

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Preface

The sudden surge in the awareness of Animal Rights in the Indian Subcontinent was mainly due to a popular film actress taking interest and forming an activist group. Her group once ransacked a prestigious research laboratory at Hyderabad and forcibly released forty eight monkeys that had been kept for medical research, an incident that made headline news and provided unprecedented popularity for the actress and her group. With yet another celebrity female from the political arena joining in, animal rights movement became fashionable activity in the country, with activist groups springing up in many cities. The action of one such group in the South-Indian city of Coimbatore forms the theme of this story.

A team consisting of five ladies from the Coimbatore Chapter of the Animal Rights Activists Group (ARAG) was headed towards a neighbouring town on a special mission. Their target was KADHIR PETS, a high-profile business house that deals with speciality pets. Mrs. Mercy Joseph was in charge of the team which comprised of the members Mrs. Mala Ganesan, Miss. Vimala, Dr. Lekha Dinesh and Miss Savithri. Their mission was to conduct a raid on the lines of the incident that took place at the research foundation at Hyderabad. Kadhir Pets was well known for its expensive range of pet animals, and the ladies expected to make it to the news with the backing of a media unit. This team had recently raided the 'Stray Dogs Eradication Wing' of the Municipal Corporation and had rescued twenty stray dogs that had been caught from the streets, destined for electric culling. This formed the basis of their indubitable confidence in the success of the present project.

Kadhir Pets was founded and operated by its sole proprietor, Mr. Kadhiresan. What he had started as a humble shop for training and trading domestic pets, had grown into a high-profile, multi crore business establishment dealing in super-breed canines and felines, in addition to providing speciality services that included mission specific canine training, stud services by certified pedigrees and more. Its posh premises were presently spread over a twenty acre campus that had become a landmark. Kadhiresan, popularly called 'Kadhir', was a shrewd animal trainer with unparalleled skills in conditioning canines for any imaginable purpose, this being one of the much sought-after services of his establishment. His training methods were unique, almost proprietary in nature.

He also provided an unlisted service that was known only to a select clientèle, which involved the mating of human females with dogs trained for the purpose. This exclusive circle of clients consisted of certain highly placed gentlemen who had a veritable passion for the voyeuristic pleasures of witnessing females in their possessions being mounted by well hung canines. This elite circle was largely responsible for the rapid prosperity of his establishment.

The team of animal rights activists stormed into the reception hall of Kadhir Pets. Madam Mercy's imposing figure, her posture and the tone of her voice exuded authority, an attribute that resulted from her authoritative position in a government institution of repute, which conferred almost absolute power over the staff in her charge. She gazed at the cute receptionist and demanded to see the manager. A couple of minutes later, Mallika the receptionist, ushered the ladies into the office of the manager, Mr. Rangunath.

"How may I help you, ladies?" enquired Mr. Rangunath, with a pleasant smile.

"We are from the Animal Rights Activists Group and we would like to see the list of the animals kept here," said Mercy in her authoritative tone. The manager read out an impressive list from his computer-monitor, and answered her subsequent questions. She then demanded to know the manner in which the animals were kept, also reminding him of the legal provisions in the 'Prevention

of Cruelty to Animals' Act. In the meanwhile, Kadhiresan, who had already been informed by Mallika of the visit by the animal rights activists, was in his chamber listening to the conversation that took place in his manager's office. It did not take him much time to guess the purpose of these ladies. He gave out certain orders to his men over his walkie-talkie and walked out of his chamber, to meet the ladies himself.

"Please meet Mr.Kadhiresan, madam. He is our proprietor."

With a "Good morning, ladies," and a bow, Kadhir seated himself on the chair by the side of Ragunath's desk, which being at a vantage position, offered him a good view of all the five members of the team. Mercy introduced her team-members to him and then continued her conversation, while her eyes measured him from head to toe. She placed him well below thirty, too young to have built such an upmarket enterprise. About six feet, muscular build, almost shoulder-length hair, soft drooping moustache, but docile-faced.

During the course of the conversation, Kadhir too, conducted a visual assessment of the ladies, one by one. The team leader Mercy, in mid-forties, was of a somewhat heavy build. Not too flabby, but bigger than the average Indian female physique. Her height was proportional to her size. Her authoritarian chest-up posture made a magnificent show of her ample breasts. She wore a pale blue saree over a tight choli (a short Indian blouse) and the petticoat tied below the navel. For readers not acquainted with the Indian saree, a brief note would be appropriate: The saree is an unstitched cloth about five meters in length, wrapped around the waist over a string-tied petticoat, with the free end draped over the front of a short blouse (choli), and the excess slung over the shoulder to keep it in place. A well-stitched choli offers the right degree of exposure and support, enhancing the shape of the wearer's breasts. Usually, a broad midriff is left uncovered, which in Mercy's case revealed a fold or two in the waist that landed over broad buttocks which filled the seat. The extra fat, however, could not obscure the seductive form she had possessed in her younger days. In contrast to her authoritarian voice, her lips had an alluring softness that held Kadhir's attention for an extended while. Her light-brown complexion was typical of women from the state of Kerala.

Seated to her right was Mala, also a married woman. Mala's complexion was a tenth of a shade darker than Mercy's, but had a youthful lustre that placed her well over ten years younger to her team-leader. She too was clad in a saree, a floral nylex. The semi-transparent nylex provided Kadhir with a fair amount of insight into her anatomy. Her body was well proportioned, bore no flab, but possessed an appropriate amount of fat that was distributed over the appropriate places to accentuate her curvaceous figure. She had a smooth and constricted waistline. A window on the opposite wall rendered light at the right angle to offer Kadhir a good view of her cleavage through the thin nylex. The low-neck choli revealed a pair of well-shaped breasts. Her subtle but expensive make-up put her as a high-society lady, but the expression on her face was typical of a conservative, modest Hindu housewife.

To Mercy's left was Vimala, whose face, figure and attire bore the 'college girl' stamp. Sensuous lips on an extremely attractive oval-shaped face, plastic-smooth skin, rocket-nose tits, made-to-order body proportions - she was a life size barbie-doll. Maroon lipstick, pencil-thin eye-liner, designer pants, sleeveless tops: a glamour-grade chick.

