

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Prologue

For as long as I can remember, I have had two passions. Law enforcement and animals. My dream of becoming a cop spawned from my mother. Though she died when I was but a child, my father often spoke of her bravery. She was the kind of cop everyone looked up to. The kind of cop that couldn't be bought, no matter the price. The kind of cop all other cops aspired to become.

My love of animals was inborn. I love almost all animals equally, no matter their cuteness. Still, I must admit dogs stand among my favorites. There is just something about the way their tails wag when they see you that gets to me. Perhaps it's because they are unable to hide their emotions. If they like you, they wag their tail. If they hate you, they growl and bare their teeth. As an added bonus, they are also incredibly loyal.

For the longest time, I debated what to do with my life. Should I become a cop like my mother or should I pursue a career in animal care? In the end, I decided to compromise. I would become a cop, yet instead of serving in the major crimes department, I would apply to the K-9 unit.

After nineteen long weeks spent at the police academy, I was finally ready to join the force. Mere hours after graduation, I was making the arrangements for my acceptance into the K-9 unit training program. There was usually a five years of service requirement, but my mother's reputation made it possible for me to be admitted into the program straight away. Working in a vet's office each summer for the past five years also worked to my advantage as I was allowed to join a training program that was mere weeks away from completion. I couldn't believe how lucky I had been. Everything seemed to magically fall into place, almost as if someone was watching over me. There was no way of knowing for sure, but I somehow knew it was my mother.

The Bitch

I was afraid my classmates would resent me for being admitted so late into the program, so I chose to arrive early and hopefully show them I deserved to be there just as much as them. Unfortunately, my car broke down on the way there and I arrived a full thirty minutes late. Not exactly a great first impression.

"Sorry I'm late!" I called out as I burst into the gymnasium where most of our training was scheduled to take place. My outburst echoed throughout the gym, drawing all eyes to me. Even the dogs stared at me, their curious expressions giving them an almost comical allure.

Then came the silence. It was so overpowering I dared not move. I just stood there as the rest of the class, which was made up of a dozen men and one woman, stared at me. Most of them seemed surprised, but a few appeared to be amused. The instructor—a butch woman with a crew cut and far too many rolls of fat—seemed mildly annoyed by the disturbance, but otherwise uncaring of my lateness.

"You must be Officer White," she eventually said.

I expelled the breath I only now realized I had been holding in. Quickly inhaling another, I opened my mouth to speak, but the instructor cut me off before I could.

"Now that you're done disrupting the class, why don't you join us," she proposed. As I approached, I discovered she was even more repulsive from up close. Her skin was oily and she had the worst case of adult acne I had ever seen. According to her name tag, she was Sergeant June James, but I would

soon learn she was known as The Bitch. I was about to find out why.

I joined the rest of the group, relieved all eyes were no longer on me. I now stood next to the only other woman in the group. She gave me a comforting smile, as if to tell me things weren't so bad once you got used to them.

Leaning in, she whispered into my ears.

"Next time you're late, try sneaking in," she offered. "The Bitch..." she paused, nodding to the instructor, "...doesn't care if you're late, as long as you don't disturb the rest of the class."

I got the feeling she wanted to keep talking, but The Bitch's eyes were now on us. I was a little surprised to find them filled with what I could only describe as hatred.

"Were you talking, Officer Cunt?" she asked, though it sounded more like a growl than actual words.

For a second, I wondered if I heard right. Had she just called my new friend—at least I hoped we would one day become friends—Officer Cunt? And if so, was that really her name or was The Bitch simply attempting to humiliate her? The fearful expression I found the young woman beside me wearing told me it was the latter.

"No mam!" she immediately answered. She was now standing as straight as a board, her hands held at her sides and her chin held high. Had I not known any better, I would have sworn we were in the army.

I watched The Bitch approach, her scowl intensifying with every step. By the time she came to a standstill, mere inches stood between her and Officer Cunt—I would soon learn her real name was Cindy. I stood a few feet away, but I could still smell her fetid breath from there. I felt bad for poor Cindy, but I knew better than to speak, so I remained silent and watched the events unfold.

"I don't like being lied to," spat The Bitch, spittle spraying all over Cindy's face. I winced, wondering how she managed to keep a straight face. Then again, perhaps this had happened before. I just hoped nothing similar ever happened to me.

