

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was well after midnight, and I was in my car, driving with my eyes completely focused on the road, and my mind reminding myself – don't go above 40 mph, don't go above 40 mph. Driving faster would have meant reaching home sooner for sure. But I was aware that I was still somewhat under the influence of alcohol I had consumed at the office party at the famed resort .

I am usually very careful never to drive while drunk. Even if I have had just one beer, I know that my tolerance is so low that I cannot be trusted with a car. But that was a night of many firsts and my decision to drive drunk was the least of things different from usual. Although the initial plan was for me to stay over at the resort which had been fully booked for us, a big fight had put me in a bad mood.

I won't go into the details, but suffice it to say that I was so upset at everyone that I just had to leave right away, even if it meant making the 3 hour drive late at night, most of it along narrow country roads while drunk. Some of my colleagues had offered to drive me home, but I was too pissed off at everyone to listen to reason. I stormed out, got in my car, and hit the road.

As mad as I was in the situation, I still knew that driving drunk was not a smart idea.

So I made sure I was driving slow, to avoid any mishaps. And it was driving slow that saved my life I guess. Because if the tire had gotten punctured at high speeds, the car would have careened out of control, and the accident would have killed me for sure. Instead, the car only swerved a little, enough for me to still have control over it.

When the car started swerving about an hour after I had left the party, I first thought that I was way more drunk than I had expected. I turned the steering wheel in the opposite direction in panic, but it had the opposite effect and the car went off the road and into an empty field. So I hit the brakes, and the car came to a stop just inches away from a tree. Shaken, I got out to make sure there wasn't any damage done to the car. Which is when, in the dim moonlight, I saw the flat tire, and realised what had made the car swerve.

I slapped my head in annoyance, bent down and looked at the tire. It was completely flat for sure. There was no way I could drive the car without changing the tire. The problem was, I had never changed a tire in my whole life. I didn't even know if the car had tools for it. So I'd have to call someone. Even worse, I'd have to swallow my pride and call up some colleague at the party to come help me.

Reluctantly I reached into the purse and took out my mobile. I accessed the number of a colleague I was friends with and hit the call button. But the mobile made a couple of strange beeping noises and the call did not go through. I tried a couple more times, with the same result. I tried a couple of other numbers, but no luck. What the hell was wrong with my phone, I wondered.

After a couple of minutes, I noticed the slanted line going through a tiny antenna graphic on the screen and it dawned on my drunken mind that the mobile had no reception. I was on the side of a tiny road in rural NSW, and I guess all the 'wherever you go, our network follows you' ads from the phone company were total bullshit.

With the phone in my hand, I walked closer to the road, hoping that the network might appear there. But no luck. I looked up and down the road in the moonlit night. There were no houses, buildings or even tin shacks as far as the eye could see. I couldn't even see a light anywhere. I was surrounded by empty fields, trees and bushes.

I walked in either direction for a couple of minutes and back, hoping for a network bar to flash, but in vain. Finally frustrated at having to walk on this uneven terrain in my fancy high heels, I yelled out loudly, "ANYONE AROUND??? HELP!!!"

And I heard rustling in the bushes a few feet away from me. And I cursed myself for stupidly yelling out. What was I thinking? Who knows who might be around in this desolate place in the dead of the night. It could be thieves or murderers or worse – I remembered watching a TV programme about a serial rapist targeting backpackers on isolated roads.. And even if it was just some normal guy, how would they react when they saw me, dressed as I was?

I was wearing a black strapless figure-hugging dress, that gave a good view of my cleavage at the top, and at the bottom, ended several inches above my thigh. And my feet were encased in 4-inch high heels. Certainly not the best attire to be clad in, when asking for help from strange men anywhere, and certainly not country areas at this time of the night. As the rustling continued, my heart started beating loudly, and I was scared of who would emerge.

A few seconds later, relief swept through me in a tidal wave as the bushes parted and out ran two dogs. I was happy that it was not some creepy man who might try to force himself on me. But the happiness didn't last long, because I suddenly remembered – I was petrified of dogs! I usually stayed away even from tiny domesticated pet dachshunds and Pomeranians, so you can imagine my reaction at two burly looking mongrels advancing towards me.

