

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Gail's heart beat furiously as the officer put his hand on her head and guided her, handcuffed, into the squad car. She stumbled on the hem of her lightweight summer dress and fell across the back seat. The officer helped right her, and then closed the door, locking her in, before walking around and getting in the driver's seat.

"What is going on!" Gail yelled, panic in her voice. "I was speeding...it was just speeding...you can't do this! You can't!"

"This isn't about the speeding ma'am." The officer explained, as he pulled away, leaving Gail's car on the shoulder and heading down the state highway.

"What's going to happen to my car?" Gail asked. "Wait, what do you mean it isn't about the speeding? Then what?"

"You have an outstanding warrant for your arrest." He explained.

"What!" Gail exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"A warrant, lady." The officer explained. "Check fraud. Linn County, Iowa."

Linn County? When she lived in Cedar Rapids? Four years ago! Now she remembered.

"That was...a check bounced. To a gas station." Gail explained. "My paycheck from my company bounced so a check I had written bounced. I paid the store owner! They told me that case was dropped!"

"Well, I am sure you can clear it up, then. But the warrant is out there. Says you skipped town." The Officer did not seem very sympathetic. "Your car will be towed in. Don't worry."

"Now be quiet and settle in back there. I need to make a phone call."

Gail sniffled and looked out the window. This part of Ohio was very rural and trees lined the highway as the sun continued to rise. It was Saturday morning and Gail had been late for work, going a little fast, but determined to get to the small boutique where she worked on time. She never imagined this. Her arrest in Cedar Rapids had been a big mistake. How was it coming up now? She started to ask the cop, but he was now talking on his phone.

"Yeah, it's me. I am on my way." The officer said. Gail could not hear the other person. After a pause, the cop continued.

"Yeah, she's in the back. Twenty-nine according to her license." Another pause. Then Gail saw him looking at her through the mirror. "Not bad at all." He said. "A little thick, but in a good way. Like one of those girls on Mad Men." More pause while he listened. "Yeah, that's right...curvy! The boys will like her. Don't worry. See you in an hour."

An hour? Gail was scared now. Come to think of it, they weren't headed back into town where the station would be. They were on a two-lane state road, headed who-knows-where. Fear began to overwhelm her.

"What's happening? What are you doing with me?" She pleaded with the driver. "Where are you taking me?" She was screaming now. "Let me go! Who are you? What is happening?"

The cop snapped at her with a deep authoritative voice. "You get real quiet, right now, Ms. Hill. When you do, I will tell you about the situation you are in."

Gail snuffled a couple of times as she calmed herself. He was looking at her in the mirror again. Gail nodded to him.

"Just outside of town there is a little event going on." The officer explained. "A little camping retreat, for a little R and R, for some officers that have more than earned it." Looking over his shoulder at her, he continued with a smile. "You, and a few other ladies in similar circumstances, will be the...entertainment for the weekend."

"Entertainment? You mean..." Gail stammered. "You can't mean that. You can't do that!"

"We can, and we will Ms. Hill." He said, calmly. "Now, here is the deal. If you prove cooperative, or at least untroublesome, you will have a weekend to remember, and tomorrow night we will return your car to you, let you go, and that old warrant from Iowa will go away. If you don't, you will still be our guest this weekend, and then you will be sent back to Iowa to face those charges.

"Now no more questions." He warned her. "We will be there shortly."

After perhaps another half hour of driving, they turned off the two lane on to a gravel road, with a sign post the simply said CAMP LEO. They followed that through the trees for a few minutes before emerging in grassy clearing. There were cars everywhere, and almost all of them were marked police cars. In fact, most were SUVs and were local departments and highway patrol units around the state. Many of them said K9 Unit somewhere on their markings. Tents and canopies filled the clearing, surrounding a handful of large shady trees.

Gail took it all in. There must be fifty or sixty people men and women, many in uniform, some in civilian clothing. And amongst them she saw, here and there around the camp, naked women, walking around, or lounging in the grass in the shade. The officer stopped the car, circled around and pulled Gail out of the back. Luckily, her hands were cuffed in front of her, so she wasn't as off-balance as the cop, Officer Tillis according to his badge, took her elbow and escorted her over to one of the SUVs. A female officer greeted him as he approached.