Kadhir turned his attention to the other two females who sat behind these three. The mangalsuthra on Lekha's neck certified her as a married woman, though she looked too young for birthing. Her fair complexion was just a tint deeper than Caucasian. She was of athletic build, had small, but well-shaped tits. She was dressed in salwar kameez and wore little make-up. The other chick, Savithri, looked like just out of school, hardly eighteen. Lean physique, childish face. She too, was dressed in salwar-kameez. Kadhir wondered how this one joined the gang. She didn't blend with the group.

Kadhir's attention on the ladies' physical aspects did little to distract his conversation with Mercy, who was actually annoyed at the effortless manner in which he responded to her queries. She glanced at her watch and decided that it was time to make their move. She stood up and demanded that her team be shown the animal cages, at once.

Kadhir referred to the wall-clock and reckoned that his men should have completed the arrangements that he had ordered while exiting his chamber. The special arrangements were a precautionary measure for taking care of the ladies, in the event they attempted something similar to the Hyderabad incident. His judgement could not have been more accurate, since the present team was precisely aiming at such a move. He led the five ladies to the elevator that was situated at the far end of the building. They traversed a multitude of corridors, in the course of which the ladies totally lost their sense of direction. The plush interiors were reminiscent of a multinational corporate house, quite different from what the activists expected to see. Each of the many floors and sections of the premises had been designed for a specific program. The ladies felt no motion as the neural-network-controlled elevator quietly descended to level B, two floors below ground level.

Level B was where Kadhir's arrangements had been made for the ladies' reception. This level presently housed eleven of the dozen super-breed dogs that had been imported from a Dutch breeding laboratory. The twelfth had temporarily been removed to the vet section due to a minor infection. These were no ordinary dogs. The breed was named 'Delta Rapist' by its creators in Holland. A product of selective breeding and genetic manipulation, they possessed an awesome aggregation of traits - the savage temper of a Combai, ferocity of a Rottweiler, intelligence of an Alsatian and the stamina of a Wolfhound, to mark a few. All twelve dogs were male, procured on behalf of an estate client, and were at the final stages of their mission-specific training focussed on the assailing of human targets, especially females. Kadhir saw the visit by the animal rights activists as a timely opportunity for real time field-test for the dogs as well as his training program. His clients were the owners of cardamum estates in the Nilgiri Hills, who had a peculiar problem with rivals in the area. After experiencing repeated failure of the cardamum crop, they instituted an investigation, to discover that the cause was neither disease nor malnutrition, but intentional poisoning of the soil by their rivals, who used attractive women to gain entry into their estates' fences. The women in question were not of the working cadres, but members of the elite, drawn from circles of acquaintances and relatives of the landlords. The dogs would not only provide fool-proof security for the estate, but also be effective in delivering definitive punishment to the feminine trespassers of malicious intent.

Kadhir and the team of animal rights activists passed another labyrinth of corridors before finally reaching the dog-pens. Contrary to the team's expectation, these were no ordinary pens either, but integrated into sophisticated architecture that bore little semblance to animal cages. What they saw were an array of stainless steel-grilled shutters covering rectangular openings on a very long wall. The shutters were closed, but not locked. Mercy's team inspected the cages and found a dog in each of the first few cages. The dogs they saw were large, but appeared benign. With a nod from the team leader, each of the ladies swiftly positioned herself near a shutter. Mercy gave the order to 'open the shutters', and started to slide open the shutter nearest to her. As the other ladies started opening the other cages, Kadhir assumed an expression of extreme alarm on his face and shouted:

"Madam, please do not open the cages! The dogs belong a client!"

"I don't care whose dogs they are. Do you know that they ought not to be kept in a dark cage like this?" retorted Mercy in her commanding voice.

"Please, madam, do not let the dogs out! They are ferocious!"

“Don’t try to threaten me, gentleman,” said Mercy, who was in no mood to believe him. She shouted to her associates to hasten opening the cages. Five cages were now open, from which the five dogs they had seen stepped out lazily. Though the dogs were large, their benign disposition caused no fear in the ladies’ minds. Furthermore, they had the confidence of having carried out a similar exercise at the Municipal Corporation. They then started chasing the five dogs towards the direction that they assumed was the front of the premises, unaware that they were two floors below ground level. The reluctant dogs continued to face the ladies, but slowly moved backward to where the ladies wanted them to go.

As the group of ladies crossed the foremost of the cages, Kadhira dipped his hand into his waist pocket and got busy with a device he had inside. It was a small gadget designed to produce ultrasonic sounds which the dogs had been acclimatized to. The device was a modern electronic version of the conventional dog-whistle used for generating ultrasonic sounds that could be heard only by dogs, inaudible to the human ear. While a conventional dog-whistle was limited to a single frequency, Kadhira’s device was capable of producing a wide range of ultrasonic tone-patterns. These dogs were trained to respond to over forty different ultrasonic commands from the device.

As Kadhira’s fingers worked on the device’s buttons, six more dogs jumped out of the open cages and growled behind the ladies. The ladies were taken by surprise, as they had seen only one dog per cage. Suddenly, the five dogs that they had been driving out, also changed from their benign expressions to a frightening growl in unison. They lifted their upper lips exhibiting their sharp teeth in a fearsome manner. The ladies were now gripped with fear, as the dreadful animals approached them in a slow and steady movement. Mercy, being the toughest of the team, shouted to Kadhira:

“Hey, mister, please drive off these dogs!”

“Madam, these are a ferocious breed. That is why I warned you not to release them. No one can control them!”

“Then call your workers, tell them to come with sticks!”

“Okay, madam,” agreed Kadhira and turned to go. Mercy then took out her cell phone to call the media team, whom she was furious at for not arriving at the appointed time. Unfortunately, she had not received information that all the media squads in town had been diverted to cover a political meeting called up by the opposition party, and none was available to record her magnanimous endeavour. The instant she took out the phone, a dog pounced on her and grasped her hand in its jaws. She squealed in shock, as she lost her balance and grabbed the nearest handle on the wall to steady her heavy self. The cell phone flew from her hand and glided on the floor over a distance before disappearing under an enormous cupboard at the far end. The dog released her hand as soon as its objective was accomplished. Mercy inspected her arm in fear, but sighed in relief, upon finding the skin intact with only shallow teeth marks.