I stayed rooted to the spot, number by my biggest fear – of being bitten by a dog. I have read that dogs can sense fear. I don't know if these two dogs sensed my fear or not, but they very nonchalantly trotted towards me and came to a halt a couple of feet away from me. I stared at them and they stared at me. One was black and the other was brown. Finally, as if being polite, one of the dogs let out a benign woof. The other dog barked out his agreement. Then they came close to me and started sniffing my shoes and my shins. This made me freeze up again, and pray to all the gods that I not be bitten.

One of the dogs started moving his snout higher, to my knees and my thighs and he was about to poke it under my dress when I reacted reflexively and pushed him away. He stepped back in surprise as did the other dog. They both growled menacingly, and I wondered if this is how I would die.

Being attacked and torn to shreds by two mongrel dogs. Fortunately, I suppose they just took my gesture as acceptable and did not make any more noise. The two of them started walking around, sniffing at bushes, stones and such, not paying any attention to me. And I let out a sigh of relief, assured that the dogs had probably decided I was not attack-worthy material.

With the dogs out of my personal space, I looked at my mobile again. Still no bars.

"You guys wouldn't have a land line around, would you?" I said out loud, making a feeble joke to myself. The dogs looked at me for a few seconds and then continued with their sniffing business.

That's when I heard the sound of an engine in the distance. Someone was coming! Maybe someone who could help me! But as I looked down at myself wearing that tiny tight dress, I couldn't help but also think – maybe someone who could rape me. My still drunk mind was caught in a dilemma. Do I stand by the side of the road, wave whoever it was to a stop and ask for help?

Or do I hide out of sight? As the noise came closer, the headlight came into view and it was a truck. If it had at least been a car, I would have considered stopping it for help. But I did not feel comfortable with the idea of flagging down truck drivers dressed the way I was. I quickly took a few steps away from the road and hid behind a tree. The truck zoomed by very fast.

I leaned against the tree, and thought about my options. I could keep walking until I got some mobile reception. But who knew how long that would take? And what if I came across some unsavoury characters on the road, or if some other truckers noticed me? I remembered that the last place I had passed was at least a few kilometres away, so walking there for help would take time too. And even if I did get to a garage, who would be open this late?

The more I thought, the fewer my options seemed, and the more hopeless my situation. I decided that the only choice I had was to somehow try to change the tyre myself. How hard could it be, I wondered. I just hoped that the car had the tools required for changing the tyre.

"Any of you ever changed a car tyre?" I said to the dogs, again making a feeble joke. By now they had gotten so used to my presence that they didn't even look up at the sound of my voice.

I started walking back towards the car, and the dogs were walking behind me following me. "How sweet, you two. Keeping me company?" I said, thinking that my fear of dogs had been irrational. It actually felt nice to have someone around in this desolate location, even if it were two dogs.

As my car came into view, the dogs ran towards it excitedly, and started sniffing at it. I reached the car and opened the trunk, hoping that I had the tools to change the tire. Except for a few bottles of water, the car trunk was empty. I did not see anything resembling a tool box, and my shoulders slumped in disappointment. Now that I thought about it, I didn't see a spare tire either. Where the hell was the spare tire? And suddenly I remembered one time during a picnic when a friend's car had gotten a puncture and he had changed the tire in front of us. The spare tire was under the floor of the trunk.

I reached into the trunk and pulled off the rubber sheet on the floor. Under it the "floor" was just thick cardboard. I felt around and sure enough, located a gap in the side. I pulled it up and, "Yayy! The tyre!" I yelled out, surprising the dogs.

Both of them came close to me and peered at the trunk, confused by what had gotten me so excited. Blackie decided to investigate matters further and put his front paws inside the trunk, trying to climb in.

"No, no, bad dog," I said and pushed him away. I pulled the cardboard out and threw it on the ground, and smiled happily as I gazed at the spare tyre. I reached in and started pulling it out, when I realized, wow, tyres are heavy! With a lot of effort, I pulled it out and threw it on the ground. I then reached into the trunk again and felt around with my hand. Sure enough, there were a few metal objects. There was the jack and a couple of other things. I took out the jack and studied it in the moonlight, trying to figure out how exactly it worked.

When suddenly, I heard an odd sound. Of liquid hitting rubber. I turned around and saw to my horror that Blackie was peeing on the spare tyre!

"Blackie!" I yelled out the name I had given him, and advanced towards him to push him away, but by then he had finished his business and stepped away himself. "Is this how you get back at me?" I stared at him and then at the tire. "Yuck, it stinks!"

