

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'd actually known Inez in a casual way for about a year before that last afternoon. I first bumped into her – literally – at a farmers' market in Union Square on a mid-October Saturday morning. I was carrying a sizable pumpkin destined to give its all for the furtherance of merriment and atmosphere at a Halloween party. She was crouched low to examine some unusual apples from Upstate. She backed into my path and stood abruptly, nearly knocking the pumpkin out of my arms. Being not nearly as dumb as I look, I did everything I could to prolong the conversation.

After all, Inez was one helluva sexy package and a powerful argument for the colorblind miscegenation of her native Venezuela, with her ochre-highlighted hair, her glowing, swarthy complexion and her lush lips and big brown eyes.

But as pretty as she was, the truth is that it was her body that aroused my instant attention and lust. Standing there on a mild autumn day in her spray-on jeans and a black body-stocking, Inez's figure was testimony to her heritage and her then-current job: personal trainer to the rich and healthy. She had strong, curvy legs, rounded hips, a shockingly tiny waist and breasts that were simply perfect. Her tits were bounteous, rounded mounds that stood high and proud on her ribcage, defiantly braless and defying gravity.

As it turned out, we did have some things in common, among them, an appreciation for fine coffee and wines. And I happened to have an invitation to a private wine tasting the following Friday.

I gave her my phone number without asking for hers – no sense in pushing it – and told her to call if she was interested.

And so it went. We would go to wine tastings together, or visit one of the coffee bars then springing up around Midtown like so many mushrooms after a cloudburst. In all, we saw each other every two or three weeks. We would chat about this and that and the other. Bit by careful bit, she let me learn about her.

I don't want to imply that she didn't talk or tell me anything. She readily told me what it was like growing up with her brothers and sisters in a middle-class suburb of Caracas. She freely talked of college (journalism, Northwestern, '88). She spoke at some length – and with great animation, in fact – of the difficulties of getting a decent job in her chosen field.

But she didn't give much away (to be generous in characterization) about her current personal life. She lived in a studio in the Village and did the personal-training bit to cover most of her expenses in between the rare freelance article, she liked to rent videos and read books and listen to music, and that was just about it.

I was making no headway with her, and my condition (acute lust) was worsening. And there was no way she didn't know the effect she had on me.

For instance, the evening we stopped into Starbuck's near the UN. With the wind chill, the temperature on the icy street felt like 10 below zero. As soon as we got inside, Inez whipped off her big down-filled parka and sat, beaming and grinning and thoroughly enjoying the fact that I could not stop glancing at her braless, glorious tits and wildly hardened nipples – which were clearly displayed through the thin white Lycra top. I asked if she wanted to borrow my sweater. Her smile broadened, displaying all of her perfectly even, white teeth.

She glanced down at her nipples, than looked me right in the eye and said, "Oh, no, I'm not cold anymore," as if daring me to say anything. And then there was that February evening after a wine

tasting at the Water Club. We'd wandered up to the second floor and were looking across the East River at Brooklyn as the sun was setting. It was that delightful moment when darkness had already enfolded the ground, but the sun's rays were still turning the jets over JFK and LaGuardia into golden flecks of graceful wonder. I pointed this out to her, standing behind her.

She leaned back against me, and of course I slid my arms around her. She covered my hands with hers at her waist and whispered, "Oh, this feels so nice." I can still feel the warm, taut weight of her against me, and I can still recall precisely the delicate scent she wore: something with sandalwood in it.

But that night, as on every similar occasion, the moment of contact was fleeting, if intense - and clearly terminated. We almost never touched, and any suggestions that I take her home or that she visit my apartment were politely declined. She was civil but coolly made it clear: It wasn't going beyond casual companionship.

And it wasn't as if I didn't know she had other activities. About half the times when I'd suggest going somewhere, she'd decline, pleading other commitments, usually without elaborating. On one occasion - which promised to be a truly spectacular wine tasting - she'd finally told me that she also picked up a little extra by looking in on and walking pets for neighbors who were out of town. In fact, a colleague in the Village reported having seen her on several occasions walking various dogs, ranging from a pair of perfectly coiffed toy poodles to what he called a "mastiff the size of a Volkswagen."

I found it difficult not to wonder about those "other commitments." She made it clear she lived alone and equally clear that she didn't have a steady boyfriend. I wondered if she might be lesbian - or if some awful event, like an assault, had made her wary of getting too close. To anyone.

