

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The central characters real names have been changed for obvious reasons. Many identifying locations have also been omitted for my security reasons.

I first met Ryan during our junior year in college. We had been introduced by mutual friends. Ryan was a nice looking guy, very well mannered. I could tell right away he had some class. Most guys I had dated up till then were rather immature. Of course they were just interested in one thing. Ryan was different, he was driven. He had goals. He was a business major and really into making good grades and making the right connections.

My name is Brooke. I was a fashion design student. Someday I planned to own my own couture firm. I've always loved clothing and I am fascinated by the different styles. I am tall, five-ten and wear my auburn hair long. I think it looks more professional that way. I've been told I should really be a model, but that career is too short lived. Building my own company, influencing the styles and producing them are where the long term successes are.

Ryan and I hit it off right from the start. He was the perfect gentleman and we dated regularly for several months. I was from the mid-west and his east coast accent and culture were exactly why I had come to this area.

Ryan never mentioned much about his parents. I knew they were only a couple of hours drive away. Mine were still back in the Midwest where they would always stay. Several months after we met, we became intimate. Ryan would occasionally confide only bits of information about his upbringing. We had been seeing each other almost every other day. I loved to sit and just talk. We shared our daily struggles, and our future dreams.

I knew Ryan was an only child. I thought it was sort of cute how he would refer to his parents. He always used mom and "father," never a reference to dad's first name, pop, dad or anything else warm. Eventually I got out of him that "father's" name was Simon.

We had been going together about six months when my parents came to visit. They had come up east and spent a weekend visiting. They both approved of Ryan. My dad was impressed with his drive to one day run his own business. Mom thought him handsome, and a good match for me.

Shortly afterwards, I began pestering Ryan about meeting his parents. He seemed to keep avoiding the issue to the point that I began to think something was wrong. We were serious about each other I thought, and I really wanted to get to meet the people who could potentially be a part of my future. Almost a month had passed before Ryan finally agreed to drive up to see them. They lived about two hours north of New York City. The weekend weather was supposed to be beautiful.

Ryan is a very cautious driver and it seemed like it took an eternity to get there. We drove through some of the most gorgeous countryside. Soon we were in a very exclusive area. The driveways all had gated entrances, and most houses sat back some distance from the road.

We had just passed a cluster of stately looking mansions when Ryan started slowing down. On the right was a turn off, he turned in coming to a stop in front of a huge wrought iron gate. Massive stone work at least eight-foot high adorned the edges. The stone wall trailed off into the woods along each side. Ryan honked twice, and almost instantly the gate jolted to life and began opening. I was watching for a first glimpse of the house but saw nothing. We started down a paved drive that wound though what looked like a golf course. The grass was manicured and the vegetation lush. We must have driven at least mile before we crested a hill.

The view ahead stunned me. The hair on the back of my neck stood up. I remember a chill went through me and goose bumps popped up on my arms. My eyes locked on a structure maybe a half mile ahead at the crest of the next hill. It wasn't just a house or a mansion it was a more liked a damned English castle.

"Stop the car Ryan!" I pleaded.

"What's wrong?" Ryan asked, slowing the car to a crawl.

"Wait please stop!" I repeated.

I must have stared at that view for a minute. Ryan finally touched my arm and asked if I was ok.

"Ryan, you said they were well-off, but you never said anything about this."

This was beyond my wildest imagination.

"Ryan, are you telling me this is your home?" I asked, staring at him.

Ryan rather sheepishly he admitted "Yes".

He was acting almost embarrassed by the grandiose display in front of us.

The car started moving again. I remember thinking over and over the phrase, "The one percent." This was the super wealthy, the "One percent" that everyone talks bad about at parties.

I was petrified, and wanted to just turn around and go back.

Ryan blew this off and said, "You'll do just fine."

As the car approached a stone courtyard out in front, an "honest to god" butler appeared at the front door. He welcomed us both, then escorted us through the most awesome foyer toward an adjoining room. Ryan's parents were there awaiting our arrival. His mother put down a book and stood as we entered. She warmly received a hug from him. I walked over nervously and received the same.

To this day, I can vividly recall my first impression of Simon. Ryan's father was standing right in the column of a brilliant beam of sunlight pouring through a series of two story glass windows. The stiff and proper posture he held, reminded me of some ancient nobleman receiving visitors. Simon extended his hand politely, and greeted Ryan like a guest instead of his son.

Simon was wearing an impeccably tailored Armani suit which probably cost at least ten to twenty-thousand dollars. His "Forzier" Italian leather shoes were spot-on the latest style. His watch of course, was "Cartier." All told, he was probably wearing one hundred thousand dollars in fashion, and yes he was probably the most distinguished man I had ever laid eyes on. He was maybe fifty, with just a touch of grey hair at the temples.

I felt like he was sizing me up. Was I pretty enough? Was I refined enough? Was I in love with his son because of all of "this?" I was a total nervous wreck.

Simon shattered all my expectations by walking right up to me. His steel blue eyes locked on me and disarmed all of my defenses. He gave me the warmest embrace. His arms enveloped me like a warm blanket. I felt like a small child in their favorite place.

Within two years Ryan and I were wed. Our wedding was the envy of all our friends. "Father" spared no expense. His son's wedding was not to be outdone. We had a full orchestra and caterer's jumping to everyone's slightest whim.

Our honeymoon in San Tropez was the stuff of dreams.

It was maybe a year into our marriage when passions began to cool. The things I found so important

in Ryan at first now seemed to be our biggest issues. His work occupied all his waking time. He was so driven to have his business succeed that he would come home exhausted. Our love life suffered also. What used to be romantic was now just a routine. He'd jump on me missionary style every time, ride me, and grunt a little, roll off, and be snoring within a couple minutes. Hell, I was still in my twenties, I wanted more than that.