"Sorry mam," answered my classmate. I could tell she was terrified, but I had no idea why. I had no doubt being called a liar in front of the entire class was humiliating, but that did not warrant the kind of fear I found plastered all over her face. There was clearly something more going on.

The Bitch glared at Cindy for the longest time before finally speaking.

"You know what to do," she said, her voice now void of emotion.

Cindy didn't speak. She simply walked away from the group until she stood in front of the entire class. All eyes were on her, including mine. I watched, unsure what she would do. To my utter surprise, she started removing her clothes.

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked unable to keep the words contained. All eyes were now on me.

There was a long silence before someone answered. It was Cindy.

"Sergeant James does allow disruptions," she explained as she continued to unbutton her blouse. That didn't really answer my question, but given the glare The Bitch was now giving me made me

reconsider asking any more questions. I just stood there, staring in disbelief as Cindy stripped down to her underwear. At least she was wearing some, which was more than I could say for me.

I wondered what would happen next, but I quickly discovered that was the extent of the punishment. The class resumed and Cindy rejoined the group, still wearing nothing but her undergarments. The rest of the class didn't even glance at her, which was surprising given her stunning appearance. I guess they had seen it many times before.

I wanted to ask Cindy the cause for The Bitch's outlandish behavior. I wanted to know why she let herself get treated in such a degrading manner. I wanted answers to all the questions that swirled around in my mind, but I was afraid of getting in trouble.

Cindy didn't seem so concerned. No doubt being forced to spend the rest of the day in her underwear was the extent of The Bitch's punishments.

"Don't worry," she whispered into my ear. "She acts tough, but we all know that deep down, she just hates herself."

I nodded, knowing she was right. People like The Bitch took out their anger on others because they were too cowardly to admit their own flaws and attempt to rectify them. Still, I felt like there were far better ways for her to deal with her issues than by punishing her students.

The class continued without further incident and I eventually forgot about the altercation between Cindy and The Bitch. That is, until one of my other classmates made a funny remark that made the rest of the group laugh. I winced, expecting The Bitch to chastise him, or even force him to strip to his undies. To my utter surprise—and shock—she ignored the comment, acting like nothing had happened.

I couldn't believe it. I would have expected this type of behavior from a man, but how could a woman humiliate a female student in such a debasing manner, only to ignore a far more intrusive outburst from a male student? It wasn't right. Unfortunately, there was nothing I could do about it without putting myself in her line of fire.

But then another one of my classmates interrupted the class by farting. Of course, that made all the other boys laugh. This time, I was convinced she The Bitch would put her foot down.

She didn't. Instead of punishing the boy, she laughed along with the rest of the students.

That was the last straw. Forgetting about my own wellbeing, I stepped forward. The laughter died down as soon as I approached The Bitch. I suddenly realized I had made a mistake, but it was too late to back down.

"What's wrong with you?" I asked. "How can you punish one student for whispering, then ignore outbursts from her classmates?"

A heavy silence settled upon the gymnasium. No one spoke. No one even dared breathe. Even The Bitch had stopped laughing that wheezing laughter of hers.

She stared at me with the coldest look I had ever seen. I wanted to drop my gaze in submission, but I knew this was my one and only opportunity to show her I wasn't intimidated by her. What she did was wrong and it was about time someone stood up to her. I just hoped she wouldn't punish me like she had Cindy. I had no problem parading around in my underwear. Unfortunately, we had been suffering through a particularly intense heat wave of late and it had been almost a week since I had

last worn underwear.

I held The Bitch's gaze for what felt like an eternity. Just when I was about to break, her stare finally dropped. I couldn't believe it. I had won. I had stood up to The Bitch and survived. I didn't know how she would take it, but I sure as hell was about to find out.

To my utter amazement, she didn't punish me. She simply muttered something about giving me a free pass because I was new, then resumed her teachings. Many of my classmates seemed impressed by my accomplishment, but none were as adamant in their awe as Cindy. She even risked further punishment by telling me how grateful she was for my actions. Never before had anyone stood up to her and the fact that I hadn't back down meant she may finally change her wicked ways. All I could do was hope she was right and pray my actions would not bring the wrath of The Bitch crashing down upon my head.

