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Introduction: Amanda begins working as a receptionist at the local veterinary surgery

Everyone is slightly nervous on their first day in a new job. Amanda was no exception. Not massively nervous, no reason to be, just the vague threat of the new. After all, this job was not going to be that challenging for her. She was not going to be a PA to a high flying executive, although that would be her top choice. Not an office manager. Not even a senior position. Amanda's new job is a receptionist.

Something she thought she could do with her eyes shut. At her age she had enough experience to get by in this sort of job. This is just the sort of job she had been looking for. Nothing to stretching, hours that were flexible (she needed that as she had kids), handy for home (a 5 minute drive was all that was needed), and enough pocket money to allow her to treat her family and herself to the odd treat.

Amanda's car drew into the parking lot and she pulled into one of the staff bays. Her car, like her home was spotlessly clean and gleamed in the sunlight. She was dressed in a smart summer dress, pale blue, belted around the waist. Not too short, but not frumpishly long. Heels, of course, as always. Her makeup was tasteful and not overdone, and her hair was tied up with just the odd curl hanging down coquettishly over her face. Not entirely sure of what was expected, she had gone for a simple French polish for her finger nails.

She felt confident.

Her only nerves were caused by her slight inability to remember exactly what she'd said in the interview. Like most people she had exaggerated her experience slightly during the interview. Exaggerated, not lied. Well not quite. Not that there were too many technical questions. Just a few questions aimed at finding out whether she was a friend to domesticated animals. She'd lied a little about the cats and other pets her parents had when she was young, and gushed over stories of encounters with friends dogs (mostly imagined).

Maybe she'd gone a bit over the top, but what the hell, she was only there for a job as a receptionist at the Veterinary Surgery. What did it matter if she didn't really give a shit about animals? Her job was to be booking people in for appointments, and handing out the overpriced bills. She wouldn't even have to look at the animals, that was the plan anyway.

She had arrived early, and was surprised at how few other staff seemed to be around. Phones were ringing, and the first patients were arriving. A mild appearance of chaos unfolded in front of her. Amanda was welcomed by Dr G, and given a whirlwind tour of the reception area, the phone system, the computerised booking system. No problems, and in a short while Amanda had restored complete order to the surgery. She was so efficient she even surprised herself. It was going well. All clients (and patients) were greeted with a smile, and left feeling better, only poorer financially.

And so it continued for a few weeks. Amanda soon felt at home in the surgery, despite feeling slightly uncomfortable around some of the animals. The other staff soon fell in love with her and her motherly ways. It seemed this job is in fact a job made in heaven for her.

On the anniversary of her first month, Amanda arrived at work and seated herself at her desk after making herself a coffee in the staffroom. There were a couple of messages on the answering machine. Amanda picked up her pen and notepad to take the messages. The first was a garbled call

from Mrs Brown, she wanted to bring her 'boy' Prince in to see the Vet. According to the message, the poor darling was suffering from some sort of swelling, all terribly urgent. Fortunately for poor Prince the first appointment slot with Dr G was free.

The second message on the voicemail was from Daisy Thomas, Dr G's young veterinary assistant. She was going through a domestic crisis with her baby daughter - the babysitter hadn't shown up - she would be very late, probably not in until lunchtime at the earliest. Somewhat concerned Amanda studied the morning's appointments, then left her desk and went into the consulting room to bring the bad news to the Vet.

"Oh dear, oh dear," he mused. "How many patients do we have booked in for the morning?"

Having anticipated the question Amanda had brought a scribbled list in with her. "Five, and the first is due in five-minutes," she answered.

"Shit," hissed Dr G under his breath. "Amanda, I wonder if I could prevail upon you to do me a favour?"

"Sure," Amanda replied with a shrug, keen to ingratiate herself with her new employer. "Do you want me to call round and cancel them all?" she asked.

Dr G laughed. "No, I don't want to cancel if we can help it." He was speaking more out of concern for lost fees than out of concern for the animals' health. "I was wondering if maybe you could help out by acting as my assistant as well as receptionist for the morning? Nothing too strenuous, just a little bit of pet-minding. Don't want to look like we're under-staffed, do we?"

She was just about to turn down the request, but before she could frame the refusal without sounding uncooperative, the doctor continued, "I will, of course, pay you a double rate for the day."

Amanda did a quick bit of mental arithmetic. Just yesterday afternoon she had seen a rather smart pair of pumps, black patent leather, and metallic heels.

"Where can I find some spare overalls?" she said with a smile.

