

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The two college coeds squealed as they pushed through the door. A woman in a white smock walked past, gently holding a puppy to her shoulder. Brandi cooed. Her friend Amy broke into a broad smile and reached out to pet the dog's head.

Doc walked out of a nearby room. "You must be the girls who've come about the summer internship?" he said with a broad smile. Brandi was a junior at the local college, a striking blond with c-cup breasts and a thin frame. She was the object of half the football team's desires. The girl was not a particularly good student, at least not enough to be able to pursue her stated goal of becoming a veterinarian. She loved animals, though, and pounced when she saw the notice on a University bulletin board that sought two interns to help at the local kennel.

Brandi had to employ hard coaxing to convince her friend Amy to join her. The girl had planned to take a summer job in her uncle's business before her friend's persuasiveness changed all that.

Doc offered to show the girls around. The office was his veterinary practice. As they walked out a back door, the tall man wearing a white medical coat pointed to another dwelling. "That's for our dog breeding business," he explained. The girls were curious, and Doc shared that he bred Mastiffs and sold them for close to \$2,000 each. Neither Brandi nor Amy were familiar with the breed. Still, as they continued their walk, Doc brought them to a large fenced-in pen where a half dozen young Mastiffs romped about in a grassy area.

Back inside, Doc's assistant listed the girls' responsibilities, including filing and taking phone calls. Once they were more familiar with the operation, they would graduate to help with the animals themselves.

For two weeks, Brandi and Amy worked in the office and got to know several of Doc's regular customers: the Stephens and their ailing dachshund, the Willis, and their cat. Each got to know several women who came to the center once or twice a week and retreated with Doc to the building that was the Mastiff breeding center.

Each of the women arrived in an expensive, luxury car. Some dressed smartly and wore expensive jewels, while others came in sweats as if they'd just been at the gym. Brandi and Amy greeted each cheerfully—Monique, Wendi, Kathy and Ellen. Each had a different disposition when they arrived, from bubbly and friendly to focused and even distracted.

From instruction and supervision, a friendship grew between Doc's assistant and the girls. The trio often went to lunch together. Brandi and Amy found the woman fun, appreciated her compliments, and drew confidence from her direction and explanations. "So why do those women drop by all the time?" Brandi finally asked one day.

"Oh, uh," the assistant stammered. "We board their dogs."

The woman explained that each was the wife of a doctor, lawyer, or wealthy business executive. "They can't keep their dog at home, so they keep them here and drop by from time to time for some, uh, bonding with their dog."

At the end of the girls' third week, Doc and his assistant asked Brandi and Amy if they wanted to watch a breeding session. The girls looked at one another, shrugged, and said, "Sure, why not."

The two college students were led into an observation room. Doc stood alongside to explain while his assistant took care of the two Mastiffs that were to be bred. The bitch in heat was led into the room then the exuberant stud followed. Brandi gasped when she witnessed the size of the male's member, fourteen inches in length. Amy, the much more shy and demure of the two, turned a deep shade of crimson, bit her bottom lip, and looked sheepishly toward her friend.

"The largest breed of dog," explained Doc. The three watched as the stud mounted the bitch. In a single, hard thrust, his entire length disappeared. "Now his tie is swelling," Doc said. The girls shot curious looks at one another. Brandi was clearly fascinated while Amy continued to blush. "He has an area along his groin that swells with blood to six inches around," Doc continued. "It locks the dogs together. See Mastiffs don't hump like other breeds. They lock, and all the while, the male shoots his seed into the bitch."

The stud then twisted, leaving the two dogs butt-to-butt. "He's in a defensive mode now," Doc shared. "He's been shooting his seed into her from the moment he entered. It'll continue until they separate. They will be tied until his bulb shrinks, which could be anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour." Doc smiled at the girls and cheerfully added, "Hopefully, two months from now, we'll have some puppies to sell."