The pee was splattered all over the tire and the rim. And I was going to have to handle this tyre, I realised with disgust. I had to clean it. So I picked up a couple of water bottles and emptied them on the tire, hoping that would wash away Blackie's pee. Now I needed to wipe it dry. I went to the car to get a rag or some piece of cloth, but when I looked inside the car, there was no rag. I opened the glove compartment, but it only had the car documents and some cash.

I tried to remember where the rag was when it hit me – I had taken it in the house to wash it with the laundry a few days back, and had forgotten to put it back. Great, I had absolutely nothing to wipe it clean with. Not even tissue or paper napkins. I searched the car in vain for something to wipe the tire with, but could not find anything.

That's when a crazy idea occurred to me. I did have a piece of clothing that could work as a rag. My panties. First I scolded myself for having such a ridiculous idea. Yeah right, as if being here in this skimpy dress wasn't risky enough, I was thinking of taking off my panties too? But the more I thought about it, the more it seemed like the only option. I decided to do it. I was about to reach under my dress when I felt uncomfortable doing it in front of the dogs. So I walked around the tree, hitched my tight dress up, took off my panties, rolled the dress down and came back to the car. I bent down and started wiping the spare tyre dry.

"See, you stupid dog. See, what you are making me do? Use my panties as a rag!" I said to Blackie who was a few feet away.

Once the tire was wiped dry, I flung the panties away, and decided to get started on changing the tire. The dogs looked at me curiously as I took the jack out, and put it under the car. I then sat down on the ground, grimacing at the thought of the dirt messing up my \$500 dress. Next I reached for the iron rod to flex the jack with, but the rod was very greasy and I could not grip it properly. So I decided to wipe it too, and got up to look for my panties-rag.

"Brownie! You pervert!" I yelled, as I saw that Brownie had a paw on the panties, and was sniffing them and gnawing at them. I walked towards him, bent down and pulled at the panties, but he kept his paw on it and growled. "Come on, let it go!" I said.

I tried to push Brownie away, but he let out a loud menacing bark, scaring me into taking a couple of steps back. He then bent his head down, caught the panties between his teeth and ran away, leaving me helpless and rag-less. Blackie ran after him, and the two of them bounded away and disappeared into a bush.

"Great! Good riddance, you peeing and pervy dogs!" I said, and walked back to the car.

I picked up the greasy rod and with great reluctance, rubbed it against my dress, cleaning it dry. I inserted the rod in the hole in the jack, and flexed it with great effort. In a few minutes, I was feeling very happy at myself, because I had finally managed to flex the jack fully, and the flat tyre was now suspended a couple of inches off the ground.

Next, I had to remove the flat tyre. So I took the lug wrench, put it on one of the wheel nuts and tried to twist it. But the lug wrench slipped. It would not grip the wheel nuts. I reached over seeing that the wheel nuts were very greasy and oily too, which is probably why the lug wrench kept slipping. The lug wrench I had cleaned by rubbing it against my dress, but the wheel nuts on the tyre, well, they'd require a separate rag. I suddenly started wishing I had worn something more substantial and layered – that would have provided enough rags!

As I felt the greasy bolts, I knew there was only one thing I could do. I obviously was not wearing a bra with that dress. The only fabric left to use as a wiping rag was my dress. Which meant getting completely naked, taking off the dress and then using it as a rag. And once I replaced the tyre, put that dirty dress back on and drive home in it.

I looked around to make sure the dogs weren't around. They were just dogs, and they were naked too, so it should not have been a big deal. But I had to make sure they weren't around before taking my dress off. I also looked around to make sure the area was indeed fully deserted. And suddenly, I

felt happy that the car had swerved off the road and come to a stop here. If it had been on the side of the road, I'd be forced to be naked there, in full view of passing vehicles.

After looking around a lot, and psyching myself up, I finally reached behind my back and unzipped the dress. I took it off, and stood there, in the moonlight, completely naked. My boobs, pussy and ass on display. A light wind was blowing, how much nicer it felt being naked. The dress had gotten sweaty because of all the effort that had gone into installing the jack. I hadn't even realised how uncomfortable I had felt with that dress on until now that it was off. I kicked off my high heels too, because they had made me even more uncomfortable than the sweaty dress.