I was working out of our home mostly refining my own designs. I seemed to run into closed doors or dismissive attitudes at each of my interviews. I was frustrated both professionally and sexually.

It was on one of our visits to his parents, when I first began to seriously look at Simon. He was the absolute alpha-male. His manners, his poise, his style, this man was both able to amass great wealth, and yet spend extravagantly on his desires.

Ryan's mother seemed to have few interests other than reading her books. I'm sure she had her social circle, but otherwise had grown somewhat pudgy for lack of any real purpose. She was always warm and friendly, but also seemed generally disinterested in things. Maybe she had been born into all of this, and just took it all for granted.

Ryan and I got invited to go on trip with them to Italy. I hadn't ever planned on anything like this. Ryan and I were still struggling to get our careers going, and Ryan always poured all our resources and all of his energy into his business. Ryan had flatly refused any help from "father." He preferred instead to make it a success on his own. I finally convinced Ryan that we needed a break from work and would do well to get away for a while.

I was like a little kid on a Disney trip. We were flown by helicopter to meet up with the yacht already at sea. Yes of course, they had a helicopter. For some reason, they always referred to it as the MD for short. It was always parked in a little clearing just behind the main house. That is how Simon got to and from his offices. Simon didn't actually fly it although, I'll bet he could have. There was a man who was always around, Mr. Keeven. Along with being the pilot, I think he was sort of a bodyguard or personal aid. He was a buff ex-military looking type. He was always around when Simon went somewhere.

We caught up with the yacht in the Atlantic, somewhere off the coast of Rhode Island. Landing on a yacht, talk about a thrill. Talk about an entrance. The yacht was magnificent. It had to be at least a hundred fifty feet long. Ryan never said it belonged directly to them. Things were always "referred to" as belonging to the firm. They just had exclusive access whenever they wished. It was complete luxury. Everything was constantly attended to by the staff. Meals, drinks anything you could wish for. Attention to detail was incredible right down to fresh flowers placed in our stateroom each day. Mr. Keeven and the helicopter stayed on board, and made the trip with us. How cool was that?

There were two other couples already on board who would be making the trip with us. One was a close friend of Ryan's mom and her husband. The other couple included a younger girl nearer to my age. Her name was Nicole. We hit it off right away. She like I, seemed awestruck at all the trapping of wealth. She was with a somewhat older guy whom she just referred to as just a friend.

Nicole and I would lay out for hours on the deck laughing and sharing stories mostly of the "if our friends could only see us now" type. Nicole and I would talk of our future aspirations and goals. That was kind of silly seeing that we were lying on a yacht headed for Italy, "like how do you really top this?"

During the trip over I was constantly dragging Ryan away from his phone. I was becoming seriously agitated at his inability to leave work behind. He took calls constantly, and even had reports faxed to

him. I was becoming livid.

We had just left the Azores Islands and our next stop would be in Marbella Spain to refuel. I hoped the distance would force Ryan to forget about work. But the yacht had the latest in technology unfortunately, and satellite transmissions were available. We spent a wonderful day in Marbella and were soon in route to our final destination of Anzio, along the west coast of Italy.

When we arrived I thought it was simply the most beautiful place on earth. We anchored in a harbor surrounded by similar yachts, most being somewhat smaller. We were greeted like royalty in a very dignified way. There was a sense of wealth about the place but it was understated. Everyone there was wealthy, but reserved in how it was displayed.

We were only there two days when Ryan got an urgent message that he was needed back in New York. I was ready to explode. We were to travel up to Rome for the day, and instead he was making arrangements for a flight back to New York.

After Ryan left for home, Nicole tried to cheer me up by arranging a shopping trip up to Rome anyway. I was shocked as we boarded a tender to ferry us to shore. Mr. Keeven was accompanying us. He never left Simon's side. I knew how important he was to Simon. I knew this had to be on Simon's order, and the gesture did not go unappreciated by me. There were other bodyguards waiting on shore and a driver, but that was just the way Simon was.

I was still mad as hell at Ryan as we made our way to Rome, but soon Nicole's giddiness and all the attention got me out of my funk. We ate lunch within sight of the Coliseum. We shopped like celebrities and with a wave of Mr. Keeven's hand all was taken care of. Dresses, new swimsuits, fine shoes, you name it we bought it. I continually looked to Mr. Keeven to try to get a sign that this was all ok. He simply gestured with a hand that all our wishes were taken care of.

Sometime during the day I found I didn't miss Ryan at all. Nicole and I were like schoolgirls on spring break. We shopped, toured and just plain had fun until our feet hurt. On the way back to Anzio by car we traveled through the rolling Italian countryside. I stared out the window taking it all in. I couldn't shake the feelings I was starting to have about my father in law.

Simon was the consummate gentleman. Super wealthy, yet would lavish favors on everyone around him. He was a man who knew how to enjoy his wealth. He had learned the fine art of delegation. Nothing happened that he didn't direct, but he allowed others to handle all the details. Ryan was driven to succeed too, but he always had to do everything himself. Where Ryan worried about everything, Simon focused on his guests and enjoying life.

Watching my father in law over time, I was always impressed at how he thanked everyone for everything. From the staff member who topped off his morning coffee, to a doorman who held a door open for him. He noticed every favor, and looked the person in the eye and graciously acknowledged them. When he spoke with someone, you had his full attention. No cell phone interruptions, no distractions, he looked you right in the eyes and for that moment you felt you were the most important person on earth.

When Nicole and I returned to the yacht I sought out Simon and gave him the biggest hug. I was kind of emotional and almost lost it. I was disappointed in Ryan, and yet still having the time of my life. I kissed Simon on the cheek and held onto him longer than I should have.

