

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The Vet left at four, but the clinic did not officially close until five. Becca was instructed to lock up at that time but leave the lights on and answer the phones until 6 p.m.

Even though she turned the latch on the front door, the woman knew that it would be hours before it would be safe. Even then, there were names on the emergency number list that could call and mess things up. That did not happen often enough to keep the veterinary assistant from changing her plans.

There wasn't much in this universe that could do that. Just being alone in the building, knowing what waited, enforced such power over her she could barely stand unaided. Her heart pounded heavily under her breast. Her head seemed to fill with numbing helium, threatening to float from her body if her neck did not hold it firmly attached.

Taking several deep breaths, Becca wondered how she would survive until eight o'clock when the neighborhood quieted when sounds of intrusion could be deciphered over the hubbub of traffic and kids playing outside. By then, the phones would have calmed as well. Then Nurse Becca could make her final rounds.

The nurse is what Vet Barretti liked to call her when patients were around. It was part of his bedside manner, she guessed.

Just as he considered the human owners as many patients as their pets, often more so. She was no nurse, although she did have a degree in animal husbandry. It didn't help much under Barretti, who used an entirely different vocabulary than the university, but it did land her the job as his assistant. Physician's assistant may have been a more accurate term, but for now, she was Nurse Becca. And as such, the young woman did have enough to keep her busy for the next few hours.

Especially if she were to finish all her chores before eight, once she pushed herself away from the filing cabinet she had been leaning on for support and forced her body to go through the physical motions required, the time went quickly enough. The work was routine and not difficult.

Becca had performed the tasks so often in the past six months that she scarcely had to think about it. Instead, she went over the plans again. Not because she was unsure of them. In the last few weeks, she had nearly perfected her approach.

Each dog was different; each reacted to various stimuli. Becca learned early on to work with one animal at a time, discovering what voice worked best and what smells most interested him. She developed a special bond with him over a week or two to make the big night successful. It was a lesson she learned the hard way.

In the beginning, she wasn't always successful.

Becca's first choice had, without question, been the vicious shepherd kept in one of the larger pens. As were many of the residents, he had healthy animals cooling their paws while their owners went off on vacations. He was hands down the most handsome canine she had ever seen at the clinic. All efforts to be friendly with him netted barred teeth and mean snarls. Becca finally tried her last resort as a novice. She did not bathe for a week, masturbating daily to give her body as sexually musky an odor as possible.

Even Dr. Barretti commented.

She gave him the excuse that she was without water until the landlord fixed the plumbing but decided that this had to be the night she offered herself to the German shepherd. Long after dark, she went to the back corridor where the larger dogs were caged and nervously removed her uniform. The shepherd could sense her fear, a growl rising from deep within him. Becca cautiously moved to the door of his pen, her body odor filling her nostrils. She hoped the dog would like it and become aroused by it.

He did stop growling, testing the air for the source of the unfamiliar smell.

Taking this for encouragement, Becca stepped forward and, legs open, pressed herself against the door's iron screening. The dog attacked immediately, only the seemingly fragile cage keeping him from the human intruder. Becca did not flinch. An instinct learned early in an animal handler's career is to fight the urge to flee. The woman was successful in that, but she wet herself on the spot.

In terror and shame, she backed slowly off and moved to the pen of a cocker she knew to be friendly. The little dog seemed genuinely interested in the woman's wet panties and even licked her privates when Becca peeled the sodden garment off. She did manage to jack the cocker off that night, but Becca realized she had a lot more to learn about canine intercourse.

Not all the smaller dogs were easy to mate. She had been bitten more than once and clawed many times. Each time she mastered new techniques and tried new strategies. Successes now numbered higher than the failures. Tonight she was confident she would find satisfying success with the Chocolate Lab.

As Nurse Becca, she knew his name, of course. As Nurse Becca, she kept him groomed, especially clipping his nails and washing him. She walked him around the backyard rather than simply leaving him in a run. She spoke to him often in her level, soothing voice. After hours, however, was a different story. After all the chores were done, she ceased to be Nurse Becca and became a submissive slut. This woman did not use given names for fear of lasting affections.

