

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part 1

Jennifer groaned as the alarm went off for the third time that morning. She rolled out of bed, crawling to the alarm clock and hit snooze rather violently. "I hate mornings!" She muttered under her breath. She then slowly stood up, stretching her limber lightly tanned bare form. Her dog lifted it's head and peered at her from the bed with sleepy brown eyes.. A moment later let her head fall back down and went back to sleep. "Oh fine Vixy... you can go back to sleep" Jennifer shook her head, running a hand through her red hair, pulling some of the tangles out. "Oh shit!" She gasped, finally looking at the time. "Oh hell I'm going to be late for work!"

She went into over drive.. Quickly pulling on jeans, digging in her clothes for her bra, which she quickly puts on, followed by her work shirt. Grabbing socks and shoes to pull on next. She grabs her keys and runs out the door. She makes her way to her car, fumbling slightly to unlock the door, and hops in. Starting it, and quickly throwing it in reverse and then speeding like a wild woman to the local animal shelter of which she worked.

She makes it there, just a minute late, and clocks in, letting out a heavy sigh of relief. "Damn I need to watch that." She muttered to herself. She then goes about her morning tasks, stifling a yawn. She didn't think anything would be out of the ordinary today. Little did she know... She hadn't been in for two days, enjoying the relaxing weekend that had been needed greatly. After all, her job was far from a stress free one. So her first task... to walk the kennels and see who was new.

She went into the dog center, the loud chorus of barks greeted her ears. She smiled.. She loved the sound, though a bit loud. Her green orbs drift over each dog, from the cute wriggly puppies, to the large mix breeds. She had always loved dogs, and had been working with them for years. She felt in a shelter she could help those in need, giving them love and affection while they were there. She just didn't realize exactly how much love, yet that is. She took a deep breath, the smell of dog greeted her nostrils.. Sure it stunk a bit, as they hadn't been cleaned yet, but the over all dog smell was a comfort. She stopped at every cage, letting her fingers slide through the bars.. Letting tongues lick, and noses smell. She said encouraging words to each, enjoying each tail wag, and each energetic bark.

Though it still tugged at her heart, some of those eyes, so sad lonely... she wished she could spend more time with each. But in a shelter this size, the few minutes she was able to give each one was all she could afford out of her day. She sighed, nearing the end of her walk through. From the kennel up ahead she heard a deep bark.. One that almost sucked the breath out of her. So loud, so sharp, and also so demanding. She raised a brow in curiosity, moving nearer to the kennel. Just before she reached it, that bark sounded again. She moved in front of the kennel , and then had to jump back as the large black and tan dog within barked once more and lunged at the gate. She felt her heart pound in her chest and her back hit the kennel behind her. "Dear lord!" Though to her surprise, the dog tilted it's head, and stuck out it's tongue and started panting, hoping off the gate, it's little nub of a tail wagging just as fast as it could.

The dog was huge! And he looked like what seemed to be a pure breed rottie. Seeing no other aggression come from him she moved closer to the kennel, quickly glancing at his paper. His name was tank... 2 years old. She smiled... "Why hello there Tank.." The dog got down in a play bow motion and barked again. "Well I see you just wanted attention... Oh all right." She stuck her fingers through, and like she expected, the dog quickly started licking away. She could feel the force behind that warm tongue. Her brow furrowed... something started stirring inside her. She had never had this reaction before. She sucked in a deep breath, pulling her hand back slowly. Her eyes shifting

over Tank , who whined and jumped up on the gate again. “ I.. I’m sorry boy, I have to get to work...” The dog barked it’s disapproval. Again that thunderous sound that seemed to top any and all of the other dogs in the kennel. She felt a shiver run through her. She shook her head, and moved off from the kennel to begin the morning cleaning.

Throughout the morning she couldn’t seem to shake her head off Tank. Just picturing that large dog, the sound of his bark, how beautiful and well proportioned he seemed to be. “Man Jen, that is just silly, it’s like your thinking about some cute guy you saw at the bar or something.” She chuckled to herself and finished the work. Letting out a deep sigh she glanced at her watch. She still had a few minutes before they opened. She smiled, getting an idea. She grabbed a leash and headed towards Tank’s kennel. Stopping before it she let those green eyes of hers roam over the large muscular dog. She felt her heart flutter as the dog let out that deep bark yet again.. “ Oh quiet you, I’m here to give you attention.” The dog seemed to understand, wagging it’s tail quickly. She reached to the latch, opened it, and slipped inside.

Once in the kennel she closed the door. She didn’t even have time to completely turn around , Tank jumped up, his massive paws hitting her shoulders, and his weight nearly slamming her against the kennel wall. “ Down boy! “ She said, her voice a little breathless from being startled by the force of this dog. She struggled a bit, the dog was strong, but finally she was able to push him back to the ground. She could feel a bit of a tingle between her thighs, but she blew off the feeling. She gripped the dog’s collar and attached the leash. “All right boy, do you want to go out? “ The dog barked, and then stood at the kennel gate. She opened it once more and then went out, the dog walking eager next to her. She had to struggle to keep him in line the whole time though. The dog was a walking hundred pounds of muscle!