When we left Anzio and began the return trip, Nicole and I resumed our spots on the bow. The warm Mediterranean breezes cooled us as the sun was putting the finishing touch to our tans. Of course we had to try out our new suits.

One morning while Nicole and I were up there, Simon came over to us. He was as usual very gracious and wanted to be assured of our complete comfort. We were both wearing our new and very revealing bikinis.

The warm sun bouncing off the deck was glorious and we both pleaded with him to join us. A smile came across his face. He laughed and kindly excused himself by making a joke about "spoiling the beautiful ornaments on his deck."

Nicole and I had many conversations out there. More than a couple times we were more than a little drunk. The staff seemed to keep tabs and as soon as we would start to run dry, someone would be out to refill our glasses.

During one such time Nicole and I got a lot personal. I was probably bashing Ryan for being such a workaholic, when the topic of Simon came up. I know I said a lot more than I should have. I do remember saying something like, "I thought him sexy, and father in law or not, I'd "do" him anytime, anywhere."

We both laughed and continued on with our bawdy confessions. I don't remember it all but, I hoped it would never get repeated.

Returning home to Ryan became just more of the same. With all of his energy poured into the business I was becoming more and more frustrated.

It was during a weekend trip up to the family's estate, where things got really serious. Simon and I had gone for a horseback ride on the grounds. Of course he was an excellent horseman. He stayed right alongside me the whole way. The horses were magnificent. I hadn't been riding since I was little girl back on Grandpa's farm. Their property boasted some of the most beautiful scenery. We had been out maybe an hour. I needed a break to stretch my legs, so we stopped alongside a clearing

The saddles Ryan's family used were those English style ones without the horn for grabbing onto for mounting and dismount. Simon being the perfect gentleman dismounted and secured his horse. He approached and held his hands outstretched to assist my dismount.

It had been a long time since I had been on a horse and I wasn't even thinking. For some stupid reason I tried to dismount facing away from the animal. I raised my right leg over his mane and then incorrectly pushed on the horse's rump spooking him. This caused the startled animal to shuffle to his left. I began my clumsy slide down the horse's flank sending me squarely into a collision with Simon. I awkwardly grabbed for his shoulders. Simon being the type not to back away from anyone or anything stood his ground. I slid downward pinned against his ridged pose and the horse's shifting flank. I found myself pressed squarely against Simon and our faces only inches apart. I could feel his manhood pressed squarely against me but he made no effort to hide this fact or back away.

I got to thinking about the motion of a woman riding a horse. I guess it is just about the same as a woman riding a man during sex. I guessed Simon had been keeping a closer eye on me than I thought.

So there we were, pressed up against each other. Everything just seemed to conspire to fling us together, his blue eyes, his arms, his cock. My pussy had been warmed-up by being repeatedly slapped against the saddle for the last hour. And of course I must admit I had been lusting for this man for quite a while.

I locked my arms around his neck and pressed my lips against his. We stood frozen in a passionate embrace. When I realized what I was doing I pulled away. He immediately returned my kiss and we

embraced once again. The next time our lips parted, I pleaded with him to fuck me right then, right there.

I couldn't believe those words just came out of my mouth, but they did, and I would not take them back. He backed me up against a tree and we made passionate love standing up. I loosened my blouse and bared my breasts. He tore at my belt and jeans like a man possessed. His cock felt so good, so right and our passions so real, that we gave no thought as to what we were doing. I orgasmed repeatedly. He practically lifted me off the ground with each thrust. It seemed so raw, so necessary to screw like this. Our pent-up desire drove both of us on without reason. When he finally blew his orgasm into me I felt like all the power and purpose this man controlled was being pumped into me.

So that is how our affair started. We began to meet pretty regularly after that and each time our passion seemed stronger than the time before. It was easy for him to get away to New York City. He always was being called somewhere to deal with some business issue. An overnight in town was a common thing for him anyway. I had to wait until Ryan was occupied with his concerns, and then I'd make some excuse about a fashion design appointment in the city.

Simon was not a simple man. Neither was he cheap. One of the first times we spent the night together was at the penthouse of one of the taller hotels. This room must have cost thousands per night. We ate out at the finest place in town and eventually wound up making passionate love in one of the grandest rooms available. This room was somewhere above the eightieth floor.

We were completely naked and rolling around on a luxurious Persian rug. We were right in front of a floor to ceiling window. The lights were dimmed making the night time city view spectacular. Suddenly he urged me to stand up. We locked in a passionate kiss and Simon started pushing me closer to the window. I stiffened reflexively as my back touched the cool glass. He then turned me around and pushed me face-first against the glass.

Now, I'm not afraid of heights necessarily, but being pushed naked right up to a clear panel of glass, eight-hundred feet above the ground will certainly perk up a girl's nipples. Every nerve in my body came alive. I was scared, breathless and extremely turned-on.

Simon gently entered me from behind and gently started stroking. His cock remained rock solid as his thrusts increased. His hips began bumping against my ass. As his intensity increased I started to feel the glass panel beginning to flex. My stomach began to turn and my head started spinning, probably from lack of oxygen. My short breaths weren't enough to sustain me. My fear of the glass panel breaking intensified with each thrust. Simon lifted my arms above my head and pressed my palms out flat on the bouncing glass.

I could just picture the newspaper headlines the following morning, describing how two randy lovers plunged to their deaths still connected. Yeah, but they would die with a smile on their faces I thought to myself. I had to simply trust that Simon knew just how much this widow would take, or maybe he didn't care either.

My orgasms started one after another until I thought I might faint. Steam from my labored breaths had coated the glass near my face. My face was being mashed flat as Simon's orgasm rocked me violently in waves.

We finally dropped to the floor completely spent. My heart pounded in my chest for several minutes afterward. We both smiled as we noticed the outline of my figure remained "etched" into the glass in smears and moisture.

