

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



One occasion my special clientele came knocking. Steve, a relatively young but wealthy oil man had got in touch after a recommendation.

I gave him the basic information and asked if he wanted an invoice for his business- charged as Technical and Veterinary consultation advice, or to pay cash to an anonymous intermediary. He chose the latter and was going to wire the \$5k that day. If he was interested in further 'consultations' then a \$25k investment was required. That's my equivalent of an 'annual subscription' and a guarantee of commitment.

Steve sounded like a nice guy and his wife he described as a tall, slender but voluptuous dark haired beauty- Hispanic he said but from overseas. She was a model and needed as much privacy as Steve sought for himself.

We discussed security 'of assets and information' so I assured him that nothing traceable was ever detailed and that either party could back out at any time for no loss. This was to be a one-off 'consult' for now he said.

The funds were duly deposited with the 'business broker' and I gave them the following Thursday evening.

He was to advise availability via his PA. His wife was in the city but his schedule only allowed a one night stop. Since his wife already had a limo service I had it checked out just to be safe. I would call and leave the details with his PA and she would rearrange his travel arrangements to fly in and out in one evening then return my confirmation.

Since he visited the city occasionally his 'business' trip would simply be part of his return to New York picking his wife up on the way. The PA confirmed after 4 hours- Steve would be flying in by regular services at 4pm and he and his wife would be expected to fly out at 11pm that night for New York by private charter. I asked for the charter company name just in case I had to make any last minute re-arrangements and again cross checked with some intelligence buddies that there was no relationship to the authorities.

Two days later Kane was prepped and fed early, allowed plenty of morning exercise and then given his usual shower and cleansing late in the afternoon.

By the time the sun went down he was a slightly fluffy, cotton soft monster. He knew the routine from here; he'd be muzzled and restrained in the vet rooms to rest while the guests arrived.

I had the champagne loosener pre-chilled that Steve recommended when the limo pulled into the drive about 5pm. As the gate was closed I went out to greet the visitors.

A big conglomerates leasing sign adding to the illusion that it was a big operation and I was just small fry. My property's only indication of an agricultural interest was the John Deere agents sign hanging in front, above a smaller sign showing colorful Macaw parrots eating corn cobs. Adding to the country look my drive was rough metalled for the first 50 yards up to the house. Good security as it is noisy even when walking and looks like there's nothing much to want to steal from either.

Steve stepped out of the limo and I guided him to make a show for the driver- and shake his hand. Acting more like an employee than the organiser I waved my arms at the spread next door, just in case this was a set up.

I was providing the 'consultation' that the money had paid for. If there was any legal problems then

I'd be seen as a scheister trying to make a buck out of ignorant rich folk. If this visitor was all genuine Steve had informed the limo driver as well that he was interested in the farming and livestock in the area as an investor.

I was actually telling Steve about the acreage and what my 'neighbours' were doing with it. After a few minutes I hauled back the gate and allowed the limo in. My 4x4 was parked in the drive making it appear that we were going to drive off together just as soon as the limo left.

Steve opened the door and a dusky, long legged princess with jet black hair stepped out. Mrs. Steve was quite a picture! Introduced as Fi, wearing a thin scarlet head-band to restrain her long hair, with a few small diamantes looked old fashioned but functional, keeping her swinging hair off her face and cascaded across her back and shoulders in a broad fan that almost looked like a mantle. The relevance of the color of that headband would become apparent later.

She wore a minute black leather skirt, a strip no wider than my hand span, with a long sleeved, pure white silk blouse above that. In front a gaping top button showed a dark cleavage formed by two grapefruit sized breasts, supported it seemed by a demi-cup bra as her nipples almost showed at the upper lace rim; the blouse was so tight up there. Bare legs, long and supple, were supported by black strapped high heels with twinkling diamante straps. She offered her soft and lithesome hand and we exchanged pleasantries. Not your typical farmers wife!

I excused myself and walked to the limo driver. I told him he had a complimentary dinner and entertainment at the local restaurant and bar about 4 miles back- he was expected before 6pm. Also I noted to him, since we'd never met before, that he was not to order nor would he be given alcohol at the restaurant since he was in charge of my guests safety. If he tried to drink or went elsewhere he'd be reported to the state authorities and his licence suspended. He was to return at 10pm precisely for the airfield trip. He understood and acknowledged my warning.