For the next several days, the girls talked about what they had observed—or Brandi did, and Amy sheepishly listened and giggled. They talked about the massive size of the dog, the ferocity of its mating, and how different the exercise was compared with their minimal experience with past boyfriends. It was clear that Brandi was fixated on what she had witnessed. Amazement described Amy's tone and thoughts.

The day was a sunny Monday, almost ten o'clock in the morning, when Monique cheerily entered the office. She greeted the girls and strode down the hallway toward the back exit. Doc's assistant excused herself to follow. Monique was petite, thin to the point of tiny, and wore her black hair a couple of inches below the ear. A short black sleeveless dress graced her lithe body. Three bracelets shook on her slender right wrist. A large diamond wedding ring flashed from her left hand, and a diamond pendant bounced against her upper chest. Stiletto heels accentuated her calves and gave curves to her thin legs. Monique's features were sharp, large implants jutted in contrast to her tiny frame and it surprised no one to know she was the trophy wife of a wealthy doctor.

As Doc's assistant followed Monique down the hallway, she rapped her knuckles twice on a door that she passed. Doc poked his head out, saw his assistant give a wink, nodded, and turned toward the two college interns. "Amy, would you go and help Monique?"

The girl rose from her desk and walked hurriedly from the reception counter to catch up with Doc's assistant.

"Brandi," Doc beckoned the second intern, "We're going to do some breeding. Put the phone on voice mail and come help me."

The striking blond felt an excitement build. She complied with Doc's instruction and then followed him out the back door. He led the girl to the observation area and then excused himself to prepare. Amy joined Doc's assistant and Monique in what was a waiting room. The girl looked around in wonder. The room was luxurious in stark contrast to the rest of the complex. Against one wall was a lighted makeup mirror and counter. The opposite wall sported an overstuffed leather sofa. A glass table was adorned with magazines.

"Would you help me, dear?" Monique asked before turning her back to Amy.

She wanted the girl to unzip her dress. Amy did so but was puzzled. Monique opened the door to reveal a locker. A half-dozen wood hangars hung from a wood bar. The woman kicked off her pointed stilettos, slid from her dress, and pushed the bracelets off her wrist. She turned and saw Amy's look of confusion.

"I'm not going to tear my dress when I play with Cosmo," she chuckled, convinced the girl had no idea what was taking place.

Doc's assistant came back into the room. She handed a cone-shaped cocktail glass containing a gimlet to the woman. "Oh, I'm past all that now," Monique smiled. "I think Amy needs it more than me," as she surveyed the bewildered look on the girl's face. Doc's assistant smiled and handed Amy the glass. "Drink up," she giggled and grinned.

The girl's confusion heightened as Monique tugged off her black lace bra to reveal a pair of large, round breasts, then slid her black panties down her thin legs. Amy could see the woman, who stood completely naked in the center of the room, was wet with anticipation.

A knock at the door was heard. It was Doc sending a signal to his assistant. "Okay, Cosmo is ready," Doc's assistant chirped. Monique smiled, rubbed her hands together, then intuitively turned and reached for the doorknob.

Doc stepped back into the observation room and was greeted with a grin from Brandi. "Just about ready," he said, then added, "a little different from the other day."

Just then, Brandi noticed a door open. Monique, who was named, stepped into the room. "What's going on?" Brandi asked.

Doc offered no reply. The student watched as the thin woman padded intently across the concrete floor, knelt before a mattress covered with pillows, then turned her body, sat down, and scooted to the center of the soft configuration before laying down on a large towel.

Monique's legs were bent, her knees up. She brought both hands to rest atop her stomach and stared at the ceiling. Doc's assistant then came through the same door Monique had entered from but turned right and exited through a side door. In a few seconds, the woman returned, this time with a large, leashed, black Mastiff in tow.

Brandi's expression changed. She recoiled from the one-way glass, and her mouth fell open. "Oh my God!" she gasped. "She's not...?" the girl stammered, looking up at Doc.

The man offered a sly grin to the twenty-year-olds puzzlement.

Brandi's hands covered her mouth in shock. "What the fuck?"