The Test

Standing up to The Bitch had far greater repercussions than I ever could have imagined. Not only did Cindy and I become friends—I think she felt indebted to me for trying to protect her—but The Bitch actually stopped picking on her. Cindy revealed it was something that had been happening ever since she accidentally mispronounced The Bitch's name on her very first day.

At first, I was thrilled to see Cindy wearing clothes for a change, but my joy quickly faded when I realized I had become The Bitch's new target. No matter how hard I tried, she always found fault in everything I did. On the second day, she took me aside and told me she wouldn't let me undermine her, promising to do everything in her power to keep me from graduating. At first I thought it was simply an empty threat meant to scare me into submission. It wasn't until she forced me to strip for petting a dog without permission that I realized how un-empty her promise really was. The only upside was that I had planned ahead and worn underwear.

I spent most of the next two weeks parading around in my bra and panties. At first, my male classmates whistled and cheered, but I ignored them and their interest eventually waned. Unfortunately, The Bitch's hatred for me continued to burn bright.

At first, I considered reporting our instructor's inappropriate behavior, but Cindy cautioned me against it. There was a rumor floating around that the last student to snitch on The Bitch had been kicked out of the K-9 unit training program. Not only that, but she had been discharged from the force. No one knew the official reason, but from that day on, no one had ever messed with The Bitch. Than is, until I came along.

Part of me wished I had known this before standing up to her, but deep down I knew I had done the right thing. The Bitch was abusing her power and she deserved to be put in her place. I only wish I could have done more, but I couldn't afford to put my dream of becoming a cop on the line. The Bitch would eventually get what she deserved, one way or the other.

Each day, I was humiliated and emotionally beaten. It was a living hell, but my fellow students—even the men—were finally beginning to see how much of a monster The Bitch truly was. They had always known she was cruel, but since she let them get away with almost anything, they hadn't really cared. But now that she was taking things to the next level, they stopped goofing off and actually started paying attention in class. None of them stood up to her, but knowing my misery was having a positive effect on the rest of the class helped me make it through.

I kept my mouth shut, letting her humiliate me in the worst imaginable ways. Most people would have cracked under such pressure, but I kept thinking of my mother and how proud she would have

been of me. I refused to give up, keeping my mouth shut and my anger contained.

It worked for almost two week. But on the day of the final examination, I finally lost it. Since she couldn't get through to me, The Bitch turned her attention to Cindy. She treated her ten times worse than she had treated me, no doubt hoping it would finally make me lose it.

It did. The sight of my friend in tears finally accomplished what nine long days of psychological torture had failed to do. I lost completely lost it. Rage swept across me, spreading through my body like a virus, attacking every cell in my body until they were completely corrupted. No longer in control of my body, I watched, powerless as I stepped between my friend and The Bitch. By the time I realized what I was doing, it was already too late.

When I snapped out of my rage-induced trance, The Bitch lay on the floor before me, her fingers massaging her jaw. It took a few seconds before I understood what I had done. But when I finally realize I had punched her, I felt the blood drain from my face.

I expected The Bitch to be livid, but she simply stood up, a satisfied grid deforming her hideous lips. She had accomplished what she had set out to do; she had tricked me into sealing my own fate. I had assaulted a superior officer and there was only one punishment for that. Immediate discharge from the force.

I remained frozen in shock for a moment before finally becoming aware of my surroundings. My classmates stood nearby, eyes wide with shock and jaws dropped in disbelief. Cindy was the only one smiling, but I could tell many more smiles would soon emerge from the stunned crowd.

I could have apologized, but I knew nothing I said or did would do any good. I hated the fact that she had won, but there was nothing I could do about it, so I grabbed my clothes—as usual, I had spent the past few hours in my underwear—and ran.

It took a while before I finally came down form my adrenaline high. When it finally happened, a sense of disbelief and despair swept across me. I had just ruined my one chance at honoring my mother's memory. No matter how much regret I felt or how many times I apologized for what I had done, there was no way The Bitch would ever change her mind. I couldn't believe my career as a police officer had lasted only nine short days.