She did not want to become mate to one animal but was willing to be their bitch for a day or week. As dog-slut Becca, she would climb into her prospective lover's cage, fondle him, let him smell her, kiss her: perhaps even jack him off if it were a quickly developing relationship.

Becca had done all this with the Chocolate Lab. She knew he was ready for her, and she for him. Tonight would be the night. She could almost feel his erect cock slipping between her lips. It made her knees weak, and she had to sit down. Shaking her head clear, the young woman realized the work was nearly done.

The clock on the examination room wall showed it to be 7:30. Clean the sinks and countertops in the washroom, shutting down the furnace, and checking the doors and lights were all she needed to do before her nightly rounds. Butterflies careened in her stomach as she stood and began to finish up.

The sense of helplessness grew stronger ever since she had first locked the doors. It was very intense now as if a phantom being were penetrating her through some form of osmosis and taking control of her mind and body. She went about the last of her work automatically, like a robot of flesh and blood controlled by a computer chip planted somewhere deep in the back of her head. She could almost feel it.

As she made her way closer to the lodging ward, Becca felt her body fill up with the sensation of being manipulated, the phantom gaining total control. The hall seemed viewed from within a fishbowl, blurred and distorted. Her body stopped at the leash rack. A wall-mounted board of nails from which various kinds of restraints hung. There were empty nails too. The night nurse stared at

them as her hand rose to her throat.

Her fingers worked the buttons of her uniform slowly. There was no hurry now.

The dress opened entirely down the front, and as Becca let it fall from her shoulders, the fragrance of her sex rose to fill the short hallway. She hung the white uniform, then her bra. She wore no panties, so the juices of her arousal were free to leak down her thighs.

One by one, the animal handler lifted a foot, untied the laces of the white, soft-soled shoes, and pulled them off. Then the socks. Now that she was naked, nothing was left to do but step into the brown dog's cage. The latch lifted quickly, and Becca swung the wire door open. A hook held it in place. Then her body did something she had not anticipated, something not in her plan. Her feet moved her to the next cage, then the next.

Her fingers lifted each latch. Each door swung open until the animals of the last four pens were stepping into the hallway. The Chocolate lapped at her leg and ass as she moved zombie-like to the center of the room, where a rubber mat lay waiting. Nurse Becca stood for a moment, knees bent and bowed outward to let the big dog's tongue find her oozing cooze. The other dogs pranced around them, their tails wagging happily.

The woman endured the pleasure of that raspy tongue slapping her genitals until her legs grew weak and shaky. Easing herself to the mat, Becca went to her hands and knees. Though many canine tongues now ran over her skin, the lab did not have to enforce his dominance.

He was the largest of the dogs now free, and the others gave him room by instinct. He took his place behind the nude human female, smelling and licking the multi-flavored secretions on the smooth flesh and the fur around the female's function holes. One tasted of feces, the other of urine and vaginal lubrication. The odors and tastes were strongest within the skin folds, but the Labrador did not miss the crust of dried cum on the woman's inner thighs.

Several days' worth of sweat and body oils had accumulated on Becca's skin, seeping from pores on every inch of her. Her entire body was an orgy of scents and flavors, and the other animals were busy participating in the feast.

Hot, wet tongues swiped at her underarms and breasts, feet, and face. Eyes closed, the nurse let the dogs bathe her in their saliva.

Her mouth opened and sought to entrap the rough, fleshy paddle of the hound before her, even as the Lab's slithered into her vulvae in search of more girl-cum. Another animal stepped on her hand, and Becca reached up under its belly to rub his prick. She stroked it gently as she sucked on the tongue in her mouth and pushed herself back on the brown dog's muzzle.

The beast's tongue shot into her like a striking snake, and Becca felt the tremors of her orgasm begin. Groaning aloud, the woman gave herself over to the rush of desire. Automatically her hand closed around the growing knot of the canine prick it held. Her elbows took her weight, so she had a free hand to find the genitals of the hound in front of her. Behind her, the Chocolate climbed onto her back.

The Lab juggled his feet and haunches to line himself to the human's vagina.

He humped and shuffled his hind paws until he felt the fleshy tip of his cock nestle into a warm, wet hole. The swelling began immediately.

Becca felt it, too, filling the opening of her cunt. She knew what was coming and moaned aloud, "Yes, my lover. Fill me. I am yours."