I don't want to sound like I was pining away with unrequited lust for Inez and never had any outlets, because that simply wasn't the case. As a fairly successful account exec in my mid-30s, fit and civil and not too hard to look at, I was not exactly doomed to a monastery. Not at all. Paula stopped by twice on her way from Philadelphia to her family's place in New Hampshire. And there was Reena, the tall, lavishly upholstered designer from our art department, who decided to favor me with a weekend fling before settling down with her long-time boyfriend in his new location: Los Angeles.

And, of course, there was Julie.

Now, I am an unabashed tit man. In fact, I like to think of myself as a connoisseur of mammaries. There's an old adage that anything more than a mouthful is wasted, but it's not true for me. What I can't get into my mouth is subject to my fingers, not to mention my eyes. I can appreciate the beauty of a shapely ass, the promise of lovely legs, but...ahhh - tits!

Julie hardly had any tits. She was slim in the extreme, to the point where if she ever lost weight, she'd become waifish. Julie was Vietnamese by extraction (she'd been born and raised on the Left Coast) and about 15 years younger than me - but for some reason, the first time we looked at each other, we both knew we were going to be fucking very, very soon. Two hours after we met - in a housewares' store - we were in my apartment and stripping each other as fast as we could.

Julie was never nude with me, but she was almost always naked. Standing five-and-a-half-feet tall, I guess she weighed about a hundred pounds - and it was all lean and strong and lithe. She had very sparse, straight pubic hair, no hips and tits about the size of ping-pong balls topped by the most incredibly tiny and sensitive nipples I'd ever encountered.

Julie and I fucked liked bunnies almost every Sunday for the three months while she stayed with

relatives in Manhattan and took summer courses at Columbia. She'd ring my intercom at noon, and by 12:15, we'd be naked and sweating and having the time of our lives. She could cum like very few women I'd ever known: incessantly and variously. Sometimes she came just sucking me off as I toyed with her nipples.

Every now and then she would get, as she put it, "fuck crazy," and then she'd really let go, demanding that I pinch and pull her nipples, or use my teeth (carefully) on her clitoris or even ram my erection up her ass. (Which was really an amazing sensation; as tight and warm as her narrow pussy was, her ass would coat my cock like hot, newly poured rubber. And she would cum.)

Sometime between seven and eight every Sunday night, Julie would clumsily stagger into the shower and, after drying off, dress herself, brush her hair, give me a daffy grin from the door of my bedroom - where I'd usually be laying inert, too spent to do more than wave - and then let herself out.

To this day, I don't know exactly what the chemistry was between us, but it was pretty powerful.

Nonetheless, the woman I craved was Inez, and I was getting nowhere fast. In fact, I didn't even know where to find the map. But that would change - unfortunately.

I was in Amsterdam - for the first time - on business, and it was a particularly grueling job this time. Concorde to Paris, then Airbus to Holland, straight into five hours of meetings and presentations, followed by negotiations over dinner, then back to the client's offices to draw up a draft agreement.

I was one of the walking wounded when I finally got to my hotel at what was, by my internal clock, seven in the morning. At eleven (local time) the next morning, I was awake and restless - You know: wired and tired - and still had six hours to kill before heading back to Paris and the trip home to New York.

I figured it would be a shame to be in Amsterdam and see nothing of it. So I went for a walk. It was a gray day, but Amsterdam was still a lovely city for walking.

I found myself in the red-light district and decided to take a peek inside one of the notorious sex shops. I'd heard wild stories. What I saw within 15 minutes of browsing convinced me they were all true. You could buy anything there - literally. Not just gay and lesbian and fisting and bathroom sports films; they had tapes of people puking on each other and piercing parts of their bodies. They had films of little kids fucking each other and being fucked by adults (and none of the kids on the covers looked particularly enthusiastic about toiling over the genitals of paunchy, middle-aged people).

And they had animal tapes. Men and women fucking and being fucked by dogs, goats, sheep, pigs, snakes, horses and donkeys. Even eels.

One of them caught my eye. A lithe young woman with breasts large enough to be squashed on the blanket-covered bale on which she lay was clenching her fists in the cloth and her face was contorted in what appeared to be a scream. Which was understandable, considering the size of the donkey dong quite clearly burrowing into her from above.

