

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was not too much to ask, a simple chore, really. Her neighbor, Prof. Masterson, a kind elderly woman who had always been a good friend, asked Emily to tend to her house while she was away at a botanical exposition. The professor had fallen all over Emily with praise but there really was no reason. Emily was happy to do it and the chores involved were quite trivial. She was engaged to collect the mail and water the plants inside the house and the adjoining arboretum. It could hardly take more than 20 minutes and Emily had always been fond of the old lady, she was more than happy to oblige when she was asked.

The instructions were to water the plants only and not to dwell in the greenhouse too long. She had even reemphasized that last point just before she left for the airport. "Just water the plants in the arboretum and leave as quickly as possible, dear," the professor had told her. "I'll explain it all to you some day, but for now, remaining too long in there might prove... disruptive to your constitution."

Emily had no idea exactly what constitutional disruption implied. She certainly did not expect to be exploited by aggressive rhubarb or conniving asparagus. She was sure it was only some precaution about allergies or skin rashes and paid no more mind to it. She saw the entire chore as a mere detour from her daily routine, something she could polish off quickly when she got home from work.

Emily was a widowed professional in her early 30s. Physically fit with an attractive figure, she was a brunette, more attractive than most, but she kept her looks concealed behind glasses and a toned-down wardrobe. She lived alone and had preferred a muted social life after the death of her husband but was well liked by the company she kept. Being a bit of a bookworm, she simply enjoyed being alone and had consequently devoted her life more to her career than to social or romantic pursuits.

The people in the cul-de-sac enjoyed her as a respectable and dependable neighbor who kept her property neat and attractive and caused no disturbances or detractions. She was the perfect go-to person for housesitting or monitoring and she was called upon often for this kind of favor. It made her proud to be respected as such.

It was Saturday afternoon and in spite of Prof. Masterson's concise warnings, Emily had her heart set on curling up with a good book in the warm sunlight of that arboretum. She had noticed a chaise lounge-chair right by the door into the house so she surmised it could not be dangerous in there. She would finish up the chores, roll the lounge chair into the sunlight, and enjoy her book all afternoon.

As she unlocked the front door and entered her neighbor's house, she could hardly wait to finish up the work and settle down for relaxing escapism. She set down the book she was reading, a thoroughly smutty romance novel, on the kitchen counter and then filled the water can at the sink. She attacked all the plants upstairs first and then worked her way through the ground floor. There was a wide variety of exotic plants, which Emily figured was probably typical for a plant biology professor. She tried to remember all the specific instructions she was given for each plant and was careful not to make a mess but she was anxious to get this out of the way and get into her book. She finished faster than she expected and returned the can to the sink.

That taken care of, Emily collected her book from the counter and made her way through the study to tend to the plants in the greenhouse. Opening the sliding door, she stepped into the humid warmth and felt it close around her before she shut the door into the house. She shut her eyes and tilted back her head to enjoy the sun on her face. She inhaled the fresh earthy scents of the ferns, vines, and trees about her and knew this would be the perfect place to curl up with a good book and heal her senses with full effects of nature.

First, she had to tend to her chores. She set her book on the lounge chair and picked up the water

can from where she found it by the door. Emily put the water can under the spigot and turned it on while her eyes scanned the enclosed garden and took note of the circuit she needed to take to finish this job. She was anxious to finish and filled the can to the top so she could get all the watering done in one trip. The can was heavy so she applied it to the big trees first to get the bulk of the load emptied fast. Next, came the vines around the edges and last but not least, the big, odd-looking plant in the sunny corner of the room. She got close to the center stalk and dumped the can to flow around the plant's base the way the professor had shown her. She emptied the can and then stood back to look at the thing in its whole.