The lust-crazed woman pulled the hound closer to her. He rose and locked his forelegs behind her arms as the Lab had wrapped his around her waist. The erect penis in hand was dripping with clear fluid, and the night nurse took it hungrily into her mouth.

Breathing deeply through her nose, Becca tasted the tinny flavor of the hound's pre-cum. The tip of his cock tickled the back of her throat. In her right hand, another dog-cock swelled. It oozed greasy fluid, and the woman ran her tunneled fingers the length of it and back. She pumped the canine prick as if she were milking a cow.

Yet another animal had mounted her at her left side, its paws digging into her shoulder for purchase as he poked his cock under the human's armpit and into the side of her breast. And behind her, the Lab pulled her more tightly to him.

Becca felt the pain of his cock-tip, bone-hard, poking at her cervix. She was completely full of him so that her whole vagina ached from it. It continued to grow, with no place to go. The woman squirmed around by instinct, arching her back and twisting her hips.

It occurred to her that things were getting out of control. The folly of her impetuosity dawned on her. With the sense that a lead weight had just been placed in her stomach, Nurse Becca realized that everything could well happen at once. How could she concentrate on the pleasures offered by the Chocolate if half a dozen other sensations competed with it? This had not been her plan. It would not do at all. The night nurse pulled all but the tip of the hound's penis from her mouth. Playing her tongue around the indentation, the woman coaxed the dog to ejaculate.

At the same time, she canted her hips a little more while her right hand jerked the cock it held in earnest. Becca felt a sharp pain deep inside as the Lab's cock-tip snapped into her cervical opening. A controlled cry of desperation escaped her lips. Her orgasm launched with a vengeance, but she did feel the first squirts of the hound's semen enter her open mouth.

Lurching forward, the nurse captured the gush of dog-cum. The ache in her loins was intense but only added dimension to her climax. Becca moved against the Lab's huge cock, buried fully inside her and hard as a rock. Her ass bucked rhythmically, moving the steely intrusion in her cunt. Her orgasm continued.

The hound finished, and the wanton nurse pulled the cock of the dog at her right to her mouth as she swallowed the first helping. He was ejaculating before it reached her lips, which soon milked him dry. The dog fucking her tit left his load dripping from it as he retreated to watch the action.

Soon all the dogs in the holding area were watching the Lab fuck the human who, with semen dripping from her chin, neck, and breast, with eyes closed in ecstasy and mouth agape witlessly, knelt willingly to take the big dog's punishment.

It was no punishment at all to Nurse Becca. It was a gift she desired; needed. This moment was all life was to her now. Her climax intensified. She felt the bony cock slip deeper into her womb, and her flesh burned red over her entire body. An obscene incantation ran across her lips as fluids scalded her gut.

The Chocolate was coming now, she knew. She could feel the pulsing of his ejaculation. His semen flowed in pressurized currents within her receptacle, around his cock, swirling in her vagina, filling it like a balloon.

Her orgasm subsided gradually. The woman hung limp and exhausted from the Lab.

After an indeterminable time, the pressure inside her eased. The Chocolate's penis disengaged with a wet splat, showering the woman's legs and feet with canine jizz. Becca collapsed onto the mat, where she lay immobile and fulfilled. So relaxed and sated was she that her bladder released its contents.

Urine ran freely from the same hole dog-cum drooled. The liquids mixed in a puddle between the nurse's splayed legs. Absently she felt it seep under her hips and belly.

Nurse Becca smiled lazily as she recognized the coarse strokes of animal tongues lapping at her skin, cleansing her. Opening her legs wider and grinding her pussy on the rubber mat beneath her, the obsessed woman had yet another orgasm. One of those tongues delved right into her vagina after tastier body fluid.

Returning the animals to their pens, cleaning the floor, mat, and herself took until the early hours of the morning. Becca's mind remained blissfully blank as she went through the motions. Her feet knew the way to the bus stop and the bus to her apartment.

Fragrant vestiges of the night's orgy lingered on her skin as she lay naked in bed. The odors wafted pleasantly under her nose, and Becca slipped into a restful, contented sleep. The night nurse anticipated another glorious week at work in dreams of soft, fluffy fur and bone-hard cocks.

The End