But the face sent a chill through me. It could easily have been a young Inez. I examined the box. The writing was in French, German, Dutch and Spanish. No English. Which was fine, because my French and Spanish were more than adequate.

"New from South America, long out of circulation of young slut who fucks dogs, donkeys and even a pony!"

The store employees were very helpful. They explained the Customs inspections and cheerfully transferred that tape and another featuring the same Inez lookalike to NTSC videocassettes on which the first 15 minutes showed the standard boring tourist pitch about the beauties of Holland. Lots of tulips, wooden shoes, canals and windmills.

I went back to the hotel, claimed my single suitcase and headed for home. The Customs inspectors at JFK asked if I had anything to declare, I pointed to the tapes and showed the receipts, and they stamped me through in no time.

At home, on Manhattan's East Side, I showered and called the office, leaving my boss a voicemail message. Too tired even to investigate the blinking light on my answering machine, I fell into bed for a few hours. When I woke, I was totally disoriented about the time. I had to squint to see the p.m. indicator next to the "11:13" on the clock. I couldn't get back to sleep, so I padded into the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of Evian and wandered back into the living room. I was too wired to sleep but too foggy to read.

I remembered the tapes. My curiosity overcame my reluctance, and I popped the first into the VCR. I fast-forwarded past the fake tourist pitch and cut to the chase.

One thing was clear: This was no high-budget production. It was obvious the feature had been shot on videotape. Even so, not much time had been wasted on outtakes. Or plot. The titles flashed by - "Animal Slut!" - and then I saw a few quick shots of a big luxury car entering a ranch. A Rich Man climbed out of the back as the chauffeur opened his door.

Then came the girl. She was wearing a schoolgirl's outfit - plaid skirt, white blouse, knee-socks - and her hair was in pigtails around that un-made-up face. Except for the fullness of the blouse, she might have passed for a freshman or sophomore. She made a great show of being shy and polite. Then there was a single, brief close-up on her face.

It was Inez.

I watched, slightly stunned, as two of the helping hands from the ranch greeted them and led the trio of guests inside. Very quickly, Inez was being fondled and stroked and stripped. In a matter of seconds, it seemed, her compactly furred snatch was being expertly licked by the chauffeur while the two helpers attended to her wonderful tits and she sucked the Rich Man's cock. When the Rich Man mounted her, she quickly overcame the affected pain of defloration and soon was begging for —

"Mas! Mas! Yo quiero MAS!"

The chauffeur gave her mas and then both of the helping hands. She wasn't satisfied.

That's when the chauffeur brought in the dog. He sniffed at her soaked pussy and began licking it. She jerked and moaned. The helpers bent her over a glass coffee table on which a pillow had been placed. The dog, a big mixed breed that appeared to have a lot of collie in him, obviously knew his business.

In seconds, he was over her and his furry loins were thrusting. The perspective abruptly cut to beneath them, because there were plenty of good close-ups from beneath of that dog cock pumping in and out of her lightly furred pussy.

Suddenly, the dog hunched forward and seemed to vibrate against her. The base of his cock began to swell inside her pussy. And kept swelling. And swelling. I'd read about that knot, but never imagined they got so big. It had to be at least three inches across.

The perspective shifted, and there was Inez, screaming and writhing as the dog caught a tie with her. She screamed about being split, about him scalding her pussy, about cumming too much to breathe. I doubted she was acting. All the time, the dog was holding on to her with his front paws, his head was lolling on her shoulder, his mouth was open and his tongue was hanging out.

There was an obvious cut in the action, because then the screen showed the dog pulling out of her and licking between her all but inert thighs before sitting and licking his own cock clean. The closing shot was a slow zoom between her trembling legs. There, beneath the twin quivering bumps of her perfect, tight ass, her cunt was clearly draining – and just as clearly still distended.

After that, the camera followed her into the barn where she took on a ram, and then the biggest damned Great Dane I'd ever seen. For this one, she was on her back on a bale of hay. When the dog came in her, Inez's feet – wrapped high around his haunches – twisted and her toes curled. Her orgasms were anything but faked on this one, too.

At this point, I was staring at the screen, my mouth open and my cock rock-hard. By the time the film ended, I knew I was going to be choking the chicken. I was right, but it didn't provide the needed relief.

Eventually, I did fall asleep, but I had dreams that were quite clearly influenced by the tape. With the same effect.