If there were any problems the owner at the restaurant, a friend of mine, would let me know. That included any suspicions he might have, being a military buddy and ex-cop he could smell them a mile off. He'd ensure a smart and efficient service for the driver who if legit was getting a pretty good relaxed evening and would be well 'entertained' by hospitable staff.

As the limo turned and left I closed the gate again and escorted Steve and Fi, short for a foreign name, to my truck for the hop to the back of the property. Her legs folded elegantly sideways as she stepped up and sat beside Steve, carrying a briefcase that might have been, money, guns or radio equipment for all I knew.

The door was barely closed before I set them down again with the truck out of sight of the road, hiding behind the curve in the drive and tall trees forming a block to the highway beyond. We got out and I gestured toward the steps of the barn- the front being my reception and work room, with wings down each side of the rear of the barn for the animal activities I now run as a business- dog kennels and bird aviaries.

Right on cue Toddie barked in his usual deep voice and gruff manner as we walked, reminding us he was there. Just the house guard dog I said as we turned and he stopped after 3 barks.

Gliding up the steps and into my glass fronted 'barn' where I'd added some elevation to the floor- because the whole room was used as viewing gallery- looking onto the green grass lawn in center, where the dogs could exercise in freedom when uncaged, but the kennels and aviaries were still visible at any time. The entrance held many of the show dogs trophies and ribbons, though they were won before my purchases or by my breeders since, and given in appreciation and proof of pedigree

winners and show champions.

Fi took a particular interest in many of the photos of my own and other dogs. I looked her over again and thought my god what a form. She was bending forward slightly just enough to let her skirt rise higher and expose more of her lean thighs and muscles, without it appearing an unnatural or demeaning act in any way.

This gal was very much aware and comfortable with her look. I walked over when she approached Kanes photo and pointed him out, casually stating I thought he was perfect specimen. Fi smiled and licked her lips as well as allowing her silk shirt just enough breathing space for me to see her breasts jiggle as she spoke and rose upright.

In heels she matched me for height- radiant sensual lips and dark eyes lightly framed with fashion color- I could have asked her to stay a week if her husband hadn't been there! Steve meanwhile had placed his briefcase on the counter, actually an old bar, and opened it. The noise brought me round again and he took out an envelope to show me, flicking the contents in my vision to show me what it contained. If all went well tonight they'd discussed the 'subscription' rate for ongoing consultations and would be happy to call again next month if that suited.

After locking the front entrance I dimmed the gallery lights to night levels, now only subdued green sidelights to match the fernery and a small central light for the display room.

First I asked Steve to move his briefcase to behind the bar, the entrance side. He looked puzzled but complied and I went behind the bar myself and pulled the champagne cork and suggested they sit in the gallery so we could start. As I did so I pushed his briefcase with my foot into a gap that usually would hold a small refrigerator or dishwasher appliance space- in my case it was now lead lined and had a electronics scrambler wired into to destroy signals to or from any sound or electronic devices.

The furniture is sparse as a public space required where visitors could relax as kennel activities necessitated. However the ancient leather couch and chairs I had selected were soft and supple leather decades old; lightly smelling of tobacco from old times and easy to keep in clean condition they were the perfect equipment.

By day kids could sit and climb on them, but dogs could do the same and not inflict any damage like they would with normal materials. Their pale tan seats and cushion backs were wide and comfortably handle two adults lying down side by side if necessary- and the chairs were low and again an adult could be lying and not be uncomfortable leaning on the back or soft arms. The main settee was over 9 feet long and the small one just over 7 feet.

Steve and Fi sat sipping the champagne and asked a few dog breeding related questions. I explained I was retired and this was a hobby much easier than the real farming I had been used to and answered their pedigree issues. Although as far as I knew they weren't buying a dog or progeny, I might have considered giving one away for some 'interest' from Fi alone!

Fi was impressed with me having birds as well. Her English was delightful with a hint of accent that I couldn't place. She was possibly more interested in the birds than the dogs right then as she'd heard about some of the exotics but never seen them live. I suggested a daylight visit perhaps as they'd be tucking in for a nights sleep now. I was tempted and trying- she was one beautiful lady and oozed sensuality.

Steve smiled widely as I looked at his wife, I guess he was used to the reaction she got from men. I started to apologise but Steve just suggested I get a glass for myself as well. I explained I didn't usually drink with clients but he said rather quickly- "yes but how many unnerve you like Fi does?".

