

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



As the sun began to descend beneath the hills outside the K. Lindsey Canine Shelter, Amber rose from her desk and stepped up to the front door, locking it for the night. She peered out the window to see if she could find her boyfriend's car in the parking lot, but obviously he hadn't arrived yet, so she let the blinds fall and left the window to head to the back of the lobby. Since she still had a little time, she decided to give the facility a last look-over before she left. Opening the door to where the animals were kept, she poked her head inside and smiled. From the look of it, most of the dogs had already bedded down for the night. Amber had loved dogs ever since she was a little girl, especially those that didn't have a home of their own, so when she turned eighteen she couldn't wait to volunteer at the shelter to be able to give the neglected animals the attention she felt they deserved.

Amber was a short teenager with blonde hair that fell past her shoulders, and a well developed, though certainly not overweight, figure. She wasn't a particularly bright girl, but she made up for her lack of intelligence by having an eager and honest personality. It was this personality that had quickly won over those at the K. Lindsey Canine Shelter, though her penchant for dressing in provocative outfits certainly hadn't hurt her reputation with the mostly middle-aged male members of the staff. Today she was wearing a light blue halter top which fell just above her belly button, a short, white pleated skirt, white cotton panties and plain brown sandals. She had been volunteering at the shelter for nearly six months and had gotten to know most of the long-term canine residents of the facility by name.

The girl walked along the hallway lined with bars that separated one kennel from the next, glancing from left to right to make sure that the locks were secure on the cage doors, and to check that each of the dogs had water in their food bowls enough to last the night should they want a drink. As she made her quick rounds she heard a barking coming from the back, and she quickly went to investigate. It sounded as if it was coming from the fenced-in play yard behind the building. Could someone have taken out one of the dogs to get some exercise and then left for the night without bringing them back inside? Well it wouldn't have been the first time. Amber peeked out the back door and saw Mickey, a large grey Irish wolfhound rolling around in the grass. Shrugging her shoulders, she grabbed a spare leash from a hook beside the door and went out to get him.

It was breezy but not especially cool as she stepped outside into the yard, crossing to the middle and calling the dog's name. "Mickey, Hey Mickey! Come here, boy! Time to go to bed." When Mickey heard her familiar voice he turned and bounded across the grass to meet her, and when they came together he leaped up, placing his large paws on her shoulders, pushing her back. She stumbled on one of the many squeak toys left strewn across the area and fell back onto the grass, and Mickey pounced on her, licking her face with his big wet tongue. She laughed and stroked his flank, but as she reached for his collar to attach the leash, she heard another dog barking behind her. Turning her head she saw Buck, an even larger brown great dane, stepping up to join the pair. Buck bent his head down and joined Mickey licking Amber's face and she reached up to scratch his floppy ears.

"Ok, boys, time to get up and get you two back in your cages," she said. But as she turned underneath Mickey he pushed her face down in the grass again and pinned her in place, he and Buck now licking her ears and the back of her neck. She giggled and managed to rise up on her hands and knees beneath the wolfhound, but Mickey wasn't ready to let her get away. He placed his paws on the middle of her back, his one hundred and twenty pounds making it impossible for the smaller girl to get up. As the animal's excitement grew, he began to hump against Amber's backside the way that dogs sometimes do, and Amber shook her head. "Bad Dog!" she exclaimed, though Buck was still licking her face and mouth, making it difficult to speak. As Mickey thrust against Amber, her white pleated skirt rode up over her waist, and as he began to grind against her bottom, the tip of his dark red dog cock began to emerge from its sheath.

Meanwhile Buck, not wanting to be left out of the fun, stopped licking Amber's lips and reared up, trying to put his paws on top of her. He kept slipping as the girl's blue halter top was pulled up over her back and shoulders, eventually bunching up around her neck, leaving her bare breasts exposed to the breeze. Finally he found purchase, digging his claws into her shoulder blades. As he began to hump the air in front of her face, Amber's field of vision was filled with the great dane's loins, his unbelievably thick cock already extending in front of her, dripping with pre-cum. She had never seen anything like it before, and the sight of it only encouraged her to try harder to get away from the pair of horny beasts. But between the two dogs there was more than enough power to keep the teenager pinned beneath them.