Simon was an incredible lover. I was like a drug addict waiting for my next “fix” when I was apart from him. Each sexual encounter topped the one before. How had this man’s genes not passed anything on to his son?

Men such as Simon were powerful and driven individuals. They controlled their environment and everyone around them. Their private passions were just as intense. I felt like he was awaking desires that I never knew were inside of me.

During one of our subsequent evenings together, we noticed that our view of the city also afforded us a panoramic view of the nearby buildings. With our room lights dimmed we were able to see into many rooms of the buildings across the street. One room had caught my attention. It was a loft style apartment. Large uncovered windows and a sparsely furnished room save for a bed was easily visible. While we were sipping a glass of wine, a couple entered the room and to our delight, began a torrid session of lovemaking. They quickly undressed and the guy pulled the woman to his groin and she gave him a vigorous blow-job. This turned me on to no end. Simon seemed delighted also, and that night our new “hobby” was born.

Who knew we were voyeurs. There was a couple of more times when we spied out on people but our luck was “iffy”. Mostly people just sit and watched their TV’s.

At our next time together Simon hinted that he had a surprise in store. I had to wait through a wonderful dinner till we were alone at the hotel. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary as we returned to the room.

Simon opened a bottle of Chardonnay and dimmed the lights. I stood near the window casually scoping out the likely prospects. Suddenly a soft knock at the door startled me. No one ever knocked. These rooms were above the normal elevators and reserved for only the VIP clientele. I moved away from the window, and backed into a dimly lit part of the room. We had not requested anything. I was surprised when Simon started for the door. After a quick check of the peephole, he began to unlock the door. I didn’t have time to say anything and was starting to look for somewhere to hide.

Before I could move, the door opened and a young woman sort of stumbled into the room. Her eyes were covered with a sort of black tape. Before I could even react a young man followed. His eyes were also covered in the same fashion. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Keeven just behind them. He must have guided them to the door. He only escorted them just inside the door. He then disappeared and pulled the door closed behind him. Simon locked the door and gently caught the young girl by the lower arm and began to lead her. The young man placed his hand on the girls shoulder and followed just behind.

Simon led the pair to a spot just before the window. He was holding one finger to his lips as an indication that I should remain quiet. The couple stopped and Simon stepped back into the shadows near me. I was staring at him, and I know I had a “what the fuck” look on my face.

Simon in a very calm and subdued voice asked the couple if they understood why they were here. They both nodded their heads in unison. Simon informed them that the area within ten feet around them was a clear area. He instructed them not to leave the area of the rug without permission. They nodded again their understanding.

Simon informed them that there was only he and one other individual in the room with them. They remained standing with the guy’s still touching the shoulder of the girl. Simon instructed them to listen and follow his directions. Again they nodded. He asked them to be seated on the floor, which

they both did.

I still wasn't sure exactly what Simon was up to. Before I could say anything Simon asked if they would please begin to disrobe. Without hesitation the girl began to unbutton her shirt. The guy seated right beside her also followed and the pair began to pile their clothes in a stack just within reach. Neither made any attempt to touch their eye coverings.

The girl was probably a little older than I was. She was very pretty. The guy was a real "hunk" himself. As I watched him struggling out of his jeans I was beginning to catch the drift of what Simon was presenting to me.

The young man didn't hesitate either, and as his boxers slid past his groin, I quietly gasped. The guy was a monster. His cock was as thick as my arm, and he was still flaccid.

The girl had her bra off and was fumbling with the catch on her pants. She tried to stand at first but decided to remain seated on the floor and just wiggled out of them. She rolled to her side and removed a red G-string.

I sensed her nervousness as she sat with her knees drawn up to her chest. Simon always the "gentleman" reassured her, and she seemed a little more at ease. The guy reached out to locate the girl. Having found her, he now kept his hand on her bare thigh.

Simon whispered to me, "How would you like to start the evening with our puppets?"

I was still sort of speechless and couldn't put together a phrase. Simon seeing my hesitation took the lead. He asked them to begin to kiss.

The pair sought out each others mouths and began an intimate exchange of gentle kisses, followed by gentle touching.

I was finally catching on to this. Obviously Simon had hired them to do anything we would ask. Simon asked if either would like some wine. Only the girl nodded yes. The kissing was interrupted as the girl took several sips from a glass Simon handed her. Satisfied, she held her glass out and Simon retrieved the glass.

At that point I wanted in on this. I whispered to Simon to have the young man stand and stroke his cock. Simon relayed my request and the guy stood and began manually stroking himself. The girl asked if she could have another bit of wine. Simon handed the girl the glass. She seemed content and reassured enough to finish the entire glass.

By now the guy's cock was enormous. I was a little unsure as to the ground rules here but I just had to ask. I whispered to Simon, would it be possible for me to touch the guys cock?

"My dearest," he said. "They are here for your complete pleasure."

I warned the young man, and he stopped stroking long enough for me to grasp the shaft and give it a gentle squeeze. It's thickness and heft was simply amazing. I finished by sliding my fingers up to the glans. My fingers ringed the knob and I finished by running my thumb just under the pee-hole. I wasn't sure if it was spit or pre-cum leaking out, but the thrill of touching someone so completely under your total control was so awesome.

Simon and I took turns placing the couple in a series of positions. I was becoming so hot that I needed to release my breasts. I couldn't help but tweak and pull at my nipples. As soon as I saw

Simon getting undressed I felt the need to do the same.

I lay down on the edge of the rug. I couldn't keep my hands off my twat and began gently rubbing my clit.

Simon requested the guy lay on his back and the girl should mount him. They both fumbled and eventually the girl got astride the guy and guided his cock up inside her. She started a slow methodical rocking motion.