Other than struggling to keep him in hand, for the dog had it in his mind things were going his way or no way, and her body could really do nothing to argue with him, the walk went uneventful. Seeing one of the first cars of the day pull up she sighed realizing it was time to put her new friend up for the time so she could open the shelter to the public. With a sigh she lead him back to his kennel, and put him back inside. As she bent over him, he lifted his large head and covered her face with his forceful demanding kisses. She laughed, only half trying to push him off, not thinking anything of this. She gave him a kiss back on top of his head. “ if your good Tank I will come back and see you before I leave.”

And so the day went on for Jen. It was busy so the time went fast. And finally the last car pulled away and she slumped back in the office chair with a sigh. Her mind right away went to Tank. She did promise to see him before she left. She took a couple of treats and made her way to his kennel. She slipped inside once more, closing the kennel door. She didn’t even get turned around.. She felt massive paws hit her in the back, and she slipped falling to the ground. She felt the dog’s weight on her, and she flushed, shifting her body to try and look at the massive animal. He started pawing at her and she rolled onto her back... her eyes spying the hint of redish pink showing from his furry sheath. She’d seen a dog’s cock before, but for some reason seeing his made her gasp, looking at the swelling up in his sheath. She sucked in a sharp breath, not having much time to look at it , as the large young rottie was nosing her, and licking at her. She put her hands up to protect her some what, and then felt a heavy push at her crotch. She looked down at him taking a big sniff. She swallowed hard. “Tank, no!” she scolded, reaching down to grab his head. The dog just wiggled and started nuzzling her again. She then gave him the treats, and spent a little bit of time petting him. Then she reluctantly left her new friend, locked up, and headed home for the day.

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## Part 2

The days continued on very much like the previous one for Jen. She would always say hi to all the dogs, saving Tank for last so she could spend extra time with him. Though instead of calming down he was getting more and more demanding for her and her time. He'd even go so far as to growl if he saw her walking by with another dog. Normally she discouraged this kind of behavior from the dogs, for it made it hard for them to get adopted. But she secretly enjoyed it from Tank. Hearing that possessive bark was starting to make her flush. To add to it, she was having trouble taking her mind of the big beautiful animal. She was enjoying the walks she took him on. Enjoying his kisses, and of course the joy she seemed to bring him when she was near. She had never had anyone seem to care about seeing her so much, well aside from her own dog at home.

She was slightly bothered by all this.. But it was something small, just something at the back of her mind. The week went by in a hurry, and Friday night she stopped by Tank's kennel, just like she did every night. He growled, then barked in his way that stated 'get in here now'. She chuckled at him, sliding into the kennel, not really thinking that she was giving into what the dog wanted. After all, any trainer knew that you couldn't let the dog think they were alpha, or problems would happen. Tank bounced a bit, but she was ready, he had knocked her down way to many times. However he did knock her back into the wall and started licking at her hands, and shoving his nose in her crotch. She just pushed him away a bit, it was typical dog behavior after all, and he was just the right size to hit there with that cold broad nose.

She knelt down, and he came up and pressed that large head against her breasts.. Snuffling softly, and she could feel his hot breath even through the work scrubs. It sent a shiver across her flesh. She wrapped her arms about him. "Well Tank, I won't be in to see you for a couple of days. It's my weekend. But take care and I'll be back on Monday... but maybe you'll get a home before then." Though there was a sadness in her voice, for once she rather hoped this one didn't get adopted. She knew she would miss him terribly. He seemed to do something was up and pressed his head harder against her, his large tongue licking what ever it could reach. After a few moments she stood to go, but as she tried to step out of the kennel, she heard an angry growl, then felt pressure on her leg. Turning her head, she saw Tank had grabbed a hold of her jeans and was trying to tug her back. "No Tank, bad dog!" she scolded, then gently removed her pants from his mouth. She then quickly stepped out of the kennel. "Good night and good weekend Tank." She gave his nose a last scratch through the kennel door, then took off, and headed home.

Later that night, Jen was back in the car, and strangely heading towards work again. She had a date. One she was rather looking forward to. However, she had forgotten her jacket at work and in it contained her ID, and since her date wanted to go out clubbing, it was something rather needed. She pulled into the shelter parking lot and climbed out of the car. Taking in a deep breath of the night time air. The wind played with her red hair which was down and loose. It also tugged at that short, school girl style skirt she was wearing, She could feel the slight bite to the wind as it brushed against the exposed parts of her flesh. She could feel her nipples hardening under the tight black tank top. She gave a shiver. "Burr! Looks like I needed my jacket anyway" She jogged quickly towards the door, her heels clicking softly over the pavement. She opened the door and slipped inside, hearing the dogs starting to wake up from their part of the shelter, as a couple of barks sounded off.