"That's my girl!" Dr G breathed a sigh of relief. "They're in the locker, over there. Better move, the first patient in two-minutes."

Amanda hunted out a white full length overall, anxious to ensure her dress was covered as far as possible. Unfortunately, Miss Thomas was somewhat willowy and Amanda could hardly fasten the overall around her ample bosom. Rather than emphasise her bust line by fastening the overall half way up, she was forced to leave it open. No time to worry, Mrs Brown was already ringing the bell on the reception desk.

Mrs Brown, concerned as she was for the health of her dog; also had shopping on her mind. She wanted to leave Prince at the surgery while she popped out for a little retail therapy. Then come back and pick him up in about forty-minutes. She handed Prince's lead to Amanda, turned, and was gone in a flash.

Prince was a boxer. A large boxer. Thick set, sturdy, downright ugly. A true heavyweight. Not fat. Just BIG.

Have you ever walked down the street behind a Boxer dog? Is it their short, almost non-existent

tails, or the muscular thighs set close together that pushes the testicles back and exposes them to the onlookers gaze? The testicles sway from side to side as they waddle along. In some cases, it can be quite an awesome sight. Prince was no exception.

Amanda lead Prince into the exam room, or rather Prince led Amanda. Yes, he was a very strong dog. "This is Prince," announced Amanda as she entered the exam room.

"And what seems to be his trouble?" enquired Dr G.

With her free hand Amanda raised his file to read the notes. "Prince seems to be suffering from swelling. Er... swelling of... um..." Amanda hesitated for a second trying to find it on the notes, "Oh... Here it is... Swelling of the testicles, Doctor."

It was true. As she'd walked in behind the dog her eyes had been glued to the spectacle of his two tennis ball sized nuts literally bouncing against his buttocks as he walked. It was a painful sight to witness.

"Better get him up on the bench then," ordered Dr G., encouraging Prince up onto the exam table.

Standing there, his face was almost level with Amanda's, he turned and growled at her. He didn't look like a dog who was used to being told what to do.

"Oh my," exclaimed Dr G, as he moved round to the rear to get a better view of the dog's predicament. "He certainly does have swelling, doesn't he? Hold Prince by the collar, Amanda, so I can take a closer look."

Although standing near the head, Amanda could see what Dr G was doing. He prodded the dog's scrotum with his forefinger. There was no slackness in the skin at all, it was tight as a drum. They were swollen to capacity. With each prod the dog visibly winced. Not being a man she couldn't relate to that kind of pain, but Amanda did feel a certain sympathy for the animal.

Not just for the fact that his obviously painful scrotum was being manhandled, tugged and poked, but also for the indignity that he must be feeling, if dogs can feel indignity. That part didn't seem to bother Prince, he held his head high living up to his name.

"Is it serious doctor?" she asked.

"No, not really. I expect that he has a minor infection in his penis that is probably stopping him from ejaculating. It seems to have caused a build up of semen in the scrotum," Dr G said.

He went on, "Like humans, dogs often ejaculate when they sleep, if they have excess seminal fluid. Prince has been hanging onto his for several weeks by the look of things. You see, unlike humans, dogs are not able to masturbate themselves to relieve the pressure. So the only other way they can do it mate with a bitch.

There are a couple of things that we can do for him, for a start we can treat the infection. That's simple enough. We'll give him some cream to alleviate the pain he must be feeling in his genital area, and we'll see what we can do to relieve the pressure."

Amanda hadn't been paying close attention to the doctor's words, but for some reason this last sentence seemed to stick in her mind. Although she had no idea what he had in mind, or why he had used the word 'we'. Going over to a cabinet on the other side of the room, Dr G produced a tube of antiseptic gel. "This is for the penis," proclaimed the doctor.

From a drawer, he produced a small spray canister labelled: Anaesthetic.

Moving back slightly, Amanda had a full side view of the dog's engorged testicles. And yet, strangely, the penis was nowhere to be seen. Out of curiosity she bent her head slightly looking under the dog, but no penis were evident. Amanda was not familiar with canine anatomy.

Dr G took the spray and without warning applied a squirt to the scrotum. The dog jumped slightly at the cold shock. Amanda held his collar and tried to reassure him. "There, there... Good boy, Prince... It'll soon be better," she cooed to the dog.

In response Prince turned his massive head towards her, and growled some more. He flinched again, the doctor was now massaging the spray into the scrotum. It must have been painful for him but the dog stood there stoically.

