

READBEAST

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The two women walked past the ramshackle house on the corner. They looked disapprovingly at the unkempt garden, the grimy windows, the peeling paint. Finally, the older one shook her head.

"Poor Janie," she said.

"You mean that's where she lives?" her friend asked.

"Yes, the poor thing. I just don't know how she puts up with that husband of hers."

"No. I just saw him down at the garage the other day. I mean - you can tell he's violent. He must make life a living hell for her."

"Yeah. If only she had the courage to leave him."

"You're right. And why doesn't she? Things certainly can't get any worse!"

"No. I really don't understand."

"Poor Janie."

I'm standing by the kitchen sink, doing the dishes, when Ed comes into the living room. I turn around and smile at him through the door.

"Hi, Ed."

He merely grunts in reply.

"Would you like a beer?" I ask him.

"Yeah, sure," he says and sits down in his armchair in front of the TV.

He's still dressed in the dirty jeans and denim shirt he wears to work at the garage. Our big dog, Rex, shuffles over to the chair, lies down and goes to sleep.

I bring Ed a cold can of beer from the fridge, and he turns on the TV. But as I walk back to the kitchen, I hear him turn his chair around to look at me instead.

I feel a bit self-conscious. After all, it's a hot day and I'm only wearing one of Ed's big shirts and a pair of panties as I often do inside the house. Ed keeps looking at me, sipping his beer and scratching Rex's head.

"So, Janie," he finally asks. "What have you been up to today?"

"Oh, you know," I say, "the usual. Housework and stuff."

I'm wiping a plate as I say this, wondering why he's suddenly interested in my day.

"Oh yeah," he says. "The usual, housework, yeah. And masturbating, right?"

"I..."

I'm speechless. Ed sips his beer.

"Yeah," he says. I bet you play with your pussy a lot when I'm not around. Don't you, Janie?"

"Well, I..."

Ed puts the beer down and gets up from his chair. Rex raises his head ever so slightly to look at him.

"I'm your husband, damn it," Ed says in a menacing voice as he walks into the kitchen. "I think I have a right to know."

"Well, yes," I blurt out. "Of course you do."

Ed's standing right next to me now, almost towering over me. I'm quite a tall woman, but you wouldn't notice that when I'm standing next to a big, burly man like Ed.

"Alright then," he says. "Show me."

I just look at him, puzzled. I honestly have no idea what he means.

"You stupid bitch," he shouts, grabbing my arm hard. "Show me your fucking pussy! Now!"

As he lets go of my arm, it still hurts. He pulls open my shirt, making the buttons fly across the room. My soft, round breasts are exposed, but I still have my panties on.

"You take them off," he says furiously, "take them off now!"

Frantically, I pull off my panties and throw them on the floor. Ed kneels down to inspect my pussy.

"Hmmm, yeah," he says. "Looks like you've been playing with that quite a lot."

Suddenly, he pushes a finger in between my labia and all the way up my slit. I moan.

"Shut up," he says as he pulls his finger out again.

Now he grabs both my arms and pulls me towards the kitchen table.

"Lie down," he orders, and I lie down on my back, still wearing only my shirt.

Ed pushes my thighs apart with both hands and inserts his finger into my pussy again. Helpless, I lie on the table as he slides his finger back and forth, back and forth, in a steady, demanding rhythm.

When Ed's in this kind of mood, I have no idea what he will think off next. Anything can happen to me. I'm afraid, but against my will, I sense my pussy getting wet - in fact, really, really wet.

"Yeah," he says, his finger getting wetter, each time it slides in and out of me. "This cunt has definitely been played with."

"Mmm," I moan, writhing on the table.

"You admit it?" Ed asks. "You've been playing with your hot little pussy when I wasn't home? When you should have been saving it for your husband?"

"Please, I..." I stutter helplessly, as I feel his rough finger plunging into my moist flesh again and again.

Suddenly, he pulls out and turns to the cupboards above the kitchen sink. After looking around for a few seconds, he finds a length of rope and a small can I've never seen before.

He turns to me again and grabs my left arm. Then, quickly tying one end of the rope around my shirt sleeve, quickly fastens my arm to one leg of the table.

"Oww," I cry. "Ed, that hurts. It's too tight." Ed doesn't react, but goes on to expertly tie my other arm to another leg of the table - just as tight. I can't move my arms, can't even lift my shoulders off the tabletop. And it hurts.

Next, Ed opens the can. It contains some kind of sweet-smelling ointment that he now starts spreading over my labia. It's cold and makes my tender flesh tingle slightly.