She went straight for the office, unlocking the door, and grabbing the jacket off the rack. She then locked up and was about to leave when through the other barks she heard a very familiar demanding one. She smiled softly, it was as if he knew she was here. What was the harm, she'd feel mean if she left without at least saying hi. She sat her jacket down on the counter and made her way towards the kennels. The shelter was dark, and she could see simply from the glowing exit signs. Her heels echoed with each step down the empty hall way. She reached the door to the dog area and slipped inside. She could see the kennels barely, the emergency safety lights giving off just a faint

hue. A few sleepy barks greeted her. But then a very demanding one.... Tank. He was wanting her to come see him. She made her way to his kennel, mainly by knowing the building layout then sight. She didn't want lights to be turned on so someone would wonder why someone was in the shelter this late. She stopped in front of his kennel. She could see him in there.. She his muscular outline, see the reflection of the lights glinting off those brown orbs. He barked again.. This time sounding more urgent. She felt the desire to do what he wished. It was mean to stand out here and not go in and give him attention, was it not?

She slipped into the kennel, closing it securely behind her, hearing the snick. Tank barked again... and jumped like she'd expected. She caught his paws, but her back hit the wall behind her. Heels slipping a bit on the slick floor causing her legs to spread. Tank didn't wait any time. Jumping off her, his head imidently went under her skirt. Just to discover she wasn't wearing anything underneath. He growled, she could feel the vibration against her... his cold nose sticking up against her slit. She gasped, eyes going wide with surprise. She tried to push his head away, but she couldn't get the leverage to without falling down on her ass. She griped the gate with her hand, trying to push it open, but it had of course been securely shut. "Tank! Stop..." She called to him, but he wasn't listening. Instead, the next moment she felt his warm strong tongue slide over the full length of her slit. A gasp slipped past her full lips again, staring down at the dog's form in shock. She tried to pull herself up, but her heels just slipped more, shoving his nose further into her crotch. He took that as an invitation, his tongue sliding over the sensitive flesh once more, then again.. Quicker, more forceful. She brought her free hand down to try to push it between her sex and his nose, and he growled, she could feel his teeth nipping at her sensitive areas, hearing his teeth making a chattering sound together. She quickly pulled her hand back. She could feel her nipples growing harder, and this time not from the cold. She could feel a sharp desire growing in her. One that scared her... She sucked in a deep breath knowing that she was starting to get damp.

Tank growled again, his tongue finding her hole. It roughly went up inside, lapping at that growing dampness, tasting her. All Jen could do was hold onto the gate to keep from going down, who knew what the large dog would do. She could feel her flesh heating up... feeling that tongue continuing to lap at her.. Feeling it roughly running over her clit, sliding in and out of her. Her muscles began to quiver, the feeling so intense. She'd never felt anything like it! It was amazing! Forgetting for a moment, he one giving her the wonderful sensations was a over demanding Rottie.

This continued on for a few moments, she feared he wouldn't ever stop. But finally she'd had to much, a loud moan slides past her lips. Feeling her muscles clench, feeling the pleasure just wash over her body. She was orgasming!! Tank could taste this, his tongue lapping at her even faster, drinking her juices as they flowed from her heated pussy. Her legs quivered, and she finally lost her balance, sliding to the floor. Her ass connecting with the hard concrete. Tank pulled up his head. Stared her straight in the eye... He was towering over her. His whole body just quivering there as she stared up at him. Oh shit! She thought. He growled low, she could see his silute quivering just like her legs were doing. He moved to step over her. He was so big! She tried to push him off, but he wouldn't budge. She struggled to try and get footing... but her heels wouldn't let her gain purchase on the ground. She felt something wet and slimy brush against her leg... glancing down, she could see the glistening red cock, partway out of it's sheath. She felt herself shiver... then she shook her head. She moved to try and roll over, to get on her knees to then pull herself off the ground. But the moment she turned over she felt a heavy weight on her back. Claws scraping against her skin. She tried to push up, but the weight of the creature on her back was to much. "Tank Get Down!" She said, trying to sound commanding, but her voice came out shaky....

She tried to push up again, and felt him nip at her shoulder, growling in a deep tone. His paws wrapped around her waist, she could feel his fur against her bare ass... and she struggled to take in a deep breath. She felt his wet cock pressing against her ass crack, and she tries to squirm away

from him. But his paws were locked in place, She couldn't get up! She felt him starting to hump her ass, his weight holding her down on her hands and knees. She felt him continuing to pump against her... his cock now having found the lips of her pussy. He was close to hitting home. Then she felt him.. That thick hard cock found the dripping wet opening.. Pushing inside her. She tried to move again, but Tank quickly drove himself hard and deep with in her. She cried out in shock and pleasure... feeling that massive cock inside her. He then started humping with force. She flushed with embarrassment over what was happening, and she was stuck... she was getting rapped by a dog!

\*She continued trying to pull free, but slowly she was wanting to less and less... the feel of him ramming himself hard into her was starting to send her into a state of ecstasy. He was humping her so hard that her breasts popped out of the low cut top. Hardened nipples scrapping against the cold concrete with every thrust that sent her body forward. She groaned again.. Feeling her wetness coating his cock. Then she felt a pressure at her opening.. Her eyes widened.. His knot! If he got that in her she really would be stuck! "Tank NO! I said No! " The dog didn't listen, instead moved himself faster against her. She felt herself stretching, and then felt that hard knot pop inside of her. She felt it expanding, filling her. She shivered with complete pleasure. That feeling.. It was wonderful.. Oh god she felt her muscled tightening around that knot. And a moment latter she felt herself going into another orgasm... the pleasure just washing over her.. Her here on her hands and knees under that moving mass of dominating muscle! She gasped, moaning.. The orgasm so intense. Then she felt him give a last few thrusts, he then climbed off her back slowly, turning around. She was curious, trying to pull forward, but found herself stuck, unable to move. Then she felt it... Felt him exploding inside her. It wasn't a simple thing either.. Wave after wave, she could feel his cum dumping inside of her, filling her up. She was still quivering and panting from her own release, but feeling that warm doggy cum filling her up was enough to send her over the edge.

