

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Last month I had a most unusual day. It all began normally enough with my four AM drive to the zoo where I have worked as a Keeper for the last 6 years. It was a lonely drive as it has been ever since my bastard of an ex-husband left me for the Event Planner at the zoo where we had all worked. Now I was as alone in my commute as I was alone at home. In fact, my best friend would probably have been Siam the 32 year-old elephant and mother of two calves that I took care of along with many other wonderful souls.

I strolled casually through the employees entrance at Five faking my best confident-single-woman walk that I could muster. A crew of night workers was changing light bulbs in the overhead parking lot lights. Ramon was one of them. I secretly lusted after Ramon but at the same time figured that he was just as much of a cad as the rest of the guys that commented on my ass when they thought I was out of earshot. Even if he was a cad he was hot. He had dark burning eyes to match his tanned skin and taught muscles. Once I saw him without a shirt on and his stomach was rippled in a way that gave me a twinge in my groin and a jump in my heartbeat.

I hummed a song of greeting as I approached Siam's enclosure. She was always glad to see me and that made me feel safe and wanted. "Hi, Girl. How you doing today?" Siam raised her prehensile trunk in salute and lightly touched my shoulder with the delicate tip of her trunk in response. We passed the early part of the morning as usual with idle chit-chat while we did our chores. Of course, I did all the work and Siam just waited for breakfast. But we were happy.

I lugged in the bales of hay and was sweeping up the last of the indoor pen when my mind drifted momentarily to Ramon - he *was* cute in a rugged way. But I could never make anything happen. I set down the broom while I grunted and pushed the hay into the feed bin. I could feel Siam nuzzling my neck and smelling the odors of my shampoo and body lotion as I worked. An elephant's trunk is an excellent organ for detecting even the finest of smells and this was nothing new. Sometimes she even smelled my armpits the too-familiar way a dog smells someone's rear. I never took offense -she was an elephant after all and did not share the same sensibilities that we humans share. But today the first of several unusual events took place next when she reached around me and took a deep inhalation of my private area. You know; down there. I ignored it at first but just could not pretend nothing was happening when she picked up the broom, slid it between my legs from behind and proceeded to slowly stroke and rub it against my womanhood. The attention felt good. Real good. No one had touched me there in a very long time and the sensations swept over me. Out loud I scolded her "Siam! Really!" but inside melted and I pushed back a little squeezing my legs together around the broomstick. I leaned against the hay, my breath was becoming ragged, and I perspired just a little from the intensity of it all.

I was so close to, well, to, having that experience that lovers have. Oh, I can't say the words but let's just say that it involves some really good physical contractions. So, I was really close to having one when she dropped the broom. First the bristle end fell to the ground then the handle slipped out of place and it clattered to the ground. I bit my lip and felt for the first time that the sharp hay was scratching my elbows. Oh I wish she had not had stopped just then, just when I was so close. I was regaining my composure when I felt the nostril end of her trunk exploring the crevice between my legs. She sniffed and prodded and pushed deeper through the legs of my Khaki's. Now for those of you who do not know it an elephant's trunk has more than 40,000 muscles and can be used for tasks as fine as picking up a single strand of hay. The end has two finger like projections that work together well, like fingers. And what she did next did feel like fingers. It was as if someone was using their fingertips to form a circle, poking and grabbing. She grabbed the outer lips of my "down there", she massaged my womanly-lips, she pulled at my sex and manipulated it in ways that my ex had never done. Then when I was totally engrossed in the sensual feelings of having my nether lips

played with she pushed against that one special place that a woman possesses and rubbed *just right*. I really don't know how she knew how to touch me so perfectly but she did. Does an elephant touch herself when she is alone? I don't know but as she touched me I did it! I did it right there in the pen leaning against a stack of several bales of hay. My chest felt hot, my knees grew weak and I gave out a couple of tiny little whimpering gasps.

In an instant my world collapsed because in that next instant I heard the broom clatter to the ground again. Turning to look, there was Ramon!! Watching!! How much did he see? Clearly too much. My face burned, I lost my breath, and I hid behind the hay crouched in a corner sitting on one of the bales. I was frozen with fear and dread. The only thing I could see was Siam slowly moving toward the area where Ramon had stood watching it all. Then she was moving back toward me. She came around the corner and the next shock was no less astounding than all those that had already proceeded today. She was leading Ramon with the tender end of her trunk lightly grasping Ramon's own protruding "trunk". She led him into my hiding place his engorged and purplish thing pointing the way right to me. Siam stood Ramon in front of me and positioned him with his manhood there throbbing and jerking. It was close to me. I have no idea what Ramon was thinking, his face was in some distant place, because the only thing I could see was his member. It was there and Siam was holding it, no stroking it, pumping it. She pumped it right toward me like a milkmaid pumps a cow's teat. Did she know it would squirt its own virile milk? She milked it and a drop of clear fluid was on the end. She milked it and it was closer to me, closer to my face, my mouth. This was unreal. Next she rubbed his man-head against my cheek. I felt a wetness there on my face. It smelled good - clean, musky, earthy. She rubbed it on my cheek then on my "morning dew pink" lipsticked lips. And all the time Ramon did nothing to stop it. Nothing to encourage it - nothing at all. He just stood there being used as her tool to use me. We were her sex toys and she played with us both. His cock head rubbed inside of my lips and against my closed teeth. His dick was rubbing up under my lips on my gums trying to gain entrance. And that was when I did it; I opened my mouth and let it in. Siam let go and gently nudged Ramon from behind and inexorably with no resistance his tool slid into my waiting mouth. I could feel the smoothness on my tongue and it filled me. Ramon took over. His hands took hold of my head while he pleased himself within me. My world consisted of a very narrow view of his cock rocking its way in and out of my oral cavity. I don't know if Siam was still there behind Ramon guiding him but I do know that his abs were as sexy as ever. When it happened my own fingers were on me where I touch myself when I am alone. I came a moment after Ramon. He splashed into me while I shook with pleasure. And then we were done.

Afterward I was a mess. I had hay all over my clothes. Ramon's stuff was on my face and in my hair and it even dripped down the front of my uniform. There was a wet spot where my pussy had gushed in my pants. I was flushed from the sex and from a mortifying embarrassment. I panted. I was too weak to stand. And everything was all right when Ramon said one thing. He said: "Darling" in his Argentinian accent then led me over to the shower where he lovingly cleaned us both up. We told the others that we fell in the moat. But the three of us know the truth.