"Ed," I manage to whisper, "What is...?"

"None of your business, Janie," he says. "Now, we need to get to the bottom of this!"

"Please!" I beg. "What are you going to do to me?"

Ed grins, watching my pussy glistening with the creamy substance. I want to get up and run before anything happens to me. But tied to the table, I'm helpless. Even if I wasn't, I'd probably be too scared to move, afraid to make him mad.

"Scared now, are you?" he asks triumphantly. "Maybe that'll teach you not to be such an arrogant little bitch!"

"Nooo, Ed," I whimper. "Whatever it is, don't do it. I'll be good. I promise." "Shut up!" he shouts. "You just wait - you'll get what you deserve. Rex, come here!"

I freeze there on the table, as the huge dog gets up and shuffles over to me. Ed grins wider, his eyes shining with anticipation as Rex sits down between my legs, placing his paws on my thighs.

"My God, no!" I cry. "Don't do this to me! Please!"

I feel the dog's cool snout grazing my labia, sniffing greedily at my pussy. Ed has obviously found an ointment with a smell that attracts the dog.

"Rex," Ed says. "She's been a bad little housewife. We need you to search her like a real police dog."

Ed grabs my thighs and forces them apart, exposing my pink flesh to the dog. I gasp as I feel Rex's snout poking my clit, blowing his hot animal breath across my pussy lips. And now his rough, wet tongue starts licking my pussy.

I kick my legs weakly, as the dog's big tongue laps thirstily over my labia. With animal vigor, it strokes my sensitive flesh again and again, licking up the sweet-smelling ointment.

And as Ed watches lustfully, I feel myself starting to cry. Tears of humiliation trickle down my cheeks, as the dog buries its snout in my pussy and keeps licking me, slobbering all over my sex.

"Pleeease!" I sob feebly. "Stop it! Let me go!"

Ed grins manically, as he fetches another glob of ointment from the can to smear it across my pussy-lips. Spurred on by the appetizing smell, Rex increases his efforts, his rough tongue licking even

harder at my tender flesh.

"Yeah," Ed whispers excitedly. "Lick that little slut. Lick her cunt."

His cock is bulging inside his workpants, as he watches me tied to the kitchen table in tears, the object of his perverted fantasies.

And as I yank at the ropes and kick my legs to no avail, I feel it happening.

"Nooo!" I scream. "Nooo!"

No, it can't be! I won't accept it! I close my eyes tight and bite my lip hard, trying to fight it off. But all I feel is Rex's tongue vigorously massaging my flesh, licking up my love juice, as waves of sensual pleasure roll through my body. My nipples are hard as pebbles.

And I realize I don't want him to stop! I want him to keep going. I want the dog to lick me to orgasm. And while my husband smiles fiendishly, a few more laps of Rex's powerful tongue pushes me over the edge.

"Aaahhh!"

I scream out loud, as I climax, throwing myself about on the table. My tied arms yank helplessly at the ropes as I cry out repeatedly with unbridled lust. The violent orgasm racks my body, until I feel I'm about to faint with pleasure, while the excited dog keeps licking and slurping at my oozing slit.

Dazed, I finally relax on the table, while Rex laps up the last drops of ointment.

As the dog shuffles away and lies down on the floor, I feel Ed untying the ropes. My arms are bruised and heavy, but I manage to raise them and rub at the sore skin.

I notice that Ed doesn't put away the ropes and the ointment. He merely places them next to the sink. Then he turns to me again, his face grimacing with disgust.

"You filthy slut," he sneers. "Letting a dog lick your cunt. Look at you! Now you're all dirty."

This is not fair! How dare he accuse me? He was the one that tied me down and forced me! But again, I'm too scared to speak.

Ed runs to the bathroom, and I hear him turning on the shower. Then he returns to the table, where I'm still lying, rubbing my sore arms and trying to catch my breath after coming so hard. He just stands there looking at me, shaking his head.

"I could never fuck a filthy pussy like that," he says. "Come here!"

And Ed pulls me up by my arm and drags me to the bathroom. I stagger along, my legs still weak from my climax.

"No, Ed. Please," I protest.

In the bathroom, Ed lifts me up and throws me into the bathtub. Above it, gallons of water are gushing out of the shower.

"Eee!" I squeal, as the water hits me, soaking my shirt and making it cling to my arms and my breasts.

I try to climb out of the tub to avoid the spray, but Ed pushes me back in.

"You stay there," he shouts. "Stay there until I say you're clean enough to fuck."