She stayed there panting... unable to pull away from the dog... after about 20 minutes, she felt him slide free, followed by his cum and her juices spilling out of her over flowing pussy sliding it's way down her thighs. She was about to try and get up again, when she felt his tongue licking across her thighs. Then that warm rough tongue going back to her pussy, feeling him clean every last drop up. She shivered, enjoying the feeling, just standing there on hands and knees like his bitch.. Knowing in the back of her mind, this is what dogs did. A few moments latter he stopped, and stepped back . She could hear him panting. She pulled herself up slowly, her legs shaky, sucking in deep breaths. " Tank..." She said breathlessly. The dog just looked up at her.. If a dog could look smug, he did. She ran a hand through her now tasseled hair, smoothing the skirt down over her thighs. "I .. I have to go..." Tank didn't stop her. She left the kennel, closing the door behind her. Her steps were a bit wobbly as she walked away, tucking her breasts back into her shirt... the two sharp points still erect under the fabric.

She moved to the bathroom to clean up a bit before she met her date. She splashed cool water over her face.... Then used paper towels to wipe at her sex and thighs, and cleaned off her knees a bit. She hoped she didn't smell to much like sex... After cleaning up as best she could, though it would be hard to explain the scratches on her back and arms. She grabbed her jacket and left the shelter... and to her awaiting date.

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### **Part 3**

Jen's date was uneventful. She simply went through the motions, letting him talk about himself, and she would add head nods or shrugs to pretend she was paying attention. She sipped slowly on her drink, barely touching her food. Still having a flush to her cheeks for her mind was elsewhere.. The

events at the kennels, and of Tank. She couldn't pull her thoughts from the rottie. What had happened back there? It was wrong.. . wasn't it? Though.. If it was so wrong, then why was she turned on? Even now, sitting here thinking of that large muscular animal when she should be enjoying the company of her date. Her eyes shifted over Shane. He was a decent looking man, everything a girl could want. He was tall, dark, and handsome. Long hair, and the most attractive deep blue eyes. But something, something was missing. She took a deep breath letting it slowly, her firm thighs rubbing together under the table. She ignored it , well as best she could.

After what seemed like ages, the evening was over. Shane walked her to her car, opening the door for her. She smiled, thanking him for the nice evening. He bent down, his lips finding hers. She could taste him, eyes closing, enjoying the sensual kiss. When he pulled back, she flushed a bit. "Good night Shane, I apologise for my quiet attitude tonight. Work has me distracted and there is a lot to think about. Call me though, I would love to see you again. " She watches his face, watching his blue orbs search her face. She frowned slightly, she could tell he was searching for an invite. But that wasn't her mood at the moment. She would have to make this up to him. She lifted a hand, letting her finger tips brush against the man's cheek before moving to sit in her car.

"That's all right, Jen I understand." He spoke softly, a smile upon those handsome lips. " I will call you.." He sounded like he meant it. After a moment of watching the girl, he stepped back, pushing the car door shut. He stepped back, stuffing his hands in his pocket, watching for a moment longer before heading back to his own truck.

Jen drove home in silence. Not even bothering to turn on the radio... the sound of her tires upon the pavement echoing in her mind as she continued to think on the events of the night. The more she thought about it, the more worked up she became. She felt bad for the terrible night she had given her date, but she was in a slight bit of shock , simply for what had just happened to her. How often can one say they were rapped by a beast of a dog. Perhaps a few, perhaps it was normal. She shifted a bit in her car seat, letting herself think this to be true. But then her mind added... 'how many enjoyed it?'. Crimson darkened her pale cheeks. She was admitting it more and more to herself. That dog and what he had done, she had loved it. Loved every dirty, forceful second of it!

Sucking in a nervous breath, the swell of her breast pushing tightly against the fabric of her tank top. No matter, enjoyment or not, she would not allow it to happen again. She could not, it was morally wrong. She had no choice but to forget about it. She seemed to relax at this thought, giving a firm nod. It was settled, she could move on and live with this. She was feeling slightly better as she pulled into her drive way. She slowly got out of the car and went in for the night.

The night moved on like normal, getting ready for bed, then climbing in between the soft satin sheets. The material felt so good on her bare body, it was relaxing. She slowly closed her eyes, pulling the sheets up, the satin brushed against her still slightly erect nipples. She shifted a bit in bed, that feeling washing through her, the fluttering of her heart. She flushed once more realizing she was still worked up. This reminded her that she had yet to bath.. That flush deepened, she could feel the heat on her flesh. The dirty, yet arousing thought that traces of Tanks seed was still deep within her belly. She sucked in a sharp breath, dampness appearing upon her sex. Subconsciously she reached a hand down, slowly stroking against her clit.. Her mind imidently reminded of the feel of Tank's forceful tongue lapping at her, drinking from her.