"Hi'ya, hansom," she said and granted it a sweet smile. She figured it had to be some kind of tropical plant because of its lush foliage; some deep jungle because she had never seen anything like it. It had big, broad leaves in a thick clump around its base. Arrayed within this clump were five 6-inch long buds with purple petals closed tight around them. The most dominating feature of the plant was a long pinkish-purple stalk that grew up out of its center that was about 3 to 4 inches thick and rose to about 8 feet tall. At the top of the stalk was a huge pink bulb about the size of a large melon with thick, shiny, pink petals.

Emily imagined the thing to be absolutely beautiful when in bloom and made a mental note to ask Dr. Masterson to show her the blossom when it was time. She knelt down to look more closely at the five tightly wrapped buds around the base. Examining them, they appeared to be wrapped too tightly to be anywhere near blossoming. She was about to stand up when she heard a slight crackle and pop. She heard more and then she noticed the leaves opening up around one of the stamens. She thought it must be the afternoon sunlight and she watched it slowly spread apart to reveal a bright, deep-purple flower with a 6-inch, dark yellow, cone-shaped anther sticking out of the center. It was a stunning display and she stood up to take in the entire scene. She inhaled deeply and it was then that she notices the enticingly sweet aroma of the blossom. Oddly, a tingle of excitement went through her, which she dismissed.

She looked up to see if the big bloom was opening, but no, it seemed to be waiting for some other event. She stroked the stalk and found it sturdy and strong. She lightly touched the big bulb and felt its softness. The petals encompassing the bud were voluptuous and full with a kind of tough, leathery feel. Emily wondered what intricately beautiful and large blossom such a bud concealed. Her hand played down the stalk and stroked its length to test its sturdiness and texture. She would have to ask Dr. Masterson about the nature of this odd plant and its unique configuration.

At last, her job was done, time to relax and get into her book. Returning the water can to its place by the spigot, she scooped up the book and dragged the lush lounge chair over to the sunny spot beside the big, pretty plant, plopped down, kicked off her sandals, and started to read. It felt cozy enough to take a nap on and she thought she just might but she was eager to continue into her story where she had left off.

She quickly lost herself in the imaginative distraction and took no notice of the cracking noises as the other four blossoms opened one by one. As the story evolved, Emily relaxed in the warm rays of the sun. She felt a weariness she did not know she had slowly melting from her. This being one of her usual tawdry romance novels, it was not too long before Emily tripped upon an elaborate love scene. She relished these lurid trips into explicit lust, specifically crafted to tease a woman's libido into her conscious mind. As she read along, this one promised to be exquisitely sensuous and, subconsciously unaware, she raised her hand to her mouth and began tracing the outlines of her lips.

Further she read and her mind sank into the lavishly detailed encounter of the two characters in her book. Her fingers strayed, lightly stroking her cheek and then caressing the lobe of her ear. It fueled

her intense passion; her flesh hungered for stimulation to match that being fed her mind. The wanton fingers slowly drug across her neck and lightly lingered on her throat before plunging downward to the opened collar of her blouse to threaten and tease her cleavage. Her flame burned hotter and with no overt awareness on her part, Emily's fingertips began following the laced edge of her bra. Up and down they surreptitiously crept. Her pulse climbed precipitously and her chest heaved with each breath. Her fingers boldly crept lower until finding the nipple of her breast. The nipple was hard beneath the fabric of her bra and the tip of her middle finger began circling it round and round.

Emily stopped her reading and lifted her head from her book. Her trashy romance novels always got her worked up but this time she was feeling especially horny. She bit her lip and looked anxiously out through the glass walls of the greenhouse, suddenly nervous that someone might have witnessed her fondling herself. About her, Dr. Masterson's garden was peaceful and serene. None of the surrounding houses was tall enough to look down into the greenhouse and the high hedge protruding above the cedar fence encircling the yard was far too dense to see through. Emily could not be seen in here. She took a deep breath, sniffing in that wonderful smell of the big purple flowers, and stretched in the warm sunlight. It began to feel stuffy to her and she was getting a little overheated. She was feeling just so wicked and erotically charged.