"There, there... Good boy... Good Dog," she said again. This time stroking the dog's neck with her other hand. The attention seemed to distract Prince allowing the doctor to work on the scrotum. "Good boy... Good boy."

"Well done, Amanda," said Dr G. "Prince certainly seems to be responding to your voice. Dogs are very sensitive to the human voice," he explained. "Obviously, they don't understand what we're saying, but they pick up on the tone and the mood of the voice. Yours seems to be working on Prince."

And then, in the same matter of fact way, Dr G said, "I'm now going to get his penis out."

Amanda was stunned.

What did he mean by that? She didn't have to wonder for long though. Dr G worked his hand underneath Prince, stroking down from his stomach, up underneath his haunches, and with well-practised skill started to coax and pull the dog's penis out from its furry sheath. She stared in amazement as the penis emerged, as if from nowhere. Hard, glistening. Incredibly ugly. Yet fully erect, without foreplay. She had seen a dog's penis before, but not like this.

Not this size.

Not this close.

And still the doctor worked it further out. In a matter of seconds Prince had gone from zero, to nine-inches. Nine thick inches. Not heavily veined like a human penis, but there were a myriad of tiny blue veins just under the pink surface. There was no mushroom-shaped helmet, but a flat, flared angry red tip to it - no discernible head - and a red swelling at the base.

"Good boy, Prince," Amanda said, as if in encouragement.

The dog was breathing more heavily now. Panting as his chest heaved, his nostrils widening. His most private parts now on full display.

The doctor donned a pair of latex gloves, squeezed an inch of gel from the tube onto his fingers and set about gently rubbing it into the dog penis. He was now standing on the other side of the dog, allowing Amanda to stare at the proudly displayed genitals, unnoticed by the doctor.

"Amanda, would you please get yourself a pair of gloves from the table, and put them on."

Oh my God, she thought in a panic, what was he going to ask her to do?

She let go of Prince's collar and went over to pick up the latex gloves from the desk. With some difficulty, and some excitement, she pushed into the tips of the fingers. They were a tight snug fit.

"Would you mind giving Prince another squirt of the anaesthetic, Amanda?"

She picked up the spray and held it about six-inches from the dog's scrotum, and blasted. Prince jumped again, and she had to reassure him. "Good boy... Brave Prince. Amanda's not going to hurt you."

"Well done," Dr G Said, "Could you gently massage it in."

There was no going back now.

As she reached out and touched the dog's ball sack, he turned and looked over his shoulder at her, as if aware that different fingers were working on him. Although the balls looked swollen and tense, Amanda was surprised at just how firm they were. They were solid. Gently she massaged them, running her fingertips over first one side, then the other, then back again, and then, almost without thinking down the central seam. Prince shuddered, bringing Amanda suddenly back to reality.

The dog was fully aroused now, the huge angry penis standing proud of the dog's body. Suddenly, there was a phone ringing. Not the phone in reception, that was switched to voice mail. It was Dr G's private phone, in his office.

"I need to get that, Amanda, will you be alright with Prince for a minute?" he asked.

"I guess so," she replied. "Hurry back though."

Dr G left the consulting room and entered his office, pulling the door close behind him.

Amanda and Prince were left alone.

She moved round to the side of the dog now and lowered her head. For the first time able to inspect a rampant dog penis, and what a specimen he is. Bigger than most men. Much bigger, in fact, bearing in mind his huge girth. *Bigger than most white men anyway*, Amanda thought remembering some of her favourite interracial porn.

She continued caressing the dog's scrotum with one hand and rubbing his shoulders with the other.

"Who's a good boy? Prince is a good boy... Prince is a BIG boy." She couldn't help herself and laughed. "Prince is a BIG boy... My Prince IS a BIG boy."

She could faintly hear Dr G talking on the phone in his office.

"You're a big boy, Prince... Oh yes you are. You're huuuuge!" She moved her head closer to his ear and lowered her voice slightly. "You're fucking huge, you are... You lovely dog." And why not? No-one else could hear her, only Prince, and he wasn't going to tell anyone.

Prince wasn't to know that talking dirty was one of Amanda's biggest turn ons. One she didn't get to play that often. You see, her husband didn't approve of that sort of thing coming from a woman. He thought that only men should use graphic language like that. Amanda was a lady in his eyes and he expected her to act like one at all times.

Still, here she was talking to a dog, and actually getting wet between her legs as she did so. "You beautiful fucker, Prince. You big dick beautiful bastard. Now that's what I call a piece of meat,

Prince. I bet you like to fuck little bitches cunts with that, don't you? Make them stretch so much they squeal like a pig for you."