It took a few hours before the phone rang. I was utterly terrified, but I knew I had no choice; I answered. Sure enough, it was a secretary calling to inform me I was being summoned to a hearing, which was scheduled for the next day. I was surprised by the rapidity of the proceedings, but I guess I should have seen it coming. The Bitch hated me and no doubt had reported the assault as soon as I had left.

I barely slept. I knew the odds of my remaining employed were slim, but I still held out hope. It was silly, but it was the only thing I could do to keep from falling into a deep depression.

First thing next morning, I headed to the training facility where I had spent the last two weeks of my life. On my way there, I got a call from Cindy. I told her the situation and promised to give her a call as soon as the verdict had been handed out. I hung up just as I entered the parking lot.

Ten minutes later, I was entering the captain's office. I was a little surprised by the chosen local, but I assumed this was merely a formality. Inside the office stood the captain—a balding man in his early fifties—and The Bitch. She was dressed up, though she still looked as hideous as ever. A malicious smile curled her lips. I could tell she would enjoy watching my dreams being torn to shreds.

I stood there for what felt like an eternity, waiting for the captain to speak. It took a while, but he eventually looked up from his computer screen. His expression was impossible to read.

"Your mother would be very disappointed in you," he said.

Anger shot through me at the mention of my mother. Who was he to tell me what my mother would have thought? Then again, he was right. I bowed my head and waited for him to proceed.

"Striking a superior officer almost always results in immediate termination of employment," explained the captain.

I sighed, assuming my fate was sealed.

"However," he soon added, "Sergeant James here insists you are one of the best recruits she ever had."

I was so surprised I almost choked on my own saliva.

"The..." I started, but stopped myself before I could refer to my training officer as The Bitch. "Sergeant James said that?" I eventually asked, bewildered.

The captain nodded.

"She claims you struck her following a misunderstanding that led you to believe she was mistreating one of your fellow officers," he explained. "She believes you acted as any other officer would have in your shoes."

I couldn't believe it. It sounded so impossible I didn't know what to say. So I just stood there and waited to see what would happen next.

There was a long silence before The Bitch finally spoke.

"I have dropped the charges against you," she explained with an oddly kind smile. "If you are still interested in joining the K-9 unit, I would be happy to let you retake the final examination. In fact, I am free tomorrow."

I didn't know what to say. It all seemed so out of character, yet the offer was not one I could refuse. I didn't know if The Bitch had miraculously grown a conscience overnight or if she was planning something, but I couldn't pass up such an opportunity. It took a while, but my mind was eventually made up.

"All right," I agreed, glancing at The Bitch. The satisfied grin she wore told me I had just made a mistake. Unfortunately, it was now too late to back down. All I could do was hope I could survive whatever atrocities she had planned for me.

The Trap

I barely slept all night. I kept tossing and turning, wondering what atrocities The Bitch had planned for me. But eventually, fatigue washed over me and I slipped into unconsciousness. My dreams were populated with horrible visions of my instructor. She humiliated and tortured me. Every horrible thing I could think of she did. By the time my alarm clock finally dragged me back to reality, I was covered in sweat. My heart was racing and my adrenaline was pumping.

I thought about not going, about blowing off my one chance at salvation. But deep down, I knew I

would forever regret it if I let my fear control me. So, after thoroughly preparing myself for the worst possible scenario, I got dressed and headed off.

It was still quite early when I reached the training facility where I had spent the last two weeks of my life. It was Saturday, so the place was almost completely deserted. Only a few security guards patrolled the outer perimeter. The buildings themselves were completely empty.

When I reached the door leading to the gymnasium, I paused. Fear shot through me, but I pulled the door open before I could talk myself down. Striding inside, I glanced around. The gym was almost completely deserted. Standing as the center of it was The Bitch. Next to her stood one of the police dogs we had been training with for the past few weeks. Like all others, he was a studly German Shepherd.

"It's about time," grunted The Bitch as I approached.

I glanced at my watch. I was a grand total of seventeen seconds late. Ignoring the repulsive woman's remark, I came to a stop a few feet in front of her.

"Here's the deal," she said before I could even come to a complete standstill. "If you obey every single one of my commands, I will give you a passing grade and allow you to join the K-9 unit. However, if you disobey so much as one of my orders, you will fail and I will make sure you're kicked off the force."

She gave me a few seconds to take it all in.

"Do we have a deal?" she asked, stretching out her hand.