Cosmo was almost three feet in height, four feet in length, and weighed close to one hundred fifty pounds, far more than the petite Monique. Doc's assistant drew the large creature toward Monique. The woman peered over her breasts to watch as Cosmo's head moved between her legs and neared her crotch. Suddenly, the dog hopped and became excited. It had drawn the scent of pheromone from the woman's pussy.

Doc's assistant released a slight amount of pressure on the leash to allow Cosmo's face closer. Out shot a large tongue that began furiously lapping at Monique's pussy. The woman's neck arched, and her head tilted back in response. From the observation room, Brandi and Doc could hear through the

intercom as the woman giggled at first contact. Moans soon replaced the sound as the wet tongue found Monique's clitoris, and each stroke of contact shot wondrous sensations through her body.

Convinced Monique had been sufficiently lubricated, Doc's assistant tugged on the leash and pulled the Mastiff away. She then began a game designed to build the dog's desire and anticipation. The woman walked Cosmo in a circle and then guided him back between Monique's legs, only to pull him away again. Two more times, she repeated the game until she could see that Cosmo was fully erect, panting heavily, and overly anxious to mate.

Monique had been through the exercise many times in the three years since Cosmo had reached maturity. She knew the routine, and after the dog's second teasing foray, Monique raised her thin legs into the air and then lifted her butt to place her wet pussy at Cosmo's penetration height. The wealthy doctor's wife took a deep breath in anticipation. Doc's assistant unhooked the leash from Cosmo's collar and then darted to the floor.

From the lounge, Amy watched through a small window in the door. She was astonished at the act unfolding before her. The girl gasped as Doc's assistant released the dog from its leash and bounded between Monique's legs.

In the observation room, Brandi watched in stunned silence. Doc calmly explained his assistant's action. "It's soft tissue around hard bone," he said. "If Cosmo thrusts and it doesn't go into the right spot, it could be extremely painful and might even mean an embarrassing trip to the hospital. She guides him in."

A long groan flushed from Monique's tightened throat to the force of Cosmo's fourteen inches thrust into her eager pussy. The contrast of the large black animal mounting the small, beautiful woman was stark. Monique's groan suddenly turned to a loud yell. "He's knotting," Doc chortled. "It's rubbing against her g-spot!"

Monique's body was clearly wrecked by pleasure. Her head tossed from side to side, her hands alternated between massaging her large breasts and thrusting to her side, fingers extended. "They're locked now," Doc gushed. Cosmo's knot had now swelled to its full six-inch circumference within Monique's pussy, leaving the woman hopelessly, or deliriously, connected.

It wasn't long before Monique's groan became a series of staccato-like squeals. Astonished, Brandi realized the woman was having an orgasm. "That's one," Doc said matter of fact.

Brandi struggled to comprehend what she was witnessing. Laying on the floor of the cold, dank breeding room was a wealthy, beautiful, intelligent woman from a level of society who should find the notion of sex with a dog revolting. Instead, she was completely naked, legs spread wide and straddled by a large black Mastiff whose massive digit had her pink labia folds stretched wide in the euphoric union.

No sooner had Monique's first orgasm subsided when she began to pant loudly. Her chest heaved, and her large implant-swelled breasts shook. The woman's abs contacted and relaxed as her hips twisted slightly on the engorged animal member stuffed deep within. Each twist of the hips slid Monique's g-spot over Cosmo's blood-swelled knot. The friction shot even more exhilaration through the woman's senses. More squeals filled the air moments later.

In the observation room, Doc calmly said, "There's number two," at the woman's second orgasm.

Sweat now glistened on Monique's skin as the orgasmic coupling stretched into its tenth minute. Doc's assistant stood ten feet away and watched, ready to react should Cosmo react unexpectedly.

Fatigue was bared when panting mixed with the shrill squeals. The series of high-pitched screeching gave witness to the third orgasm of Monique's bestial coupling.

The woman was breathing hard. Her legs remained spread, tiny feet raised in the air while her pussy mined every last bit of ecstasy possible from the massive mound buried within. At the twenty-minute mark, Monique's breathing again quickened. Grunts grew louder, then evolved to shrieks, and finally became one loud groan of yet a fourth orgasm.