She decided to take off her blouse, the notion just popped into her mind. She stood up and swayed from the dizzying rush in her head. She looked about the garden again and then started unbuttoning her blouse. It felt odd to expose herself to the raw sunlight and even more so to be doing it in somebody else's home but the notion just seemed to fit in with her erotic mood. After she tossed her blouse on the chair, she continued to strip off her bra. She arched back, lifted her nude breasts to the sun, and felt the delicious warmth on her skin. She cupped her fair-sized boobies in her hands and gently squeezed them. The sensation only drove her sensuous mood higher and she knew her capris would have to come off too.

She was feeling carefree and dangerously depraved but nothing would stop her now. She untied her waist-cord, dug her thumbs under the waistband of her panties, and pushed both garments down her legs in one swift motion. She stepped out of them, took a wide stance in the bright sunlight, and let her hands wander over her body like an impassioned lover.

This behavior was so unlike her and she was a little shocked at her own boldness but it all felt so delicious and delightful. She stretched again, shook her trussed-up brown hair loose from her scrunchy and then settled back down in the lounge chair to get back into that book. She sat cross-legged on the chair with the book on her lap. The action continued hot and heavy as she read. Her hands began to roam once again over her skin. One hand cupped her tit and she lightly brushed her thumb back and forth over her nipple. The other hand crept to her pubic area.

Quite subconsciously, her fingers encroached on the dense hair at the border of her pussy. Teasingly, her hand approached her moist slit, looking for the little button that drove her wild. Her finger had parted the wet folds and was lightly stroking her lubricating juices up over her clit. With a finger on each side of the hood, Emily worked her little bud up and down along with her nipple as she read. She was climbing close to orgasm when she caught herself well in to her self-pleasuring and realized it was not even an especially erotic story compared to some. She was too close to interrupt herself now, though. She pushed the book off her lap, laid back in the chair and went to work in an all out dash for orgasm. As one hand continued to busily diddle her clit from side to side, two fingers of her other hand sank deep into her cunt and began churning her hungry depths.

Emily could not believe how worked up she was getting and could tell that the quick pace of her passion was leading her to an epic climax. She doubled her speed and intensity as both of her hands

began stroking and plunging on her pussy in a frantic race for relief. She dug her heels into the chair cushion and began to rock her hips in an opposing rhythm to her busy hands. She worked as if she were under the body of an impassioned lover driving to fuck her brains out. She grunted and moaned wantonly, letting herself go to the moment, she felt wild and free. Her nipples were hardened to dense nubs that sent thrills throughout her body as they jiggled on her heaving chest. A chill titillated her flesh, she was covered goose bumps, and at the same time, a heavy blush of sweat. She wanted this so much and it was coming so big and so fast. In an all out fury to lapse her joy she heaved her hips violently into the air as her fingers dug and pinched against her inflamed snatch.

She drew in a big breath and then it hit her. She squealed in triumph as an enormous orgasm seized her. The wave of ecstatic delight and release burst through her like a bolt of lightning. Every muscle in her tender body clenched as pleasure touched upon her in a magnitude she had seldom known. She shook and twitched in the throes of joy that she thought would nearly drive her insane. She rode it well and tried to make it endure. The onslaught slowly passed and she released her straining muscles, threw her arms to her sides, and let her body drop limply onto the lounge chair.

Devastated by the bliss, she lay stunned and let her blood spread slowly back out to her exhausted limbs. She never had a reaction quite like that unless it involved something battery powered. As her mind started to recover, she tried to piece together what had provoked that sudden and incredibly out-of-proportion lust-frenzy. She lazily turned her head to the side, toward the odd plant, and inhaled deeply to enjoy its sweet aroma.

Almost instantly, a wave of intense pleasure surged through her. To her absolute dismay, Emily was cumming again. As quickly and every bit as intense as the climax she just had, her body was lost in the effects of an entirely new jolt of physical joy. Her muscles clenched and she drew herself into a ball as the orgasm ripped through her. Her vision went dark and she rolled onto her side. She let herself go again and was soon giggling from the rewarding delight.