Once I got used to the feeling of nakedness, I bent down and used the dress to wipe the wheel nuts dry. I also wiped the lug wrench. Although the lug wrench stopped slipping, loosening a wheel nut took even more effort than flexing the jack. For about ten minutes, no matter how much force I applied, the wheel nuts refused to move. My entire body was covered in sweat, and sweat was dripping off my forehead, chin and even my boobs. Finally, my hands and arms started hurting a lot and I decided to take a break.

Exhausted, I lay down on the ground in the mud, small pebbles and grass brushing against my naked back and ass. Using the dress which was bunched up in my hand, I wiped the sweat off my body and just laid there. I looked up at the sky and admired the few stars on display despite the moonlight. That's when the breeze picked up and hit me on my body, sending tingling sensations all through it. I felt very nice, just lying there in the countryside, under the moonlit sky, as naked as the day I was born. And I also felt a strange sense of accomplishment at working on changing the tyre myself, doing some heavy physical labour. I closed my eyes for a few seconds, and before I knew it, I had fallen asleep.

I started dreaming I was working as a mechanic in a garage, fixing flat tyres and cars. There was a long line of cars, full of people who kept insisting that they wanted only me to work on their cars. In my dream, I kept working on the cars and then suddenly the dream took an odd turn like dreams often do. One very handsome customer complimented me on my work and then suddenly took my clothes off. He pushed me on the floor of the garage and started licking my pussy vigorously. I started moaning in delight saying, "Yes, right there."

"Yes, yes, right there. That's good," I was saying those words out aloud and not in a dream. I opened my eyes, and saw that the night sky was still there, although the moon seemed to have moved a fair distance from where it was when I fell asleep.

And I realised with horror that a tongue really was lapping at my pussy!

I looked down and shrieked as I saw Brownie's thick pink rough tongue lapping at my pussy. My shriek scared him and he took a couple of steps back. My legs were spread wide open, giving him complete access to my pussy. Some time after I had fallen asleep, he had come over and started licking my pussy. I stood up and took a couple of steps backwards. Brownie advanced a few steps, with his tongue out, as if to continue with what he was doing.

I was very wet down there, and it was not all just because of Brownie's saliva. Whether it was the erotic dream, or his licking or both, I was very turned on and noticed that my nipples were rock hard. In shock, I kept backing away and Brownie kept advancing towards me until I felt my back hit the tree. Brownie came close and put his nose on my mound, and my body, as if reacting on its own, decided to part my thighs to give him access.

Right away, Brownie resumed his licking, and I felt a massive wave of excitement surge through me.

"Ohhhhh....Brownie...." I said breathlessly, as his rough tongue did things to my clit that I had never thought possible.

I stretched backwards, my back rubbing against the tree, and just stood there, my thighs parted, as Brownie kept giving me oral pleasure. It did not take long for my orgasm to hit, what with the sheer taboo of the situation and the texture of his dog tongue.

I started shivering and thrashing about, and that confused Brownie who took a few steps back. With his tongue gone, I felt my hands reach downwards to finish what he had started, and my back rubbed up and down against the tree, as the biggest orgasm ever surged through me, making me scream out in pleasure.

After the orgasm subsided, I opened my eyes, and the reality of the situation suddenly struck me like a ton of bricks. What the fuck was I doing? I had just been made to orgasm by a countryside mongrel! And here I was, naked, and yelling out without any concern that some passing vehicle could hear me and come to check. As I thought about these practical things, Brownie, now relieved that I had stopped yelling came back to lap at my pussy. I pushed him away, but how wet I was down there amazed me.

I looked around for my dress to wipe my pussy with, but it was not where I had left it when I fell asleep. Confused, I looked around, even as I was fending off Brownie's persistent poking. And I let out another shriek, scaring him again. Because I saw that Blackie was a few feet away, gnawing and pawing at my dress. And even in the dim moonlight, I could see that it had been torn to shreds!

I felt tears streaming down my face as I ran towards Blackie to try to salvage whatever was left of my dress. And it shows how stupid I was then, that I was not thinking about the situation I found myself in with two dogs, but worrying about what I would wear on the way home.

The question of what to wear, now that my dress was being shredded by a dog, was a very important one for sure. But not as important as the question of what the dogs would do now, something I was not thinking about at all at that instant.

I came close to Blackie, got down on my knees, and tried to pull what remained of the dress out of his grasp.