"This yours, partner? Not bad" The new officer asked as Tillis guided Gail up.

"Hey there, Simpson. Yeah this is her."

"Officer Simpson!" Gail blurted. "Please help me! This man has kidnapped me! I need..."

Officer Simpson laughed. "Don't worry, sweetie. You are in for a weekend to remember. And it's your duty as an American!" Simpson and Tillis guffawed at that.

Gail spun around, scanning the campground for anyone that might be able to help her. Now the sights and sounds of the camp began to come to her in earnest. To her right was a tent, a woman's moans and the tell-tale sound of slapping flesh could be heard from inside. Across from where she stood was a large canopy, with a two or three foot high wooden post rising from the grass, with a large circle of lawn chairs around it. Another canopy covered a couple of grills, where two men chatted, one cooking and the other in a chair. But at his feet lay a naked woman. She had a leg kicked over a large dog, and both seemed to be napping. On closer look, Gail saw collar around the naked woman's neck and a slender chain linking her to the man's chair. Glancing around at the others she had seen naked, now she quickly saw that each had the same collar, and thin wrist cuffs, with a chain between the cuffs and linked up to the collar.

"She ready for the 'inspection'?" Simpson asked Tillis.

"Yeah!" The cop replied, "let's get her ready!"

Officer Simpson walked around the car while Officer Tillis used his heel to drag a line in the dirt, a couple feet from the side of the SUV then addressed Gail.

"Stand behind this line. Feet apart." Gail complied, but he wasn't satisfied with her legs placement. Kicking at her feet he commanded.

"Farther apart. That's better. Now put your hands on the car and don't move them." He instructed. "If your hands come off the car, you will be tazed. I hope I am clear."

Gail was now convinced that whatever this was, she was not going to find any help here, nor sympathy. She wasn't sure where they were, and she knew she could not outrun these cops, and certainly not their dogs. She was at their mercy.

Her legs spread wide enough to make it hard to balance, and keeping her feet behind the line Officer Tillis had made, Gail had to bend at the waist to place her hands on the police car. A loud zap startled her and she looked right and saw Tillis was holding his stun baton near her ear.

"Don't move from that position." He commanded her again.

Suddenly, officer Tillis reached up and tugged the knots tying the spaghetti straps on her shoulders, pulling them loose. An elastic panel snugged the sundress to her breasts, but now the cop grabbed the dress and with a tug he pulled it to the ground. Just a bit too big up top to where such a dress braless, Gail was left standing in a strapless bra and panties. Tillis pulled out a folding knife.

"You won't be needing the underwear anymore." He said, as he grabbed the bra, and with a quick slice at the back cut it free and Gail's heavy breasts came free, hanging seductively towards the ground as she bent over. Next, Tillis gripped her panties and with two quick cuts they were ruined and he pulled them between her legs and dropped them on the ground with the remains of her bra.

"Ah, well look at that. You actually have hair down there." Tillis remarked, reaching between her legs to tug lightly on her pubic hair. "We don't see that too often anymore. The boys will be excited."

Gail sobbed lightly, overwhelmed.

At this point, Officer Simpson returned, leading a dog. Gail didn't recognize the breed but it was a Belgian Malinois, in a harness and vest marked "POLICE K-9". She led the dog around behind Gail, who stood, spread and nervous, on the squad car.

"Charger here is going to perform a further inspection, to make sure you are holding nothing dangerous." Officer Tillis said.

"For what?" Gail pleaded. "I am totally naked! You can see I have nothing!"

"Yeah," the lady officer, Simpson laughed. "But he doesn't know that, and besides, this is his favorite part!" And with that she gave a command and released Charger.

The dog launched forward, running up behind Gail in her spread and bent stance and buried his nose between her legs. Head tilted up, his nose poked through her curly hair to touch, cold and wet, against her most sensitive spot. The scent of her sex, permeating the moisture Charger found down

there, was carried so well by the woman's hair, the dog quickly darted out his tongue and tasted her.