As Mickey continued to enthusiastically thrust against Amber's hips, the weight of the dogs began to push her downward, and her knees began to spread apart in the grass, leaving her panty-clad pussy more clearly exposed for him. As she struggled wildly beneath the dogs, the crotch of her panties shifted enough to the side that the tip of Mickey's penis was able to get past their protection, and with one powerful thrust the animal buried itself inside her. Amber had never even slept with her boyfriend, and the feeling of the wet doggy cock forcing its way into her virgin pussy, tearing her hymen in the process, made her cry out in shock and pain. But her protests were quickly cut off as Buck, his giant member fully extended now, found her lips and pushed into her mouth.

Both of the dogs on top of Amber began thrusting even more eagerly, forcing themselves deeper inside her, and Amber's eyes went wide with surprise as she felt the knot at the base of Mickey's cock pressing against her pussy. She couldn't believe how thick it was, like feeling a small baseball pushing inside her pussy, and she tried to whimper and cry, but at the same time Buck was beginning to force his way down her throat, muffling whatever noise she was attempting to make. As both animals began to ejaculate in earnest, doggy cum began to run down her lips and chin as well as filling her tightly stuffed cunt.

Amber's senses were overwhelmed with the smell and taste of Buck's dog spunk, and her sex was throbbing as it was stretched to the breaking point by Mickey's knot. Her head was spinning and her whole body was trembling, and she was too frightened and humiliated to realize that she was rocking her hips against the wolfhound's thrusts. A buzzing filled her ears as pleasure began to mix with the pain spreading out from her pussy, and before she knew it she was trying to moan around Buck's enormous shaft. The passion began to overtake her and in moments she was climaxing hard. Her elbows gave way and she fell forward into the grass, her bottom sticking up in the air, still impaled on Mickey's knot, and Buck slipped out of her open mouth, squirting the last of his watery seed on her face and hair.

As Amber clawed at the grass, lost in the overwhelming sensation of orgasm, Mickey tried to dismount her, though his bulging knot was still tied up in her tight sex. Eventually they were facing away from each other, pressed bottom to bottom, as Amber felt the wolfhound's engorged member slowly soften inside her. But before Mickey had slipped free, Buck moved to stand over Amber's head and, lifting his leg, he began releasing a stream of piss upon the side of her face. It ran down her cheek and into her open mouth, mixing its own taste with the flavor of his cum on her tongue. The added humiliation of it made Amber's body shudder with another small climax while Mickey finally pulled away from her sex. It was just at this moment that another noise penetrated the haze filling Amber's consciousness. It was her boyfriend's voice, and it surprised her enough that she lifted her messy face from the grass to see him standing, wide eyed, on the other side of the fence.

(Later...)

"Amber, could you come into my office, please?"

Amber was in the animal sanctuary, filling up food dishes for the morning, when she heard her boss's voice calling out to her from the front lobby. She quickly straightened up and sat the bag of Doggie Chow down, adjusted her short black skirt that had ridden up over the curve of her behind, then hurried out into the lobby. Mister Knowles, the shelter's manager, had always been nice to her, but nonetheless she knew that it would be rude to keep him waiting. She waved to the other volunteer who was manning the front desk as she bustled past, then opened the door to the managers's office, popping her head inside. "You wanted to see me, Mister Knowles?" she inquired politely.

Mister Knowles smiled at the teenage girl, gesturing for her to come in and have a seat. "You are one of our most enthusiastic volunteers, Amber. We are very lucky to have a girl like you working for us here at K. Lindsey Canine Shelter. Its obvious to everyone on staff that you truly are passionate about dogs." The manager gave the young volunteer a warm smile as he said this, wanting to communicate to her just how appreciated she really was at the shelter.