The pack of five dogs continued to move towards the fear-stricken ladies, forcing them towards the other pack of six which were now retracting backwards. In spite of the recent incident which she thought was due to the dog’s aversion for cellphones, Mercy did have the nerve to assess the situation. The fact that the dogs had thus far been trying only to frighten them but did not attack, gave her a blind courage to try and bravely step through the pack. Immediately all the five dogs barked ferociously and prepared to pounce on her, forcing her to jump back in fear. The savage barks and the sight of vicious teeth triggered an adrenaline rush. Once Mercy was back with the group, the pack of five dogs continued their advance, while the other pack moved slowly backwards.

As the ladies moved deeper into the corridor, they saw a pathway leading off at right angles. With

dogs on either side, they stepped into the passage and started walking briskly in the hope of escaping the dogs. But in reality, they were being driven into the passage by the dogs on purpose. Reaching a dead-end, the group of ladies found an open door that bore the label "B6" in brass. They entered the doorway, but before they could manage to shut the door, the dogs pushed in. With all the eleven dogs behind them, they looked around for an escape route, but found none. They were now trapped in an enormous hall about forty feet wide and a hundred feet long. It was empty, but for the floor-to-ceiling cupboards along its length and an array of square carpets spread out at regular intervals along its middle. Kadhir, who had been following them at a distance, called his assistant Samuel on his walkie-talkie.

"Sam, switch on B6 console. Get ready to record."

"O.K. sir!"

B6 was a large hall designed for certain speciality programs. It was a sound-proof room that incorporated an assortment of high-tech gadgetry and special features, some of which were concealed in the walls, cupboards and carpets. The ceiling displayed a matrix of devices that included high-resolution cameras, unidirectional microphones and motorized spotlights, all of which could be remotely controlled from the console room situated a level below. Samuel and Gopal were the two technicians fully competent to operate the setup. The room had earlier been used on a few occasions, but only a quarter of its features had been utilised then.

The five ladies clung together, besieged by the dogs and the barbaric growl that echoed in the room. Some of the floodlights had already come on when Kadhir entered the room. The sight of Kadhir gave a sigh of relief to Mercy, but seeing no one behind him angered her again. She shouted at him:

"Mister, where are your men? Get them here fast!"

She had a tone of arrogance even in the present situation. 'Two dogs not enough for this bitch,' reflected Kadhir, who was undecided as to which of the females to put the eleventh dog on, as he worked out a two-on-one assault scheme. His hand which was still in the waist pocket, pressed a few more keys to emit a new sequence of ultrasonic commands. The scene in B6 began to change.

Two of the dogs that surrounded the females moved towards the youngest of them, namely, Savithri, and forced her to separate from the group. She inched away with the fearful thought that the dogs were going to attack her. But instead of attacking, the dogs made her move away towards the other end of the room. She turned to look at Lekha, who was also being forced by another pair of dogs to move in the same direction. She was then followed by Vimala, the cutie. Each of the females was being separated from the group by a pair of dogs, and made to move towards a specific spot in the room. The Team-leader Mercy, however, had three dogs to guide her to her destination. Eventually, the five office-bearers of ARAG were spread out, each positioned on one of the square carpets. The dogs were effective in holding them at their respective positions. The dread of being separated from the group drowned their curiosity as to why they were being positioned in this manner. In reality, their placements were most convenient for the cameras to provide multiple-angle coverage of each female. There were even cameras positioned at the floor's edge for low-viewpoint shots. Kadhir was silently orchestrating the whole programme with the tip of his finger, literally. He was also keenly observing the individual and collective behavioural responses of the dogs, to evaluate the efficacy of his training.

The console room was situated on the floor below level B where the special reception for the ladies from ARAG was under way. The room's walls were mostly covered with flat-screen monitors, with a 'C' shaped control panel in the front that contained a maze of switches, sliders and knobs. As Samuel

tweaked the controls, several of the monitors came on, with images of the sweating and shivering females in B6. Each of the ladies could be viewed from several angles by selecting and adjusting the appropriate cameras. Sam zoomed in on the cutest of the lot, Vimala. She was a real looker. He then switched on and adjusted the intensity of spotlights one by one, until he got the right effect. With their clothes clinging to their sexy bodies due to the sweat brought about by the anxiety besides the heat from spotlights, the five ladies made an excellent show on the monitors. Just then he saw some action on monitors two and three, so he stopped ogling and got serious with his work.

Without warning, one of the three dogs that surrounded Madam Mercy leaped up and placed its paws on her shoulders. The unexpected act evoked an ear-piercing scream from the team-leader as she stepped back to avoid falling over from the weight of the animal. She steadied herself in an instant and tried to shake off the dog in a show of bravery that stunned Kadhir. An ordinary lady under such a circumstance would surely have collapsed in fear. The sudden attack on their leader sent shivers through the other ladies. Mercy wrestled with the dog to get rid of it, but the animal was too strong for her. She shouted to Kadhir:

“Mister, drive off this dog, please!”

Kadhir neared her, but did not act. She shouted louder.

“Don’t stand there, mister! Please get this dog off me, get it back into the cage! We will leave you alone and not trouble you again.”

That was followed by a “eeeeeeeeeeeeeK!” when she got some scratches on her neck from the dog’s paws. Kadhir shouted to the dog:

“Delta two! down!”

The dog turned to look at him, but instead of dismounting, growled at him. Kadhir tried to grab the dog’s collar and drag it off. More accurately, he made a show of trying to drag the dog off, since what he really needed to do was voice the right command to get the dog off in an instant.

“Madam, these are too tough to control, that is why I warned you in the beginning itself!”

He wanted the fear to soak in, but Mercy was made of sterner stuff. She threatened him, even as she continued to wrestle with the animal.

“Look here, mister, you better get this damn animal off me or you’re in deep trouble! Understand? You do not know who I am!”

