

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was my second year in the veterinary program. I've always loved animals. Hell, even at home, I had a pack of my own. Five Pit-bull mixes, all of them as sweet as any dog can be. Growing up in a house like that, I guess it was only natural that I aspired to be a veterinarian. Of course, my family supported me. They sure did love to boast about their son, the big veterinarian. I likely would have been just as excited if it were not for the work that needed to be done while schooling.

The kennel our school had is small - only enough to house eight dogs and a few cats, with another room dedicated to the rodents and a Green Amazon. I had usual clean up duty today. Go back to the dog kennels and clean up after them, bring them fresh water, and just socialise with them. I loved playing with the dogs our little clinic brought in. Most of them were from the humane society, so they were ecstatic when someone came to visit or play with them.

Only today, a few of my colleagues decided to skip out on cleaning the rodent cages today. So, like the good student everyone expected me to be, I sucked it up and started their job. It took nearly an hour to finish alone and by the time I was done, I had enough of the smell of rodent piss. As much as I loved the little rats and rabbits, their urine smelled horrible...

By now, mostly everyone aside from a few staff had left for the day, so I expected the hallway to the dog kennels to be completely silent. But, there was a jingling coming from the door down the hall. It wasn't like the usual rattling of a dog's collar, or the sound of one pushing up against the cage doors... no. It was more like a- a creaking sound confirmed my suspicion. One of the dog cages must have just opened. I let out a heavy sigh and get ready to chase a hyper dog around the kennel room as I make my way to the door, but another sound stops me in my tracks.

Giggling? It sounded like a woman's voice in the dog kennels. Was it the professor? She sometimes came after hours to help with the dogs that were a handful. No, this one wasn't her voice. It was too high-pitched. I rush down to the red metal door that let into the kennel room. Sitting lotus-style on the floor, and facing away from the door, was a girl in a white button down and a plaid miniskirt. She was white, but rather short, with black curly locks and freckles on her face.

An underclassmen? She had probably come because she heard about the dogs or something. Either way, she wasn't allowed back here without supervision. Walking around the room was the Tosa, a Japanese Mastiff, we had in the last kennel. His tail wagged furiously and he ran around the room in circles as the girl laughed. The other dogs were going crazy as well: scratching at the cages, whining, and barking.

I was going to open the door and stop the show until the underclassmen opened her legs to the room. Immediately, the Tosa ran up and started sniffing at her junk. She giggled and squeaked in a high pitch voice, "Yeah good boy! You know just what this is right?" A moan slipped through her mouth as the Tosa's slobbery tongue started licking her panties. I had always heard of some women having sex with animals, but I never really bothered looking it up. The thought of sex with an animal just didn't make sense to me, and almost seemed like animal cruelty once I got into the veterinary field.

But, I stood glued in place. My eyes were fixed on the girl who was not pulling her panties to the side to give the Tosa access to her pussy. Another moan escaped her once he started digging in. A small puddle of dog saliva and pussy juice was forming under her, making her white panties almost completely transparent. I had lost track of the time, but maybe five minutes of this licking passed before she moved on to the next step.

The girl forced the dog back and slipped off her soaked panties, leaving only her button down and skirt on. Once her legs opened again, though, the Tosa was right back to lapping up her crotch. Her right arm reached down and started gyrating, which could only mean she was rubbing herself while getting licked. Now, her breath was getting ragged. "Mmmoooh! Yes, good boy - oh! Keep it up... Keep... MMmmmm!" My cock was throbbing under my scrubs.

I couldn't take my eyes off for a second. I subconsciously started rubbing myself through the fabric of my pants, making my breathing start to stutter. Suddenly, she arched back and started moaning louder as her hips thrust forward into the dog's nose. Another stroke of myself made me gasp and accidentally knock my knee into the door. The Tosa's ears shot up and he started barking right at me.

Now, in the position I was in, one would think that this was the opportune moment to do my part for society. Correct this wrong, and help this poor woman with her problem. This was not the case. As soon as the Tosa started barking, her head jolted back. Green eyes were locked onto my face looking through the window on the door. In a matter of seconds, I was running as fast as my legs could take me back to the rodent room. There was a drumbeat in my torso, not from the run -that was only about a twenty-foot sprint-, but the feeling of being caught peeking on something like... THAT!

Sitting down in a fold out chair next to the rabbit cage, I tried to regain my composure. It was no doubt that she would come to me to try to explain what just happened so I needed to make a plan. A thousand thoughts of what to say were racing: "That's disgusting! Do you want me to call the cops?" No, that's way too harsh, maybe: "Oh, hello miss! Did you need something?" That's fucking stupid too, she obviously saw me. Maybe: "Hey girl, I saw what you did to that dog. I bet you don't want word getting out right? So how about we-" Brain, what the fuck?