Of course Amber had no idea just exactly how closely Mister Knowles and the other staff members had been watching her over her short time as a volunteer. She hadn't a clue about the tiny surveillance cameras that had been installed both inside and around the property in order to document every event at K. Lindsey. A few nights ago one of the men in charge of reviewing the tapes had brought a clip he'd isolated to Mister Knowles' attention. It had been recorded a week previously from one of the cameras fixed above the play yard behind the building, and it had caught Amber in a very compromising position.

Mister Knowles let the video clip play in his head as he looked across the desk at the teenage girl. He had a hard time believing that this sweet young woman had been down on all fours in the open air, taking on two of the larger members of the shelter's population, one from behind and one in her pretty little mouth. By now the entire staff had watched the video recording many, many times, though Mister Knowles had admonished them not to let Amber know what they had seen, at least not before the shelter had a chance to use the information to their advantage.

K. Lindsey was a very high end animal shelter, and their expenses were commensurate with the quality of care they provided to their dogs. The facility had a few wealthy sponsors who helped to keep it afloat in lean times, but occasionally they had to invent other methods of fundraising. This is how the "Adoption Days" started at K. Lindsey. These were open houses of a sort, though they were anything but open. Invitations were extended to a very select number of well heeled men and women who shared the shelters passion for dogs. Well, passion wasn't exactly the right word. Infatuation...attraction...lust? Those were more direct descriptions. Some of the members enjoyed engaging in "play" with the animals themselves, but the vast majority enjoyed simply watching the action while sharing drinks and conversation with like-minded people. At the end of these events the guests would each select their favorite dog and would "adopt" them, either paying a very generous sum of money to take the beast home with them permanently or simply making a very large donation in that animal's name for the shelter's benefit.

The time for another "Adoption Day" party was approaching, and Mister Knowles required volunteers to engage in play with the animals for the guests' amusement. There were places you could find folks who would willingly participate in this kind of activity, of course, but the government had been cracking down on them lately. It was becoming harder and harder for the management of the shelter to locate playmates for their events, and this is where Amber was to come in. Of course, she had no idea of all of this. Not yet.

While he had her in his office Mister Knowles explained to her that the shelter was going to host a very exclusive fundraising event. He needed her to help staff the party and tend to the animals

needs. Amber was only too willing to agree to help out. She loved the folks at K. Lindsey almost as much as she loved the animals, and she was eager to assist in any way she could. The manager told her that she should report for work the following Saturday night at nine p.m. exactly, and that she should wear something fancy. Amber agreed and went on about her duties for the rest of the day, looking forward to Saturday night. She loved the opportunity to get all dolled up, even if it was just for something like this.

When the night finally came, Amber reported to the front entrance of the K. Lindsey Canine Shelter dressed up in one of her nicest outfits, an expensive, low cut black cocktail dress with lace panels and a hem line that fell around the middle of her shapely thighs. Her blonde hair was pulled back in an elegant bun which made her look much older than her eighteen years, and she wore black and silver platform sandals on her small feet. She took a moment to check her reflection in the front door's glass panel, then stepped inside.

The shelter was decorated like Amber had never seen before. Obviously Mister Knowles had gone all out to make the evening a success. There he was waiting for her behind the lobby desk. "Glad you could make it, Amber," he said. "Goodness but you look lovely. Why don't you go in the back and see to it that the animals are all awake and happy while we wait for the guests to arrive." Amber nodded and headed through the door to the hallway where the kennels were located, and began to check on each of the dogs, making sure that each of them looked their best. After all, if this event was called an "Adoption Day," she assumed it meant that some of the lucky animals would be going home with the guests tonight. That was one of her favorite things about volunteering the shelter, uniting people with prospective pets and seeing them happy together.

As Amber worked in the back, Mister Knowles began greeting guests. He had a few other members of staff to help with coats, make and serve drinks, and generally see to visitors minor needs. The lobby quickly filled up with familiar faces, rich men and women with a taste for the bestial that had attended many past "Adoption Days" at the shelter. While the guests were certainly enjoying drinking and mingling with each other, eventually they began to inquire as to when the "entertainment" would begin. Mister Knowles assured them that the fun would start shortly, then he went into the back to get Amber ready.