She fought like a warrior, in spite of the sharp canine teeth that flashed inches from her eyes. Finally she managed to push off the loathsome beast. Actually, it was the dog that decided to jump down, on a silent command from Kadhir’s device. While jumping down, however, it pulled the front end of her saree, exposing her choli-covered chest and the bare flesh of her midriff which, with a deep navel pit, offered a lewd display that aroused not only Kadhir but also Sam, who watched from the console room. Mercy studied with disgust the scratches and patches of dog saliva on her neck, upper chest and hands. The trickle of blood from the deeper scratches caused more of anger than of fear in the headstrong woman. Kadhir, with an expression of helplessness, continued to instil more fear in her.

“Madam, these are a dangerous breed of dogs! They will attack with savage ferocity if we are not careful! We must exercise utmost care with these dogs.” His words, instead of scaring her, infuriated her further.

“What nonsense are you trying to give me, mister? If any one of us is harmed by your dogs, you’re finished! Do you understand? Get all these dogs away, immediately!”

‘Ah, this bitch,’ thought Kadhira, ‘is in the right place!’ He was really going to enjoy the show. But his face bore an expression of utter helplessness as he continued his discourse.

“Madam, please listen to me. These are not ordinary dogs, they are a cross breed of wolves, and specially meant for guard dogs. Until they are trained properly, they are extremely wild and cannot be controlled. They are also known to be intensely excited by female scent, that is why they did not bite any of you. Otherwise they would have attacked in a grievous manner by now.”

“Just what are you trying to tell me, mister?” interrupted Mercy. She was beginning to get concerned.

“Please listen to me, madam. As I told you, they seem to be excited by the female scent due to your presence. There is only one way to handle them now. If you oppose them they will become very aggressive. But if you let them have their way, they will not harm you.”

That set off Mercy into a train of thoughts. What did he mean by ‘excited by female scent’? She knew that men were always excited by her busty feminine charms, a fact she has often exploited to her benefit. A tactful ‘inadvertent’ flash of a choli-covered tit, or a rub of her soft mammaries on a male elbow could accomplish plenty. But, will it work on dogs?

In a sudden realisation that her saree no longer covered her bosom, her hand grasped the loose end that hung from her waist. The moment she tried to put the saree back over her front, a dog jumped and grabbed her hand as if to resist her action. The next instant, the other two dogs tried to pull down the remainder of the saree that was still wrapped around her waist. When she fought to push them off, the dogs got furious and one of them gripped her hand with its teeth. She then remembered Kadhira’s advise to ‘let them have their way’. She was very worried that her saree could get spoiled if she fought with the dogs. Kadhira reinforced her thoughts.

“Madam, they will tear your saree to pieces! It is better that you remove it yourself!”

The thought of her two thousand rupee Mysore-Silk going to shreds got her hands busy, unwrapping the saree from her waist. Her action seemed to gratify the dogs, as they stood back, quietly watching her. She rolled up the saree and looked around for a proper place to deposit it. Kadhira, seeing her quandary, lent a helping hand and received the bundle. Then the dog in her front jumped again and clenched the neck-line of her choli with its teeth, detaching the top two hooks in the process. Now scared for her expensive matching-choli, she undid the remaining hooks herself and peeled off the blouse. Kadhira took away the choli too, ogling at her tits that bulged in the tight clasp of the costly bra. Mercy, in the frightening speed of the happenings, failed to realise until then the obscene exhibition she made, in the midst of her assistants and an unknown male. She even handed over her clothes to the stranger! When she did come to senses, her head spun with the agonizing realisation of her unthinkable situation.

Kadhira turned his attention to the other ladies, who were in a state of shock as they watched the humiliation of their team-leader by the fiendish hounds. The expression of bewilderment on their faces indicated that the time was ripe for the next step. His fingers played again with the device in his pocket. In an instant, the two dogs that guarded Mala pounced on her. It was followed by similar assaults on the other three ladies, in timed succession. After watching the ‘live demonstration’ by their leader, the ladies were aware by now of what they were expected to do. Kadhira then turned his attention back to Mercy.

Before Mercy could recover from her reeling head, the dog pounced on her again, pulling the clasp of the bra with its teeth. The pull caused her to lose her balance, and Kadhira stepped forth to offer support. The bra fell open, revealing her luscious breasts that jiggled in an erotic manner. With broad areolae and stiffened nipples, these were probably the biggest tits Kadhira had seen in his career. He rendered further assistance by slipping the bra down her back, during the course of which he took a firm hold of her right-tit to assess the denseness.

Now, Madam Mercy Joseph, Officer-In-Charge of the team of Animal Rights Activists, stood half naked in the midst of her four assistants, an unknown male and eleven savage dogs in bright spotlight. The three spotlights that shone on her had recently increased in brilliance, as a result of Sam's endeavour to record her voluptuous body in finer detail. Her blood seethed in shame and disgrace. The humiliation numbed her mind, rendering her incapable of thinking her next action. The dogs got active again, trying now to pull her petticoat down from her waist. Her hands instinctively gripped her petticoat to save the remains of her modesty.

The intensity of the events had caused her to sweat profusely, intensifying thereby the scent that emanated from her groin, which induced the dog in her front to nudge the tip of its muzzle between her thighs. In spite of the petticoat's cover, the dog's nose scrapped against her vaginal mound making her step back in defence. Her action caused her to trip over the dog that stood behind her and fall backwards, landing on her buttocks with a thud. The unexpected fall resulted in both her legs flying upwards in an awkward manner, pushing up the rim of her petticoat that finally landed over her face, blocking her vision. Her fleshy thighs were now exposed, along with the thick black curls that covered her cunt mound in a vulgar triangle. She was not accustomed to wearing panties, as was the tradition in her community. When she tried to push off the petticoat that covered her face, two of the dogs grasped her hands and held them outstretched, while the third advanced between her legs to sniff at the vaginal slit. Kadhira took note of their teamwork, an important aspect of their training.