As this second climax finished its course, Emily slid over the side of the chair and onto her hands and knees on the tile floor. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Emily was none-the-less enough of a pragmatist to wonder how two of the most intense orgasms of her life had struck her so suddenly, and the second one with no stimulation to prompt it at all. She shook her head to clear away some of the fog.

As the last of her tremors subsided and she gradually regained full control of her body she pieced together in her mind how this masturbatory session was different from all her others. It was neither her book nor her mood, it had to be her environment, and in particular, something in it that had changed just recently. She lifted her head and saw before her the wide-open blossoms around the base of that big, odd, tropical plant and her inquisitive mind reasoned it had to be some narcotic effect of those big yellow anthers protruding up so daring from the center of those blossoms. She had to test her theory. She took off her glasses, laid them on the chair, and then crawled from the hard tiles up on to the lush moss bed that surrounded the tantalizing plant.

Her inviting round hips swayed and her ample breasts swung beneath her as her soft form approached the curious plant. She could feel the effects her two mighty orgasms had on her; her inner thighs were wet with the slick dew weeping from her overcharged cunt; her skin was on fire with amplified awareness; her nipples ached with the hardness of arousal. When she had crawled up to the thick foliage at the base of the plant she sank to her elbows and, in a very unscientific manner, tested her assumption with a much too forward approach and inhaled the heady fragrance of the blooms at point-blank range.

All too quickly, Emily confirmed her hypothesis with devastating effect. Her previous orgasms were

completely eclipsed by an onslaught of physical pleasure she thought might be the death of her. An intense climax tore through her and in an instant robbed her of her body's control. The kind of stimulation she usually felt with only her clitoris was magnified and felt throughout her entire being. Waves of pure ecstasy emanating from her pussy spread outward and washed her in absolute bliss. The inside of her cunt clutched at its emptiness and the churning muscles within filled her with a want for penetration like she had never known. She gasped for her next breath and with it came another quaking spasm of climax. Emily was lost in it all like some cocaine/LSD trip she could not shrug off. She longed to thrust her fingers into her voided pussy and fill her need but to her dismay, her arms would not respond. She was bound in place, not at all against her will, with her face buried in the intoxicating foliage, and her body wracked with almost unendurable delight.

Unnoticed by Emily, the big plant was going through some changes of its own. As Emily had approached the base of the plant, the large bulb at the top of the long stalk had slowly opened. Three thick rubbery petals had spread apart to reveal a long slender pistil at their center. It was a vivid pink, about 8 inches in length, an inch and a half in diameter, with 3 fat stigmas at its tip. As the petals separated, the pistil at the center began to twist and undulate around in the air, bending and reaching as though searching for something near the bloom.

If she had kept enough of her senses, Emily would have witnessed the stalk bend to one side and then it too began twisting round and round as if groping for something it sensed nearby. She did not see the stalk bend lower nor did she notice that it had stopped waving around in a circles to stoop over her back. She did feel the cool, wet droplets of thick goo that drooled from the spread petals and fell upon her back, but she was too lost in her ceaseless rapture to pay them any mind. Regardless of her stupor, the odd plant's stalk was now crouched over her upturned butt in what might have startled her as a very sinister if not suggestive attitude.

Emily reveled in her organic sex trip as the thick arm of the strange plant arched over her back and the big, three-petal flower was poised directly over her soft round ass. Lower the flower dropped, the pistil reached down to her, its three stout stigmas undulated and rubbed against each other as if tasting the air for a yearned target. Thick drops of slippery excretions oozed from the pistil on to her butt and ran down over her crotch. She did not even flinch when the petals first touched her ass-cheeks. However, when the hovering plant bulb encountered her flesh it moved much more quickly.