Suddenly a voice said behind her, "Everything OK in there, Amanda?" It was Dr G, pausing on the phone, and yelling out to her.

She had jumped in fright and her heart was now thumping fast in her chest. "Yes, fine," replied Amanda, yelling back.

"OK, I won't be a minute," he said.

Oh fuck, thought Amanda. Realising that time was running out, she moved her hand from the dogs balls and moved it to within an inch of the dick. Maybe she imagined it, or maybe it was real, but with her fingers that close she could swear she felt the heat of it, through the latex glove. She moved even closer and her fingers made contact.

"Fucking hell," she gasped, astounded at the firmness of the shaft. Her fingers ran from the tip to the base, as if measuring it up. Her thumb and forefinger wouldn't meet when wrapped around it. She couldn't help but compare it to her husbands. *No fucking comparison*, she thought.

She tugged the shaft. It pulled back. She squeezed it. Pre-cum dripped from the head to the table. It was thin and watery, but it was definitely pre-cum. She squeezed some more out of it.

"Come on, fucker," she coaxed, "You're fucking enjoying this aren't you, you big horny dog."

Prince's eyes were wide open now, his tongue lolling out of his mouth. He was drooling. Amanda's sodden pants cut into her cunt lips. The sheer size of Prince had caused her to flood them. He couldn't know that she was addicted to size, could he.

Amanda was hypnotised by the cock meat in front of her. So much so that she hardly noticed Dr G finish on the telephone and come back through from the office. "Ah, Amanda, how is the patient doing?" he asked.

Caught by surprise, Amanda struggled to regain her composure, but she was aware that the doctor was staring at her right hand, which she was unable to remove from the dog schlong. She was enjoying it too much to care that she was caught red-handed masturbating the beast. She looked down sheepishly, at what was now an absolute puddle of pre-cum underneath where the dog stood.

Dr G seemed oblivious to this. "Ah excellent," he suddenly exclaimed, "I see you're applying further antiseptic to the penis," he said, nodding in approval.

"Y-Yes, doctor," stammered Amanda, glad to be let off the hook.

"Good, good... keep it up. We'll make a bona fide vet's assistant out of you yet."

She continued to jerk the dog-cock, but now feeling slightly embarrassed that the doctor was present, even though he was busying himself with some papers on the desk. She liked it better when she and Prince were alone. Sometimes a couple needs a bit of privacy.

"Good boy, Prince. Good boy," her voice now more restrained and slightly hoarse.

"If you keep this up I expect he will soon ejaculate," commented Dr G.

Slightly shocked Amanda let go the penis, causing it to flick up to the dog's belly. She blushed.

"No, don't worry about it. No need to feel embarrassed," said the Vet, "That's the purpose of the exercise. As I mentioned before, dogs are unable to masturbate themselves. If you can help him to ejaculate it will greatly relieve the pressure in his genitals, and give him some respite from the pain."

Fantastic, thought Amanda, I can wank Prince to completion.

Dr G laughed for a moment. "I bet when you left the house this morning you didn't imagine that you'd be doing this," he quipped.

Amanda didn't reply, but her mind drifted for a second back to earlier that morning when she had jerked off her husband before getting up for breakfast. At the time his dick had seemed satisfying. She was now re-assessing him in her mind. She visualised the marital dick side by side with Prince. A couple of words sprung to mind: Pathetic - Inadequate - limp - small - useless.

As she went back to concentrating on the dog she noticed the swelling developing around the base of the dick. She wondered if she was hurting him. Turning for a second, Dr G noticed the look of concern on Amanda's face. "Ah, I see you're wondering what that swelling is on the penis."

She nodded.

"Well, that swelling is known as the 'knot'. It grows in size as the dog becomes more and more aroused. When a dog mates with a bitch it will try to push the knot entirely into her vagina. A process, affectionately known as 'tying the knot'. The knot seals the vagina to prevent leakage of semen, and although potentially painful for the bitch is very effective in making sure she is bred. Dog semen is much thinner than human semen, and the dog may produce copious amounts, ejaculating into the bitch for up to ten-minutes."

In response to his last sentence Amanda's eyes glazed over. Her cunt was starting to gape in anticipation.

Dr G wasn't finished with his lecture though. "Once tied together, the dog will often cock his leg over the bitch so that they are in the back to back position once he has finished the insemination."