Sensing an intrusion on her privates, Mercy crossed a thigh over the other to cover her sex. Her action, however, infuriated the dog which tried to regain access to the heavenly aroma by forcibly separating her thighs with its jaws and paws. The sharp pain from the dog's claws that dug into her soft thighs caused her to throw them out again, thereby reopening wide the orifice of her cunt. The dog resumed its endeavour to savour the bewitching flavour. The swipe of its coarse tongue across her vulva and over the clitoris instantaneously replaced her sense of intense pain with a sensation of acute pleasure, the likes of which she never had experienced before. The dog displayed its conditioned skill to pleasure the human female in the most effective manner. It tried, with its long rough tongue, to reach the very source of the scent, digging into the depths of her cunt. The muscular tongue swirled inside her sensitive vaginal chute, reaching through to the cervical tube. She lay in a state of stupefied abandon, relishing the heavenly sensation she never had known to exist. Mercy did receive her regular dose of sexual gratification from her potent husband, but the act was always limited to the conventional missionary-mode copulation and nothing beyond. The application of oral stimulus on the private organs was beyond the domain of her thoughts. In spite of reaching the apex of her professional career, her mindset had not progressed beyond conservative doctrines. The dog's expert administrations induced a copious flow of her vaginal juices, the strong smell of which stimulated the sexual chemistry of all the dogs in the vicinity. Every dog in the room sported a pink pecker that poked from its furry sheath.

Kadhira, who in the meanwhile had been preoccupied directing action on the other ladies, returned to watch the team-leader squirming in rapacious ecstasy from the canine-administered cunnilingus. Upon closer examination he could perceive the onset of her journey towards a sexual climax. He turned his attention to the dog's action. The dog, who had closer knowledge than him of the woman's state, retracted its tongue and withdrew, precisely a moment short of her reaching the

orgasmic peak, as it was conditioned to do. This was an intricate feature of the dogs' training, to prepare the human target for bestial copulation. As for Mercy, the abrupt termination of the raging pleasure just short of the blissful moment was like being struck by a peal of lightning. The frustration was so intense that she raised her buttocks high, in an involuntary attempt to recapture the instrument that gave her such indescribable pleasure. The futile effort left her writhing in agony. She then tried to regain her normal senses, pushing off her face the petticoat's flap that hitherto had kept her in the dark.

The sight of the dog between her legs revealed the real cause of the pleasure spell she was thus far under. Outraged by the revelation she scrambled to get up, in the process of which she sat up and stooped to lift herself on her knees. The posture caused the dog behind her, which was in an advanced state of arousal, to mount on to her back causing her to bend down due to the weight. She planted her palms on the carpeted floor to support herself, inadvertently providing the right position for the dog's penis to align with her sex. The dog instinctively positioned its protruding member against her vaginal orifice and humped forward in a powerful thrust, plunging the canine phallus deep into the human bitch's cunt. Such a penetration should have caused extreme repulsion in the upright woman under normal circumstances, but her present state of mind yearned for the pleasure that was withdrawn from her moments ago. The dog humped her with frightening speed - about ten times as fast as a human male. Unlike the human penis that ejaculates only upon its owner reaching a climax, the canine penis ejaculated in continual spurts right from the point of entry. The powerful jets of canine sperm splashing on the inner walls of her womb set her very soul on fire. Her body trembled, her coconut-sized breasts shaking in phase with the dog's rump. Within minutes she exploded in her first orgasm, and her vaginal muscles milked the dog's penis in spasms, triggering the onset of the canine knot. The dog, with its natural instinct, forced the bulging knot into the human bitch's cunt, where it swelled further.

Mercy's climax was receding as the knot grew bigger in the passing seconds, stretching her vaginal chute to the limit. The movement of the swollen knot inside her vaginal entrance and the shaft of the dog's penis deep inside the narrow uterine channel, took her to yet another dimension of pleasure she had never known existed. The knot now plugged her cuntal orifice completely, sealing-in the dog sperm that continued to spurt without end. True to its name, this breed of dogs is noted for its unmatched virility and aggressive copulatory behaviour.

Mercy's first bestial breeding lasted for over half an hour, during the course of which she was hit by an endless train of orgasms that held her on a continuum of rapturous delight. The dog stopped humping when it finally reached its own climax, but did not separate, for it was tied to the human bitch by its knot in her cunt. When the dog alighted its forelegs, the huge knot twisted painfully in her cunt. Mercy had to remain butt to butt with the dog for a while until the knot melted. It did not last very long though, as her middle-aged cunt was fairly wide and allowed decoupling after partial deflation of the knot. Her team members were less lucky on this account, since all their cunts were considerably tighter.

Soon after commencement of the canine rape of Mercy, Kadhir had directed the other dogs to carry out similar assaults on the other ladies of the team in quick succession, an account of which is presented below for the benefit of the readers.

The subsequent target was Mala. The two dogs that guarded her, pounced on her while she stood dumbfounded watching the attack on Mercy. She did not possess half the courage her leader had. In panic she jumped and tried to run, but could not escape the dogs that effectively kept her rooted to her assigned spot. These dogs were trained to assail a target, force her towards a specified spot where they could hold her for a specified length of time or embark on a sexual assault as directed. They were also conditioned to avoid grievous injury to the subject unless specifically commanded to

do so. They were extremely effective in using fear tactics on human subjects, as exhibited in the case of the five ladies from ARAG. The sight of the savage teeth and the fiendish growl gripped Mala with a terror that blocked her ability to think. Kadhira gave her the advice he gave to Mercy a short while ago:

“Madam, please do not resist the dogs! They will tear you to pieces! But they will not harm you if you let them have their way, like the other madam did.”

Mala turned towards Mercy, whose neck and shoulders bore scratches that oozed blood. The sight of blood panicked her further. The dogs jumped again. Kadhira pulled them away forcibly, but they fought back as instructed by his ultrasonic commands. He put up a convincing show of wrestling with the dogs as he instructed her to remove her saree just as her leader did. In the self-preservation instinct, she unfurled her saree as fast as she could. Amidst his show of struggle with the two dogs, Kadhira let go one of them, the sight of which made her remove her choli and the bra in a single motion. She hesitated to untie the knot of her petticoat, but the terrorising display of the dog’s fury gave her no option. Unlike Mercy, she wore elegant panties decked with fine lacework. She had superb body structure. Her firm rounded breasts, with measured sags and pointed nipples, bore the shape of ripe mangoes. Smaller than Mercy’s, but each a handful. The narrow waist was creaseless, set over a broad pelvis in an erotic display of womanly charms. Kadhira now released the other dog that went straight to her panties. She was now driven by instinct, hurriedly slipping off the last cover to her sex. Denuding herself before a stranger in bright light was an unthinkable act for this lady of tight morals, but she was presently propelled by fright and not by thought.