All this time Amber was enjoying herself with the animals, petting them and tossing around their favorite toys, trying to get them excited for the guests. When Mister Knowles found her she was just playing a little bit of tug-of-war with a frisky dalmatian. "Looks like you are having fun, Amber," he said. She nodded and smiled at him through the bars of the kennel. "I know just how much you love dogs. Its one of the things that makes you such a valuable member of our team. Even so, I have to admit that I was a little surprised to see just how much you liked Mickey and Buck the other night."

Amber froze, her heart skipping. "What...what do you mean, Mister Knowles?" she asked, trying to pretend she didn't know exactly to what he was referring.

"Bruce showed me the security footage, dear. I have to say it was some of the most entertaining video I've seen in quite a while, you taking both of those beasts on the way you did." Mister Knowles leered at Amber as he spoke, and her heart sank even lower in her chest.

"Mister Knowles, please...I can explain! It wasn't my fault! Those dogs, they...they took advantage of me! There was nothing I could do to stop them!" Amber's eyes were wide and pleading. Surely her boss couldn't have thought she had been a willing participant in that inter-species threesome.

"Whatever you say, dear. Honestly I don't really care whether you enjoyed yourself or not, though it certainly looked like you did. What matters to me is whether you will do exactly what I say tonight.

Because if you don't, I will see to it that every man, woman and child in this community gets a chance to watch that tape and see what kind of girl you really are."

Amber began to hyperventilate. This couldn't be happening! She had tried to put the events of the other evening behind her, never imagining anyone else would ever have known...well anyone besides her boyfriend. Her ex-boyfriend, now. He had caught the end of her indecent performance with Mickey and Buck when he'd arrived to pick her up that night. He hadn't spoken to her since, but he hadn't told anyone what he'd witnessed. Now Mister Knowles was threatening to tell everyone. Her friends...her neighbors...her parents...everyone!

Little tears began welling up in the corners of Amber's eyes as she said, "What do I have to do?"

"You just do exactly as you're told, Amber, and when tonight is over I promise that I will give you the security tape and that will be the end of it."

Amber wasn't sure that she believed him, but what choice did she have? She reluctantly agreed, and Mister Knowles told her to gather all the larger dogs in the biggest kennel, and to wait inside with them while he got the guests ready for the night's entertainment. Then he left her to it.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said Mister Knowles when he re-entered the lobby, "The show is about to begin. If you would make your way through the back door to the kennel area, we can start the fun." The guests began to murmur excitedly as they moved together toward the back door, drinks in hand. When they had assembled in the animal sanctuary, they saw Amber, together with eight or nine of the shelter's largest residents, all locked together behind the bars of the most spacious kennel. Amber couldn't meet any of their gazes as they looked her over appraisingly.

"This, folks, is one of our most eager volunteers. Say hello to the nice people, Amber." Mister Knowles gestured for her to speak.

"...hello..." said Amber in her quietest voice. Her face was positively red with embarrassment, and the fun hadn't even begun yet. Mister Knowles was very pleased.

"Amber, dear, I think you should probably remove that fancy dress of yours. You don't want it to be ruined in the festivities, do you?" asked the manager. Without needing to be told twice, Amber began to slink out of her cocktail dress, pulling it up over her head. "Hand it to me through the bars, girl, and I'll keep it nice and safe for you. Your panties too, you definitely won't be needing them." Amber could feel the gaze of every guest and staff member on her as she pushed the black dress through the bars and then slowly, reluctantly removed her skimpy black undies. She stood there, naked save for her platform shoes, and tried to cover herself with her hands, tears starting to run down over her cheeks, making a mess of her dark mascara.

