

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sarah, the university director assistant looks down at university lawns where Vicky discuss with her housemate Angela.

Vicky is doing great, considering she had only one hour of training since last week. She might indeed be a natural. Director did say that it was important for trainees to play, to get to know his Dane. He said it will ease them into accepting him as a legitimate partner. Based on what we can see so far, Vicky would do wonder mastered by Dane. Very much unlike the annoying Angela she befriended.

I must say Dane know how to spot naturals. That Vicky, so green, a newcomer. I saw her arriving last week.

[flashback~

She was moving in her campus dormitory, very much likely driven by her parents hopes and ambitions, and unmistakably delivered right into Dane paws, like so many other before her. Dane spotted her right away as she stepped out of the car. I can only assume that it was her luscious demeanor that attracted him. Slightly dozed out from the trip, she looked both wildly untamed, yet completely docile. The same feeling you get from EDM dancers at summer festival. Her messy hairs were pulled into a chaotic ponytail. Her fair face was only troubled by traces of watermelon gloss. She wore smoky eye shadow, together with thick dark and flat eyebrows, Korean style. That contrasted with her cheek's gentle and wavy curves.

She was wearing a loose unicorn t-shirt that gleefully played with the sun rays. The t-shirt itself was long enough to cover most part of her skirt. It surely was the scantiest pink vinyl skirt a pair of girly thighs ever supported. She obviously was accustomed to use fashion as a mere weapon to spread lustful desire.

She was simply re-adjusting her zip to its frontal position when Dane sneakily approached, probably tempted by her fragrance. I could smell it too, perched from the hill. It was that arousing fragrance any girl spending hours snuggled on a shuddering back seat behind warm window generally diffuse. The fragrance horny girls unconsciously spread to charm the world.

Dane did not waste a second, relentlessly targeting at the familiar scent trapped underneath her vinyl. Taken aback from her comatose state, her brain did not even have time to decipher her senses information, as Dane tongue was already savoring every centimeter of accessible skin, launching bold exploration toward her panty's moist.

She seemed flattered by the surprising attack, yet pulled back Dane's collar from between her legs, probably to assess the best possible course of action. She tried to refrain the dog's passion without hurting him, but Dane was determined and inexorably found his way through, digging his nose back in to explore Vicky legs' tent.

Alarmed by the scene, Vicky's boorish parents came to her rescue and hushed Dane away. Well that's what I thought back then. They fooled me good. As always, that was Director's cue to intervene:

Director: "Stop at this instant! Why are you attacking my poor dog? Miscreants."

Vicky's father: "What? Your... your... mongrel... could not stop assaulting my daughter. Wait that I refer this to the dean, we'll get this bastard put down. Who are you anyway to keep such beast unleashed?"

Director: "I'm the director of this campus, and from what I see, your daughter is the one

assaulting my dog, pulling him viciously by the collar, while you ruffians are shamelessly molesting him even more. Look at him, he would not hurt a fly."

Dane knew his part, and was lightly whining head down.

Director: **"What is that name of yours? I'll immediately contact administration to have your family of... of... peasants... removed from our noble institution."**

Vicky realized the reality of the menace over her future education, and meekly interrupted to prevent further escalation.

Vicky: **"Soo... sorry sir, it's my fault. I got scared' is all."**

Docile humility fitted her childish endeavors to perfection. I could imagine how Director's imagination, easily ignited in such circumstances, was running amok. As he described to me later, he was already visualizing 'Dane's fur coating her womanhood, front legs belting her bitchesuit, while she gently welcomes his knot home'.

Director: **"Is that something to be questioned? Of course, it's your fault. Apologizing is the very least you could do."**

Director's stern look produced the desired effect, and she immediately redirected her attention back to Dane, tickling his tummy, extending caress, and going as far as attempting to hug it out shyly.

Director: **"Well, your education is in obvious need of improvement. Dane is of noble breed, pure pedigree, not a common bastard nor one of your fellow friends. Show proper deference and treat him with no lesser respect than you'd have for me."**

Vicky: **"I... I... certainly mister."**

Feeling the eye of the storm nearly ending, the little pixie used all her charms to appease the situation. She was clearly very good at that already. Minx eyes, though clearly faked, did positively convey that pleasing in order to avoid trouble was part of her basic survival instinct. Feeling that he ought to nurture such good behavior, director rewarded her attempt by playing along.

Director: **"I bet people have trouble staying mad at such pretty smile. What's your name?"**

Vicky: **"Vicky... Mister Director."**

She moaned softly; Director loved it.

Director: **"So, Vicky, I'll put that on the account of a clear lack of proper education, which you're not the one to blame for."**

Vicky's father seemed on the verge of explosion, which Vicky quickly defused throwing him a stare, effectively sending him off with her luggage into the dorm. Director dared to push further.

Director: **"The vocation of our institution is after all to help people like you. Helping them to elevate and rejoin us in the civilized world. As you are in dire need of proper behavioral guidance, I will take it as a real-life test for our organization to have you fully trained. You will be the secret tester of our new program from behavioral science department, free of charge of course. If the program is not able to have you learn and earn your role into society by year end, I will cancel it and cut their budget for years to come."**

As the quick learner she was, Vicky pushed the puppy eyes tactic tenfold to ease her way out, eyelashes waltzing over her shadowy eyes. She respectfully reverted with shallow gratitude and vain banalities the Director could not care less about. The fish was biting, and I knew we had a new member in our club.

Director: “In exchange though, our pet club still need volunteers for this year, it’d only be a fair compensation for you to help them. Registration is to be made tomorrow 8 pm at Sarah’s pet shop on Mainland Street. Let me contact them so that they can arrange your onboarding. They have a four weeks program you will have to attend first before you can help on the volunteering they provide.”

A cute frown escaped Vicky’s will and landed on her face. Director’s intimating resolve downing on her quickly reminded her that compliance was a safer bet.

Vicky: “Sure Mister Director. Thanks. That’d be my pleasure... I...”

The end of her sentence forever lost. Director walked away, teaching her how his disdain value her opinion. He wasn’t two meters away that Dane was already back to his antics. His muzzle joyfully circling and lurking around the scent emanating from her vinyl skirt. I could hear his excited growls as Vicky’s father continued to unload her car. My phone obviously rang. Director started to detail the plan he had for her. She was not to follow the standard bitch training. No...! Her parents were indeed far more ambitious, and Director’s creativity designed such a perfect program to channel Vicky’s impetuosity, I was speechless. A real dedication to shape bold and sumptuous vision. I enlisted Vicky, slightly envious of such care.

~ flashback].

Now a week later and look at them four. Vicky is already letting Dane play and taste her vagina further, deeper. She’s getting accustomed to obeying the ordering pull around her neck, as Dane manipulate her secret leash. Her training is well on track. She’d soon be able to reap the fruit... I mean Dane will. Angela though... yuck! Miss prefect pain in the ass. Director’s mind seems lost over her though, unlike last year.

Look at how unaware his hand is moving as it reaches down to caress the pile of hair below. I could hear a “Good dog... goood dooog” escaping his indolent lips.

“Thanks.”

Vicky’s nervously peppy voice finally breaches the director’s lethargy. She was still trying to safeguard herself from Dane’s persistent impulse without triggering their ire.

Director is now looking around, probably reviewing late summer’s blooming youth strolling around.

Director: “Dane!”

I know that this is his way to urge his dog to hunt for new playmates. Vicky should be happy to be temporarily released from her unknown duty.

Dane disappears in a whiz, already seeking future partners, and more members for us to train.

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Thanks!

Max Kwoa