It took some time for my head to clear and my heart to calm down, maybe five minutes of nothing but my thoughts, and the occasional squawking of the parrot in the back. Then, the footsteps. Barely audible, she was probably trying to sneak her way over here and peek inside. In trying to avoid any more awkward eye contact, I stood back up and pulled the rabbit out of the cage and held it there, ready to pretend that I was going to put it back in. Sounds like a stupid plan, right? That's because it was!

I stared down at the rabbit in my arms for a few seconds. Her little black eyes were almost bulging out from being woken up so suddenly. I was interrupted while whispering a little apology to her by three sharp, quick knocks on the window. Sure enough, there she was. Her face was only half visible through the thin window, but the look on it was harder to identify than I thought. Shame? Grief? Regret? It didn't really matter now I figured.

"Yeah... Come on in!" I yelled to her.

The face disappeared for a moment, she was obviously preparing herself to face the truth. The entrance creaked open and in she stepped. She was a little taller than five feet, about a foot shorter than I was; however, now she had on a black hoody over her button down. A few feet in she stopped and put her hands behind her back and waited. I took the moment of silence to put the rabbit back in the cage and lock the door, then turn to her. "Heeyyyyyy..." A very poor attempt to break the silence, I'll admit, but it worked.

"So, how long were you standing there?" She almost whispered out as she shifted her feet.

"I walked up just before he started licking you."

"Ah. I see...." She turned to look at the rest of the room, but not once focusing on me. "You like

animals too?"

"Well, yeah, I'm training to be a veterinarian. But I don't think I like them as much as you do." It's true. I really didn't.

Another long pause. The Amazon in the back screeched, making us both jump. The pure unadulterated awkwardness of the situation was too much to bear, so I went to my usual coping mechanism. I giggled at the way she almost jumped out her skin when the silence was broken. This seemed to at least make her feel more at ease since she smiled at it as well.

I pointed over to the table and chairs by a whiteboard on the far wall, just beside the parrot. "Do you wanna sit down?"

"Um... yeah, that'd be nice." She responded thankfully not whispering this time. So, we both walk over and sat beside each other at the white fold-out table. "I'm Ashley, by the way."

"Jonathan," I said while pulling myself closer to the table, "nice to meet you. So, what year are you?"

"It's my second year here. I didn't know about this place until a few months ago, when a friend told me about it."

"And who was this friend?"

She pursed her lips, "She didn't know about... this, if that's what you're thinking!"

"No, its fine, I'm just trying to figure this all out is all! How long have you actually been coming here like this? Is it always after hours?"

"I started somewhere in January, so three months. And yeah, I always come when everyone's gone." That explained why she was never caught before. For some reason that building was one of the only ones on the campus without cameras. "So, did you like watching?"

This took me by surprise. Was she an exhibitionist? I actually did enjoy watching her for some reason, but I wondered if I could let her know that. In deep thought for a moment, I looked down at my scrubs and notices a small wet spot where my dick was. I was caught.

"I saw your arm moving down there..." she explained, her hands now folding over and gripping each other nervously, "so, do you want to see more?"

I was frozen in the seat while the question buzzed in my skull. I turned away from her to think for a minute, while Ashley was twiddling her fingers and waiting for my response. She's been doing this for a few months right? I should report this, but the dogs don't seem stressed out or in pain... in fact, they've seemed friendlier! How is this the one thing we were never taught about? What if somebody finds out and I'm the one that gets the punishment?' In truth, I really did want to watch her continue, and she seemed completely fine with letting me watch or maybe even.

"Okay," I responded, "but, if anything goes wrong, I'm not taking the fall for this."

"So, you're not going to report me?"

I sighed and contemplated for another second. She definitely wasn't a bad person, and I had no proof besides my word anyway, so "No, I won't report you. But, if something doesn't go right, I don't want you coming back here. If somebody got hurt because of any of this, person or animal, it'd be on

my head, alright?"

A few tears had welled up in her eyes while I was looking the other way. Her quivering smile was a sure sign that she was about ready to cry from relief. Ashley practically jumped from her seat at me and wrapped her arms around my torso, resting her head on my chest. Her speech was a little broken up by sniffing, "Thank you so much! I was so scared that I'd be expelled! Thank you, just... thank you!" She stayed there for a minute or so as I rubbed her back. My mouth widened with a bit of a smile. She really was cute, and the smell of her perfume was pretty pleasing. Just at that moment, however, the image of her submitting to that dog crossed my mind. I tried to push her away to keep her from feeling my dick starting to poke up, which only made her hug tighter in response.