The last thing I wanted to do was give her complete control over me, but I had no choice. I reached out and shook her hand, struggling to keep from gagging at the oiliness of her skin.

"Get undressed," she ordered as soon as the handshake was over.

I barely even hesitated before removing my clothes. I was accustomed to parading around in my underwear.

I folded my clothes into a neat pile and set them down next to me. I then removed my shoes and socks and placed them alongside it. Then came my purse, into which I slipped my watch. Only my underwear now remained.

"Keep going," instructed The Bitch moments after I was done.

At first, I didn't understand what she meant. But then it hit me and my eyes widened in shock.

"Are you saying you want me to get..." I let the end of my sentence trail off.

"Naked," she said, finishing my sentence. Only it wasn't a question, but a command.

I couldn't believe it. I had expected her to take things to the next level, but I never thought she would do anything this inappropriate. Unfortunately, I had little choice in the matter. Either I removed every single article of clothing I had left or I could forget about ever joining the K-9 unit.

I sighed and slowly began removing my underwear. My bra was the first thing to go, revealing the perky breasts that lay beneath. The Bitch's eyes focused on them and I felt a sense of unease wash over me. I thought about using my locks of chocolate-brown hair to cover them, but I could tell my

instructor-turned-tormentor would not stand for it. Doing my best to ignore her gaze, I moved on to my panties.

As soon as they hit the floor, my slit was revealed. Although I was slightly embarrassed that such a thought even occurred to me, I felt relief wash over me as I realized I had recently shaved it. I couldn't stand the thought of anyone seeing me in any state but complete perfection, even if it was The Bitch.

When my underwear had joined the rest of my belongings, I finally dared a peek at The Bitch. I couldn't believe what I found. She was staring at me intently, her eyes darting across my body. But the truly shocking part was the wide smile that curled her lips. It was obvious she enjoyed seeing me naked.

It took a few second before everything fell into place, but when it finally did, I found myself wondering how I could have missed it for so long.

The Bitch was a lesbian!

It was the only logical explanation. Not only did it explain why she only picked on girls, but it answered the question I had often asked myself. Why were all of her punishment sexual in nature?

It all made sense. The Bitch was a lesbian, but her behavior made it clear she had yet to accept her homosexuality. It was no doubt this constant battle with herself that made her such a bitter and cruel person. She couldn't accept herself the way she was, so she punished others to make herself feel better. Though there was no way to prove this, I believed her affinity for picking on women was her subconscious trying to tell her she was a lesbian.

For the first time since I met her, I actually felt bad for her. I considered trying to help her accept her homosexuality, but deep down, I knew it was too risky. I was already on shaky ground and accusing her of being gay was not going to help further my cause. I felt somewhat bad for dooming her to a lifetime of self-hatred, but she had no one to blame but herself.

I shut my mouth and waited for her to give her next command. When it finally came, I began to regret my decision not to confront her about her latent homosexuality. Unfortunately, it was too late for that now.

"Suck his cock!" she ordered, pointing to the German Shepherd that stood by her side.

My jaw dropped open in disbelief. Had I heard her right? Had she just asked me to give a blowjob to a... dog? Unfortunately, a quick glance at her revealed an unyielding determination. She wasn't kidding.

I opened my mouth to refuse, but then I thought of my mother. I had looked up to her my entire life and joining the force had been my way of getting close to her and honoring her memory. Could I really throw all of that away?

No. But could I really go through with The Bitch's perverse request just to feel close to my mother? It was the smile of malevolence that curled the woman's lips that finally convinced me. She expected me to refuse, but she was in for a big surprise.

As repulsed as I was by the concept of having sex with a dog, I hurried over to him and dropped to the floor. Moments later, the animal dropped to his flank, revealing a massive, rock-hard member. It was far larger than I had anticipated, but the look of sheer disbelief that deformed The Bitch's traits

fully made up for it. Ignoring my repulsion, I lowered my head to the shaft and wrapped my lips around it.

It was now too late to back down, so I did the only thing I could; I started sucking the member before my brain fully understood what I was doing. Barely even noticing the intense heat emanating from the spear, I forced it deeper and deeper into my mouth until the tip pressed against my uvula. Only then did I pull back, my lips wrapped tightly around the shaft.