Simon came over to me. Of course his cock was jutting out looking for a warm spot also. We quietly coupled in a spoon fashion and just lay on our sides watching the pair next to us.

What a turn-on. I was randy as hell. Simon pumped me solidly.

I whispered to Simon that I wanted the girl to manually bring the guy off. Simon stopped pumping at me and asked if the guy would be ready to cum soon?

The young man nodded that he would cum if that is what we wished. Simon asked the girl to lift off and use her hand to finish the guy. Simon and I scooted around to get a view as the girl settled in and began to slowly stroke at the engorged cock. Simon got back just behind me again and pushed himself inside of me.

The girl was very skilled at what she was doing. I wasn't sure if the two knew each other but, the girl certainly seemed to instinctively know just how to maximize the guy's pleasure. Within just a couple minutes the guy groaned and a rope of jizm lept out of the end of his dick. The girl began jacking furiously and several more spurts of goo followed. The guy was moaning and twisting in beautiful agony. The white slime now coated the girls hand and dripped off. Just then, a gut wrenching orgasm coursed through my body. Simon came just after I did. We both flopped around like a couple possessed.

Simon had again outdone himself. I wasted no time telling him so. I kissed and licked about on him so much so, that I was able to bring myself off one more time. Simon seemed to enjoy seeing me in such raunchy state. I couldn't believe the way I was able to expose my rawest emotions around him.

Later that week, Simon called just to see how I was doing. I told him I was still so totally turned on that I found it difficult to go about daily activities. His reserved laugh, reminded me that he was probably at the office. I was so flattered that he was thinking of me.

Simon repeated the scenario again during our next tryst, but of course he upped the stakes by having two powerfully built black men engage a small petite white girl. This was erotic as hell also. The small girl took all the black cock they threw at her. She rode them hard and ended by simultaneously jacking both cocks. She was rewarded with a cum shower that splattered almost every inch of her body.

Think about the power unlimited wealth gives you. There is nothing one can think of that can't be had. Men like Simon have no restraint on their urges.

Simon was away for a couple weeks on international business in Asia. I waited for a possible call. Days passed and I was becoming horny and withdrawn. Ryan's feeble attempt at lovemaking was almost a joke. I kept up appearances and tried to refocus on my career. My mind constantly drifted back to the wild exploits Simon and I had enjoyed together.

When I finally heard from Simon he said he was still on the west coast and would be delayed several more days. He promised the wait would be worth it. I never doubted his word.

Days later he called from his home and asked if I was free that Friday. I of course told him it wouldn't be a problem to slip into Manhattan for the night. I even had an actual meeting with some potential buyers in the afternoon. He sort of hinted again that this might be another step-up in our level of debauchery. I knew one thing about Simon, he had never disappointed me yet. Our conversation ended when he indicated that this might be even beyond my wildest dreams.

I was randy as hell by Friday. My imagination was running wild trying to figure just how he could top our previous encounters. That afternoon I was scheduled to meet with some potential clients. I was still clinging to the hope of getting my own clothing line into the hands of the right people. Simon and I had planned to meet at a cozy restaurant. When I arrived he had already ordered the wine. He had arranged a private little corner and we had the most delightful dinner.

Simon made a call just as we were leaving the restaurant. Instead of going down town, we took a cab out to a rather desolate area. I was sort of surprised to see Mr. Keeven waiting there in a empty field with the helicopter. I didn't know you could just land your helicopter anywhere you choose to.

You know a girl could get used to this sort of life style very easily. Mr. Keeven had us airborne and moving very quickly. We seemed to be heading away from the city. We were only in the air for maybe thirty minutes on a straight line. I really had no clue exactly where we were at this point and then the chopper began to circle a parking lot. Below, I could make out a black limo parked in a lighted area. Mr. Keeven circled once and had us on the ground in a minute. Simon thanked him for the smooth flight and indicated we would catch up later.

The limo was just leaving the parking lot as the helicopter lifted off and disappeared into the night sky.

Once we were moving I began to grill Simon as to what was up.

"Patience love," was all he would volunteer.

Just a few minutes into the ride, Simon pressed a button near his armrest. Suddenly shutters inside the passenger's compartment slid up and blocked-out all the windows. It was kind of creepy moving like this. The driver was a real pro though. You could hardly feel the turns. After a little bit, only the occasional acceleration was the only sign you had that you were still moving. I snuggled up next to Simon and tried to tease a clue out of him as to where we were headed and exactly what was in store for tonight.

"What's up with all the secrecy?" I asked.

Simon just gave a knowing nod and asked for my indulgence.

"It is necessary my love. Please just trust me."

Eventually a signal tone from the driver alerted us. I assumed we were near or at our destination.

Simon opened a small compartment used for storing liquor. He removed a black bag. I gave him a look like "really." He loosened a drawstring and opened the end. Inside were two black hooded robes neatly folded and pressed. On top of these were two plastic masks. The masks were half-faced ones that one might wear to a Mardi-Gras type ball.

Simon asked if I would indulge him. I followed his lead and slipped the robe over my head. I donned the mask just as he had. I pulled the hood up over my head. When I was finally ready, he unlocked the limo's doors. Someone from outside opened it and a hand was extended to assist our exit.

I suddenly got a case of the "willies." A similarly dressed individual wearing a mask like ours escorted Simon and me up through a veiled entrance. There was a dark canopy and the sides had

been enclosed with dark curtains. A set of steps lead us up to two heavy doors. As we approached, there was another person standing there dressed in grey colored robe, he opened it for us.

I was clinging to Simon's hand at this point. We made our way up a couple steps and entered a foyer. The main hallway in front of us was blocked by a large black curtained screen. There was a robed individual who met us there. He was holding a dark plastic tub. We were diverted to a side area and into an even smaller room. There was a small bench and a chair inside and that was it. The individual handed Simon the tub and he closed the door. Simon reached to lock the door.