In the middle of the woman's outburst, Cosmo pulled away. Fluid poured from Monique's stretched labia folds. The Mastiff's interest concluded he was led out the side door by Doc's assistant. Monique collapsed from exhaustion. She was panting heavily, her lungs fighting to recapture lost oxygen. The woman clasped her thin wrist and covered her forehead with her forearms.

In the observation room, Doc glanced toward Brandi. He noticed the girl still staring out the window in quiet disbelief at what she had witnessed. The man put his hands on the girl's shoulders and turned her attention toward him.

"Brandi, all of our customers are women," Doc explained. "They are unsatisfied. Their husbands are either terrible lovers or pour all of their energy into work and neglect these beautiful women. This isn't the repulsive act you think it is. It's really quite common out there in the world. You'd be surprised how many beautiful, successful women get their pleasure from a Mastiff."

The girl squinted at the thought. Disbelief filled her mind. "But..."

Doc cut her off. "See for yourself," he said. "There's a website, a bulletin board where hundreds of women discuss the pleasure they have with their Mastiff. Check it out when you get back to your desk."

As the two talked, Monique picked herself up off the mattress. She towed the fluids from her pussy and thighs, then walked slowly and a bit gingerly toward the lounge.

Brandi remained filled with questions. "I... Isn't...isn't it...?" she stammered.

Doc smiled and shook his head. "It's entirely safe," he said. "There's no chance of sexually transmitted diseases." Then he smiled and laughed. "A Mastiff won't spill beer on your couch, forget your anniversary, or leave you frustrated while he goes to a football game or bar with his buddies." Doc paused for emphasis, lowered his voice, and said, "The real beauty is he'll never tell, and nobody will ever know."

A noise over the speaker drew Doc's attention. His assistant had emerged from the door to give the man an affirmative nod of the head. "Oh, we have another breeding," Doc said. "Gotta go get Brutus."

Brandi slumped in a chair against the back wall. She stared at the ground, awash in a sea of questions and confusion. She could not reconcile the immense pleasure she had just witnessed Monique enjoy with the fact that it was produced through sex with an animal.

In her state of confusion, the intern failed to notice Doc emerge at the side door and knock twice on the door to the lounge. Brandi did not snap from her state of pondering until the door opened, and Doc reentered the observation room.

"Didn't expect another breeding session today," he said enthusiastically. "A new owner meeting her Mastiff for the first time. In fact, Brutus has only recently reached maturity. This will be the first

time he mates!"

A motion drew Brandi's attention from Doc. A lone naked figure stepped timidly from the lounge door. Her unblemished porcelain skin was almost virginal in appearance. The girl's c-cup breasts shook as she sheepishly walked across the concrete and toward the mattress. Hard nipples jutted from two large areolas.

"Amy?" Brandi shrieked as she leaped from the chair.

Doc's assistant followed, carrying a large pillow. She laid the pillow on the mattress, placed a large towel over it and instructed the girl to lay face down with the pillow under her stomach. The arrangement placed Amy laying in a submissive position with her sumptuous ass in the air.

Brandi was aghast. Was her friend about to be paired with an animal? "No, no, you can't do this to her!" she implored Doc.

"We don't do anything to anybody," he calmly answered. "We only do what we are asked for, and she must have asked to try it."

Brandi whipped her head to view her friend. Her look became more frantic. "This can't be!" she stammered as Doc's assistant exited through the side door.

It was only seconds before the woman returned with Brutus, a fawn-colored two-year-old Mastiff with a short coat. The curious dog repeatedly looked up at Doc's assistant and then at the young woman lying atop the mattress as if to wonder what was going to happen next.

Brandi became hysterical. "Please, don't do this to her," she implored Doc, who stood silently and watched through the one-way glass.