Gail squealed a "NO!" and leaving the line Tillis had drawn, she squatted, knees together, and leaned against the car. The dog growled menacingly, then started barking. Officer Tillis stomped forward, brandishing his stunner. It crackled with promised pain as he held it near her side, holding the button to make it spark, and instructed her to get back in position. Gail jumped at the growling dog and the sizzling stun baton and with tears in her eyes she lost control of her bladder and peed on the grass. The lady officer laughed as Gail tried to stop the stream but could not, and had to just finish as the two officers, the dog and the crowd nearby watched and giggled.

When she was finished, Tillis zapped the baton again and told her to get back in position. Gail, knees shaking as she rose, stepped back behind the line, feet apart as before, and leaned over to the car. With a command from Simpson, Charger returned to Gail's backside.

Gail's loss of control may have embarrassed her but Charger seemed to be thrilled as he licked hungrily at her pussy. He was forceful, insistent, and seemed determined to examine her, inside and out with his probing tongue. Broad and rough, his made wide strokes, tugging Gail's lips and pubic hair up with each lick, and letting them jiggle back down between laps of his tongue. Then, folding his tongue it would start at her clitoris and then when he reached her vaginal opening it would unfurl, deep inside her cunt causing sensations she had never felt before. When Charger would focus on the sensitive ring of her asshole, his darting tongue would explore her there too, though not as deeply. But again, with each warm, wet lick, she felt both of her openings relaxing and expanding for him.

Waves of feeling tortured Gail's nether region as waves of emotion wracked her brain. Despite herself, she was...responding. Responding to being eaten-out by this dog while strangers watched. Her pussy released more moisture for Charger to taste, as, without conscious thought Gail spread her thighs a little wider, bent her knees a little more, and arched her back trying to get more of the sensation.

"Alright, boy, that's enough." Officer Simpson instructed and the dog, obediently, stopped and returned to her side, though slight whimpers could be heard. Speaking to Gail, Officer Tillis told her to stand straight and lean against the car.

Gail complied and Tillis came forward holding a set of the delicate collar and manacles the other naked women were wearing. He reached out and removed the department issued handcuffs and snapped the wrist manacles around her wrists. Next he held up the narrow metal ring of a collar. Gail tried to shake her head no, but the stronger cop just grabbed her hair, exposed her neck and slid the ring around her neck, locking it shut with a click. The chain from the collar hit the center of the chain between her wrists.

"Ok, time for you to start doing your civic duty, sweetheart." The cop chided, and led her across the camp. Rubbery legs threatened to give way beneath her, and she hung her head, focused on the ground as people made comments about her, her body, with her curvy wide hips, and large chest, and her mound of pubic hair. She heard predictions of how she was going to perform. She heard comments about how Officer Starsky, or Officer Brooklyn would certainly love her. Laughing jabs about how her new nickname should be 'Tinkle'. Officer Tillis bristled at some of the comments about how it was about time he brought a girl, but laughed at the good natured jabs, and to Gail's horror, it looked like 'Tinkle' might stick. Tillis led her to the wooden post in middle of camp, under a large awning.

"Now, Tinkle," he teased her, "this is why you are here. Again, if you do your time clean, you leave

with a clean record. If not, well prison probably isn't too bad."

Gail looked around her. Most of the chairs were occupied now. Men and women in various uniforms sat around the wooden post. Many had a dog sitting obediently beside them. Most often these were German Shepherds, but there were some other breeds around as well, Dobermans, Boxers, and others looked on. She saw about half a dozen other women, naked like her, except for the chains.

"I don't understand," she said to Tillis. "What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, you'll see dear," he said with a smile.

With that, Tillis used the chain to tug her toward the ground. Gail bent at first, but soon realized she would have to drop to her knees. Tillis took the end of the chain, that was connected to her neck and wrists and clipped it in place at the base of the post. Now Gail was forced to all fours, unable to raise her head more than a foot or so off the grass.

The crowd whispered and gestured at her. Someone behind her crudely referred to how wet her pussy looked, pointing at them from her kneeling position, her moisture glistening from the patch of dark hair, separated down the middle slightly by wet swollen lips, so recently aroused by Charger. Placing her head on the ground she looked behind her, between her hanging breasts, and past her belly, between her legs. Upside down, to her view, she saw a heavy set man, in a chair, holding a German Shepherd with a K-9 harness on with one hand and with the other hand at his ear, encouraging the crowd to shout.