Her heart pounded forcefully in her chest.. Her eyes closing as her finger strokes faster. She moves her hand, sliding a finger followed by a second into her slit.. Her thumb shifting to move over that sensitive bud. As she fingered herself she pictured that dogs cock sliding deep within her. That lustfulness of ever deep thrust. She gasped, her aroused state showing as her fingers dampened as they slid in and out of her. As her imagination worked it wasn't but a moment that she felt herself on

edge.. Craving more of what she had been introduced to early. She gasped loudly as her body quivered and trembled... the mere thought of that rottweiler inside of her sending her into deep ecstasy.

She rode through the feeling, letting it just wash through her. When it subsided she relaxed, panting for air. Her body feeling excited still though worn out...exhausted. Her eyes closed once more, and she drifted off to sleep. Her dreams were focused that night. Replaying the night, with every detail clear as when it happened.

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The rest of her weekend was painfully slow. Her mind unable to focus on much, but she found things to distract her. And then Monday rolled around once more, and she found herself heading back to work. Her first stop was of course to see the dogs in the kennels, and more importantly, her last stop. She stood before the kennel, emerald orbs gazing over the firm muscular lines of the black and tan creature within. Her tongue darts out to moisten her lower lip, just seeing him was effecting her. Never in her life had she felt like this. She felt ashamed, yet excited at the same time.

She went through the day as she always did, but it was hard to do her work. She kept thinking of Tank, every time she did her heart would flutter excitedly. She had never viewed herself as a completely sexual person, and yet if she were male she knew she would have gone through the entire day with a hard on. But somehow she had managed the day. It was her turn to lock up, and after everyone had left she let out a audible sigh of relief. She checked all the doors, then made her way to the kennels once more. She after all couldn't leave without saying good night to Tank.

The kennel was dark, only the fading light from the setting sun cast any illumination upon the canines inside. She didn't need to see to find Tank's kennel. She slipped inside, latching the door behind her. Tank stretched lazily, regarding her carefully. He neither seemed extremely excited, nor angry to see her. His head leaned forward, and she could tell he was sniffing her.

She smiled slightly, her hand moving to scratch his soft fur, right behind his ear. After a moment he leaned into the touch and she smiled more. "Good boy. I missed you" She cooed softly, as that little stub of a tail he had wagged back and forth. After a few minutes of petting and loving on him, she moved to leave the kennel. As her fingers found the latch she heard a low growl. She turned to peer at Tank. He was standing completely still, head lowered slightly. He barked once, it was his not happy bark. She froze for a second. In that moment of hesitation, the large dog, shifted forward, shouldering his way between her and the kennel. This startled her, for Tank though forceful had never acted aggressive, especially towards her. Her lower lip found its way between her teeth as she chewed down on it, forced to take a step back.

Tank stood there, body ridged. He growled low again, stepping towards her, forcing her back against the kennel wall. Her back connected with the cold concrete, eyes wide, a bit startled as she stared at the large rott. She was here alone, he could take her down in a heart beat! That massive head leaned forward, and suddenly shoved his muzzle right into the crotch of her jeans. Taking in deep breaths. Jen could feel the arousal, even in her frightened state start to build. She could feel that heat starting to rise from between her thighs. She watched the expression on the rott's face change. Though that change scared her even more. He shoved his head more firmly into her crotch. She tried to push his head away. "No Tank.. Bad dog!" She said in her most firm voice. The dog moved his head back, but he growled deeply, his lips rising. She could see that flash of white of those dangerous canines. He lifted a paw, and brought it down across her thigh with a fair amount of force. She could feel his claws through the fabric of her jeans.

What was wrong with him? She moved along the wall, trying to move back towards the kennel. Tank



barked again, blocking her. His head shoving roughly against her crotch again , forcing her to fall back against the wall. She could feel his tongue trying to lick at her through the jeans. She shivered, getting an idea of what he wanted. She flushed a bit, her fingers moving to the button of her jeans, flicking it open, then slowly unzipped them. Tank heard this and stepped back, cocking his head to the side. He watched her, letting her do this. She slowly slipped the jeans off, moving to push them to the side. She could feel the cool breeze of the kennel hitting against her damp sex. Tank didn't hesitate, his head once more finding it's way between her bare thighs, forcing them apart. His tongue started to lick up against her, showing his hunger. Lapping up those juices. She gasped, his licking almost more intent than the first night, if that was possible. That strong tongue easily finding her pussy, sliding deep within it, then back out across her clit. Her knees almost went weak.

Feeling her change of posture, Tank shifted, jumping up on her side, starting to hump at the air. She shifted having to catch the side wall for balance. That was the only opening he needed. Jumping up again his paws sliding around her waist, his weight pressing into her bringing her down to her knees. She could feel him humping her still, feeling his wet slimy cock against the side of her thigh. As he shifted against her, feeling his fur against her firm ass, feeling that cock against her as he moved into place. It didn't take him long to get in the proper position, herself once more on her hands and knees under his power.