Brandi pressed her palms to the glass. Panic coursed through her. Doc's assistant brought the young dog's nose to within an inch of Amy's delicate pussy. Brutus jerked and then hopped with excitement. Doc's assistant pulled him back, then released the leash tension to let the dog's muzzle draw near.

"No!" Brandi squealed as she watched the dog's large pink tongue lap at her friend's tender folds. Brandi could see Amy's eyes were closed. Her hands were balled and under her chest. The pillow thrust her hips upward, baring her holes. "Please no, please no, please no," Brandi softly repeated in a plea of advocacy for her friend.

She stopped and gasped at a loud noise that wafted through the intercom, a pleasurable groan that the Mastiff's tongue forced from her friend Amy's throat.

Just as with Monique, Doc's assistant tugged and pulled on the leash to pry the Mastiff away. She began the circular teasing dance. Brandi knew what was coming and turned in horror toward Doc. "Please don't! She's my friend," Brandi begged. "I brought her here. I didn't mean for this to happen! Don't do this to her," Brandi pleaded.

Tears began to flow down the blonde's cheeks. Her face reddened, mouth contorted. Doc's assistant now guided the dog on a second circular walk. Its anticipation had grown. He was bouncing on his front paws, tugging at the leash, pleading to be let loose for the pleasure that awaited the girl.

Brandi balled her right hand into a fist, drew her arm back, and was about to pound the glass and try to scare the dog from her friend when Doc grabbed her by the wrist. "Don't!" he commanded. "You'll

scare Brutus, and he might hurt her."

Brandi realized the hopelessness of her effort. She began to sob. Her eyes slammed shut. Her head tilted downward. Tears flowed down both cheeks. She dropped her hands to her thighs and slumped over.

"Oh God, Amy," she slurred. "What have I done, what have I done, what have I done to you?"

Guilt came over her. She had been responsible for prying her friend from a summer job to join her at the kennel. Now, the girl had been persuaded to try the unthinkable. She was postured in the breeding room in a position of surrender, her pussy laid bare for sex with a Mastiff.

Between sobs, Brandi blathered, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

A scream pierced the room. Brandi looked up. To her horror, the large Mastiff was on Amy's back. His hardness had rammed into the girl's pussy. "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God!"

Doc and Brandi heard Amy shriek. Brandi's fist shot to her mouth. She bit down on her index finger. Doc didn't have to explain what was happening. Brandi could see. Brutus was knotting. Suddenly, the dog began to move. Brandi hoped it was withdrawal, that her friend's torment and embarrassment would end.

"He's claiming her!" Doc gasped.

Brutus turned and stood butt-to-butt in a showing of defense aimed at protecting Amy, whom he now claimed to be his own. Doc looked over and noticed that Brandi had stopped crying. Both palms were pressed against the glass. Intrigue seemed to have taken over. The girl watched with intent as her best friend wiggled and rocked on the large Mastiff tool that was deeply embedded within.

"Oh my God, oh my God," Doc and Brandi heard through the intercom.

Amy was panting at the wondrous sensations that inundated her body. The girl never stopped her chatter. When her words melded into squeals, all in observance knew it meant the girl was reveling in the throes of orgasm. Brandi could see Amy gyrate her hips while all the while muttering things like, "so, good, so good," and "yes, yes, yes."

Her friend's second orgasm was soon followed by a third. It was not long, however, before Brutus had had enough. His knot shrunk. He pulled away and was led outside by Doc's assistant. Brandi wiped tears from her eyes. She looked at her friend. Amy appeared to be trying to make eye contact through the one-way glass. To Brandi, it appeared that a wry smile was slowly filling the girl's face.

"Come on," Doc said to Brandi. "Oh, no!" she said as she recoiled away from the man. Realizing the girl misunderstood his intentions, Doc clarified in a low, reassuring voice, "Brandi, I want to take you to Amy."

When she entered the lounge, Brandi lunged into Amy and embraced her. "Oh, I am so, so, so sorry for this."

The expression caught Amy off guard. When she broke from the embrace, she looked her friend in the eye and replied, "What are you talking about? That was amazing!"