"Simon what the hell is all this?" I asked.

"Patience dear all will be understood shortly," Was all he would volunteer.

"If you please, now would be the time to remove all your clothing," he said in a calm voice.

"Do what?" I said disbelieving my ears.

Simon lifted his mask and robe then began fumbling to remove his clothing underneath. I stood by not quite sure, and not just that willing to proceed. Simon continued removing items and was placing them into the tub.

You know, Simon had never put me in any danger or harm, so I finally accepted things and followed his lead and disrobed. In the bottom of the tub there was two pair of dark house slippers. Simon placed those on the floor and we placed all of our belongings in the tub and closed the lid. A tag on the lid identified the tub by a number. Simon tore off the bottom half of this and pinned it to the inside of his robe.

As we exited the little room another couple was waiting outside with their escort who was carrying another tub. That escort took our tub containing our belongings and disappeared, and the other couple entered the small room behind us.

Simon led me a short distance through a series of smaller rooms. Along the way I noticed that many objects and wall paintings had been covered in the same black fabric. The windows were shuttered from the inside. No light was filtering through anyway.

The hall led us to what looked like a large meeting room ahead. The opening was blocked by a long black curtain shielding the view behind. As we approached the curtain another robed individual standing guard there drew the curtain aside. Beyond was a huge meeting hall. The center of the room caught my attention right off for it was lit up like a stage area. Dozens of naked couples all engaged with each other in different combinations seemed to be performing there. The perimeter of the room was darkened and lined with large leather chairs and couches. The area along the wall was filled with robed people some alone, some with partners.

Simon led the way in. I remembered holding tightly to his hand. I did not want to get separated here. My legs were sort of wobbly at this point. I needed to sit. Simon motioned to an open couch. We sat down and I began to survey the area. Right alongside of us, couples were engaged in various sex acts. Beautiful bodied girls with their robes opened and flung over their shoulders were atop the laps of their partners and were grinding away oblivious to anyone else in the room. Others were on the floor slurping away at their partner's cocks. All the people along the perimeter were still wearing masks, but most had their robes opened in front.

I remember touching my own gown, feeling for the slit. It too opened all the way down the front. Little spots of Velcro acted as catches to keep it closed.

The people in the center of the room under the lights were for the most part completely nude and didn't wear masks. Just a couple of the women had on some sort of lingerie.

I stared out at the all-out orgy in front of us in utter amazement.

Several years ago, there was a movie that came out where a young professional man somehow got into a rich mens club like this. There was a sex orgy similar to this going on. I don't remember the title or how it played out but this was just that.

"My god" was all I could think. I'm here to tell you that things like "that," do actually go on. These rich people have lusts and desires that they can't show in the normal world. They are wealthy and powerful enough to engage in this stuff privately though. They have no limit on their whims. No one tells them "NO." They do as they wish and can afford anything they desire. I was thinking this all to myself. For sure this was the ultimate man-cave.

The testosterone level in the assembled group was palpable. This was likely a group of men combined that had world changing influence and power. They were most probably wealthy politicians, judges and businessmen who by day would direct some of the top positions in public and private society. Judging from the member's rampant desires, apparently many of them by evening would participate in things like this.

No sooner than we were seated a staff came up to take our drink order. I remember mumbling some sort of wine. Simon took his usual brandy.

I mostly focused on the brightly lit "stage area" in front of us. All manner of sex was going on. Cloth covered platforms of all different size and shapes were scattered about the room center and combinations of people were on them humping away.

A couple women were on their knees servicing one or multiple partners. There were whites, blacks, Asians and even gays going at it with each other. One dark skinned girl near to us was astride a guy and trading blow-jobs between two other men standing on either side of her.

My own level of arousal was rising and judging from what I could make out in the shadows along the rooms edge, just about anything goes.

I looked to Simon and leaned in close and whispered just how "hot" I thought this was. We kissed passionately. My hand wandered down to his crotch to locate his cock. He was already hard as steel. I located the slit in his robe and started stroking him. We both watched the performances in front of us.

In just a little bit the staff member who had taken our drink order returned carrying our two glasses. Without missing a beat he quietly placed the beverages on the table beside us. He left behind a small dark tightly folded towel. I assumed he thought we might need it eventually.

I still felt somewhat self-conscious about all this and tried to cover Simon's prick. But soon I realized that no one else really cared. With all the activity going on around no one even paid any attention to us at all.

I figured this show would go on for hours so I didn't want Simon to cum right away. So I just rested my hand inside his robe and we just observed the scene.

"Are they members also?" I whispered to Simon as I nodded to the center of the room.

"No, No," was his reply. "They are all paid entertainers."

I was fascinated by the studs sporting cocks of all sizes. I didn't know just how long these people had been at it already, but the guys had to have "mega-dosed" on Viagra or something to stay erect for so long. The girls would every so often change positions or partners. They would link up with who

ever happened to be available at the time. There seemed to be no one directing things. The performers just seemed to move from partner to partner at will.

All manner of combinations were featured. Blacks were fucking white women. There was a group of white men gang-fucking a little black girl. The women and men also varied from the most beautiful girls and solid well equipped men, to what looked like street whores strung out on drugs.

Speaking of drugs, I saw none openly being used, although I would bet though some of the participants had to have been strung out on something to continue to fuck for hours like they did. I took a sip from my glass. The liquor was top choice and for the asking to the members and guests as they desired.

I'm not sure how these orgies were arranged. I was never allowed to know. But each was a thrilling evening of always the unexpected.

I always wondered if the performers were paid based on their looks or their performances. Obviously the money was something none wanted to turn down.