My bulge pushed up and poked her stomach and for another few seconds, the earth stood still. I could feel her heart beat through her chest speed up, and so did mine - so much so that it was the loudest thing I could hear. Without a word, she loosened her grip on my chest and moved down to kneel on the floor in front of me. Her fingers wrapped around the sides of my slacks and she started to pull them down. I lifted my hips up so she could continue, as she slipped them off and discarded them under the table. My boxers followed, leaving my dick standing up in front of her face. Her breathing was heavy, and sent shocks down my shaft as she got closer.

Her right hand reached up, pulled it back, and began to stroke. Her hot breath got closer again, this time, followed by her tongue that trailed up from the bottom of my member to the tip. A quiet moan escaped her mouth and her hand started to pull on me tighter. I didn't notice when, but her other arm had moved down below her skirt, and a few drops of fluid had trickled down onto the linoleum floor. It was moving rhythmically, like her right hand was - which was still sliding up and down my shaft. It turned in small circles under her panties, making a wet sliding sound. Just as she moaned again, her lips moved down and pulled me inside, the sensation making me flinch.

Both of our breathing was getting ragged and her movements getting shakier. As she kept moving, her tongue wrapped around and began massaging my tip. I could feel she had never really done this with a man before, every once in a while she accidentally bit down on my shaft forcing a little groan in pain out of me, but it kind of added to the pleasure of when she was doing it right. I could feel myself preparing to blow. My hands started to shake and I let my head fall back as I was hit with pleasure. Her hips started to move as well, and instead of in circles I could see her fingers moving in and out under the fabric.

As good as it felt, I lifted my hand up and pushed her face off of my dick before she could finish me off. I leaned down, slipped my left hand under her panties from behind, while my right arm held her chest down on my lap. She gasped when my fingers slipped past her ass and reached her pussy, which was soaked with her secretions, and I pushed my middle and ring finger up into her dripping cunny. A few quick pistons with my hand was all it took. My right arm kept her in place when she arched back moaning and my hand slipped out as a stream of liquid poured out of her sex, making a clear puddle on the floor below her.

I'm not quite sure what took over me next, but I leaned back up and pulled her face up next to mine so I could whisper in her ear, "I want to see you in the kennel with that Tosa again. And I want to watch him mount you." She stayed quiet for a few seconds to catch her breath and responded with an almost inaudible "okay." I stood up while her hips were still quivering and grabbed my slacks from under the table. I pulled them on and started walking toward the door, only slowing down to look back at her. She was still on her knees. As I reached the handle, I just barely saw her left hand come back up and slip into her mouth.

The walk back down the hall was eerily quiet, making it feel longer than usual. I peeked into the

kennel door's window to see if the dog was still loose, which he wasn't. At least she was nice enough to make sure he was safe before confronting me, so she must care for them. That eased me a little bit. Made this seem at least a little less wrong. I opened the door and, as usual, immediately heard a few of the dogs inside start crying or shift around. All of the cages were identical. Eight cement cells lined up next to each other and closed off with their own chain link door, had a pair of bowls for feeding, and a single drain in the centre.

Only four of them were occupied this week. From left to right, they were taken up by: a Collie named Jojo, one of the faculty's pets who was there for his shots, and the only one not from the humane society; a little Border Terrier one of the girls named Scottie, he had a little flea problem that we were asked to take care of; a Shepherd-mix who just came in that day, and apparently didn't care that I just walked in since she was still sleeping; and the big Tosa, Bruno, who had been there the longest - two weeks I think.

All of the ones that came here were usually arriving because the shelter was running out of room. Here we tried to have students or faculty adopt them, because going back to a full shelter probably meant being put down. The only reason we kept the Tosa so long was because he was so friendly and the best candidate for adoption, really. Bruno was sitting patiently at the door and whimpering. He really was sweet and I wished that I could bring him home, but my apartment would be way too small for his size.

I walked over and pulled the chain off his lock, making him jump up and claw at the door, trying to push it open. I grabbed a leash off the door and held it down as I cracked the gate open, so he would slip right into it as he moved out. Just as planned, we walked through and the lead tightened around his neck just enough so I could guide him. He was crying and jumping around, looking like he wanted to play. I locked the gate behind me and we passed by the other cages.