He turns around, grabs a huge sponge and rubs soap into it. Then he bends over me and starts scrubbing my breasts. The water is pouring all over him, too, soaking his denim shirt, but he doesn't seem to care.

I try to fight, but he holds me down with all his might, rubbing the sponge rhythmically across my breasts. My nipples instantly get hard from the coldness of the water and Ed's vigorous massage.

"Yeah," he says, water flowing through his hair and down his face, "gotta get those filthy tits clean."

I whimper hopelessly and try to grab hold of his arms, but it's no use. Ed's strong hands keep scrubbing my breasts hard with the sponge.

"Please no," I cry. "Stop it!"

"Filthy little slut," he says. "When I fuck my wife, I want her to be clean. And when I'm done with your tits, what do you think I'll work on next?"

I know he means my pussy, but I refuse to answer. His powerful massage is making me hot once again. I'm gasping for breath from his violent scrubbing, as the water gushes over me, making my long hair cling to my face.

Ed stops and looks at me. His hair and his shirt are soaking wet, and there is a growing bulge in his workpants. He's getting excited, too, and I know he's going to fuck me - rape me - before he lets me go.

Then he bends over me again and begins scrubbing my pussy. Overwhelmed by sensations of unwanted pleasure, I start screaming at him.

"Aaah!" I cry. "No! Please!"

Ed makes rhythmic circling motions, rubbing the sponge around my flesh. My arms and legs flail wildly, splashing water in every direction. Without stopping the scrubbing movements, Ed grabs a handful of my wet hair and pulls my head back against the bathroom tiles.

"Yeah?" he asks. "You want me to stop? So you can be a dirty slut with a filthy pussy that no man wants to fuck? Let me tell you, Janie - today you're gonna get clean!"

Sobbing weakly, I fall back in the tub and feel how he thoroughly massages my aching flesh, up and down, up and down, squeezing the sponge and making still more water trickle down between my legs.

Under the gushing shower, every inch of my skin is stimulated by hundreds of drops of water. And there, between my legs, my husband keeps scrubbing my tender pussy, teasing me in a demanding rhythm, until my hips start moving in time with his strokes.

Eyes gleaming, Ed can feel I'm getting excited again.

"Yeah, you horny little slut," he grins. "You like that, huh?"

I moan quietly, unable to help it. Yes, I do feel like a horny little slut, unable to control my own reactions. I try to fight it, but the sensations of lust are overwhelming.

The bulge in Ed's pants is growing, too. I can make out the outline of his big, veined cock stretching the rough fabric.

"Alright," he says. "Get ready for the big one."

Quickly, he climbs into the tub and places himself behind me. He puts his left arm around me and holds on tight to my right breast. Then with his right arm he resumes scrubbing my sex. Harder this time, relentlessly masturbating me with the soapy sponge.

"Ohhh God!" I scream, kicking wildly in the tub. "Ohhh God!"

"Yeah?" he whispers into my ear. "Is that what a bad little housewife likes?"

"Mmm," I purr.

I'm so close to an orgasm, it's unbearable. I feel myself spreading my legs, letting him massage the inner folds of my tender labia, as the water flows over our bodies. Ed applies pressure with the sponge, with each stroke bringing me ever closer to my climax.

"You filthy whore," he whispers into my ear.

And Ed's raspy voice is what finally pushes me over the edge. As he holds me in his strong arms under the pouring shower, I come as hard as I have ever come.

"Aaah!" I cry. "Aaah!"

I struggle wildly, as the orgasm flows through my body. Tears of joy and humiliation flow down my cheeks. I lean back against Ed and feel the huge erection throbbing in his pants.

He turns off the shower and gets out of the tub. His clothes are soaking wet, dripping water across the bathroom floor as he stands there looking at me.

"Well, Janie," he says. "I suppose you're clean enough to fuck now. Take that shirt off."

I lie sobbing in the tub, still recovering from my second orgasm and I don't react at once.

"You lazy slut," he shouts. "Take it off now! I want you naked."

Ed doesn't even give me time to obey his command. He just grabs my arms, pulls me out of the tub and tears my shirt off. Naked, wet and trembling, I'm then thrown into the living room, where I collapse on the carpet.

Over by Ed's chair, Rex has fallen asleep and is snoring quietly. Turning my head, I see Ed slowly taking his drenched clothes off, throwing them into the bathroom: His shirt, his jeans, his shorts, revealing his muscular body and his big, hard cock.