Amy resumed toweling Brutus's fluids from her pubic area and thighs. Monique sat nearby, clad in a purple silk towel. She patted the girl on the back and complimented her. "It's only the few with

courage whose journey finds the treasure.”

Brandi looked around the room dumbfounded. Doc’s assistant walked in. “Alright, Hun?” she asked Amy.

“Oh yeah,” the girl exclaimed while still trying to regain her breath.

“Your turn!” laughed Monique.

“Oh, no. No way!” Brandi declared, waving her hands as she took a step backward.

“Brandi, you’ve got to.” Amy chimed in. “It’s amazing!”

The girl looked away and shook her head from side to side. “No. Not a chance.”

Monique could be heard chuckling at the demonstration. Amy stepped toward her friend and placed her palm against Brandi’s cheek.

“Brandi, do it.” the girl said softly. “It’s wonderful.”

While Amy spoke Monique had walked around behind the blond. She slipped the straps of Brandi’s sundress over her shoulders.

“Come on,” Amy implored.

Brandi began to cry as Monique tugged off her dress. Next, the woman unhooked the girl’s bra and tossed it aside to reveal the pair of magnificent breasts. Brandi stood in silent surrender. She slid from her pink panties, all the while softly crying at what she was stepping into. Doc’s assistant had left the room to share news of what was taking place in the lounge with her boss.

“I’ll get Adonis,” he said with a smile.

When Doc’s assistant returned to the lounge, she was met by the most beautiful female body she had ever seen. Brandi’s face was red, her cheeks stained with tears, and her blue eyes both wet and bloodshot. It was a mixture of fear, anticipation, excitement, and curiosity that overwhelmed the girl. The lustful object of the desires of every man on her college campus, Brandi was about to travel a new path, experience new pleasures, and become a new person. Doc’s assistant draped an arm around the girl’s back, patted her shoulder, and gently escorted her into the breeding room. She could feel Brandi quivering.

From the observation room, Doc, Monique, and Amy settled in to watch. The sight of the girl’s body unleashed a voracious and almost painful hard-on that inflated the crotch of the man’s slacks. He was in awe at the girl’s frame, her golden tanned skin, large magnificent breasts, long legs and well-rounded ass.

The unfolding represented Doc’s greatest fantasy and the pinnacle of his work. He had built a successful business on the longings of housewives who knew what they wanted. Amy and Brandi, however, were nubile, sexually inexperienced young women who were being persuaded to attempt something societal norms painted hideous and initiated to a means for bliss that would reshape their passion as well as their life.

Brandi looked downward as she traversed the breeding room floor. A dour expression replaced her normally enthusiastic personality. Tears welled in her eyes. Brandi looked for one and all to be

headed to the dungeon. She was scared and pensive, yet deep down harbored a small seed of eagerness to savor what was about to happen. Doc's assistant led the girl to the mattress. She guided Brandi to lie down on the towels.

"Breathe deep and relax," the woman counseled.

Brandi acted like Monique and raised her knees. She placed her hands atop her stomach and breathed deeply. Brandi closed her eyes. She was determined not to witness anything that was about to happen. The sound of a door opening made her heart race. That silence followed told her it was only Doc's assistant going outside the building. Moments later she heard the door again and this time the panting of a beast. The sound grew louder. Brandi's heart raced. Her breathing quickened. She knew the dog was moving closer. A tear squeezed from her right eyelid and dribbled into her ear. Her chest heaved rapidly, shaking her ample breasts.

Brandi felt the coarse hair of the dog's coat brush her shin. She knew what Doc's assistant was trying to do and spread her legs wider to comply. Her ears filled with the sound of the dog sniffing. Warm air from the dog's breath tickled her pubic hair and blew against her sensitive labia flesh. The dog made yelping sounds. Brandi assumed her scent, the pheromone, had triggered the animal's excitement. Doc's assistant tugged hard at the leash. She pulled Adonis away. The woman could see the girl's vulvae were pinkish and swollen. Beads of moisture glistened from her pubic hair. She decided Brandi was lubricated and denied the excited Mastiff to lick at the girl's cavity.