Members and their guests remained robed and disguised at all times. The only parts of their bodies visible were when some girl on in some cases a guy would lift their robe to indulge in sex. I never did know where this place was, and I guessed neither did anyone but the members have any idea either.

The black girl with the three men just in front of us had gotten up and found another cock waiting to be mounted. She walked a few feet over to a platform where a guy was sitting with his cock jutting upwards. She just turned around and sat back down. The guys cock was now up in her ass. Just as soon as she lay back out on the guy facing upward another guy just walks up and plunged right into her pussy and started pumping away. She was wiggling and moaning as if in a drugged trance. In just a little bit, a third guy showed up and it seemed to want to shove his cock in her mouth. Her wailing and moaning seemed real enough. I think he might have been afraid she might bite him. Her violent shuddering continued until I believe she climaxed. The big guy over her stroking his own cock sent a load of cum down across her face. I didn't think she wasn't even aware of him before this. As soon as the black girl felt the load shoot across her, she began scraping it up with her hands. She held up her hand and then licked it right off right down to her fingers.

I was sort of curious now as to what would happen to that guy now that he was spent. I kept an eye on him as he left the lighted area and headed across the room. He approached the opposite side and there, next to a grey robed staff member, was another curtained opening. He disappeared behind it. Not a minute passed when another nude male entertainer came into the room. Other staff people and members were also coming and going through that curtained opening.

"Where does that lead?" I asked Simon pointing to the area.

"The private rooms and the stables," was his reply.

I stopped short when I realized what he had just said.

"Stables? Are you shitting me?"

"Does that mean what I think is does?" I asked.

"Dear there is something here for all tastes," was his reply.

"You mean there's more?" I stammered.

"Would you like the entire tour?" Simon asked.

Really, I thought. You have to ask something like that. Damn straight, I wanted to see it all.

"I think I needed another drink first," I said.

Soon both of our glasses were full again and Simon got up. We began one last walk around the room. The entertainers were converging on a small white girl with rather large breasts. One after another guy would deposit a load of cum on her tits and she was able to draw her breasts up and lick each one clean. I had to watch this for a moment.

Simon eventually tugged at my arm. We completed the loop and headed towards the curtain. The ever attentive staff guy parted it for us and I walked in first. Beyond was a long hallway with rooms off to each side. Most had doors wide open. Inside one, I could see a beautiful naked girl with several robed members lined up in front of her. She was presently occupied with a cock buried in her mouth.

I wasn't sure about the protocol so I didn't enter and we continued on. A room to our right had a pair of gay men performing a private show for several members seated in leather chairs. We passed several more private rooms where I could hear voices of people I assumed engaged in private sexual activities.

"The stables?" I questioned Simon as we proceeded.
"Straight ahead." He motioned.

We came to a set of steps and descended into a smaller room. Another staff guy was guarding the opening at the other side. It looked to be a door to the outside. He held the door and again we walked through another canopied structure. I became keenly aware of the smell of manure. Grandpa's farm was a part of our summertime ritual. I recognized the odor immediately.

I wasn't exactly sure what to expect. Of course everyone has heard rumors of the Tijuana donkey shows, but I never knew anyone who had actually seen one.

A red carpet had been laid out along the ground, thank god. The pathway led us into a door. Inside the door it was dark. A crowd of people were gathered in there. They all stood backs against the doors of a stall off to our right. A large clear plastic panel was framed in black cloth was set as a door in front of a large room on the left side of the aisle. A bright light emitted from the other side of the panel.

I can remember an embarrassing gasp coming out of my mouth as I looked to my left. Behind the clear plastic panel was a brightly lit tack room. Inside was a young dark skinned Latino girl. She was on a bench in the center of the room. Inside with her, was a magnificent stallion with a raging hard-on. The horse was being held by a naked guy wearing only boots. The girl was vigorously pumping at the horses cock. The damn cock was as big as a man's arm. Another guy was at the back of the room just standing there. The girl was nude, save for a pair of pink sneakers with no socks.

I didn't notice it right off until the movement caught my eye, but the hindquarters of a mare was visible through an open stall door just to the left. The mare's tail swished and taunted the stallion.

Towards the front of the room on the floor were the obvious remains of several previous cum explosions. There was a large structure to the left that I recognized it to be a breeding phantom. I had seen something similar back on grandpa's farm as a kid, though I had never got to see it used.

Presently the stallion started to make rapid humping motions. The guy holding the bridle immediately led the stud over to the phantom. The stallion mounted it. The little Latino girl followed still holding onto the monstrous cock. The stallion's head went down on the side of the structure and the girl brought the cock around to the near side. She positioned herself just in front of it. She was

still massaging the giant organ with her left hand.

It started with a couple sprays and then a rapid spurt of white semen shot out. The girl just stood in its path and hosed herself down with the blasting goo. It shot all over her pelvic area and she used her other hand to catch it and massage it around on her cunt. Pulse after pulse rocketed out and the puddle at her feet grew. Cum dripped steadily from her knees and trailed down into her soaked sneakers. She smiled towards the crowd and seemed pleased with her accomplishment. The young girl began gently stroking the flanks of the stallion as he finally dismounted. She actually seemed to care about the satisfaction of the Stud.

I was so enthralled by the debauchery of all this. My own cunt ached for relief. I was sort of weak in the knees and knew a powerful orgasm was in store for me.

The crowd, sensing an end or at least a pause in the performance started moving down the aisle way. It was only then that I even noticed the other group. They were down maybe fifty feet farther. I wasn't sure I would be able to handle another round of this without at least a little manual relief. I wasn't exactly comfortable enough to orgasm with others standing just alongside me. But I knew for sure I would need it very soon.

I assumed the performance going on down the way was more of the same. As our group approached I strained for a glimpse of what exactly was going on behind the glass.