He growled and resisted, with one corner of the dress tightly in his mouth. The dress was torn in so many places that it was unrecognisable. I struggled, trying to push Blackie away and take back my dress for what seemed like an eternity. But he kept fighting and growling like it was a game to him. Until suddenly and surprisingly, he let go. I looked at him confused and relieved as he backed away so I laid my dress out bending over it to assess the damage.

I was on my hands and knees, my butt and my dripping pussy is sticking out, in a pose that is the most natural one for animals to do what Brownie did next. That's right. I suddenly felt Brownie's paws fall on my back and he started humping me, trying to penetrate me with his dog cock. I froze in horror for a few seconds as I felt his moist cock hit me on my ass and my inner thigh. Meanwhile, his front paws slid off my back and were hanging off my body as I felt his tongue and his breath on my shoulders. Brownie, I realised with a sinking feeling in my stomach, was trying to fuck me!

"NOOOOOOOO. GET OFF!!!" I shouted, as if he could understand what I was saying.

Instantly, I tried to get up and push him off me, but his weight and his strength were too much for me to throw him off. Meanwhile he kept humping and trying to penetrate me. Blackie meanwhile, started jumping around us excitedly, and his red cock was out of its sheath too. For a few seconds I

was spellbound by the sight of that dog cock, but my mind snapped back to its senses, as Blackie was not the problem right now. It was Brownie, who was still humping at me, his cock sliding through my thighs. As I tried one more to throw him off me using all my strength.

“GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!” Brownie growled in a very menacing and sinister way, as if threatening me.

I was now wracking my brains to figure out how to get out of this predicament without getting bitten by the dog in some inconvenient place, when it hit me. All I had to do was lay down straight on the ground. I started straightening my legs at the knees to fall to the ground. Brownie’s instincts probably told him what I was trying to do. As my torso started falling to the ground, his front paws flailed and grabbed at me, to pull me back. But he was too late. He just ended up scratching my sides with his claws, and I fell successfully, my boobs squishing against my chest as they broke my fall.

As I fell, Brownie, whose front body was being supported by my shoulders, tripped and fell to the side next to me. Right away, before he could make his next move, I got to my feet and ran to the car. Brownie reacted a second too late and ran behind me. But I was able to open the back door of the car, jump in and shut it before he could follow me in. I sat in the back seat of the car, breathing heavily as Brownie put his front paws on the car window and started barking loudly. Blackie was right behind him, also barking. I just sat there, staring at them in horror. Soon, Brownie tired of his angry display, and put his front paws back on the ground.

He started walking around the car, his tongue hanging out, making whining noises. And sitting there in the safety of the car, I saw for the first time, brownie’s red throbbing angry dick hanging from his crotch. And I could not help but stare at it in amazement. It was big, almost touching the ground as it swung back and forth. I remembered how it had felt when it had hit me in my thighs and my butt, and almost involuntarily, my hand reached down and felt the moist juices of the dog’s precum.

I brought my dog-juice-covered fingers to my face and smelt them. A completely different and unknown smell to me. But also, an arousing smell. Brownie was still pacing around, his eyes fixed on me. We stared at each other like that for a couple of minutes, during which he kept whining plaintively, as if begging me. I still don’t know what exactly made me do what I did next. What I know is I did it. And looking back, I don’t regret it.

With Brownie’s eyes still boring a hole into mine, I opened the door and stepped out of the car. Brownie stood where he was, about ten feet away from me. Blackie, his small dick also hanging out, bounded towards me, but Brownie growled, and Blackie stopped in his tracks. I took a few steps forward towards Brownie, got down on my knees, turned around and put my hands on the ground, and said, “There. That’s what you want, right?”

Immediately, he mounted me again and started humping away. This time though, I was a willing participant. I reached down with my hand to guide his cock towards my cunt. But he did not know that and kept doing his humping thing.

“Brownie, if you just stop for a second.... I’m trying to help you.” I said.

And he stopped. Obviously, it was not what I said that made him stop, but the fact that my fingers were now wrapped around his beautiful cock. I grabbed the cock in my fingers for a few seconds, my mind registering how different it feels from a human penis. And then I moved it until it was right at the entrance of my cunt.

“Okay, now.” I said, let go of his dick, and braced for his penetration.