Immediately the animals in the cage with Amber began to get excited. Most of them had been participants in previous events like this, and they knew exactly what was required of them. They were in fact quite eager, circling the naked teenager and pawing at her shins and thighs, licking behind her knees and across the tops of her toes. Amber squirmed as their tongues and teeth made contact with her skin, and that seemed to egg them on even more. Soon they were leaping up on her, pushing her this way and that. Amber tried to grab ahold of the bars for support, but one of the guests watching her leaned forward and swatted her fingers, laughing as she pulled her hand back, lost her balance, and fell amid the pile of horny canines.

At once the animals were upon her, pinning her to the cement floor. She began to feel powerful jaws upon her as one animal took ahold of her neck, and another was gripping her bare thigh. She had never been more terrified in her life. These beasts could do anything to her. They could tear her

apart if they so wished. The thought made her heart hammer so hard in her chest that she could swear everyone in the room with her could hear it.

At the same time, as teeth and tongues explored her naked, vulnerable body, she couldn't help but remember the pleasure that had wracked her body when she'd been raped by Mickey and Buck. She hadn't wanted to feel what she'd felt, but she couldn't help her body's reaction that night. Now her body was betraying her again, her face growing flush with excitement, her arousal becoming apparent to the keen noses of her animal attackers. They could smell a bitch in heat, no matter what the species, and this scent drove them wild.

All around Amber there were bright red dog cocks slowly emerging, dripping wet, from their sheaths. Amber's breathing became frantic as the beasts began to hump her all over her body, rubbing their massive members against her back, her thighs, her face. The largest of the group, a Mastiff that weighed at least two hundred pounds, forced himself between her legs. Amber tried to rise up on her hands and knees to escape him, but he lunged at her and in one savage movement was buried to the hilt in her undeniably wet cunt. She felt his massive member begin to swell up and knot deep inside her as it filled her with his watery seed. The pain made her cry out, and another animal took advantage of her open mouth, pumping it full of doggie cum.

While the first two dogs were pumping in and out of Amber's mouth and pussy, the surrounding animals were getting restless, humping every part of Amber that they could reach. The naked teenager could feel their dog squirt beginning to cover her all over, and she had never felt so filthy. For some incalculable reason, this just made her body more excited, and she began to rut against the mastiff, her moans muffled by the dog cock lodged in her mouth. She quickly forgot that there was a room full of people watching her. She became lost in the pile of dog flesh that was assaulting her from all sides.

When the mastiff had spent himself in Amber's swollen, gaping pussy, another beast took his place, much more easily slipping his length, knot and all, deep inside her. Over and over again, dogs shot their massive, watery loads into her womb or down her throat, and they were quickly replaced. Amber was trying her hardest to deny what her body was telling her, which was that this was what she was for, that she was a natural dog-slut, and she fought against the orgasms that kept welling up inside her. But the orgasms always defeated her, and soon she was crying out like a lust-crazed animal, which is exactly what she had become.

The ravaging of Amber's body went on for what seemed like hours without a break, though in reality it was only about 90 minutes before all the animals were spent. When they grew bored of the spunk and drool covered teen, the shelter staff led them from the large kennel and back into their separate cages. All the while Amber lay exhausted, curled up on the cement floor, her eyes half closed, seemingly oblivious to anything. When the guests had finally departed, some with animals that they had especially enjoyed watching rape Amber's nubile young body, Mister Knowles poured a bucket of cold water over Amber's head, bringing her back to reality.

The girl sat up in the puddle of spunk that covered the cement floor and looked blearily at her boss. "So...so its over..?"

"Yes, dear, its all over now. And just as I promised," he reached into his jacket and pulled out a small cassette, "here is the only copy of your activities in the back yard the other night. You can dispose of it however you like." Andrea lifted herself up on shaky legs and took the tape, quickly pulling the film out of the casing and wadding it up. It was destroyed. No one would ever know what happened. She was safe.

Mister Knowles told her she could shower in the back room and that her clothes would be waiting for her outside when she was ready to leave. As she left to clean herself up he chuckled to himself. It had been a very profitable night, and he definitely thought that a performance like the one Amber had put on for his guests was worth the surrendering of the security tape. After all, though Amber obviously had not realized it, the security cameras had captured all of tonight's activities, and they would make a much more valuable production.