The three broad, thick petals opened widely and then the whole grotesquely huge flower dropped onto Emily's upturned butt. A copious flow of thick, slippery sap oozed out from the petals and the long pink pistil at their junction. The coating flowed over her, up her back, around her hips and down her legs. The goo flooded over her crotch and drenched her pubic hair into a glaze of slime. She was almost completely oblivious to it but powerless to do anything about it anyway. It was, in her mind, simply a soothing warmth.

The petals took on life of their own. They groped over her skin, feeling her contours and exploring her position. Two of the big, probing flaps felt their way around the soft globes of her ass while the third extended itself behind her tender upper thighs.

The long pistil became even more active. Under the protective tent of the surrounding petals, it slithered and probed over her butt. Lead by the three fat stigma at its tip, it searched over her skin until finding the cleft of her ass. It gently groped the tight groove, extended itself, ever reaching for something it sensed further down.

With the advance of the pistil toward Emily's sex, the broad petal over the back of her thighs pressed its way between them and gently forced her knees apart. Gaining access, it wrapped itself over her mound and up beyond her waist. The other two petals accommodated the advance by

releasing her hips and reacquiring a firm clasp around her butt cheeks.

With her entire crotch in the plant's embrace, the pistil was in position to engage her. More of its slippery sap was applied within its almost watertight clench about her muff. She was aware of only a slight clumsy fumbling around her soggy, imprisoned gash but once the relentlessly groping fingers of the stigma had found the opening to her snug crevice there was no doubt in Emily's mind she was being entered and her heart thrilled at the promise. The pistil penetrated her slowly, but steadily. Its firm but pliant phallus moved into her, following her contours and expanding outward to contact every untouched pore of her vagina. Her yearning to be filled was at last satisfied and her fluttering cooze finally had something to clench against.

Pushing in all the way to the back of her canal, the busy fingers at the tip began feeling around in the cramped limits of Emily's pussy. They finally settled around the rounded bulge of her cervical os. They spread out until the membrane between them formed a cup centered over her uterus mound.

She was quite delirious with the constant pleasure of her fragrance-induced orgasms, but with the sturdy stem of plant pressed firmly up her quim and the snug embrace around her butt Emily might have thought her rapture to be complete. That was when the petals wrapped around her mounted a steady pull and release action that sent the entire encounter to a new level. As the petals pulled inward, they drove the pistil into her. As they released the pistil drew back out slightly with a light suck on her uterine bulge. She was getting a nice rhythmical humping motion to go along with her penetration and with that, she lost all control. With her face buried among the lush leaves, she began moaning her delight every bit like a woman being passionately ravaged.

On and on the big flower pumped and sucked at Emily's pussy, fueling in her the psychedelic mind-trip of extreme gratification. The huge petals gripped her fiercely and the pool of gooey sap sloshed around her crotch as the pistil impelled into her. Her moans of delight gradually got weaker until they were merely a fickle coo and whimper. She was becoming oblivious to everything but the intense pleasure and whatever true use the plant was making of her sex was a happily discarded trifle. With her body surrendered, Emily's mind drifted deeper into an opiate delirium of sexual delights, until at last, she reached her absolute limit of endurance and lapsed into unconsciousness. Her arms crumpled beneath her and her knees slid out behind her. Her torso dropped onto the soft moss and her head pulled free of the stamen's perfume. Unrelenting in its embrace, the big flower still worked on her captured sex. In the firm grasp of the thick petals, her hips were still held aloft and a sickening gurgle accompanied the slow draw and thrust of the flower against her helpless body. Emily's mind drifted through a paradise of pleasure with an army of lovers servicing her every desire.

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The first thing Emily noticed was a chill. She instinctively searched about her for the covers. Failing to find any, her eyes blinked open as her mind tried to piece together what was wrong. All she could make out was that it was dark and whatever was underneath her did not feel like her bed linen. With a shriek, she bolted upright when she realized she was lying nude on the mossy ground inside Prof. Masterson's greenhouse. She sprang to her knees and groped around herself looking for her glasses and something to cover up with. Wild notions spun through her confused mind but nothing fit as to how she had lost her clothes or her consciousness. Her fingers sporadically came across scattered articles of clothing and some fragment of her scattered memory told her to look for her glasses on the lounge chair.