Although I was prepared for his dick to enter me, I was still taken aback by the speed with which he pushed it in. No gentleness in the animal kingdom, I guess. Just pure sex. I felt stars twinkle in front of my eyes as he rammed his long dick into my wet and waiting pussy. And started fucking me faster than any man ever has.

Brownie kept pounding my cunt mercilessly as tidal waves of pleasure surged through my body. I felt his cock hit me in places I had never been hit before, and at a tempo I had never experienced before. It was not as thick as some of the men I had been with, but its length and shape, combined with the wrongness of the situation, made sure that an orgasm did not take too long to hit.

I started groaning and shivering, and Brownie kept fucking me hard, his front paws pressing against my breasts. I arched my back as the orgasm reached its crescendo and Brownie reacted by drilling me even deeper and harder, which made my orgasm go on for what felt like an eternity. It subsided, but my cunt was still experiencing the pleasures of a doggy fuck like it had never felt before. I kept moaning deliriously as Brownie kept hammering my cunt. The second orgasm did not take too long coming either, something that had never happened to me while fucking a man.

When it subsided, I was feeling exhausted and hoping that Brownie would stop, but he kept going like a steam engine for at least five more minutes. Finally, Brownie started making growling noises of what seemed like pleasure. His orgasm was approaching, and suddenly I was reminded of the knot. Shit, the damned knot! His knot could end up tearing my cunt apart. I needed to get him off me. But obviously, it was too late to do anything of the sort. I felt the base of his dick started expanding and pushing against the inside of my cunt, even as I felt his warm semen being sprayed in me.

“SHIT! FUCK! YOU BETTER NOT TEAR ME OPEN, YOU MUTT!!” I yelled as I felt his knot keep expanding.

Luckily, it did not do any permanent damage. Obviously, it stretched my cunt wide, and I got a hint of what pregnant women must feel like when they push a human being out of it. But that was it, a lot of stretching. Meanwhile, Brownie kept shooting his seed into me for what seemed like a decade.

Finally he was done, his knot stopped swelling, and well, there we were tied together. The knot had tied me to Brownie’s dick like it would have tied any bitch. And at that moment, I was his bitch. I felt a strange combination of arousal, accomplishment, and shame as Brownie threw his paws over my body and turned around, leaving him and me connected together ass-to-ass.

As I stayed still, on my hands and knees, staring at the pebbles and grass below me, feeling the strange sensation of a dog knot plugging my cunt, I could not believe I had actually done it. I looked up at Blackie who was standing a few feet away, his tongue hanging out.

“Yes, I know, it is your turn next.” I said. “Who would have thought my first ever threesome would be with dogs?”

And I started laughing. But the laughing stopped right away as I felt Brownie starting to pull away, trying to walk away from me. The knot was still wedged in my cunt, so as he pulled away, it started hurting.

“What the fuck are you doing Brownie?” I said, but he kept trying to walk away, dragging me with him.

I had no choice but to move my hands and knees and go where he was doing. And we moved like that, joint at the crotch, for about fifteen feet, until fortunately, I felt Brownie starting to shrink. The

knot shrank rapidly and within a few seconds, Brownie took his dick out of me with a “plop” sound. As soon as his dick came out, what seemed like a gallon of his sperm flowed out of my cunt like a river. I reached down, took a bit and tasted it.

“When I was preparing for this night, I never thought I’d be drinking dog cum too.” I said, looking back at Brownie.

But Brownie had started walking away. He was already almost 100 feet away from me. “Yeah yeah, run away now. Men or dogs, it’s all the same. As soon as you cum you’re outta here.”

I got up and stood on my feet, feeling my sore cunt. It had felt great, but the assault on my cunt was making its presence felt now. I looked at Blackie, wondering if he would want to do me straight away. But he was standing where he was, his dick still hanging out. I walked to my dress and saw that it really was shredded. It could not even be used as a rag anymore. Oh well, at least I had my high heels. As I picked up my high heels and looked at them, I felt Blackie pushing against my knees, as if to say to me – woman, you’ve got enough rest, so let’s fuck.

Very obediently, I got down on my hands and knees, and Blackie mounted me right away. Maybe because his dick was smaller or because my cunt was already stretched out, he didn’t need much help. At his third attempt, he penetrated me and started fucking me rapidly. A while later, as I felt another orgasm approach, my mind was simultaneously grappling with three questions – Will I be able to change the tyre on my car? How will I get home without anything to wear? And will a man ever be able to satisfy me sexually again?

The End