The room wasn't exactly wide, only enough to fit a table or two between the cell and the opposite wall, but it was long. There's an extra space just before the cages, where it widened a bit more, and where the other dogs couldn't see. I led Bruno over there and sat down next to him, getting him all excited and licky. I attempted to avoid his tongue, but to no avail. "Easy boy! Calm down!" I half-laughed out.

Just then, the door creaked open again. In walked Ashley, who bore a beautiful smile when she saw the dog. Bruno turned and his tail whacked me in the face as he tried to run into Ashley, only to be stopped by the leash I had on him. She ran over and knelt in front of Bruno "Aww, you're happy to see me?" I couldn't help but smile at how happy he looked when she was in the room. She looked back up, blushing at me while scratching around his fat head. "Thank you, again. I really like this guy."

"His name's Bruno," I said as I sort of pulled him back to make him sit "We've been looking for a home for him for a while." She was about to respond until Bruno stuck his head down into her crotch, making Ashley yelp in surprise. "Nah ah! Sit!" I pulled him back and he went back down on his haunches.

Ashley started giggling like she did before. "We never got to finish before, so he's all anxious. You'd be upset too if somebody interrupted you, right?"

"How far have you actually gone with them?"

She blushed at the question. "Um, well with a few other dogs I've only gotten them to lick me, but lately Bruno's been trying to actually jump on me."

“So, you’ve never actually... done it with them?” I chose ‘done it’ as opposed to ‘mated’ since they actually couldn’t reproduce, though I’m still not sure that anybody but me would care about that wording.

“No, I always got kind of nervous when he tried to mount me.”

“But, you did want it right?”

“Well, you said you wanted to see it, right?” She seemed to dodge the question and reached over to scratch Bruno’s chest, making his back leg kick up and scratch the air.

I stood up and let Bruno walk over to her and cover her face with slobber. She didn’t notice me circle around behind her since she had to keep her eyes closed to shield them from Bruno’s onslaught of kisses. I sat down again with my legs out to the side and pulled her up on top of my lap, scaring her a little. She was lighter than I thought, and easier to pick up than your average dog. “I did say that, huh?” I said just before slipping my hand into her panties again. They were still damn from before and hot to boot. She closed her legs around my hand, but didn’t try to pull it out, only grabbing my arm and letting out a sultry sigh. “You still want to show me right?”

I pulled apart her legs, and the Tosa took immediate action. In a half-second, he was down to sniff at her damn underwear and licking very slightly. I closed my eyes and slid my hands down her pearly white thighs, feeling out the contours of her legs, breathing in her perfume. When they reached her panties, I pulled up on the elastic band, letting her loose for Bruno. The moment they reached her knees, she closed her legs again and tried to cover her crotch with her hands and skirt.

I pulled them off the rest of the way, followed by her skirt, and grabbed the back of her legs. I whispered to her again, “Do you want to stop?” It took a second, but she moved her hands and let me open her up again. I moved in and kissed her neck as Bruno went down on her to continue where they left off before. Then, I finally got a good look at her privates. Her lips were a warm, fleshy pink that contrasted with the pale skin. She was completely shaven, aside from a small patch of silky brown pubes just above her clit. Not before long, the tongue was back to licking. It moved up from her taint up to her clit, making her jerk in pleasure.

As Bruno lapped up the juices, her legs shivered and little whispery moans started escaping her. I decided to make myself useful again and grabbed the bottom of her hoodie. When she noticed me start to pull it up, her arms raised as permission for me to continue. I made it slow and stopped as it was just past her chin, so I could stop and plant another few kisses on her neck. As soon as it was off of her arms, her brown, curly hair fell back down to her shoulders and her hands moved to the top of the buttons. I decided to help, starting from the bottom, and our hands met halfway up.

Her breathing was starting to get heavy again, so I undid the last one on her shirt and pulled it off. She had a pair of perky B-cup breasts. Her nipples were already standing up at attention, moving up and down in rhythm with her breaths. She grabbed my hands and pulled them up to her chest, so I took the invitation and began to feel them up. As my fingers passed over her nipples, I felt her back twitch as she gasped. When I started tweaking them, she seemed to open her legs wider for Bruno, who seemed to be panting from the excitement as well.

My bulge had been already sky-high, and pushing up against her bare bottom. It almost hurt with her weight on top of it, but I knew it’s be over soon. I felt Ashley’s heartbeat speeding up through her chest. The grip she had around my wrists tightened as she went over the edge. I peeked over again at her pussy just in time to see a stream squirt out onto Bruno’s waiting tongue. Her moans of ecstasy were so loud, I would have been scared of getting caught if it weren’t so late after hours.