"Release him!", "Let Zeus go!", "Do it! Do it!" the crowd shouted. And it finally hit Gail what was really about to happen. She had suspected, after Charger's 'inspection', but now she knew.

"Oh, no!" she squealed, twisting and dropping her bottom to the grass.

Faster than Gail could react four officers had released their K9s who surrounded Gail in a half circle, yipping at her like they were yelling commands. Then Tillis stood a few feet in front of her, though all she could see were his boots.

"I suggest you get up, Tinkle." He told her, menacingly. "Besides, you may just like it. You and I both know how your naughty little twat was reacting to Charger's attention." He smirked.

Not knowing what else she could do, Gail slowly rose back to her knees. Wide eyed she looked back over her shoulder at Zeus. His handler smiled wickedly at her, then unhooked the leash from Zeus's harness. Zeus bolted forward, like he was fired from a gun. Gail closed her eyes and bit her lip as Zeus reached her backside and examined her with his nose, and then his tongue.

Quickly scenting that another dog had already looked at this particular girl, Zeus decided to take her immediately. Raising on to her back to mount her, Gail whimpered and put her forehead on the grass as she waited for it to happen. The short red tip of the police dog's penis probed forward with each thrust of his hips as he searched for the wet opening that would let him inside her. Experienced as he was, Zeus walked forward, felt that sensitive tip touch the wet curly hairs of her vagina and a moment later found her entrance.

In an instant, Gail was overwhelmed with sensations she had never felt before with a human man. Zeus clamped firmly around her waist with his front paws, a grip apparently to give him leverage so he fuck her so rapidly, and with such force, the intensity of it sent ripple of force through her flesh. She gripped the post to which she was chained with her hands to stop herself from being moved forward, but the power of his thrusts against her backside caused her to rock, and caused her

breasts to swing beneath her, her nipples brushing in tantalizingly against the short cropped grass.

Long and narrow, Zeus's long red cock emerged fully from his sheath, to disappear fully through Gail's curly hair and as far as it would go into her slick canal, before extracting from her warmth to disappear mostly back into his furry sheath. This repeated several times, before his internal reproductive mechanisms moved to the next phase, and his cock grew deeper red, and stayed outside his body even as he continued to rapidly drive it into his female, penetrating her as deeply as he could go. In this phase the penis begins to grow, swelling and expanding from a slender probe, greater and greater in circumference, down the full length of him as he slid it in and out of Gail's soaking pussy.

Gail could feel her own body betraying her as Zeus took her. Responding as her arousal grew, changes happening to her, to facilitate being bred even as Zeus's organ changed to facilitate the breeding of this now clearly willing bitch. As his long cock came out, until just an inch or so stayed warmly between Gail's swollen labia, she would fear he was leaving her, but then he would hammer himself back in, the shaped tip of his cock finding her cervix, and trying to penetrate her there as well. At the very base of cock, an even larger swelling expanded, stretching the muscle of her pussy opening as it passed in and out of that ring, which clenched and unclenched beyond her control.

Wetness spilled from Gail's abused opening, running down and dripping to the grass from her engorged clitoris, or running on either side of her aching button, to run, in rivulets of slick warmth down her belly. Zeus's growing knot, now stretching her lips wide to get in, and then pressing deliciously against her G-spot as it popped out, was enough to bring on her first orgasm without any warning. Normally, Gail need clitoral stimulation, but the entirety of her situation, combined with Zeus's wonderful G-spot massage, and her own clitoral hood and pubic hair touching her clit with the dog's forceful fucking, Gail was lost in waves of orgasm as she moaned loudly.

"Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!" She panted. Muscles contracted. She used the post she was still gripping to push herself backward onto Zeus's cock, and used it again to pull herself back forward and off his knot, as urethra muscles spasmed and a stream of fluid burst from between her lips to splash the grass between her knees. No longer satisfied to be outside his bitch, Zeus used his grip on Gail's hips thrust his full length inside her one last time, knot and all. Then his massive knot seated itself just beyond clenching ring of her opening, which closed up all the way to the narrow bit of cock beyond his knot, locking in place and sealing him inside of her.