She felt like a bitch at the moment, Tank's bitch.. That thought scared her, and yet, she could feel that heat cause her to squirm, and as her thoughts followed this pattern she felt him give a powerful shove, sliding that hard cock deep within her wanting pussy. She gasped, hips rocking back against him, fingers curling against the cool cold concrete. The thrusts continued, they were quick, powerful and full of lust. He was claiming her again. He had demanded her, and she had complied. She quivered beneath the muscular sex driven animal. His thrusts hard and to the point, Gentleness was not in his nature.

Moments later she felt that thickness pressing against her opening. Without any more warning he gave another powerful thrust, shoving it deep within her, expanding her. Making her take him fully without any mercy. That was to much for her, her own body demanding release as her muscles trembled, and tightened around that hard knot that had expanded within her. Her juices surrounding his cock, sliding down her pussy. He gave a couple more thrusts and then she could feel the warmth of him exploding within her. Feeling her with spurt after spurt of his cum. Her own pleasure continued on, the feeling seeming to never end. She panted, gasping for breath, eyes wild and open. Her red tresses in a tangled mess around her face, tiny beads of sweat causing the hair to stick to her cheeks.

Tank continued to shoot his cum into her until his knot had shrunk, then he plopped out of her. He gave a couple of licks up her thighs as his and her own juices spilled out of her used sex. Then with a huff he went and laid down, leaving the mess for her to clean up. She collapsed right there, her heart racing, her chest heaving. She trembled from the exerted energy... the cool cement welcome against her bare hot flesh.

As she laid there her mind wondered over things, of course a few realizations coming to her. For one, she realized, that unless she chose not to enter his kennel ever again, she would have to comply to him. She also realized that he had claimed her, she was his bitch. He was made to breed, and she was who he desired to breed with. This made her shiver, eyes rolling to look up at him with new admiration and fondness. With a tired sigh, her eyes closed once more, and she dozed off...right there in the kennel.

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## Part 4

She didn't know how long she had dozed off, but she awoke to a warm tongue caressing her cheek. She blinked sleepily and stretched, feeling a bit stiff on that cold cement floor. She sat up slowly, and Tank nudged her. She peered into those intense brown eyes of his, a smile sliding to her lips. "What am I going to do with you?" She murmured, lifting a hand to scratch under his chin. That tiny stump of a tail of his wriggled back and forth. She then slowly stood up. She peered out the window, good it was still dark out. She hadn't slept too long, but she did need to get home. She started to open the kennel door, and she heard whining behind her. "It's okay Tank, I'll be back in a few hours for work." The dog looked sad, but he let her go. She blew him a kiss as she latched the gate, and made her way from the building and then home.

Once home she tossed her keys on the table and got ready for bed. Pausing long enough to let her own dog out, and feed her. All the while her mind wondering about Tank. She couldn't shake the dog from her mind. She peered about her small house. She would have room for one more. She would have to. She couldn't bare to have anything happen to Tank. And heaven forbid, someone else adopt him. With her mind made up, she went to bed. Sleep found her quickly, and dreams of the dominant rottie flooded her mind.

The alarm went off far too early for her taste... she groaned, rolling over and slamming on snooze. Though when it went off for the second time, she cursed under her breath, and moved to get up and start the day. She dressed quickly, ran a brush through her hair, and then out the door and to work she went. The day was like any other, falling quickly into her routine. She clocked in, made her rounds, stopping of course to see Tank. She took him on his morning walk, and then went to check the Euthanasia list. She froze when she saw a name on it. Tank's name. She paled, dropping the clipboard from her hand. The reason she'd seen was aggression. She wondered what had happened. She took off quickly for her boss's office. Hoping to right this situation.

She slowed when she reached the door. Lifting a nervous hand she knocked, waiting for acknowledgment before entering. It took a couple moments, then she heard the deep voice of her boss mumble an enter. She slid open the door and stepped in. She closed the door tightly behind her. Green eyes scanning the well muscled, tanned form of her boss. Generally she liked the guy. He was firm, to the point, but good with the animals, and at least made a show of trying to listen to his employees.

The man looked up at her, giving her an even gaze. He was probably about five years older than her, though he often looked tired and worn, giving him a much older appearance. She wouldn't want his job. Being a tech was bad enough, but a director was so much more taxing on one's body. And the decisions he was stuck with making. She just couldn't do it. "Yes Jen? Is there something I can help you with?" His dark brow raised as he turned his chair to face her more. He clasped his hands loosely in his lap.

She took in a deep breath. It was general policy to not ask to have animals removed from the list. As everyone had their favorites, but they had to be fair. And everyone knew how hard it was to put an animal on the list, and generally they were not put on without a reason. But questioning the decision was always hard on the staff member that placed the animal there in the first place. "Yes, Brandon. I am sorry to bother you, I know you are busy. But I had a question about the Euthanasia list. \* She fidgeted slightly. "It's about Tank. I was wondering. If there was any other way? I.. I was going to adopt him." She looked at him, almost pleadingly with those soft green eyes of hers. A hopeful look on her face.