Simultaneous attacks on the other three ladies had been launched by the respective dogs that handled them. Vimala was a pampered child of affluent parents, who spared no effort nor expense to maintain her beauty. Having never been exposed to the rigours of life, she was incapable of digesting the sight of the degradation of the two senior ladies by the horrible hounds or the blood-oozing scratches on Madam Mercy. When she was assailed by the dogs that guarded her, she hurried to undress herself in order to avoid damage to her flawless body. The next in line, Lekha, was also under a spell of fear that caused her to follow suit, denuding herself wilfully in a jiffy. Savithri the youngest, wetted her panties in fright, crying piteously. Kadhira who went to comfort her, helped her out of her clothes. She was of small frame, but physically mature as evinced by her fully formed breasts and the jet-dark pubic curls. The dogs he had let on this girl were grossly oversized for her, but Kadhira was in no position to take pity, for his present action was one of self defence. Notwithstanding, he did spend a moment of thought on this one. She would have to endure much pain, though the effect would greatly enhance the spectators’ delight.

The four ladies from ARAG were now standing stark naked in the large hall, the fifth lying half-naked on the carpet, all sweating in the fear and from the fiery lights that flooded them. Kadhira was in total control of each of the eleven dogs that were conducting the show as if at their own discretion. Every instant of the proceedings that took place in B6 was being recorded in high resolution with the help of over two dozen video cameras remotely operated by Samuel from the Console room. We now turn our attention to Mrs. Mala Ganesan, displaying her seductive figure on the second carpet.

The dog in her front nudged its nose at her hair-covered cunt, evoking a soprano squeal as she stepped back in fright. The dog behind her poked its nose in the crack of her buttocks. She squeezed her thighs together to defend her sex and the dog in her front responded with a furious bark and a threat to pounce, that made her shudder. Kadhira considered it the right moment to advise her:

“Madam, spread your legs apart, otherwise the dogs will get angry and bite!”

It was the fear of being bitten in her privates that made her close her legs, but now she is told that

they will bite only if she closed them. Without a thought she heeded his advice and separated her legs. The dog instantly stepped forward and started lapping her cunt in masterful stokes, displaying its conditioned skill in manipulating the human vagina. The stroke of its tongue was neither random nor driven by canine instinct, but a result of thorough practice, refined on ten different human cunts. The first few swipes across the cunt would render any human female incapable of resisting. A scientific explanation of the effect lies in the manner in which the tongue is applied, vellicating the nerve-endings over the vaginal topology in a specific sequence, that triggers a sudden secretion of the pleasure chemicals dopamine and norepinephrine in the brain of the subject. The speed and the order in which these pleasure neurochemicals are released, cause a positive feedback within the brain due to each of the chemicals inducing the release of the other. The resultant flooding of the nervous system creates a state of pleasurable numbness akin to drug-induced inebriation in the subject, rendering her fully receptive to further manipulation of her genitals.

That was precisely the state that Mala was experiencing, almost a trance induced by the dog's administrations. She was followed soon by her other colleagues Vimala, Lekha and Savithri, who were manipulated to similar states of elation by the respective dogs that handled them. Samuel, who was watching the scenes of B6 on his monitors, was having trouble with his erection. The scene of four elegant ladies standing on widely separated legs, each with a dog lapping at her most private possession, and the fifth, the leader of them all, lying on the carpet with a dog slurping her love-juices in earnest, was beyond the limits of his youthful forbearance. The strain in his groin was so intense that he had to release his engorged manhood from the confines of the zipper.

Kadhir, who was in a higher state of arousal due to the lubricious scenes in addition to the aphrodisiac smells in the hall, was in acute need of a release. He chose Vimala, the prettiest one. Glittering in sweat, she was a sight to behold. She was impeccably beautiful. A silent command from his ultrasonic device caused the lapping dog to retreat, leaving the beauty aching in frustration. Kadhir stepped before her, frenched her mouth and cupped a tit. The craving beauty responded with a ravenous kiss-back as he vigorously kneaded her titmeat. His free hand grasped her pussy mound and kneaded the hairless flesh, transporting her back to the blissful state she thought she lost for a moment. After a while he unlocked his mouth, moved it to her right tit and sucked the nipple as he pinched the other nipple between his fingers. When he felt her cunt juicing again, he detached himself to slip off his trousers, then bent her forward and positioned his erection from behind. Her present state of mind rendered her completely pliable to his will. He held her hips and drove his prick in a slow, steady motion until the whole of his shaft was encased in her hairless cunt. He did not encounter resistance from a hymen, but the whole length of her procreation channel was extremely tight. He pumped her in a slow rhythm relishing the clasp of her vaginal passage. Soon, she reached a shuddering climax, her cunt muscles gripping his cock in spasmodic convulsions. It took Kadhir much effort to withhold his own orgasm, since he desired to savour the feel of her tight channel for much longer. The crossing of her peak brought Vimala to the ground realisation of her state, but he re-triggered her quickly by suitable manipulations of her clitoris. He then grasped her tits for reference as he continued to pump, until his cock felt the clenches of her second cumming. He managed to hold back yet again, though this was tougher than before. He paused for her to subside, then restarted the fuck with greater speed. Her tits were reddened by his kneading. She rose towards yet another peak with Kadhir's steady pumping. He then modulated his pumping action to hold her on the orgasmic crest for a prolonged duration. He finally allowed her to reach her third orgasm, during which he crossed his own peak, emptying the entirety of his seed into her depths. The synchronous climax took her to a new level of sexual experience, as the blasts of his sperm hit the walls of her womb in time with her own ejaculation. Kadhir rested in her for a long while before decoupling, and then turned his attention to Savithri the youngest.