I agreed not many women could match her beauty and almost as an afterthought looked at her. Her thighs were rampantly exposed as the thin strip of skirt had all but disappeared when she sat down. Her butt had disappeared into the settee and was enveloped by its softness and her modesty was saved- at least from me.

"Steven stop it!" she chided him. "He's always playing on peoples nerves- that's how he wins at business too!. I'd rather have come in jeans and a sweat shirt, but I wanted to be sexy for my new man".

I knew, I guess, she wasn't talking about me!

I'd finished the champagne and refilled their glasses by now and said I'd get Kane for them. Walking to the kennels corridor I opened the nearest vet room and Kane stood as I came in. I gave him one last brush with my hand, ordered him to sit, then we moved out and I lead walked him into the gallery. He was on a leash and muzzled.

I walked him thru and closed the door behind me and told him to sit at the door. Both Fi and Steve stared intently as if he was about to do tricks or leap at them. He wasn't of course going to do either. Steve had moved to a side chair, leaving Fi the entire leather couch to herself and the center of attention.

I order Kane to walk and he slow stepped with me past Fi and Steve. We turned and walked past again. I did it one more time gauging Fi's reaction. She was wide mouthed and said he was beautiful. She was no longer too concerned about her position on the settee and her legs were straight out and tapping the floor. She looked happy, and angelic and I was pleased as well.

I told them I would display Kane as he would appear at shows, or at least like he used to, as he was now a stud only dog. I led him behind the settees and up the stairs to the corner of the bar where a set of steps next to the side wall join the end of the bar. They are color co-ordinated and usually go unnoticed by most people, except the kids flocking around and playing of course.

The steps are to help get dogs onto the bar without injury and now Steve realised why I'd asked him to move his briefcase. Both turned too look at Kane as he stood above table height now, so you could see his full size and magnificent form in front of your eyes and not having to bend or peer downwards.

He sat, then walked the length of the bar, which I closed the trap on to extend to both sides of the room. crossed and returned to the center. Fi was twisted around on the settee and Steve looking sideways at Kane. I had him adjust himself to face forwards- the bar being a little narrow to accommodate a fully grown dog unless one is careful.

He sat quietly with lolling tongue and panting thru the muzzle. I asked Fi if she'd like to make a closer inspection and she looked at Steve. He just nodded and Fi stood, straightening her skirt, as if some wrinkles had magically formed, since it must have been impossible to have lowered the hip hugging leather any lower anyway.

She wasn't flushed but definitely appeared rosy and a little warmer about being here now. Kane awaited her touch, the first of which she placed on his shoulder as he faced her. She stroked his side and then gingerly came back to his head. A little scratch on the forehead and then a stroke down the muzzle. She asked whether it was really needed.

I explained it wasn't, but it was a form of moral control on dogs and they knew, when muzzled, what they were allowed to do in such settings. She stroked the side of his face to his ears, then using her

left hand did the same to both sides. Kane blinked and whimpered a little but otherwise remained still and silent.

Eventually Fi moved her face close to his muzzle and sort of smelt him- she brushed her cheek against him as her hands explored his chest. I saw her looking at his pouch more than once and waited for her to touch him. She stopped with her hands on his hind legs, looked at me longingly for an answer and I said "Go ahead". Fi turned to look at Steve who was giving nothing away on his face. He swallowed his champagne and waited.

Fi ran a hand across her own chest which surprised me. Using her wrist and forearm more than her hand, she swiped a heavy stroke across both breasts, depressing them both in sequence so they flattened, bugled out sideways and then bounced back into shape.

Her right hand then slipped down Kanes thigh and to his rear paw; she lifted it again perhaps gaining confidence from his lack of reaction, or aggression, placed her fingertips directly on his chest bone, and slowly but firmly kneaded his flesh under the fur, below the rib cage and onto his soft belly.

His chest and panting as dogs do of course was moving all about and her hand had to cope with this, but she just stopped and as he relaxed lowered her hand to just above the sheath. Feeling with several fingers the skin and his heat. As if by accident, as his breathing changed, his sheath lept into her fingertips and she was caressing the top side of it. She quickly looked at me and could see I was delighted. I'd also nearly come- it was the most erotic sight I'd had without having full sex.