It took a few seconds before I got used to it. By then, I was furiously sucking the animal's member, using every tool at my disposal, be it my lips or tongue, to get him off as quickly as possible. I also thought of stealing a glance at The Bitch to see how she was reacting to my overzealous interpretation of her order, but chose instead to focus all of my attention on the task at hand.

I don't know how long it took for the animal to climax, but it couldn't have been more than a minute. All I know is that one second I was furiously sucking his cock and the next he was shooting his load into my mouth. It was only at this point that I realized just how much I had been enjoying myself. Shame filled me upon realizing this, yet there was no denying how enjoyable my canine lover's shaft felt in my mouth. And now that his hot semen was filling every inch of free space that remained, I was left without a choice. I had to admit I enjoyed bestiality. The thought sickened me, yet I was unable to resist the urge to swallow my lover's cum.

It flowed down my throat, warming my entire body in a matter of seconds. But the heat was not all I loved about it. It was also sweet. But not in an overpowering manner. It was more of a sugary flavor than made me crave more. And more was exactly what I got.

I continued sucking the dog's member until it finally popped out of my mouth. Swallowing the final squirt, I peered up at The Bitch. I could not help and smile as I realized she wore a look of utter bewilderment. I could only imagine how she felt inside that repulsive exterior she called a body.

She stared at me for the longest time before the shock finally left her traits. In its place now stood malicious joy. The malevolent smile that now curled her lips sent a chill running down my spine, but I did my best to ignore it. Still, I couldn't help and wonder why she was so happy.

"Keep sucking," she barked. I had no idea what she was planning, but it was obvious the dog was involved. More out of curiosity than anything else, I once again started sucking the animal's spear, keeping it from retreating into its sheath. In a matter of seconds, he had another raging hard-on. As soon as he was ready, The Bitch spoke again.

"Get on all fours," she commanded, the cause for her malevolent grin suddenly becoming clear.

I didn't know how I felt. Part of me—the part that had enjoyed sucking the animal's member and drinking his cum—couldn't wait to let the studly canine mount me. Another part—the one that held my mother's memories—was filled with doubt. My mother had always advocated lawfulness, integrity and, above all else, an unwavering belief in the laws that governed our society. Not only was bestiality technically illegal, but letting The Bitch blackmail me went against everything my mother had fought and died for.

But it was the only way.

I threw The Bitch a hateful glance, hoping it would be enough to help hide the love of bestiality I had only just discovered I possessed. It seemed to work, because her smile broadened at the sight of my angry gaze. Taking full advantage of this, I slowly got to my hands and knees.

No sooner was I in position that the studly animal was mounting me. His front legs squeezed my waist tightly. His hind ones forced his member forward. Only when the tip stood at the mouth of my slit did he stop. He had obviously done this many times. I was wondering how many other young women had been punished in such a manner when the dog finally jerked forward.

"Fuck!" The yelp shot past my lips with such force it made my heart skip a beat. But it quickly started beating again when inch after inch of the animal's member slid into me.

I couldn't believe how wet I was. I had not been so aroused in months, not since my boyfriend had left me. Come to think of it, I don't think I was ever this turned on in my entire life. Perhaps it was the perversity of bestiality. Or maybe it had to do with the knowledge that my every move was being observed by The Bitch. Either way, I was about to lose my bestial virginity and I was determined to enjoy every second of it. I just hoped I could keep my tormentor from finding out just how much I enjoyed the punishment she had chosen for me.

The dog kept pushing until his entire member had been swallowed up. Only his knot remained unattended, and that was only because it was too massive to fit into my tight pussy. The spear remained trapped inside me for a few seconds before the animal finally got to work.

Another moan shot past my lips when he started pounding me like the savage beast he had now become. His cock drilled me mercilessly, forcing my arousal level to skyrocket and beads of sweat to appear across my entire body. Simply keeping my moans contained was a constant struggle. But I was determined to keep The Bitch from finding out just how much I enjoyed her punishment.

I kept my mouth shut for far longer than I had initially anticipated. But when a powerful orgasm started growing within me, I lost all control. Powerful moans began flowing past my lips, intercut by outbursts of dirty talk I had up until then remained unaware were within me. Each penetration brought me closer to climax, each retraction doing the same. It was only a matter of time before...