Ed's cock is probably only a little above average in length, but it's unusually wide and thick. And already it's almost fully erect, pointing straight at me as my naked husband watches me lying gasping on the carpet.

"Okay, bitch," he says. "Assume the position."

Knowing Ed, I get up on all fours and expect him to start fucking me any second. I hear him kneeling down on the carpet behind me, grunting with appreciation.

"Yeah," he says, "nice little ass."

I feel something slapping my ass cheek hard, and realize it's Ed's cock. Using his hard member as a truncheon, he slaps my ass again and again, making my skin burn.

"Oww!" I cry with each blow.

"Yeah," he grunts. "Feel my cock."

Finally, I feel the swollen head of his cock being forced in between my wet labia. I wince as he pushes forward, slowly driving his thick shaft into me.

"Ohhh!" I cry.

By now, the entire length of Ed's cock is buried in my hypersensitive flesh, stretching my soft pussy lips with its extraordinary width. And as he grabs my hips with both hands and starts sliding his tool back and forth, I realize I won't be able to hold back for very long.

"Mmm..." I moan.

Sensing my excitement, Ed increases the tempo, plunging his rigid tool into my tender slit again and again.

"You filthy slut!" he cries. "I try to get you clean, but you'll always be dirty."

Again and again he drives his cock into my pussy, while my love juices flow freely down my legs. I realize I have absolutely no will of my own. I start crying again, little guilty tears trickling down my cheeks, as Ed keeps fucking me.

His large cock fills me with every stroke, massaging the insides of my succulent pussy, driving me ever closer to...

"Oh God!" I scream. "Aaah!"

As I climax, I collapse on the floor again, my wet hair clinging to my face. I feel juices of ecstasy squirting out of my pussy, drenching his cock. Gasping for breath, I savor the feeling of another powerful orgasm.

But my sense of pleasure is mixed with shame. He treats me like a slut, but it makes me come. This is wrong. Why does it make me so hot?

Ed pulls out of me, my juice dripping from his swollen cock onto the carpet.

"You dirty whore," he says, "You're out of control. Come here."

Dazed, I feel him pulling me to my feet and leading me across the floor. His hardened cock is bouncing up and down, as I stumble through the living room.

"Please!" I whimper. "I've had enough. Leave me alone. Ed, please!"

"No fucking way," he hisses. "I'm gonna teach you some discipline."

He throws me across the back of his armchair, my ass sticking up in the air and my face resting on the fabric of the seat. As I lie there, I hear him fetching the ropes again. When he returns, he grabs my right hand and ties my wrist to the armrest.

"No," I cry, "no, please!"

Grinning wickedly, Ed ties my other wrist to the other armrest. I try to pull my hands back, but it's no use. Tied to the chair, I wriggle helplessly, the ropes burning the skin of my wrists.

Where is Ed? I can't see him.

Now he appears. Kneeling down naked in front of the armchair, he offers his erect cock to my face.

"Suck it," he orders.

His cock is reddish with excitement, and I open my mouth, allowing him to slide his throbbing tool in between my lips.

"Ohhh yeah," he moans.

Ed starts moving his pelvis back and forth, fucking my mouth. His cock plunges into my throat, deeper and deeper. Unable to pull away from him, I try to protest, but his fat cock stifles my voice.

"Mmmm!" is all that comes out.

And Ed keeps going, driving his cock into my mouth again and again. I feel his cock growing incredibly stiff, dripping with saliva, every time it leaves my mouth.

"Yeah, that's good," he grunts, sliding his cock into my mouth a few more times before pulling out.

I watch his cock, rock hard and dripping wet, bouncing before my eyes. Then he leaves, and I hear him walking into the kitchen, leaving me tied to his armchair.

"Ed?" I sob. "Where are you going?"

I hear him opening the refrigerator and pulling something out of the icebox. Scared, I yank at the ropes and struggle helplessly to get off the chair. But I can't.

"No, Ed!" I cry. "Leave me alone." I hear his footsteps behind me, and now I feel something icy cold dripping onto my ass-cheeks. Next, I feel him sliding an ice cube over my skin. I want to protest, but the sensation of the hard ice touching my burning skin is fascinating.

He slides the ice cube in between my ass cheeks, towards my rectum. And before I know it, he squeezes the tiny, frozen cube into my ass.

"Aaah!" I cry. "No! Take it out!"

I can't do anything, can't even move my hands. I just have to lie here, feeling the hard cube inside my ass, so cold, so freezing cold.

"Yeah," Ed laughs, "maybe that'll cool you off."