I held my hand over my mouth this time as we approached. Holy crap! I thought. Dogs. Multiple dogs. "Oh my god." Two girls were kneeling on an area rug with dogs mounted to each of them. The dogs were just hammering away.

My face flushed with heat. I had to back up to lean on into Simon for support. My hand searched for his and I brought it around and put it between my legs. I didn't care at that point. Besides, everyone else's eyes were glued to the spectacle in front of us.

Simon's hand massaged my cunt as he nibbled at my ear. I honestly felt like I couldn't go on anymore.

Two girls were down on all fours and each had a dog humping away with vigor on them. Several other dogs were milling about the room. The two girls were not the best looking ones compared to the others I had seen tonight. In fact they were probably some type of crack-whores who were really desperate for the money. I wondered just how many of the dogs had already had a go at these two. The girls seemed to work in unison, as one after another dog jumped on. He then was eventually replaced by another waiting to get his jizz-on. Both girls were wearing old leather jackets to protect their backs and arms from the paws of the more zealous breeds. Both of the girl's asses already seem red and abused. As each dog finished, his load dripped from the girl's swollen pussy. The women really seemed proficient though at coaxing the animals to mount them.

Each girl had taken on a couple fucks and the remaining dogs seemed to sense their willingness to be bred again. Each dog would sniff curiously at the last dog's leavings and still decide to mount.

In the middle of all this activity, a guy walks in the room leading the largest Great Dane I have ever seen. His mouth was muzzled with a wire frame. He strutted like the king of all. His stiff gait and dominant posture sent a clear message to the other animals that he was "top dog."

The smell of dog cum must have clued him in as to the opportunity which awaited him. The guy leading the dog trotted him a couple times around the room, keeping him close on the leash. The two dogs that were humping away even dismounted in deference to the "new pack leader." Each pass behind the two girls offered a chance for the dog to decide which cunt he would mount. The crowd

and I could almost sense the sexual tension. The girls “wagged” their asses as a come-on. The Dane’s cock could be seen growing with each pass around the room. The Dane finally lunged at the one poor girl. He buried his head against her back and began a frantic stabbing motion with his hind quarters. His front legs cradled her torso. He finally seemed to locate her sex and plunged his cock deep in her slimy cunt. The force of entry caused the poor girl to lurch forward in an effort to soften the attack.

Almost instantly the animal began pumping like a machine. I couldn’t really see the penetration, but I think he had to have even gotten his knot into her. Sure enough he turned completely around and stood facing away from the girl. They were stuck together. The other girl got up and came up behind the locked pair. She lifted the tail of the Dane to reveal that truly the animal had indeed driven his entire organ into the hapless girl. The Dane continued to pant rather excessively as his semen pumped into his bitch. The whore’s mouth and expression revealed either her pain or glorious ecstasy.

I had enough. Simon had to take me back somewhere and put an end to my misery. We left the group while the girl was still connected. Others couples were still coming and going about the place.

As we made our way back I could see that another group had formed where the Latino girl had previously been performing. When we reached the group I could see why they had stopped. The Latino girl was lying on her back on the bench. She was working with another stallion of lesser size. Somehow she had managed to position herself to take on this stud’s cock. Her head was towards the crowd, and from what I could tell the horse did have at least some of his organ lodged inside the girl. The stallion was stomping his front hoofs. The cock was buried solidly in her and for whatever reason the girl repeatedly slapped at her lower abdomen. I wasn’t sure exactly why she was doing this. Maybe she just enjoyed the sensation of the impact or maybe it was for the enjoyment of the horse.

I just had to stop and watch how this would turn out. After a minute or so of this the horse could be seen to buck. Seconds later a blast of semen shot out of the girl’s cunt. White cum dripped to the floor and ran everywhere. The girl’s cunt just couldn’t hold the volume.

The small assembly of onlookers actually cheered her on. I was sure they would reward her well for her performance. In the middle of this she pulled the horse’s cock still spewing out from inside her, and waved it about for all to admire. She scooped up handfuls of cum and poured it into her mouth. This girl’s show was indeed a big hit with the crowd.

At that point I was so damn horny, that I didn’t even care about the people standing around us anymore. My cunt was now throbbing.

My focus was on Simon. He alone was capable of satisfying me. I think I literally grabbed him, and pushed him against one of the stall doors. I mashed my lips to his and aggressively pressed my body against his. I placed both hands on his shoulders and actually forced him downward. I had him pinned to the door and finally he buckled his knees and disappeared into my robe. I heard the Velcro tear and felt his face in my crotch. I remember reaching down and pushing the mask away from his face. My robe covered his entire head anyway. I pushed my hips into his face and forced his head against the door behind him.

His nose rubbed against my clit once or twice and then I felt his probing tongue. He lapped at my sex, his tongue darted in and around my clit. I grabbed a hold of a row of steel bars along the top of the gate and literally hung on. I know I was groaning and making noise. I remember a just a few people alongside of us turning to look. I didn’t care!

Being sexed in public like this was the most liberating thing I have ever done. Not that they could see anything, I was just the fact that they were there and aware of what was going on.

Simon hit my spot and I felt the most earth-shattering orgasm taking control. I know I banged his head against the stall door several times as I groaned. Through squinted eyes I did recall a gentleman just next to us as he gave me an approving smile.

Simon pushed me back enough to stand. He fumbled with the stupid mask enough to get it back on. The area was very shadowy anyway. But I guess rules are rules. Once he was on his feet. He grabbed me at the waist and just lifted me off the ground. I settled down right on his waiting cock. He plunged into me with one quick push. I gasped a little and he started pumping me right on that spot. He came in just a few moments. I muffled his groans by holding his head against my neck.

Simon and I would continue attending these events as often as my schedule allowed.