The dogs that handled Savithri had been given the 'RA3' command, which was a wholesome

instruction for the animals to conduct an 'assault and rape' on the subject. The dogs were thus on 'autopilot' mode, acting on their own, in accordance with the subject's response and other factors that governed the situation. These dogs had been custom-trained to perform autonomously under a variety of circumstances, on a variety of subjects clad in a variety of attires. They were capable of using a variety of tactics to overpower, denude and force the target into the appropriate position for copulation. In conventional canine training, food is the standard reward that is offered. But, due to the genetic phenotype of this breed, the most effective reward is the attainment of coitus. Further, they were programmed to perform as a team, with total cooperation amongst the members. They would never compete with or attack each other. However, once set on a target, they reckon their mission as accomplished only upon every member of the team or sub-team attaining the coital reward, unless deliberately instructed otherwise. In the case of their ultimate assignment at the clients' estate, this feature would have severe consequences for the estate's trespassers, since the subject would have to endure up to twelve canine couplings in succession, knot-tied in each case. That, however, was in accordance with the clients' desires. The dogs were also capable of accomplishing the above goal without causing a single visible injury to the subject, who would thus be incapable of registering a convincing report of the assault.

The dog behind Savithri was quick in getting her into position, and commenced its mating rite. With the tip of its penis the dog sought her vaginal entrance while it held her waist between its forelegs, bent her further with its weight and attempted insertion with normal force. However, due to the impedance offered by the tight virgin cunt, the dog had to momentarily withdraw, and hammer in with full thrust. The whole sequence was accomplished before the girl realised what was happening. Her hymen was shattered into shreds, and the dog's penis plunged into the depths of her uterine cavity, causing the young girl excruciating pain. Had it not been for the copious lubrication and the consequent softening of her vaginal tissues from the preparatory session, she would have suffered severe damage to her reproductive mechanism. She screeched a high decibel scream before her vision began to fade. But the dog continued to fuck her with vigour and speed. Kadhir, sensing the girl's loss of consciousness, picked up a bottle of mineral water and splashed it on her face. She regained consciousness, only to feel the unbearable pain that caused her to scream again. Kadhir moved away to give the cameras an unobstructed view of her priceless facial expressions. The microphones under the carpet registered in high fidelity the unmistakable pistoning sounds of the dog's oversized cock ramming into her tight cunt amidst her wailing squalls. Samuel who was recording the scene, could not withhold his ejaculation as he watched the incredible show of bestial defloration. He zoomed in on the virgin blood dripping down her thighs and also coating the dog's penis. The floor-level cameras had to be utilised for the purpose. The dog seemed to relish the grip of her muscles around its penis as it continued to fuck the little bitch with great enthusiasm. As the flow of canine semen enhanced the slipperiness of her cunt, her pain gradually subsided and her sexual instincts took over, as manifested by the blissful expression on her face. Savithri was about to experience her maiden orgasm.

The video monitors in the console room offered an incredible sight, displaying the proceedings of B6 from a variety of viewpoints. The far-end camera showed the five lovely ladies in a row bent on their knees and elbows, each of them mounted by a canine stud that vigorously humped its human bitch. The other dogs that awaited their respective turns, provided additional embellishment to the bestial orgy by licking the ladies' necks, faces and the breasts that oscillated in synchronism with the swift mating rhythm. None of the five ladies had ever experienced such extreme levels of pleasure before. Even young Savithri who was initially overwhelmed by the pain of penetration, was now enthralled by a hitherto unknown genre of delightful thrill.

The scenes that followed were even more arousing, with the first mating ritual reaching its culmination. After Mercy's dog dismounted her, the other dogs also dismounted from their

respective human bitches within a span of about fifteen minutes. The dogs however, were still attached to their bitches by the knots trapped in the respective cunts. The five ladies had to remain on their knees and elbows, tied butt to butt with the dogs, presenting an immensely erotic picture. While the four younger ladies remained knotted for about half an hour, Mercy's older cunt being much wider, released the knot in half the time. When the canine cock plopped out, all the dog spunk that had accumulated in her uterus gushed from her cunt like the spray of a hose. She dropped on her belly from the exhaustion, albeit in an inexplicable state of contentedness.

Unfortunately she could not rest for long, as the next dog in queue prodded its nose between her thighs. When she raised her buttocks in a frantic attempt to rise, the dog prepared to mount. Even though she had just experienced the greatest pleasure of her life, she was not prepared for an encore so soon. She tried to straighten herself up on her knees, but the dog gripped her waist with its forelegs and bent her down with its might and weight, forcing her into the mating position again. Meanwhile, the third dog reached from underneath her belly and began licking her pussy in earnest. She wiggled wildly in a vain attempt to free herself from the dogs. The dog on her back plunged its penis fully into her wet cunt once and pulled out. It then repositioned its cock on her rectal orifice and humped forward. Before she could sense the reality, the canine tip was lodged in her anus. She twisted and wriggled in a delirious attempt to dislodge the canine penis from her arsehole, but her manoeuvres produced the opposite effect of admitting the dog's member deeper inside her anus. The dog then thrust in with brute force, almost fully penetrating her colon. Mercy was now in great distress from the stretching of her rectal muscles beyond their elastic limits. Her initial assumption that the dog entered her anus by mistake was wrong, since the dog actually was under instruction to sodomise her rear. The first dip of its cock in her dripping vagina was a practised approach to acquire a slippery coat on its shaft, as the rectum does not provide natural lubrication.

Mercy screamed at the peak of her vocal cords' capacity as she suffered indescribable pain. Her wide cunt could have accommodated the oversized canine cock, but her unused rectal chute was far too narrow for the formidable tool. The pain was beyond the limits of her tolerance. The brave lady was literally in tears, weeping in great agony. The dog pumped her rear with forcible thrusts, its penis spurting jets of sperm into her colon. The seminal fluid provided the much needed lubrication, lessening the stinging abrasion of her rectal tissues. Furthermore, the thick penis-head rhythmically nudged at the sensitive bundle of nerves located between the anal and vaginal passages, triggering an altogether different kind of pleasure. Mercy began to taste a strange cocktail of pain and pleasure that transported her to an unknown realm of sexual experience. In due course, however, the pleasure was overtaken by the pain as the dog's penis began to swell at the base. The knot was entrapped inside her rectum where it expanded to its maximum size, multiplying her distress exponentially. When the dog concluded its mating ritual, she remained butt-knotted for well over forty long minutes.