Brandi's head became light. Her chest heaved from heavy breathing. The girl's breasts shook slightly with each expansion of her chest. The clattering sound told Brandi that Doc's assistant had made the first of the three circles. Again she felt the Mastiff brush against her leg as Doc's assistant eased the tension on its leash and allowed the dog to draw closer and inhale the scent emanating from her pussy. Brandi heard the dog grunt, then whimper, and felt certain the woman was tugging at the leather leash to deny Adonis and heighten his anxiety again.

The large Mastiff was no doubt trotting in circle number two. Brandi knew from watching Monique and Amy that the dog would get one last whiff, be pulled away one more time, and then unleashed to Mount. The twenty-year-old beauty knew she could scream 'NO' but had no intention. She could turn on her side, bring her knees to her chest, and roll into the fetal position to deny the ravenous Mastiff. Brandi never gave it a thought. From the recesses of her mind, desire overpowered denial.

Brandi felt another brush from the dog's coat against her legs. Again, the sniffing sounds and whimpering, then a clattering which told that Adonis had been tugged away for the final time. There was no turning back now. In seconds, it would happen. Brandi began to cry softly. Fear, anxiety, anticipation, and worry mixed into an overwhelming rush. The gorgeous girl knew what to do. She lifted her feet from the mattress and parted her thighs. Her vulvae, covered with damp tufts of blonde hair, parted. Brandi felt the coolness of the room against her warmth. The girl's fleshy labia spread to reveal the pink target for a now overly excited Mastiff.

Doc's assistant could see the animal's pinkish unit had reached almost a foot in length. It was almost two full inches in diameter. She stopped her walk. The dog pulled against the leash. The woman loosened her grip on the leash. The Mastiff bolted toward the splayed girl. Brandi squeezed her eyes shut. She clenched her teeth. Her ears filled with the growing sound of the dog's panting and the clattering of its nails against the concrete floor. Brandi's body tensed. Her fingers gripped the mattress tightly. She felt the animal against the inside of her legs. Doc's assistant was on the floor to gently guide the Mastiff's stiffened tool.

Brandi heard a snap. Doc's assistant had unhooked the leash from the collar. It was happening. She

felt the Mastiff's underbelly brush against her stomach. An instant later, Brandi let loose with a scream as the Mastiff stuffed his engorged enormity deep into her cavity. The girl's eyes burst wide, her mouth stretched open, and she arched her back, raising her torso inches off the mattress. Brandi felt the dog's warm mixture of seed and fluid spurting against her vaginal walls, a weird yet pleasurable sensation.

Adonis's sizeable girth expanded her canal. The stretching of tissue shot sharp pain through Brandi's body. Adonis was knotting. Brandi shrieked as the six-inch round blood-engorged bulb expanded her tight vaginal opening. The dog's mass rubbed her clitoris and also pressed against her previously unexplored hypersensitive spot. Splayed in the center of the room, the gorgeous, tanned blond was impaled, locked with the large Mastiff with no relief in sight.

Brandi's torso collapsed to the mattress. The sound of loud animal pants filled her ears. Droplets of moisture, saliva from tongue and jowls, fell onto her tits. Intense spasms of pleasure shot from Brandi's pussy. It was overpowering, like nothing the girl had experienced before. Brandi began to breathe heavily. The girl slapped her palms against the pillow tops. Her head tossed from side to side, sending her long blond hair flying in several directions.

In almost no time, Brandi's groans were replaced with a series of rapid squeals. The pain from having her opening stretched wider than ever before had coupled with the immense pleasure from penetration and stimulation to overload the girl's nerve endings. The rapid squeals reached a crescendo. Brandi's eyes clenched shut, her face grew a deep shade of crimson, and she pressed her palms to the floor. Her magnificent body shook with the unmistakable spasms of ecstasy. The mating with the Mastiff rocked the college coed with a far more powerful orgasm than either her finger or a romp with a freshman-year boyfriend had ever produced.