As I dressed for work, I knew Inez and I were going to have to talk about this.

It was the first time she'd ever been to my apartment. Maybe she felt more at ease about it because it was the middle of the afternoon. Maybe it was my tone of voice in telling her that I really wanted her to come over for a little talk. There was a brief interlude of chit-chat while I uncorked and poured some wine: How was your flight? How was the weather? Are you over your jet lag?

They don't call it "small talk" for nothing.

I told her I'd bought some videotapes while I was there – the kind of tapes that are difficult to find here.

Her expression never changed. She took a sip from her wine glass and put it on the end table. Her big, dark eyes dropped, then her gaze was back in place, meeting mine.

"You saw my films?"

I nodded. "Two of them."

She took a deep breath. Inez was maybe a shade over five-five and had a small frame. She had disproportionately large breasts, probably a C cup or larger (by my expert judgment) when she deigned to wear a bra. Inez taking a deep breath would be enough to distract a man in any case. Inez braless and taking a deep breath in a burgundy leotard was mind-boggling. Especially for a tit man.

"I was promised..." She shook her head. "It makes no difference. You have questions."

I nodded. "When?"

"About... 10 years ago." Which would have made her 18 at the time of the barnyard romps.

“Why?”

She snorted. “Why? Because I wanted things, pretty things, and I...” She shrugged. My eyes followed the jiggling of her tits for a moment. “I have no regrets, though. How’d you like them?”

“I was surprised,” I said. “I never really got too much out of the idea of watching a woman with a dog or any other animals, really. I bought them because I thought I recognized your face.”

“What surprised you?”

“That it aroused me so much watching you orgasm like that, over and over, with the dogs and the horse and all. You weren’t faking, were you?”

She shook her head. “I wanted to do it, but at first I was inhibited about doing it in front of a camera. Especially with animals.” She paused. “So they gave me some pills that made me - more relaxed about things. Anyhow, I’d like to see the tapes.”

After a few seconds, I remembered to close my mouth. “You’re kidding. You never saw them?”

She shook her head, her mouth filled with wine. “I was underage to see such things. The law wouldn’t want me to lose my innocence by seeing such things. Can I see them?”

I took a deep breath. “Sure. I’ll give them to you.”

“No - I want to see them with you, see how you react seeing me with a dog. And men.” There was a clear challenge in her tone and posture.

She refilled her glass - nearly emptying the bottle in the process - put her feet up on the coffee table and took a sip, watching me over the rim of the glass. Her eyes were huge and liquid brown and knowing. She lowered the glass. “Well?” She smoothed the calf-length plaid skirt, accentuating the length and shapeliness of those fine legs.

“Now?”

“Why not?”

“Do you always answer a question with another question?”

“Do I?”

Game, set and match. With more than a little unease, I rose and loaded the first tape into the VCR, then sat on the couch a foot or so from Inez, maintaining what had become her comfort zone around me. But as the crude titles flashed, she glanced at me. “Why are you all the way over there? Come closer.”

By the time young Inez on the screen was at the center of a swarm of men, her breathing was shallower and her nipples were clearly swollen inside the burgundy leotard. When screen Inez was being fucked by the second helper, the genuine article on the couch with me was twisting her hands in her lap and shifting from side to side. And then the first dog was fucking his knot into her.

“This is really hot!” she breathed. She grabbed my hand and used it to pull her shirt to her thighs, then jammed my knuckles against the soaked crotch of her leotard. She ground her pussy against my hand, moaning softly. “Oh, yes, I remember how it filled me...”

"Wait'll you see the Great Dane," I muttered. My cock was as stiff as a piece of iron.

Watching her younger self with the ram seemed to take some of the edge off for her, but when she saw the Great Dane hunching his massive hindquarters, she fumbled the snaps open at her crotch and dragged her panties out of the way. "Put your fingers in me!" she hissed, forcing my hand against her wet crotch - not that I put up any resistance. I extended two fingers and they slid into her pussy. She was a steamy, swampy morass inside. "He was so huge!"

I reached over to tweak her nipples through the leotard. She shivered.

"Fuck me," she said softly, urgently. "Fuck me hard! I need to be fucked!"

I looked at her, a bit surprised. Not that Inez never used such language - it was rare, but she did when the situation merited it, such as in discussing the job market or Rush Limbaugh's relationship to accuracy - but her tone was different. So was her face, especially her eyes. She seemed utterly consumed by lust, as if another Inez had emerged from some inner hibernation.