"Stop!" ordered The Bitch, interrupting my train of thought.

The dog froze, cutting me off less than a second before climax. I wanted to scream in anger, but I knew that would only make things worse. I clenched my jaw and waited to see what my tormentor would do next.

She didn't speak. Instead, she grabbed the German Shepherd by the collar and forced him off of me. It took all the strength I had just to keep from groaning in disappointment. But I had regained control of my emotions and, now more than ever, I was determined to keep The Bitch from knowing how I truly felt about bestiality.

My resolve wavered as soon as my canine lover was allowed to mount me again. I felt the tip of his member bounce around for a while. It wasn't until I felt something brush against my ass that I realized The Bitch had one of her chubby hands wrapped around the manhood. I wondered what she was up to until the tip of the cock pressed against one of my orifices.

It wasn't my pussy.

My eyes widened in shock and my lips parted. Before I could say a single word, the studly animal jerked forward, sending his member flying deep into my ass. Deeper and deeper in travelled until every last inch had been swallowed up.

I remained frozen in place. I couldn't believe what was happening. I had been with two men in my life, both of which had begged me to let them penetrate me from behind. But I had always refused. It

had nothing to do with the taboo of anal. The fact was, I had always wanted to try it, yet the thought had always terrified me. For you see, my pussy was tight, but my asshole was even tighter. I had always been terrified that letting a lover penetrate my rectum would leave me in a constant state of pain. Nonetheless, I had always fantasized about it. Unfortunately, the decision had just been made for me.

The German Shepherd started pounding me, each one of his thrusts sending a shocked gasp flying past my lips. At first, I thought the cries were that of pain, but as the drilling intensified and the seconds ticked by, I realized they were actually infused with lust.

I was stunned. After all those years spent dreading this moment, I now realized it was something I should have tried long ago. But deep down, I was kind of happy my first animal lover was the one to take my anal virginity. It would make the experience that much more special and ensure I remembered it for the rest of my life.

I thought about trying to keep The Bitch from finding out just how much I enjoyed her punishment, but the arousal coursing through my veins made such a thing impossible. I started to moan, my lustful cries echoing throughout the gymnasium. I didn't know how The Bitch would react and I didn't care. All that mattered was the orgasm growing with me. All I could do was moan at the top of my lungs and hope my tormentor didn't deny me climax yet again.

She didn't. She just stood there, watching as the studly dog pounded me into the ground. But I held strong, refusing to be drilled into submission. I kept fighting until my orgasm finally reached its apex.

And just like that, I was coming. One second I was moaning at the top of my lungs as my canine lover rode me furiously. The next I was squirting all over the place, my cum streaking down my thighs in a frenzied race to the floor.

I had never come this hard. Perhaps it was the bestiality. Perhaps it was the anal. Or perhaps it was knowing that The Bitch's punishment had failed. All I knew was that I had just discovered a new reason why I loved dogs above all other animals.

My orgasm raged on for what felt like an eternity. So did my lover's. He continued to ride me, his cock convulsing inside of me and squirt after squirt shooting out of it. It felt incredible inside my overstuffed rectum. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced and I loved every second of it.

The animal eventually tired, his thrusts diminishing in intensity until his member finally popped out of me. Suddenly aware of how exhausted I was, I struggled to remain upright. I only lasted a few seconds before my limbs gave out and I crashed to the ground.

I don't know how long it took me to recover. All I know is that one second I was panting heavily and the next I was struggling to sit up. Now that I had been allowed to climax, I had finally come down from my sexual high. But against all odds, I didn't feel ashamed by what I had done. I didn't know if it was because I had been blackmailed into doing it or because I truly enjoyed having sex with animals, but I didn't care. All that mattered was that my plan had worked.

When my eyes finally fluttered open, a large smile curled my lips.

"Why are you smiling?" asked The Bitch, clearly confused by my lack of shame.

I didn't answer. I just kept smiling.

“Why the fuck are you smiling?” she growled.

My smile turned into laughter, which only angered The Bitch further. She started yelling, demanding to know why I was so happy. When that failed, she threatened to fail me unless I stopped laughing. I ignored her and kept chuckling.