Amanda stared intently at Prince's knot, now bright red and the size of a small grapefruit.

"When the dog is done, it can take some time, as long as thirty-minutes sometimes, for the swelling to go down, all that time they're locked together. Sometimes the dog may drag the bitch around behind him, rather than wait. Dog's are not gentle lovers," he finished with a chuckle at his joke.

Although it wasn't a pleasant experience, Amanda now remembered the time she was painfully fisted, and then turned back to Prince's knot.

"It will be a great help to Prince if he could ejaculate," Dr G said again.

What the hell did he think she was doing? She was blatantly tossing the dog off right now. Prince was sweating, panting, bracing himself, but seemed unable to come. Amanda thought about some extra encouragement, but unfortunately the doctor was watching every move she made.

And then - *ring-ring, ring-ring*. The phone in the doctors office sounded again, and off he scurried to answer it. Again, he pulled the door close behind him.

Amanda breathed a sigh of relief and paused, momentarily taking her hand from the dog's cock. He

looked over his shoulder concerned that sloppy handjob he was enjoying had now ceased. But he need not have worried, behind his back Amanda was removing the rubber gloves and rolling up her sleeves.

She leant forward and whispered in the dog's ear, "Right baby, now listen up you big-dicked fucker. We may only have a few minutes now, and before that fucking idiot gets back you're going to part with contents of your fucking nut-sac. Got it?"

Standing as close to him as she was, she felt his whole body tense up as she grasped the slimy fuck-pole in her hand, exhilarating in the disgusting, inhuman feel about it. Her fingers explored the whole length of it, from the freakish tip down to bloated knot. She could not get enough of the disgusting experience. The dirty nasty thrill was only increased when she looked down to see the perfectly manicured hands and slim fingers wrapped around the shaft of dog meat. Her diamond ring glistening through the slime.

"Come on fucker, I'm gonna wank the jizz right off your fucking dog-knob!"

Prince just stood there taking all the filth Amanda could muster, and apparently loving it all.

"What a piece of fuck-meat you are," she whispered. "You're big and you know it, don't you, you cheeky bastard. I bet you know how to fuck don't you? I bet you've ruined many a poor bitch's cunt."

She lifted her other hand to caress the fat nut-sack then moved it round to play with the knot at the base of the shaft.

"Oh fuck," she exclaimed, feeling the firmness and size of it. "Let's see how much you can take," and she dragged her fingernails over the knot.

Prince almost wailed at this, but the pleasure from her other hand was enough to stop him jumping off the table. No bitch had ever treated him like this. This bitch was special and he knew it.

"Come on fucker, be a good boy for Amanda. Let Amanda see some jizz."

She was working him with both hands now, soaked in precum up to her elbows, a pool of the stuff started to drip off the table. Her right-hand action was becoming so rough that spray started to fly from the head, splashing the front of her dress, drops splattering against her face. Her nostrils filled with the musky smell of dog-cock.

"That's a beautiful fucking cock you've got, bollocks, like a fucking stallion. I'd like to try and take that fucking knot right up in my fucking twat, and have you hump the shit right out of me. Make me your fucking bitch. Plant that fucking puppy seed up my fuck hole!"

Prince was getting more and more agitated. The excitement and passion in Amanda's voice working its magic on the dog's brain. Excitement. Passion. Nastiness. Let's face it - Amanda was now just fucking crude.

"Come on, bastard," she urged, "Give it up, you fucker."

But still the dog held onto his seed. Amanda was getting desperate. The doctor could return at any moment.

Then suddenly the torrent of filth from Amanda's mouth ceased.

Prince threw his head back.

All that could be heard was a suckling noise, like a noisy baby at a bottle.

Amanda's lips had clamped onto the head of the dog's penis, her cheeks going in and out as she tried to milk the semen from the almost demented dog. He was virtually pissing pre-cum into her mouth and she drank it hungrily, taking all he could give.

The taste was revolting, nothing like any man she'd ever blown. Still she delighted in the filthiness of it all, and wished there was a mirror handy so that she could see what a whore she looked like. Here she was gagging on dog-cock, sinking the head into her throat, drool and doggy pre-cum dripping off her chin and down the front of her pretty summer dress. She was almost choking. She wished there was someone else there, another dog-lover, perhaps to push her head onto the dog-bone so that she could throat him properly.

But she couldn't keep up the pace on her own and had to pull it from her mouth. She grabbed a chair and sat down by the table, the cock level with her face, and roughly pulled the dick out to the side, both hands now back on the job. The dog's hips started to buck.