"Come on, fuck me, give it to me! Ream me out!" She said, her voice hoarse and her tone throaty. She pulled my hand from between her legs, drew her knees up to her chest and stripped off her panties. She sat her heels on the edge of the couch cushion on either side of her hips and thrust forward with her cunt. "Give it to me, you fucker!"

Her eyes never left the screen, where young Inez had her legs up and over the Dane's back, holding on for dear life as the huge beast shagged madly into her. She grabbed my hand by the wrist and thrust it frantically against her cunt. I easily slipped a third finger into her slick, hungry pussy.

"More! Give - me - MORE!"

She moaned and jerked when my pinky slid into her open pussy. Holding my forearm in both her hands, she jerked my fingers back and forth in her cunt as if she was holding a dildo. "More...more...more..."

On the screen, the overheated young woman lay back, arms wide to each side, head bobbing and shaking loosely while her hips shook in time with the thrusts from big dog. On the sofa, the overheated young woman was jabbing my hand in her crotch and ramming her cunt with my fingers.

"MORE!"

More? Inez had a very petite frame, and it simply didn't seem possible. On the other hand - so to speak - the young Inez on the screen was taking a dick as thick as her arm and loving it.

"Give... it... to... me!" she grunted.

I folded my thumb across my palm and watched in astonishment as she drove my hand slowly into her cunt. It was difficult getting the wide base of my hand past her pubic bones, but she kept pushing her twat forward while driving my hand inward. I used my free hand to pull her pussy lips clear, and I watched and felt my hand slide wrist-deep into her molten pussy.

"Yessss!" She began bucking her hips, fucking my hand inside her cunt and arching her pelvis downward to rub her clitoris against the side of my wrist. "Fuck it - fuck it - fuck it!"

On the screen, young Inez was screaming and cumming abundantly beneath the almost motionless dog: tie time. On the sofa, Inez was softly howling and cumming abundantly. And when Screen Inez

had finally taken all of the dog's hot and copious jism and seemed sated for the moment, Sofa Inez was far from finished, now pounding my hand into her. I was worried about hurting her. She wasn't worried about anything. While the Energizer Bunny might have kept going... and going... and going, this sexy South American bunny kept cumming... and cumming... and cumming.

"I want to suck your cock, swallow your cum, make you cum in my mouth, drink you down..."

The thought had a lot of appeal. However, given that I was somewhat less well-endowed than the Great Dane, getting my cock to the level of her mouth simply wasn't feasible while my hand was buried in her snatch. I pointed out this logistical dilemma to her.

"Don't care - gotta swallow it, taste it." She pulled my hand back through the tightest part of her cunt. Her eyes rolled upward in their sockets, showing the whites. With a flick of her foot, she pushed the coffee table on its casters back from the sofa, then crouched in front of me. She unzipped me, pulled out my dick and promptly sucked it to the back of her mouth. While the screen behind her shifted to a shot of her on her hands and knees, presenting to a donkey who was being ably assisted by a chunky brunette, Inez gobbled my prick noisily, slurping and sucking very, very hard.

But Inez was not content, not by a long shot. She groped behind her back with one hand until her fingers found the empty wine bottle. She set it on its base on the floor between her legs and lowered her pussy onto it. She took the neck into her cunt and started rolling her hips - all the time sucking away at my dick - and gradually drove the bottle into her pussy all the way to the top of the main label.

The deeper she took the bottle, the deeper she seemed to hunger for my cock in her throat. Her head went lower and lower and then my glans was jammed through the constriction at the back of her throat and into her gullet. She was groaning and the vibrations were doing nothing to calm the bubbling in my nuts.

Inez started bobbing her head and hips simultaneously, backing my cock out of her throat until only the knob was in her mouth as she raised her hips till maybe half the bottle's neck was still in her pussy. Then she'd drive her mouth back down on my cock until her nose was buried in my pubic hair while forcing her cunt down around the bottle. And none of this was happening slowly. She was bouncing on that bottle and bobbing on my cock. And cumming.

"Oh shit!" I moaned, and my balls lurched. She held my prick-tip in her mouth and vacuumed the cum up out of my balls. I spurted long and hard and then again, and Inez swallowed and sucked for more. The more I came, the crazier she seemed to get and the more of the bottle she absorbed into her vagina. By the time I was dried out, the top of the "Chateaufort de Pape" identification was hidden inside her still hungry cunt.