Imperceptibly shuddering Fi now allowed the bouncing furry rod to pressure her fingers more and more, allowing them to slip around the shaft as she began to encircle it fully from above. I was just holding the leash but really needed to make an adjustment to my jungle shorts right then.

Kanes breathing had altered, after all he was just a male, and being fondled, in a subtle way, by altogether one of the sexiest human females either of us was ever likely to meet!

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And so some expansion of girth and length of his organ could be expected. Finally a real whimper came out of him and Fi immediately reacted with a little giggle of her own, and leaned in close kiss to his cheek. Meanwhile her right hand had now wrapped fully underneath his furry sheath and about two inches of red solid meat had started to appear. Clearly the sheath was being left behind as his cock began to grow toward her-Fi tho was mindful only to handle his fur.

As she stayed toward the back of his firming sheath course she encountered his large and partly hairless sac; dark brown eggs bouncing as much as the rest of his chest, but largely balancing on the counter of the bar. Again looking at me for guidance she lightly fondled and squeezed them.

Fi's left hand had now reached a mid point and a dilemma I felt- she was actively pressuring her flat stomach under the silk, apparently unsure whether to drive her hand down lower to another itch or not, Her heaving breast seemed to have swelled even more, and she was rocking slightly on her heels.

Having confirmed my clients were now genuine, and not law enforcers trying an entrapment as they had done much more than I offered, I thought this time appropriate to suggest Fi return to the settee for a rest. She looked exceedingly disappointed and pouty.

I had Kane walk again to the end of the bar as Fi went over to Steve. I expected she may have

wanted a private word to him, and as I turned to face them again, Fi had leaned over the seated Steve and was by all accounts passionately kissing him. She moaned mildly and was completely bent in half allowing me to see her fine, dusky buttocks, the same color as the rest of her, with a scarlet red thong buried between those glorious cheeks. The same scarlet as her head band by the way!

She was quite vocal as Steve obviously kissed her with gusto and I saw a finger tip stroke between her thighs. He was also massaging her pussy thru the thong. Clearly she'd been aroused by her experience so far, and I adjusted my own west facing equipment several times.

Kane sat quietly and I stood beside him waiting for Fi to return to the settee. Steve was unbuttoning Fi's blouse, and when she turned around, I could also see he had pulled her demi-cup bra down and completely underneath her exposed breasts. He must have been doing some top level massaging as well- dark brown nipples were rampant and erect holding back the open blouse without any assistance.

Steve I noted also had an erection, but was still constrained inside his trousers. His control was such that he wouldn't allow her any contact except to handle him from outside it seemed.

Thus she returned to the settee- without this time trying to adjust the length of the leather skirt. Steve had left her skirt front narrowed with it ruched up at her hip hugging sides; her scarlet thong showing a bulge and flash of extreme color that from a distance looked like a lonely flower in a field.

She looked directly at my face with a longing and forlorn lust, then noticed my erection as she looked at Kane and his demeanour. Whatever else had passed secretly between Fi and Steve along with swapping tongues, she was no longer hiding her sexuality or sensuality. She was as turned on and horny as I have seen anyone.

I had a little speech now for them and recited as I always do.

"Now that you have met Kane and you seem to get along, I'm going to remove his control leash and muzzle and allow him freedom to do as he wishes. Do you both understand?"

They both nodded, so I continued," Now when I remove this muzzle, Kane will want to become better acquainted with you both. Unless he becomes a problem that you complain about or is overtly aggressive, I will not restrain him. Do you understand?"

Again both nodded. "Furthermore, if it is necessary to restrain or remove him and I have to use the leash or muzzle again the visit will be ending there and Kane will be returned to his pen. Do you understand and agree?"

A soft yes came from both as Fi downed her last champagne and wriggled on the settee as her skin warmed to the pliant softness.

I knelt next to Kane, unbuckled his muzzle and collar and released him. His training meant he didn't move even tho he could have.

With some difficulty, but no longer worrying about hiding my pronounced erection, I stood and walked over beside Fi. As much as I wanted her to reach out and stroke me, or open her inviting red, now slightly smeared lips and offer herself to me, I knew what she really wanted.

I glanced at Steve, who's hand was firmly holding onto his erection then back to Fi's sensuous visage and erect and proud dark nipples, still defying her blouse, and a strip of black, red and brown- the competing colors of her skirt, panties and tanned skin amid the ocean of pale tan settee.