The other ladies were now at the final stages of their second dog-mating. Unlike their leader who had to endure the dreadful anal penetration, they received vaginal coupling which was a pleasurable experience for them, in spite of the tiredness. Even Savithri's cunt had stretched to the extent of painless accommodation of the second dog's tool. The exhilarating experience of riding a continuum of orgasmic peaks was deeply engraved in the minds of these ladies. The session finally reached a conclusion, with the four human bitches tied butt to butt with their respective canine lovers. Mercy, on the other hand, had to endure a third canine coupling as soon as she was untied from the second. This time, thankfully, it was vaginal.

Thus concluded the special reception accorded to the five-member team of the Animal Rights Activists Group, who had arrived at 'Kadhir Pets' with the intention of securing freedom for the animals in captivity. The animal-lovers were filled to the brim with the love-juices of the dogs they had come to release. It would be the most memorable welcome party for the ladies, albeit an

unexpected one.

The ladies were presently recuperating from the intense proceedings of the day. Madam Mercy was the first to regain her senses. The first thing she noticed was the absence of the dogs. As her mind cleared further she recalled with extreme indignation the events that had befallen her, and vowed to avenge the unthinkable humiliation she had been subjected to. She pondered over her next course of action. Then, with the sudden realisation of her nakedness, she searched for her clothes which lay beyond the carpet she was lying on. She then instructed her colleagues to get dressed, and spoke to them of their next move.

“Get dressed fast. We shall go straight to the police station and register complaints of rape.”

As her team mates rose up in response to their leader, Kadhiresan, who had thus far been watching them from a corner of the room, came towards Mercy and spoke to her.

“Madam, please clean up yourselves, there is a bathroom this side.”

Mercy immediately shouted to her colleagues.

“Do not listen to him! He is trying to erase evidence!”

“Madam, do not worry about the evidence, I will give you all the evidence you need. I am only suggesting that it will not be nice for you if you go out like this, you see...”

Mercy assumed that he was mocking, and simply ignored him as she prepared to dress. Kadhir spoke to Samuel on his wireless set, and then pressed some buttons on a switchboard concealed in the cupboards. A DLP projector descended from the ceiling and lit up the white wall before Mercy. The ladies gathered on Mercy’s carpet and looked at the wall with curiosity. Sam, from the console room, selected certain scenes from the recordings he had made, and routed them to the projector in B6. A bright picture of Mercy’s face filled the wall, her face expressing divine happiness. The picture then zoomed out to reveal the cause of her delightful disposition, the dog mounted on her back. The dog was licking her neck as it humped her in earnest. The next clip showed all the five ladies mated with their canine lovers, each portraying an expression of absolute pleasure on her face. The ladies were flabbergasted as they watched the pictures of themselves in such scandalous depiction. Mercy fumed in anger. She screeched at Kadhir:

“What the hell is this, mister? Are you trying to blackmail us?”

Her voice trembled with fury, her face red with rage. The shots that followed, displayed in fine detail the bestial ravishment of every member of her team, with emphatic depictions of the blissful expressions on their faces. The ladies were aghast. Their intended rape-complaints would hold no water in the light of these videos. After the necessary scenes were displayed to the ladies, the projector shut itself off. After a long while, Mercy found her voice.

“Mister, who took these?”

“No one took them, madam, it got recorded automatically,” answered Kadhir, maintaining a respectful tone of voice.

“You mean everything that happened got recorded?”

“Yes, madam. About four hours of recording must be there. All the evidence you need is available.”

Mercy's blood was boiling. Her head was near the point of explosion. She tried to devise a strategy, but her brain refused to function. Kadhiresan remained silent, in order to allow the scenes to soak in fully. Little did the ladies realise the implication of his statement about the 'four hours of recording'. Each of the twenty eight cameras had contributed about four hours of coverage. The total recorded length, with tactful editing, could provide a dozen full-length bestiality movies of the highest quality. Kadhir was fully aware of the prodigious market value of his possession, but he was presently pursuing a different line of thought. He was now presented with the extraordinary opportunity of exploiting the five lovely ladies for his personal amusements. They could further be used as baits to recruit additional bitches in the future.

The four younger ladies were in a state of stupefied bewilderment as they looked to their leader for guidance. Mercy's brain began to function. With her professional background of wielding absolute power over nearly three hundred men at her institution, she considered it easy matter to tackle this youngster. She started off with threats, emphasising her superior position in the government. Then, finding not a sign of alarm on Kadhir's face, shifted strategy to one of bargain. She tried all the tricks and tactics in her possession. After patiently listening to her, Kadhir spoke.

"Madam, please take a look above you."

The ladies looked up, to see the numerous gadgets affixed to the ceiling. They were confused.

"Madam, there are thirty cameras in the room. Every one of you has been recorded from every possible angle. With four hours on each, we have about a hundred and twenty hours of high quality coverage which could fetch a fortune."

The ladies were flabbergasted. Mercy was gripped by terror. As if he read her mind, Kadhir consoled her:

"But I have no intention to distribute these videos."

She felt relieved, at least for the moment. He continued his speech.

"They will be kept for ensuring my security. If you ladies will accept my conditions, the videos will be in safe custody."

"How can we believe that you won't give it to anyone?"

"To believe or not to believe is your wish. It is my decision to safeguard the recordings, if you abide by my terms."

For the first time, Mercy had to concede defeat. It was the debacle of her life. Her elite status was at stake.

"What should we do?"

"You shall have to come here whenever I call upon you."

"For what purpose?"

"The purpose shall depend on my inclinations at the time. As an example, you may have to participate in an event like today's."

The day's events, despite the traumatic and humiliating phase of commencement, had deeply

inscribed in the ladies' minds the most pleasurable memories of the subsequent phase that was brought to the surface by Kadhira's words. Their subconscious minds, in fact, yearned for an opportunity to savour the wondrous thrill again. It was therefore not with total unwillingness that Mercy and her team acceded to his demands.

Kadhira, however, would not accept mere words as a mark of agreement. To signify the signing of the unwritten agreement, Madam Mercy had to apply the juicy lips of her mouth on Kadhira's erect manhood in deep-throated fellation and finally consume his ejaculate, in full witness of her team-members. The expression of defeat on her face was his assurance that he was in absolute possession of the five lovely ladies.