She wasn't done with my dick, though, and kept sucking as urgently as before, her tongue moving against the underside of my cock and making me want to scream with that familiar post-ejaculation hypersensitivity. I just couldn't give any more or take any more.

"Enough," I gasped.

Her eyes suddenly focused, and her mouth-work halted. She let my limp dick ooze out of her mouth - and stared, wide-eyed and slack-jawed as she came yet again. This time, though, she'd had enough and slowly dislodged the bottle from her twat. It came out with a little pussy fart and a slurp. She set the bottle out of the way and sat heavily on the floor, knees pulled up with her arms around them. She panted rapidly for a few moments. So did I. Neither of us spoke audibly, but our eyes were in alignment.

"Geez, am I sore!" she remarked, climbing unsteadily to her feet. Her knees visibly wobbled. She placed a throw pillow on the sofa and sat carefully next to me. She took my hand in both of hers and examined it. "I can't believe I did that."

"Me neither. Especially when you grabbed my forearm and started using my hand like a dildo."

"Hmmm. How'd you like it?"

"It was an amazing turn on."

"Really?" She seemed to be pondering that.

"And you couldn't get enough into your sweet pussy to scratch the itch, either."

She seemed to be thinking about something as she distantly said, "So I guess you know, now."

"I'm not sure," I suspected, though.

"Danny, I really like you, and I really like your company and going places and doing things with you."

"You just don't find me attractive."

"No! That's not it..."

I stood. "Hey, my ego can handle the hit. Would you like some more wine?"

She giggled and blushed. "Not the same bottle?"

I shook my head. "I have a lovely Riesling."

"Please."

I went into the kitchen. A moment later, she stood in the doorway, watching as I uncorked the bottle and took down a pair of glasses. "I do find you attractive. It's just that - well, now that you know about me, how can you respect me? How could you treat me?"

I stared her in the eyes for a moment. "The same, but with more touching... I hope."

Her eyes became wet. "No," she said. "No, you couldn't. You couldn't kiss me without knowing what had been in my mouth. You couldn't put it in me without remembering the dogs and goat and donkey. And yet you couldn't be with me without thinking how so many months passed when I would not do with you what I would do with animals."

I poured some wine and tried to smile gently. "Of course I could, Inez. That was a long time ago." I handed her a glass. She sniffed it, swirled it expertly and took a sip, aspirating the wine against her palate.

"This is lovely," she said. She abruptly upended the glass and drained the wine. "Danny, you're wrong."

"No, I know myself and..."

"Not that. About the time. It wasn't a long time ago."

"But you said it was 10 years ago."

"For the film, yes. But I haven't stopped. I still do it, every chance I get."

The numbness started in my belly.

"Men always get possessive and demanding, wanting to trade attention or favors or companionship for sex, then acting like they own me. But the animals put no conditions on their affections. I prefer it - I enjoy it more than I've ever enjoyed any man...or woman. I can just let go and indulge myself. I love the feeling when a big dog gets his knot in me and starts swelling and squirting. Nothing has ever given me as much pure, hedonistic pleasure - and with no strings, no worries."

Her nipples were hard inside the leotard.

"I don't need men - or women - for sex, Danny. And that's why we can't see each other again. Because I know what you'd be feeling every time we were together." She put her glass on the counter. "I'm sorry it has to be this way." She looked truly sad. "Tell me one thing?"

I nodded mutely.

"What do you feel?"

I took a deep breath and moistened my dry lips. "Jealousy."

She inclined her head slightly. "Thank you for being honest. Good-bye."

I stood, rooted in the kitchen, as she went into the living room. I heard movements, then the door opening and closing. I slowly raised my glass and sipped the wine. It was, indeed, lovely. And I felt totally detached, numb, as if I were moving in a dream. I went into the living room and locked the door - and noticed that the tapes were gone.

I never saw them - or her - again. But I cannot forget what happened that afternoon.

And, to my surprise, I still cannot erase the images from those films from my memory. To this day, when I see a pretty girl walking a large dog, I remember what Inez told me and all-too-vividly recall the scenes from the tapes. I become aroused and feel a quick rush of anger.

No - not anger.

Jealousy.

The End