Doc's assistant wore a wry smile at the site of Brandi being fucked by the one-hundred-thirty-pound dog. Smirks and silly grins graced Amy and Monique in the observation room. Each thought the same thing. Gone were Brandi's tears. Nowhere were pleadings and fear present. All of Brandi's apprehensions had been drowned by the ecstatic pleasure of sex with the beast. Brandi's clitoris received no reprieve. No sooner had brain and nerve endings evoked a sensory pinnacle when both were under assault again. Brandi had no time to relax, pant and prepare for a second onslaught. She was drowning in a flood of wonder.

The movement broke Brandi's concentration. The dog's coat brushed her thighs. Adonis was twisting. Still locked, the large Mastiff was turning his body, moving into a defensive position to guard his possession. Adonis was claiming Brandi for his own. Warm fluids continued to shoot from the Mastiff's enormous member deep into the girl's canal. Brandi's body twitched, writhed, and involuntarily twisted from the overwhelming sensations shooting through her body. Just two minutes after her first orgasm, spasms began anew. Her panting grew louder. Shrieks reverberated off the walls of the breeding room. Doc's assistant grew a wide smile at the sight of the alluring girl spasmodically shaking from a second orgasm by the enormous dog unit.

Brandi continued to pant, squeal, and occasionally shriek. Every nerve ending fired with pleasure. Nipples protruded from her ample breasts to a never-before-seen length. Her long, shapely tanned legs straddled the large beast, feet suspended in the air. Brandi's blond pubic hair was matted, curled, and completely saturated both with her sexual secretions and the fluids of the dog, which seeped from her stretched labia lips. The one-time cheerleader was a picture of unreserved surrender.

Brandi's whole world was being turned upside down. What she previously considered repulsive she now found to be rapturous. What she had wanted to obstruct was becoming an obsession. Her belief

system was washing away in wave after wave of orgasmic pleasures. Brandi's hands clutched her breasts. Her fingers rubbed over her erect nipples, evoking a new sensation of pleasure. She massaged the voluptuous mounds, trying to distract her brain from the uncontrollable waves of pleasure. The girl's body shook from ecstasy, her third orgasm in twelve minutes.

Differing degrees of awe enveloped Doc, Monique, Amy, and Doc's assistant as they watched the gorgeous blondes' continued undulations on the impaled mass of swollen animal flesh and bone. Without the help of stimulation, Doc shot a load into his briefs after the girl's fourth orgasm. Monique and Amy felt their hearts pounding and legs weaken as they watched the girl quiver from her fifth orgasm. Brandi's legs, arms, and stomach glistened with sweat. Strands of her blond hair matted against her forehead as she continued to be locked with the Mastiff for thirty-five minutes. Her naiveté was gone. Pleasure consumed her. Fatigue overwhelmed her.

Doc's assistant leaned against the wall and watched dispassionately as Brandi spasmed from a sixth orgasm. Suddenly, she noticed a decline in the girl's groans and an end to her squeals. She knew what that meant. After forty-three minutes, Adonis had had enough. The large Mastiff uncoupled. Doc's assistant summoned the dog and walked Adonis from the breeding room back to its pen. Amy lay atop the mattress, a picture of exhaustion. Her chest heaved as she tried to recapture her breath. A mixture of her secretions and Adonis's fluids seeped from her reddened pussy.

Monique and Amy entered the room and sat beside Brandi. Brandi extended her right arm and took Amy's hand. The best friends exchanged smiles. Amy's was pensive. Brandi's was radiant. The girl turned toward Monique.

"Do you do this often?"

The woman nodded, held up four fingers, and then said, "But I'd do it more times a week if I could."

Broad smiles filled the women's faces. Monique patted Brandi's forearm. She told the girl that her life had now changed. She urged Brandi to ignore any negativity that crept into her thoughts, to savor this wondrous means of pleasure.

"Honey," Monique said with a serious look on her face. "There isn't a man on this planet who can satisfy you now!"

The End