Brandon sighed, lifting a hand to his temple. He shook his head slowly. "Some how I had a feeling

that's why you stepped in here this morning. I'm sorry Jen. But he is starting to show way to many signs of aggression. I know your attached to him. But with that behavior he doesn't pass his temperament test, so shouldn't be allowed up for adoption. Even to you. I know you are more then capable of handling the dog. But if we make acceptions , and he does bite someone, you know the shelter is liable." He sucked in a breath, pushing to his feet he walked over to her. His hand moving to place on her shoulder. He gave a gentle squeeze. " I'll give you till tonight with him though. " With that he moved passed her and left the office.

She just stared after him. He left, she couldn't even plead Tank's case. What was she going to do? She felt tears welling up in her eyes. She remembered all her nights with Tank, and just last night she had decided to make him a member of her family. She lifted a hand to her face, brushing away a tear that had started to make it's way down the pale flesh of her cheek. She left the office quickly. Near sprinting she made her way to Tanks kennel. She threw open the door and dropped to her knees, wrapping her arms around the dog's large and slightly startled form.

Tank wasn't sure what was going on, but the dog's head turned and nuzzled Jen's head as the girl just hugged him. There had to be something she could do!?! Some how she had to be able to save him from his fate. It wasn't his fault. He wasn't aggressive, just on the dominant side. What was she going to do?

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## **Part 5**

Jen didn't know how long she stayed there, but eventually she pulled herself away from the muscular dog. He whined at her, like he tended to do when she left, though his tail waged slightly. She just gave him a sad smile, and shut and locked the kennel. She wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand, drying them. She had to go about the day. She had all day with him, but that didn't mean she was going to be able to skip her responsibilities. So she set about it. The tasks she did however just filled her with dread and unhappiness, knowing what was going to have to happen at the end of the day.

The whole day she was distracted. Though she pretended she was okay. Giving customers a fake smile, and doing what she could to pair families with the right dog or cat for their homes. Usually that made her happy, made her job worth doing. For the animals she had to put down, she at least made sure several found a perfect forever home where they were loved and cherished and pampered. Like she wanted to do with Tank. Every time she thought about him, she paled a bit. Normally it excited her a little bit, but this time she just was filled with worry. Every free moment she had, she was with him in his kennel. Giving him treats, giving him attention. Showing she cared for him. He seemed to know something was wrong though. Those looks he gave her every time she left. Though he never once tried to stop her. Like he knew that wouldn't be a good idea.

The day came to an end. She wished it wasn't closing time for the first time in her time working there. However the ability to turn back time was not in her grasp. She dragged her feet while doing closing duties with her co-worker. Emily didn't ask what was wrong, she like all the other people Jen worked with, knew what it was like to have the dogs or cats they liked on the "list". They also all knew Jen's liking of Tank. So they worked side by side in silence. When all but Tank was complete Emily gave Jen a helpless look.

Jen sighed and then she shook her head. "I'll tell you what. Why don't' you draw the stuff up for me, then you can go. I'm going to go take the big guy for a last walk and give him his favorite treats so he at least enjoys the last few moments, and doesn't remember that dreary kennel as the last thing

he saw." She looked hopeful. Normally, especially on a dog that size, techs were not supposed to eutho alone. She saw the hesitation on Emily's face, and her heart dropped a bit. She couldn't keep her co-worker here any longer, but she wasn't exactly completely ready to say good bye yet. Then at long last Emily nodded.

"Just be careful, If the boss comes back in, I'll just say I had an emergency with the kid or something. I'll leave the juice on the Counter." She reached out and squeezed Jen's shoulder, and went to go draw up the drugs.

Jen took a deep breath and went and grabbed a leash and headed to Tank's Kennel. As usual the rottie knew she was coming, and he was upfront at the gate, staring at her. He wasn't barking, nor wagging his tail this time. Just staring at her. His eyes calculating. Sometimes she thought he was way to smart for his own good. She knew he knew something was up. She gave him a small smile, as she opened the kennel door. She hooked the leash to his collar and he walked out into the isle with her. He continued to stare however, waiting on her. She patted his head gently then headed for the door, and he simply padded along gently beside her.

Outside, she took in a deep breath, and started to head towards the grassy park that neighbored the shelter. She took him to the pond, and to see the geese. The whole time he seemed disinterested, just wanted to stand close to her, and watch her. Some how that just made her heart melt. She wasn't fooling him any, but at least she was getting to spend time with him. After what only seemed like a few min she started to head back. She glanced at her watch, Shit! it'd been a couple hours, she really had been dragging her feet. "I'm sorry Tank, time to go say good bye." She murmured softly, the first words she'd said since she had taken him from the kennel. Her steps were slow, as she headed for the back door to go back inside.

She knew the front area would have been locked up when Emily left. Once inside, Tank started to walk towards his kennel, but Jen stopped him with a gentle tug. "Sorry boy, not going back there." she whispered, warm tears starting to roll down her cheeks. The kennel was loud, so she wasn't sure if Tank heard her or not. All the other dogs wanting their time out on leashes to. Each one announcing it's jealousy that Tank was out. Though if they knew where he was going they wouldn't be so jealous. She walked almost on auto pilot to the exam room where they took care of these things. Once inside she closed the door and dropped the leash. "I don't want to do this Tank. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me and know I love you." She moved to the counter, 2 syringes filled with stuff. One, was clear, the other blue. One was to put him to sleep, the other, to finish the job. She choked back a sob, then turned and dropped to her knees wrapping her arms around him again. She needed to get this done however, or she'd never have the nerve.