By the time my giggles finally died down, she was hysterical. Her face had turned a bright shade of red and her eyes seemed about to pop. Almost feeling bad for her, I chose to finally reveal the cause for my laughter.

Standing up, I casually strolled toward the neatly folded pile of clothes. Ignoring the garments, I grabbed my purse and plunged my hand into it. Fumbling around for a few seconds, I found what I was looking for. Wrapping my fingers around it, I pulled my fist out and turned to face The Bitch.

“This,” I said, opening my hand to reveal the small device that lay within, “is why I was laughing.”

The Bitch’s eyes widened in a disbelief as she recognized the item. It was small, black and had a flashing red light. It was an audio recorder and it had recorded every single word spoken since my arrival.

Epilogue

I thought long and hard about the offer made to me by the bitch, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t find a single reason why she had offered to let me retake the final examination. The only logical explanation was that she had something planned. Something designed to make me pay for humiliating her in front of the entire class. Something so horrific I would be scarred for the rest of my life.

I didn’t know what she had planned, but I knew it was most likely illegal. That was what inspired me to trick her into incriminating herself. There was no way to know what she would do, but it was my one and only chance as seeing my dreams come true. As an added bonus, if she said anything incriminating enough, I could use the recording to blackmail her into resigning from the police force.

Given everything she had just put me through, there was no doubt in my mind I now had complete power over her. As soon as her initial shock faded, The Bitch made a move for the recorder, but I pulled my hand back before she could even get near it. She took a threatening step forward me, but a quick punch to the stomach sent her tumbling to the ground. The Bitch was horribly out of shape and the odds of her winning a fist fight were slim to none. She seemed to be aware of this, because she didn’t try anything else.

“What do you want?” she snarled as soon as her breath had returned.

I wanted to enjoy this moment, but I simply didn’t have it in me to be that cruel. The Bitch may have been the worst kind of bully, but deep down, she was just a little girl afraid to admit to the world—and herself—that she was a lesbian. Still, she had done horrible things and it was my duty as a police officer to keep her from inflicting any more harm.

“I want you to resign,” I said. It was simple and to the point. No emotion involved.

The Bitch glared at me, but nodded nonetheless. She knew I could ruin her life by sending a simple email with a certain MP3 attachment.

"Is that all?" she asked. I could tell it was killing her, but I didn't care. She deserved far worse than this.

"Actually, there is," I said. "I want you to call the captain and tell him I passed."

I felt a little guilty for using the situation for personal gain, but I knew I would have passed the final examination with flying colors had it not been for this pathetic woman's unjustified hatred of me.

I could tell The Bitch hated being manipulated in such a way, but it was also obvious she had no choice but to agree to my condition. She nodded.

And just like that, everything was set right. The Bitch's tyrannical reign of terror was finally over. As an added bonus, I now had a guarantee I would be accepted into the K-9 unit. If I wasn't, I could always remind The Bitch what she risked to lose. But I could tell she wouldn't risk public dishonor and possible jail time just to get back at me.

I took my time getting dressed, all the time keeping an eye on the former K-9 unit instructor. But she didn't move once. Not even when I turned tail and strode toward the exit.

When I reached the door, I realized I had one last thing to tell her.

"By the way," I said as I glanced back at her. "You're a lesbian."

The next day, I got an unexpected call. It was the captain, calling to personally let me know I had been accepted into the K-9 unit. He also informed me of The Bitch's unexpected resignation. When asked if I knew anything about it, I lied and claimed it was the first I heard of it. Since he didn't contradict me, I assumed The Bitch had kept her promise.

I soon realized that was not entirely true. Like I had asked, she had given me a passing grade on my final examination and handed in her resignation. But she had also spoken so highly of me—no doubt in an attempt to keep me from accusing her of sabotage—that the captain had picked me as her replacement.

I couldn't believe it. Never before had a rookie to the K-9 unit been offered the job, let alone one who was fresh out of the academy. I was overwhelmed, but also incredibly flattered. At first I thought of turning it down, refusing to believe I was the best choice for the job. But the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. Not only could I keep all future K-9 trainees from being mistreated, but I would be fulfilling my dream of combing my love of police work and my love of animals. It would keep me close to my mother while letting me spend every hour of the day with studly dogs who were just as starved for sex as I was. It was, in every sense of the word, the perfect job for me.