She put them on and then climbed up weakly to sit in the chair. Images were coming to her; recollections of sensations and bizarre notions began to trouble her. At the base of all these

thoughts, the conclusion began to form that she had been in something sexual and it somehow involved that big, weird flower. Oh, no! She really had! Lust had gotten the best of her, again!

Trembling and filled with a sudden embarrassment and panic, she snatched up her clothes from the floor as if she had found herself sitting before a hundred shocked witnesses. Clutching them tight to her nakedness, she bolted to the sliding glass door, threw it open, and hopped into the study. She spun around and looked into the greenhouse gloom as the full realization of her afternoon exploits bloomed within her mind.

"Emily?" she hailed herself after an apprehensive self-evaluation, "You fucked a plant." She bit her lip as she stared out at the strange bulb-thing in the corner of the arboretum. The tall flower stood out from the darkness and appeared quite above reproach, as if it would never in a hundred years screw any girl silly. She rebuked herself in her mind for her waywardness, though, she had to admit it was not her fault; the professor's shrubbery had quite honestly seduced her. Professor Masterson! What would she say when she found out Emily had sexually abused her foliage! No wonder she had been warned not to stay in there so long. How embarrassing it would be for the professor to find her out.

Emily had to fix this. She had to erase the evidence and make it look like nothing had happened. Her hands trembled as she quickly pulled her clothes back on. Her mind went over all the details she needed to check to disguise her shameful rut with the amorous blossom. She found that the more she thought about it, the more details of what transpired became clear. Memories of the intense pleasure and the erotic delights awoke in her. She pushed those thoughts aside and steeled herself for the task at hand.

She took a deep breath and forged back into the greenhouse. She needed to work fast before she succumbed to the plant's chemistry again. She tossed the book onto the lounge and then fell to her knees to comb the moss to where it did not look like someone had been lying on it. She was astounded to see that the plant's huge blossom and the stamens around its base had all closed themselves and were looking ironically non-sexual. She quickly swept the tiles with her hands to erase any telltale prints and felt confident she had done a fair job. Fair enough until she could check it over in the daylight. She wheeled the chair back to its place by the door, snatched back her book, and slipped inside.

'That would have to do,' she thought. She stood in the doorway watching the plant. She felt safe back indoors; where she could think about the utterly stupefying joy she had felt with that incredibly sensual flower. She doubted if she had ever experienced such erotic pleasure in her life. Then questions began to form. Was she an unwitting agent in the plant's reproductive process? In its nutritional needs? Where did old Dr. Masterson get such a thing? What was she doing with it in her home? How did she know it was 'disruptive to your constitution'? Why did she keep a lounge chair in her greenhouse? Maybe Emily did not have as much to be ashamed of as she thought.

Feeling a little braver, she ventured back into the arboretum and strolled slowly up to the odd plant in the corner. She stood at its base just underneath the big bulb folded her arms and stared at it with a thoughtful frown. She wondered what her life would be like if she had one of these. For that matter, what would life be like if every woman had one of these? She thought of the ridiculousness of being afraid of a horny houseplant. She almost had to laugh at herself. With one arm akimbo, Emily shook a finger at the big bulb in a mock scolding manner and said, "Naughty, naughty!"

The carbon dioxide she emitted must have triggered something in the plant again. She heard a faint cracking sound and glanced down to see one of the stamens at the base opening up. She gasped and scrambled back to the safety of the door. Pausing in thought, she stood in the doorway and looked



back at her ravager. A smile slowly spread across her face and she spoke in a somewhat sweet, sexy voice, "You be good 'till I come back." She blew it a kiss and closed the door.