"Come on, you beauty, show me the fuck-wadd, show me the fuck-wadd, show me the fucking fuck-wadd, fucker!" She was almost yelling now.

"Fucking unload for Amanda! Spray me please, fucker! Bust that fucking doggy nut! Bust that fucking doggy fucking nut for me! Go on, blast me! Give me all your fucking seed!"

The speed of the dog's hips increased. Amanda dropped one hand to her lap and fingered herself through her dress - with the other she made a circle of thumb and first finger, letting the dog fuck her hand, alternately gently squeezing then relaxing to simulate the effect of a cunt against the skin of the dog sausage. And then as the dog approached the point of no return, tightening the grip as hard as she could, knowing she must be hurting the dog, but not even caring. Only one thing on her mind.

"Jizz, fucker! Jizz, fucker! Jizz, fucker!" she repeated, her own orgasm building between her fingers as she now worked her hard clit, but she needed the dog to part with his cum to get her off.

And then it started, steady pulses through the length of the dog-cock, streams of thin watery dog-semen splashing the length of Amanda's arm, spattering on her thin dress. Jet after jet of gooey delicious dog cum.

"Oh fucking hell!" she moaned. "Sperm! Beautiful fucking dog sperm! Let it go baby! Bathe Amanda in dog-jizz!"

Amazingly, after the first three or four blasts, the stream of jizz didn't subside much it just kept coming.

"Come on, baby, don't stop! Keep it coming, cream your fucking bitch! Come on, cream your twat! I fucking want you, yes I fucking do! The next time I want you in me! In my fucking cunt, knot and all! I want you to fucking wear me on your cock, fucker! Pumping fuck juice up my cunt-hole! Burying your fucking bone in my cervix, you fucking gorgeous freak."

The spasms were dying down now, for both of them. As the dog's discharge died down to a dribble, Amanda leant forward to suck dog-cum from her hand. The taste was exquisite, different from anything else she had ever tasted - rich, gamey and satisfying - as she squeezed the last drops from

the biggest piece of cock-meat she'd ever had her hands on.

Amanda now had the taste for dog-meat, and she wanted more. Prince's legs buckled under him in sheer exhaustion, falling in a heap on the table, his dick still being clutched by Amanda, the knot looking swollen and sore. He lay in a pool of his pre-cum and jizz. Amanda's front was coated with dog-sperm. She stunk of the stuff.

As Dr G said his goodbyes on the phone, Amanda buttoned up the overalls at the front trying to hide the evidence of the dog-milking session that had just taken place. Prince lay contented - a dreamy look on his face.

"Ah - all finished, I see," Dr G said as he re-appeared in the exam room.

"Yes, doctor," replied Amanda, tasting the dog sperm in her mouth as she spoke.

In her mind though she was thinking: *finished - this, doctor, is just the beginning.*

Epilogue

At the Brown household Prince lay asleep in his basket in the kitchen. He'd just spent a leisurely twenty-minutes licking his own privates, enjoying his own salty taste, and now wanted to snooze. Mrs Brown looked lovingly at him. It was nice that he was now back to normal, the swelling had gone down. He was no longer constantly agitated. He was a dog at peace with himself. She was about to sit down and have a drink with her husband to hear all about his day when the phone rang.

"Hello?" said Mrs Brown, "Who's calling?"

"It's Mrs Jones, the receptionist at Dr G's veterinary surgery," announced Amanda. "I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm afraid we need to make another appointment with Prince."

"Really?" replied Mrs Brown, "The doctor didn't mention that earlier."

"Err... no, but we had the results of some tests back."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs Brown.

"Would it be possible to drop Prince off Monday evening at about Seven PM and leave him here for an hour or so?"

"Monday At Seven PM?" Mrs Brown sounded surprised. "But Dr G never has surgeries in the evening."

"Err no... Well... Err... Yes, normally he doesn't," said Amanda, trying to sound cool and efficient. "But next week he will be, we're just trying it out. It's a new idea. Just a few select patients," Amanda were trying hard not to babble.

"Well, yes I suppose I could drop him off," said Mrs Brown, "But I wouldn't be able to pick him up until about 8:30, possibly nine. Would that be OK?"

"That'll be just fine," said Amanda, "I'll put in the book. Thank You and Goodbye."

Amanda put the phone back into its cradle. Picking up her purse diary and opening it at the

following week, she took her pencil and made a discrete entry: 7 PM - date with 'P'.

The End