The crowd praised Zeus for his performance, and then, taking up the chant of "Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!" They similarly praised Gail, who, even as she lay there, panting, was somehow pleased. Now that the motion had stopped and her orgasm had subsided she could really explore the feeling of Zeus's large member, jerking rhythmically inside of her. He was very warm. She felt like all of her was just wrapped around his enormous, super-heated phallus. She could feel his muscle spasms through his abdomen on her back, and his furry sheath that was pressed against her lips, through the big knot that now linked them together. And each of those spasms caused a spray of warm fluid to spray through the ring of her cervix, where his large cock was wedged. After a few minutes, Zeus turned around so she was ass to ass with the commanding police dog. But his thick cock, like a timepiece ticking, just kept spurting and jetting his sperm inside her belly.

Gail her someone approaching. She looked up to see another naked women approaching the post, a dark brown Boxer trailing close behind. The woman was slender, and Gail guessed about her own age.

"That was beautiful," the woman said to Gail. "Doesn't he feel wonderful?"

"Mmmm." Gail replied. "How long does this last? Do I get to leave now?"

"Oh no sweetie, not till tomorrow night" the woman replied.

The woman knelt in the grass on the other side of the post from Gail. She also had the collar, wrist cuffs and the chains, and she bent forward and hooked her own chain to the base of the post. Resting her face on her arms, and with her bottom high in the air, she made a clicking sound with her mouth and slapped her shapely ass.

"Here, Starsky! Up! Up, boy. C'mon, get it!" she coached. The Boxer nuzzled her ear a moment before wandering around behind her and beginning to lick her glistening pussy.

"Just give me a minute, Tinkle!" The new woman said, then moaned at the attention from Starsky's tongue. "Then we can chat."

A moment later, Starsky mounted her, quickly finding and fucking the woman's ready pussy. Resting her cheek on the grass, the woman reached back with both hands and grabbed the boxer's back legs. Gail watched in fascination, as the big dog fucked her quickly and soon stopped, continuing to rest on the woman's back as he emptied his cum into her.

She smiled and looked at Gail.

"Hi Tinkle!" the woman said with a lustful, satisfied grin and Starsky jetted hot sprays of semen against her insides. After a wanton moan, she continued, "My name is Charlotte. It's nice to meet you."

"Did you come to be here the same way?" Gail asked. "Did they arrest you and force you here?"

"Yes, they sure did." Charlotte replied. "Officer Starsky here," Charlotte jerked a thumb at the goofy-grinning dog on her back, "Said there was marijuana in my car. September 14th, 2014."

"2014!" exclaimed Gail. "They never let you go? I am trapped here!"

"No, no, nothing like that," said Charlotte. "They let me go, as promised. There wasn't any marijuana. The officer said Starsky must have just been attracted to me."

The two women, facing each other, each stuffed with their respective doggie lover lay there a moment. Then Gail spoke.

"So if they let you go, 4 years ago, why are you here?" she asked.

"Oh, now it's voluntary!" Charlotte explained. "These are hard working dogs. They just need some relief sometimes. So I make one of these retreats, whenever I can."

"But, if it is voluntary," Gail asked, "why did you chain yourself to the post?"

Charlotte smiled and touched the side of her nose.

"Good question!" She laughed. "It is because the dogs are trained. They can only breed a girl who is naked, has these chains and is tied to a post like this. Otherwise, they may fuck some female perpetrator, and that would just be hard to explain!"

Gail indicated Zeus. "How much longer does this last?" she asked.

“Oh, Zeus there is good for ten or fifteen minutes.” Charlotte said. “When his knot shrinks a bit, he will tug it, and the rest of his cock out of you.” Charlotte reached back with one hand and rubbed Starsky’s side.

“Just like how right now you feel more full than you ever have...” the girl said. Gail nodded.

“After,” Charlotte continued, “When that thick, warm cock is gone, and all his sperm runs out of you, you will feel more empty than you ever have. It is a bit of a sad feeling, being so, lacking inside after he is gone.

“But don’t worry! It is early, and you will be filled many times this weekend!” Charlotte said, taking Gail’s hand. “We all will!”