"You might want to remove your blouse to avoid getting it wet" I suggested. Fi did just that and pinched her nipples for good measure as she crushed her breasts again into her chest.

"You can call him over- speak his name and then firmly say COME. Whatever command you give him, always say his name first. The dogs will ignore you unless you command by name. They don't know what you are saying unless it is directed at them. He has several other commands he knows, but we will only use them at special times, understand?" I quizzed again.

With glazed eyes, almost tearful, Fi nodded again. Just before she said anything Fi looked at Steve once, then up at me. She did reach out and stroked lightly along the length of my erection, from zipper to pocket going sideways. God that pulsed thru me!

Then she faced Kane and gave the command "Kane, COME!". Her voice wasn't as broken as I half expected.

He rose from his haunches, pouch no longer protruding as it had been on the bar, but dropping into sight and bouncing as he stood and walked toward us.

Fi's hands reached out and met his face before he stopped walking. She held both sides of his head, caressed his ears and ran her hands back to his snout- free of the muzzle his tongue came out and licked her hands- sweeping side to side to get each one at the same time- he couldn't cope with too much confusion so settled on one, lashing at her wrist and forearm instead.

Fi spoke first, "Is this clean, all this... dog spit?" pleadingly looking up at me.

"Absolutely" I assured with a smile. "These dogs are as clean and healthy as you'd expect your own children to be at the dinner table. Perhaps cleaner!"

I noticed Steve had now removed his jacket, loosened his tie and undone his belt. I motioned him over to the settee to Fi's side, as the sooner this event took place the better for everyone, once we were on the right track. He moved to the edge of the settee but didn't touch her.

Fi stroked her fingers along Kanes muzzle, sweeping a finger along his teeth and taking comfort from his docility and lack of aggression. She handled his snout, pulled him gently closer and allowed him to kiss her again. He nuzzled her face and then lightly licked her there.

"You are a beautiful beast" she spoke softly to him. He responded with a single whimper in reply and a nod of his head. Fi's hands now swept his flanks, taking his ears and gently drawing him forward, then down his shoulders to squeeze his front legs and make him touch her much more. His head was almost over her shoulder now and her head rested on his.

Fi then leaned back and exposed her chest to Kane. Tapping her collar bone to draw him in, then sliding a finger down her left breast and over her erect nipple, Fi's right hand continued to caress his face, Kane now licked her tanned and sensuous shape.

A gasp escaped her as his tongue, presented with an expanse of flesh, came out more boldly and licked widely at her; she cupped her left mound and presented it to him so that all his attention focussed there- I'm guessing her slight sheen of perspiration giving him an incentive to seek her squashed out sides and the raised upper slope of breast more stimulating than he had been till now.

When Fi released her globe from her own grasp, Kane licked at her cleavage and then voluntarily started on her right breast. Twisting his head, Kane lapped at her underneath, round the side and then across her nipple until she swooned in joy again. A casual hand was already pressing into her



thighs and strongly massaging her muscles as her pelvis appeared clenched along with them.

Fi's eyes were closed, her mouth obviously dry again and her breathing becoming raspy- heightened emotions, for her definitely as were we all experiencing. The sight and sensuous contact wasn't lost on me or Steve. I checked him out and he was stroking his cock now quite openly. He obviously wanted to touch her, or Kane together, yet was mindful of not spoiling the experience.

I decided another champagne was in order and walked away quietly to get fresh glasses and a new bottle. Doing so with a minimum of fuss I gestured to Fi to take a draught and slake her thirst, temporarily anyway. Kane was attentive but not assertive and each new limb Fi offered to his reach he licked for her and lovingly caressed with his tongue.

Fi was consumed with passion and lust and had begun kissing Kanes muzzle and allowing him to lick her tongue as she licked at his. Fi then tapped her thighs and Kane obediently began the task of covering those in kisses too. He scraped at her knees and lashed upwards along the fine tanned thigh bones.

Fi spreading her thighs enough to give him access between and scooting her bootie down the settee the leather skirt stuck and retracted until it was now a mere 'belt' around her hips, and her scarlet leather thong likewise clearly visible with dusky flesh either side of the scarlet strip.

As Kane lapped and loved her thighs Fi was stroking and pulling on her own breasts, quite roughly I thought. She was now whimpering and beginning to squeal in reaction to Kanes oral attention. I motioned to Steve to help her out by going round behind the settee- the back being comfortably broad to hold his weight as he leaned across to massage Fi's chest.