Her hands released my wrists and went behind to pull in my head as she turned around to me. Her own tongue delved into my mouth as she yelped in pleasure. I closed my eyes and accepted it, pushing my muscle past her own, and exploring her mouth as she calmed down from her high.

Her hot breath tickled my lips as we separated. For a minute, it felt like only we two were together, as I pulled her in close for another deep French. Our tongues sliding over each other's and exploring as her hips twitched on top of mine. That is, until Bruno made himself known again, as he joined our kiss with his own soaking wet tongue. We both pulled back and started laughing as his tail wagged with anticipation. Ashley stood up with shaky legs and scratched behind Bruno's ears, making his back leg go wild as it scratched the air.

"You're a very good boy!" She said, still giggling from the kiss he gave us before.

Her rear was now in full view and only a few feet from my face. It was instinct that drove my next movements as I stood up behind her and undid the string that held my slacks up. The green pants fell to the floor, and I continued by slipping off the matching shirt. I walked up behind her as she was still rewarding Bruno's performance, and pressed my bare boxers against her rear, making gasp in surprise. My right hand reached down to caress her ass, while the left teased her other side. Another beautiful moan signalled her approval as I slowly pushed her down to her knees. Ashley's bare white ass now raised as my fingers continued to tease her clit. I fought the urge to take her when I noticed Bruno circling us. Panting. Watching.

I patted the ground to my right to call him over, a signal he did not hesitate to follow. By now, his rod was hard and poking out of the sheath. He knew exactly what Ashley's body language meant and was ready to take her as his bitch. I back away and pulled Bruno's collar up as he moved in himself. In a few seconds his front legs wrapped around her hips as he thrust forward blindly, trying to find her passage.

The claws on his feet scratching Ashley's side and making her yelp a little as his hot member poked her rear. I moved myself to help him and grabbed his now throbbing gland, guiding it to its target. In one thrust he was inside, making Ashley moan again from the sudden intruder. The panting got louder as he started thrusting into his human bitch. My hand stayed below to make sure he stayed inside, but teasing her clit as well. The room filled with a song of ecstasy and filthy slapping sounds.

Ashley occasionally speaks in between her gasps of pleasure, praising her mate, "Yessss... good boy! Mmmmm, just like that!"

The temptation to push Bruno off and fuck her myself was unbearable as all I could do was stroke myself in waiting, so I did the next best thing. I stood up, knowing Bruno had quickly gotten the hang of this new trick, and moved around to Ashley's face. No words needed. As I sat down, she reached into my underwear and pulled my cock out, stroking it harder than she did before. I groaned in pleasure as her smooth hands worked over my flesh, sliding and squeezing as she reached the tip.

Another hard thrust from Bruno pushed her forward and slipping my member into her open mouth. Her muffled moans made her tongue vibrate on me, making my hips lunge involuntarily. Bruno's movements were getting slower and longer as her back arched, lifting up her sex to accept him. I could tell he was getting close, and so were we. Ashley's hips were beginning to quiver as the knot on Bruno's shaft started swelling up. It stretched the walls of her wet pussy, keeping the end of his cock firmly pressed against her deepest parts.

In a single, quick movement, Bruno lifted his front legs off of Ashley's back and landed on the floor to her right. His back left paw moved up and over her ass as he turned and his dick twisted around

inside of her sex. Ashley looked back as he shifted his position, looking a little confused about what he was doing. She spoke in a small voice, "What is he doing..." only to be cut off as she went over the edge.

Bruno's cum flowed out, into her hot womb. Another little stream of semen pumping into her waiting sex each time his member twitched. Being so close to the edge myself, I quickly pushed my cock back inter her mouth and let loose. Ashley moaned quietly through her nose as both her entrances got filled with hot seed. My hand pushed her head down, further onto me as she swallowed down my semen greedily.

A whole three minutes passed like this until Bruno pulled himself away. A half swollen knot, stretching Ashley's entrance out as it leaves and I can hear as a few drips of cum dribble out. Bruno walks a few feet away and lies on his side to clean himself off. His loins sopping wet from Ashley's rear.

Ashley finally releases her hold of me and slides down flat on the floor so she could roll on her back. Her breasts move up and down as she slowly catches the breath she lost during Bruno's assault. I lean down and meet her face, which had a silly grin plastered on it, and met her with another deep kiss. However, the sweetest moment got interrupted by a hand grabbing my half-hard dick and squeezing. I pulled away to see a big smile on her face as she speaks up,

"I want this inside me, too..."

The End.