. It gushed out of her pussy and poured down her thighs. I came to watch her. She then asked me if I wanted to do it."

"Did you?"

"Yes. The next night and a few times since. It felt like a firehose was going off inside me. God, it was good. Every blast of horse jism seemed to give me another orgasm. That's when I learned my finishing act, courtesy of my cousin. I was literally drenched with horse jism when she told me to turn my back. She used her fingers on me and, well, you know the rest."

"Do you still...go to your cousin's?" Don asked.

"Uh uh. The family moved to Oregon." Kelly put her glass down, stood up, and shimmied out of her dress. "Like I said, you saved my life. So—do you wanna fuck me?"

Don slid Kelly's dress back up her body and smiled. "Yes," he said. "But not now. I'd like you to come back Saturday afternoon, around four or so."

"B...but why not now? Why..."

Don put a finger over Kelly's lips. "Will you do that for me?"

"Of...of course," Kelly said. "But no one has ever said no to me and..."

"I'm not saying no," Don said. "Trust me on that. Oh. Please wear that sundress again. You look

great in it.”

Don was shaking with anticipation Saturday afternoon, practically jumping out of his skin when the doorbell rang at four. He opened the door and exhaled with relief when he saw Kelly. “I wasn’t sure you’d come,” he said.

“A promise is a promise,” she said.

“Come on in,” Don said. I want you to meet someone.” He led Kelly to the kitchen, where he opened a door to the backyard and whistled. A big, happy Great Dane trotted in and immediately got on his hind legs, putting his front paws on Kelly’s shoulders.

“This is Bruno,” Don said.

Kelly, trembling with both fear and anticipation, asked, “Is he...is he for me?”

Don shoved Bruno away from Kelly. “Down,” he said. Bruno sat, his ears perked as he waited for his next command.

Don led Kelly into the living room, where he slid off her sundress. “Let’s get these off you, too,” he said as he dragged her panties to the carpet. “Have a seat.”

Kelly, seemingly in a trance, sat down, spreading her legs when Don lightly touched her knees. Satisfied that Kelly was ready, Don whistled. Bruno bound into the room, headed straight for Kelly, and buried his head between her thighs, licking her furiously with his enormous tongue.

“Oh, God,” Kelly cried. “This feels so good.”

“Let me help,” Don said. He positioned himself next to Kelly and started massaging her breasts and squeezing her nipples.

“Yes,” Kelly cried. “Yes.”

When Don decided the time was right, he commanded Bruno to move away and helped Kelly turn so she was on all fours, her upper body draped on the edge of the couch. When he whistled again, Bruno raced toward Kelly and rammed his prick into her.

“Oh my God,” Kelly shouted. “He’s huge. Jesus. He’s coming. His knob—his knob is gigantic. I...I’m coming. I’m coming.”

“Bruno’s gonna be in you for fifteen minutes or so,” Don said. “Let’s put that time to good use.” He stripped out of his clothes and, his cock as hard as a rock, slid down between Kelly’s head and the edge of the couch. Kelly needed no instructions—she immediately took him into her mouth and began a slow, sensual blow job. “That’s it,” Don whispered. “No need to hurry.”

Don briefly thought about how weird it was to be getting a blow job from a woman who had a dog dick stuck inside her, but he put that thought out of his mind. Instead, he concentrated on the back of Kelly’s head and her beautiful hair as she slowly took him in and out of her throat. Don managed to hold off until Bruno slid out of Kelly and trotted and strolled away. He was on the verge of coming when Kelly cried out, “Fuck me in the ass. Fuck me in the ass like a dog does—fast.”

Don was momentarily stunned, but he wasted little time before getting behind Kelly to ram his dick

up her butt. "Faster," she shouted. "As fast as you can."

His mind was a blur as he tried to move his hips as rapidly as possible. When he came, he let out a feral howl, a howl soon accompanied by a similar howl from Kelly. He pushed as deep inside her as he could until his cock was halfway limp. Kelly sighed and used her muscles to push him out. "That was phenomenal," she said. "Unbelievable."

"I thought you'd like it," Don said. "Let's take a shower and have some dinner."

After Don put Bruno outside with a big steak to eat, he and Kelly, wearing only terrycloth robes, sat down to eat their steaks. Kelly sipped some wine, studied Don, and asked, "Are you sure you don't think I'm perverted?"

"I think you're an incredibly beautiful woman with some...um...different expectations," Don said.

"Different," Kelly said. "I guess you could say that, but not as different as you might think."

"So I gather from what you told me," Don said. "Eat all your steak. It'll give you energy. You're going to need it."

"You mean...we're not done?"

"We've barely begun."

"Oh, my. I can't imagine..."

"Try," Don said with a laugh, "Try to imagine."

After Don and Kelly cleaned the dishes, Don opened the back door to let Bruno in. "Stay," he said. Bruno obediently sat down and awaited his next instruction.

Don led Kelly to the living room, where he shoved off his robe and hers. "Damn," he said. "You are really beautiful. You could have any man you want."

"I know," she said. "And you could have any woman you wanted."

"Yeah...but right now, I want you." He sat on the living room carpet, held his stiff prick straight up, and told Kelly to get on top of him. After she impaled herself on his prick, he said, "You're going to have to guide Bruno."

"You mean..."

"Yes." When Don whistled, Bruno bound into the room and mounted Kelly. She quickly reached behind her back, grabbed his penis, and guided it into her ass. "Oh my God," she cried. "This is...this is...oh, Jesus. His knob. His knob."

"I feel it, too," Don said.

He started pounding Kelly, making sure Bruno's knob pressed up against his dick. While he was slamming into Kelly, he was shocked to hear her say, "I love you. I want to marry you. I'm asking you

to marry me. Please.”

“But we hardly know each other,” Don said.

“I know enough,” Kelly said. “You’re exactly what I want in a man.”

“But you said you weren’t into exclusive relationships and...”

“It doesn’t have to be exclusive on your part if you don’t want it to be.”

“I would never...”

“Then say yes.”

“Yes. Jesus Christ, yes.”

“Come with me, Don. I...I’m coming. Come with me.”

Don and Kelly locked lips, kissing furiously until their orgasms subsided. “Don’t move,” Kelly said. “I want to do something.”

She sat up just enough to take Don’s semi-hard cock out of her pussy and then positioned it at her butt hole. “Just for a few seconds,” she said. “I just want to feel you inside me. I love you so much.”

“Kelly,” Don said as he tried not to come again. “You gave me an idea with your story about dog walking and your cousin. Can I tell it to you?”

“You can tell me anything you want or do anything you want.”

Ten minutes later, Kelly moaned when she felt Don’s cum pouring into her. “Oh, Don,” she whispered. “We were meant for each other. Do you think you can come again?”

“I’m pretty sure I can.”

“Your idea is marvelous, so marvelous that I want to...” Kelly lifted off Don and began to slide down his body. “I’m gonna give you the blow job of a lifetime,” she said.

“But Kelly. You...I should clean...”

“Uh uh,” Kelly said. “I’ll be able to taste your cum, Bruno’s cum, my cum, and...you know. It’ll be like a buffet.”

Don knew it was useless to argue, so he laced his hands behind his head, lay back and enjoyed his blowjob. ‘This is fucked up,’ he thought. ‘Wonderfully fucked up.’

The End