Fi hardly noticed him until his hands reached around and grasped both heaving and slightly reddened breasts from her own massage techniques. This got Steve involved in the lovemaking process and kept him out of Kanes way. He could now touch and stimulate Fi as she paid attention to her other 'lover' in front of her.

Kane had by now thoroughly covered the property of Fi's thighs and she glistened in his saliva and swooned at his ongoing touch. Steve raised Fi's arms and removed her bra completely now, and offered her complete and naked stretched breasts for Kane to lick. He held her nipples tightly so Kane could only lick the very tip of them and across his fingers as he tightly held the turgid, dark brown prominence of each globe.

Despite being perfectly round Fi's breasts were pliant and could be stretched outwards to double their distance from her body without any apparent discomfort. I wondered if they'd used any bondage techniques to define that or it was simply her natural, foreign suppleness that allowed it.

Steve kissed her neck and hair as Fi began a loud moan again. Kane rested a moment and I suggested to Fi that I could remove her shoes for her if she appeared ready to go to the next step.

"Oh yes please", came back in response. Again she took more champagne as I knelt next to Kane and lifting one precious foot at a time, undid her straps and slipped off her heels. I offered Kane an opportunity to sniff her shoes and obtain more of her scent.

Fi swooned and gasped again as he did. I placed them beside the settee and Kane took an interest in Fi's feet as I held them in my lap.

He began to lick her toes and as expected this brought a quick and ticklish response from her- whilst not directly kicking away she ground her feet into my crotch and hard-on below. I wasn't at all upset

and the erotic thought of coming over her feet as Kane licked her quite appealed actually. However I resisted any further temptation to remain part of the scene.

I motioned to Fi to remove her panties and skirt- she just looked at me in a kid of baby-like innocence and pushed her buttocks forward more so that she was nearly approaching the horizontal, lying across the width of the settee than sitting upright. As she did she simply raised her butt and I reached up, sliding one hand then the other past Kanes snout to grasp her panties.

Feeling her warm flesh I slipped my fingers under that strip of a black leather skirt and finger tapping her red leather thong was excitement enough. She'd had to fold her legs up as I'd stretched to her- her feet still in my lap and kneading my manhood as I did- slipping a single finger under each of her panty sides and looking directly into her eyes, I slowly slipped the barrier off her.

Her smouldering look, glassy and lusty gaze never left me as she waited for me to look at her exposure. Even as my cock throbbed beneath her soles I didn't avert my gaze. Fi looked at Kane several times- probably amazed at his self control and lack of action at this most critical of moments- the unveiling of a womans' innermost secret.

The erotically colored scarlet leather panty was real- I could smell that and her skirt by themselves- but her perfume and additional womanly scent also arose quickly once uncovered. She could feel the cool air on her nether parts when released from her garments and I could simply smell her muskiness and sweet odour of stimulation.

As much as I wanted to it was a struggle against her will. SHE expected me to look at her sex just like any other male would and in her eyes i could see she refused to accept that I wouldn't soon weaken.

Only after her panty was in my hand, scrunched up so small that it was hidden, did I seek her confirmation that she also wanted the skirt removed. She shook her head no. As I withdrew from her, her feet falling to the floor, I bowed slightly, touched Kane on the head, then dropped my gaze from her eyes, past Steves kneading and cupping hands around her breasts, and down her belly to below that black strip.

Fi's legs were still mostly closed, so her dusky skin betrayed nothing and her smooth as a baby's bottom, hairless pubic area was no different in texture or color to her thighs. And in between the slightest faint outline of moisture came from a perfectly closed, close lipped vulva only the top of which showed to me.

Fi smiled as I had finally done what she expected of me; rising as I did and opening my hand to Kane- Fi's leather thong dropped from my palm and she watched as Kane delicately sniffed the garment. After 2 or 3 attempts, he had to taste-test as well and he licked it several times, tho it was so small that he couldn't really obtain anything but a scent or flavor.

Fi watched this and swooned again- rubbing her hands the length of her thighs; she blew me a kiss in appreciation I guess, and I stooped and raised the thong to my own face, showing her my appreciation. Steve squeezed her breasts harshly as I did that and left thumb prints on her above her nipples. He squeezed and milked her breasts and it appeared Fi was about to orgasm from the sentiments of this action alone.