The ice cube starts melting, icy cool water running from my ass down between my legs, trickling across my hot labia. I shiver. Oh God, this turns me on.

"Please..." I whisper.

Ed inserts a finger into my pussy, making me gasp and twitch.

"Please... fuck me," I hear myself whispering, begging him.

"Fuck you?" he says, slowly sliding his finger in and out of my burning slit, driving me mad. "I don't know if I want to fuck a filthy slut like you."

"Oh please," I sob. "My pussy is so hot. I want your cock. Please."

Ed laughs lustfully.

"Okay," he grunts, placing his cock at the mouth of my pussy.

I gasp out loud, as he starts applying pressure, squeezing the bulbous head of his cock in between my pussy-lips. Grabbing my hips, he lunges forward, burying the entire length of his rigid shaft in my sex.

"Ohhh!" I cry.

"You want to be fucked?" he hisses. "Well, I'm gonna fuck you good."

And with all his strength, he starts pumping his cock in and out of my pussy, fucking me relentlessly in long, hard strokes.

"Aaah!" I cry. "Yes! Fuck me!"

All my inhibitions are gone now. I feel no shame, no guilt. I just want my strong, naked husband to fuck me hard with his big, fat cock. I'm not poor Janie anymore. I really am a dirty slut: A hot, lusty woman fulfilling her desires.

"Yeah" Ed yells. "You like that? You like my cock?"

Hard and swollen, his cock thrusts into my tender love muscle over and over.

"That's a nice little pussy you've got there," he says. "You know what I'm gonna do?"

I'm gasping for breath as he fucks me.

"I'm gonna have some of my friends over," he says, pumping his cock into me. "All my friends from the garage. And I'm gonna let them lick your little pussy. How do you like that?"

I gasp, as Ed thrusts into me, deep and hard, over and over.

"Yeah," he says, "and then I'm gonna let them take their cocks out and fuck you. One by one. And I'm gonna watch."

I'm sobbing with pleasure. The thought of him watching me, as I'm being fucked by his friends turns me on even more.

"We're gonna fuck you all night," he says, his voice hoarse with lust. "My friend Frank has the biggest cock I've ever seen. I wanna watch him fuck you real hard. And then we're gonna shoot our loads all over your body. And you're gonna love it, 'cause you're just a filthy little slut."

Turned on by his own fantasies, Ed keeps pounding his rigid tool deep into my succulent slit. Tied to the chair, I feel my pleasure building to a climax.

"Ahhh!" I cry. "Ed. I'm coming!"

Ed finishes me off with a few more hard thrusts, piercing my pussy with the entire length of his shaft.

"You dirty little whore!" he cries, as the orgasm hits me.

"Yeeaaaah!" I scream, pulling at the ropes and writhing in ecstasy, as he just keeps on fucking me.

My climax takes my breath away. I close my eyes, savoring the pleasure, as Ed increases his pace. Grunting loudly, he pumps my pussy with hard fast strokes. Then, he suddenly pulls out.

He bends over me and feverishly unties my ropes.

"Lie down," he gasps, his reddened cock swelling madly, ready to explode.

I throw myself on my back on the carpet, as he stands over me.

"I want to come on your tits," he says, grabs his cock and starts to masturbate.

Flushed and dizzy from my orgasm, I watch him stroking his thick cock. But it doesn't take long before he starts ejaculating.

"Unnnh!" he yells, squeezing his cock in his fist.

The bluish head swells, as the first jet of hot, white semen shoots out of his cock. A powerful spurt, several feet long hits me on my cheek and my breast.

"Yeah!" he grunts, still masturbating.

His thick sperm keeps squirting from his jerking cock, landing in hot threads on my breasts, my neck my face. I open my mouth and taste a few drops - a spicy, manly taste.

Finally, his ejaculation subsides.

"You slut," he says, looking down at me.

Minutes later, Ed is seated in his armchair, naked, watching TV. I'm naked, too, as I fetch him a beer from the refrigerator. He opens the icy beer, drinks it down in one gulp, then throws the can on the floor.

I sit down on his lap.

We kiss. Passionately.

The two women froze outside the house as they heard the screams.

"Did you hear that?" the young one said.

"My God," her friend said. "He must be hurting her again."

"What a horrible man! If only there was something we could do to help her..."

The older woman shook her head.

"I'm afraid it's no use," she said. "Some people just don't want to be helped."

And they walked on.

"I still don't understand it," the young woman said to herself, looking back at the house. "Poor Janie."

The End