She stood once more turning away, and she heard a famillure growl. She looked over her shoulder.. Tank's posture had changed. To one that even in her upset mood made her heart skip. She felt her sex start to tingle as he stared at her. After a few moments of locked eye contact, and her not doing anything, he barked once. Loud. Deep. Demanding. Now wasn't really the time... but... how could she say no, this was maybe his last request. She was still taking to long, so he growled again. She nodded this time, and moved to undo her pants. Her eyes still on him, and his tail waged a couple times to show that she was doing what he wanted. Once her pants were off, he stuck his cold nose firmly up into her crotch, she could feel his hot breaths as he sniffed her. She eased down so she was on her knees in front of him, he lifted his head and barked at her again. That same one commanding bark.

She swallowed hard, , feeling her nipples harden beneath her work top. She shifted a moment to take it off, then slipped her bra off. Before she could do anything, tank moved his head and gave one firm breast a good licking. Running that tongue firmly over one of the erect nipple. This made her

shiver. Some of her sadness washed away by the arousal she was feeling. Her mind drifted back to tank as he was now staring eye to eye at her. The look most would gain fear from. She did as well, but not the same kind. That growl came again, and she knew what he wanted. She turned and dropped to her hands, so she was on her hands and knees, with her ass to him. It took only seconds and she felt that massive weight, jumped on top of her. He wasn't messing around tonight it seemed. She could feel him starting to hump her rear, that quick powerful motion of an animal with one desire in mind. She gasped as she felt that head of his cock sliding against her sex. It took him a few seconds to make it where he needed to go. His thrust so violent and filled with a need to breed. To breed with her! She moaned in pleasure feeling his claws digging into her skin as one more powerful thrust sent him deep deep inside her. And there he continued to go at it. She was panting heavy. Feeling that wonderful dog deep in her, feeling that knot pressing at her pussy lips.

She couldn't believe this would be the last time he'd take her like this. Or at all. But no! she wasn't going to think about that right now. She was going to enjoy this and make sure he enjoyed it too. She nearly screamed as that knot slipped inside her. Her orgasm hitting her hard as the feeling of that knot and his cock deep with in her, claiming her as his bitch was the most wonderful sensation possible. The feeling of his warm seed splattering inside her followed. She'd at least have part of him tonight with her as she slept. She sat there, shivering in delight as he jumped off her and turned. His ass against hers, obviously she was going to be stuck there for a few moments. But being tied with him didn't bother her. At least not now.

She was lost in her mind, thinking only of this and not what she was going to have to do, when the door burst open. She screamed in startlement, eyes going to the door. Thoughts of it being her boss, or a co-worker or maybe even the cops filled her mind. Her cheeks turned a bright shade of red, as she looked to the door quickly, already trying to move but couldn't for the large rottie cock still inside her. She wasn't going anywhere. But what was even worse, is her eyes came face to face with a gun. She rolled her eyes up past the gun, to see a guy she'd not seen before, with a rugged appearance and his long hair pulled back into a pony tail, holding the said gun, obviously not a cop. She gulped hard, she didn't know what was worse, being caught like this, or the gun in her face. Tank started growling, but he, like her was rather stuck. She felt him tug, it hurt, and more than likely hurt him because he stopped.

"Don't move bitch. And keep that dog still too." The guy demanded as a couple more sets of foot steps entered the room.

"What was the noise, did you find out" someone else stated as they came into view a moment later. "Well well well..... what have we here?" The voice sneered, and as she saw this guy had a similar rugged appearance, but something completely nasty rested more in those hazel eyes that stared down at her. "We came for drugs, and a few dogs, and looks like we get a bitch too." He smiled. Something in his look told her he was amused, but also that she didn't like what he just said.

"Just go.." She mumbled shakily, she couldn't help the fact her voice was shaking, or the fact she was as red as a lobster. She dropped her eyes to stare at the ground." I won't tell anyone, I'll say the robbery happened after I left. Believe me.. I won't tell.... Just take what you want."

The guy had turned from her and was looking at the things on the counter behind them. "Oh deary they all say that. But thank you, I shall take what I want. Just like your little friend there." He nodded towards Tank. Then His eyes went back to her, almost calculating. He picked up something off the counter and moved towards her. "You just made my night huney. Don't think I've ever seen something like this. I'd say you have issues. But I think you know that." He moved closer, and to a position where she couldn't see what he was doing. Then felt a sharp stick in the curve of her ass. Followed by a sharp stinging pain. "There That should do it for you at least." He rubbed the area

where the needle went in. She just stared dumb founded at him when he came back to view. She didn't feel anything yet but knew in a moment she would. "Now for your friend I don't' don't think you are going anywhere. " He muttered and walked away messing with a few things on the wall. She could still hear Tank Growling but he wasn't able to do anything. at least not yet. She felt him starting to slip out of her, but she simply collapsed on the floor. Everything was getting dark and blurry. She could hear a commotion, but didn't know what was going on and couldn't seem to move to find out. Then darkness.