Fi tapped her thighs again and without a word Kane advanced and did as bidden- licking the tops of her thighs again. However this time Fi was a lot lower and her crotch area closer to the edge of the settee so he could now be standing and reach up to her belly without a stretch.

He did just that as to him the skirt was the same impediment it had been before- nothing really except another piece of natural animal flesh. However Fi now passed her hands along the insides of her thighs, and Kane followed suit. In doing so he pushed his furry head further down and caused Fi to spread her thighs wider.

As she did her precious oyster opened up and the petals exploded. Brown flesh exposed even darker inner lips and a moist haven- devoid of any hair or encumbrance, save a silver locket attached to a lower edge with a filament chain dropping below it. A token chastity belt I assumed and some private gift from Steve or her confession of fidelity to him?.

Kane went to work slipping from thigh to thigh, side to side, before Fi began raising her feet from the floor and placing them either side of his body. Fi moaned in unison with Kanes licks now, and although he still hadn't touched her center of sexuality she was at bursting point from the lead up events.

"Oh fuck" came about abruptly as Fi watched Kane licking the back, or underside of her thighs and knees, since she'd pulled them upwards, but she knew her very universe was about to rock soon enough.

Kanes head started swaying, left and right as he gained momentum and lashed at new tracts of lithe flesh, thighs and ticklish feet. Fi looked a little like a writhing snake as she tossed and twisted her limbs one way and the other, seeking or hiding parts as Kane took control and countered every move.

Steve even grabbed her feet at one point and held her wide open but eventually she crescendoed and the game tired. Fi let her legs lie down and still, slowly and delicately easing her thighs apart.

She glanced upward at Steve, who was still happily stretched over the back of the settee fondling her hair and twisting her nipples, and her heavy-lidded pout at me I watched the slim curvy ass come into view and Kane watched for her sacred mount to explode into reach again.

Kane slowed the pace of the 'attack'. Fi's thighs parted as her scent rose among us and then pushed an elegantly polished nail down her pubic bone and into the crevice of her entrance. It traced back and forwards slightly, ever so slightly spreading the lips, showing her inner secrets again and then pushed downwards to split her glistening minora open, dark brown and as elegant and deep like brown putty as her nipples in color.

Down the finger searched inside her, splitting the lips and fingers either side salaciously encompassing the labia and splitting the petals even further. A silver finger ring glistened on her dark flesh, contrasting with the radiant brown flesh underneath barely hinted at.

Kane had now caught the scent and gingerly nosed forward again. He first nudged Fi's hand, then took a subtle lick of the back of her hand and fingers as they withdrew upward. Eyes closed, Fi felt the nudge on her hand and stopped in her tracks.

Raising her fingers outwards toward Kane he lapped eagerly at her finger tips- tasting her juice for the first time and running his tongue under her hand. She allowed his snout to penetrate deeper between her thighs and finally he 'banged noses'- his big one on her petite flower petals; the sensual joining of a 'monster' and a nymph- but done with such delicacy and poise that neither feared the other.

Then Kane licked in earnest- his tongue drawing upward along the fleshy petals and in doing so dragging on them and separated them further; allowing moisture and her scent to escape. Fi's hand

hovered over Kane and prepared to swipe him away should some disaster strike.

But all that struck was pleasure for her and the deep guttural moan that began and increased as Kanes tongue lashed her lips simply took her away. Her thighs began trembling and her pelvis spasmed and stomach heaved and writhed as Kane continued to lash upwards and over her naked pubes. The more he licked the more he reached as every swipe spread her moisture and his, over a wider and wider area.

Finally it was too much and Fi changed from a moan to a squeal as she came, writhing, gasping and sawing her legs a little, her hands carelessly thrashed about Kanes head and ears. I was prepared to grasp Kane just in case she accidentally hurt him and he reacted, but nothing the like happened,

Fi held his snout with both hands off her body and Kane held firm; waiting for a command or indication to retire but Fi just held him there; it almost looked like she was about to use him as a giant tool and thrust his snout into her, but really she was just keeping his active proboscis from driving her insane.

After a minute Fi's eyes opened and her pouty smile was replaced with a flushed grin, licking her lips and eyes blinked thru sweaty visage. Steves bruising of her breasts was evident as red and raw marks on the sides and across her nipples showed his strong actions helped to intensify her orgasm.