

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I have worked as a female postal carrier for the past four years. I've enjoyed most aspects of it. Yesterday I considered handing in my resignation. Here's why.

I've had several routes in the city and country. The office switched us around regularly—it's a government operation, and you can figure it out. My most recent route was in the suburbs, a very prestigious area filled with the mansions and grounds of the wealthy. As a result, I spent most of my time in the jeep and put a lot of miles on the vehicle. When I walked, it was usually a short three yards from the waiting jeep to the mail drop at an estate's main gate.

The DeLander Estate was the exception. The west front gate was always open, allowing me to drive the jeep into a semicircular driveway that exited at the east front gate, also left open. So, while there was no mail drop at either main gate, I had access to the interior grounds with the jeep. The problem with this arrangement was that the closest the jeep could get to the house was 200 yards from the front door, and the mail drop was another 50 yards to the west of that.

The DeLander Estate didn't get much mail, thank Heavens. I guess the owners struck some kind of deal with the managers of the post office—something illegal but purchasable if you had the right amount of money. Whoever owned the DeLander Estate had that kind of money. I never knew the owner's name, since "Resident" was the only consistent moniker on the mail I delivered to the place. There were many other names, and I don't remember picking up any "to be mailed" parcels from it, ever.

Sifting through and organizing the mail was my first task of a day's work, and when I would find one of my deliveries carried the DeLander Estate's address on it, I would sigh. The trip from the jeep to the mail drop would add ten minutes to my workload without question. Although the walk was nice in the Spring and Summer, during the Winter months, it was harsh.

The grounds had lots of trees, forming several barricades across my path from jeep to drop-off—the stone walkway I followed zig-zagged through these barricades in as straight a path as could be found. It was bordered by hedges and shrubberies kept trim, supported by a well-manicured lawn. The result of all of this was that for about seven minutes of my 10-minute trip to the manor and back, I was not visible by anyone on the driveway or in the huge manor home. That little detail became very important to me.

Two days ago a package arrived addressed for the DeLander Estate. It wasn't big—about the size of a basketball—but it was heavy. I dreaded carrying it from the post office to the jeep, let alone on the walk to the house. Heavy things like this had been shipped before, and the office manager was always protective of the carriers' efforts, but with the DeLander Estate, it was different. I guess the "deal" the owners had worked out with us somehow provided for such a delivery to save them any extra effort to pick up the parcel. Predictably, I never saw any kickback from this "deal," but I was the one who ultimately paid for it.

I saved the DeLander Estate parcel for the last, so I could drop it off right before I was through and not be tired the rest of the day. This put me about three hours late in showing up at the west gate. I was surprised, however, to find it closed when I got there.

I swore at myself for trying to be efficient in a government operation—something that I learned years ago was counter-productive. Then I noticed that the gate was closed, but not locked—in fact, there was just enough room that I could slip through it. Worried about getting written-up and having that black-mark of "failed delivery" attached to my government file forever, I sighed and decided

that I would see if I could get the package there anyway.

Before I tried, however, I checked one more thing. I drove to the east gate to see if perchance it had been left open. No such luck, and all it accomplished was that I saw a “Beware of Dog” sign that I had never seen before on my many trips out through the gate. For that matter, I had never seen a dog on the grounds before at all, and I determined that the sign had been forgotten by a new owner of the estate.

Returning to the west entrance, I parked the jeep, picked up the heavy package, and walked to the heavy iron gate. Pushing my weight against it, I barely shouldered it open and passed through into the grounds. I had not thought of taking the jeep, and now I decided that it was not a good idea after all, as the task of pushing the gate sufficiently open would have exhausted me for the walk I would have to make anyway.

It was 3:15 pm when I entered the grounds, and I was supposed to have the jeep back to the office for “check-in” by 4:00 pm. I had 45 minutes. Taking a deep breath of the summer air, I started down the curved driveway.

I am in good shape. I don’t mind walking or jogging or lifting things heavier than the DeLander parcel, but I do like to get my work down quickly and efficiently, and this was going to be somewhat of a drag. I heaved the parcel up onto my right shoulder and swung my left arm out for balance as I moved toward the centerpoint of the driveway’s curve where it intersected the walk to the house. There I switched shoulders and continued on.

The sprinklers were on in part of my walk—I had to move off the path and out around the cool spray, which further added time to my trip and made me irritated. When I reached the manor home, it was close to 3:30 pm. I carefully set the package down next to the slot and straightened, working the strain from my muscles. Then I started back.

By the time I made it back to my detour, the watering system had shifted, and now my path was through a sprinkler shower again. I swore again. These rich people! What were they doing anyway, watering their grounds during the hottest part of the day? It was wasteful!

I left the path, which was still getting soaked, and forged out a new trail through the grounds toward the west gate. The path was taking me further out of my way, though, and I was getting more angry with each passing minute. Several times I found myself hitting a dead-end in the maze-like barricades, forced to either turn back some distance or push my body through a dense thicket of shrubbery and crowded trees. Since my Summer uniform consisted of a short-sleeve shirt and thigh-length shorts, I was forced to go back or risk getting pretty scratched up.

Finally, when I came upon a spot I was sure I’d already visited once, I glanced at my watch and in shock realized it was 3:54 pm! I’d been wandering those stupid grounds for almost half-an-hour! The stupid rich bastards and their huge, thirsty grounds! At least I had shut the jeep’s engine off.

Knowing that to go back the way I’d come in would leave me soaking wet, and thinking that the way through was just beyond the barricade now confronting me, I decided to push through it. Bending over, I picked my path cautiously, bending branches of shrubbery to the side and holding them there while I inched past. I watched for spiders most of all, certain that there would be a few of them that would get in my hair, which was dark and straight to midway down my shoulders. As I worked, wincing, I cursed myself for not wearing the tresses in a ponytail that day.

I was halfway through when my watch beeped 4:00 pm. I sighed and swore inwardly. This delivery had already taken me 45 minutes!

That was when the sprinkling system shifted again, and suddenly, I felt droplets of cool water bathing my legs, socks, and shoes! “Oh Hell!” I breathed, and pushed my way through the thicket, heedless of how it scraped my skin. I just wanted to get out of there!

I got hung up on something—the stump of a trimmed branch, I think, but I never saw it clearly enough to know for sure. It snagged my shorts and stopped me in my tracks—I was getting soaked! I tried backing up and lunging forward again, but that seemed to make things worse. “Dammit!” I grunted, and lunged forward again, scraping my hips against the thing that held me, and straightening up so that I tore my upper body through the hedge.

I broke through, but I was not where I suspected. The hedge I had crawled through formed a wall around a small, hidden courtyard amidst the many barricades—one small section of the hedge was broken by a decorative stone archway and wooden gate. Suddenly my shorts slid down my wet thighs and fell to my knees! I crouched down immediately and grabbed them, surprised at the cool draft now passing over my buttocks. Gripping my shorts, I found that whatever had snagged me in the thicket had torn the rear seam and zipper of my shorts when I had lunged to escape. Even worse, I could feel the scraped skin of my ass now exposed painfully to the cool air—checking, I found that the whole backside of my panties had been torn loose from the waistband. The cleft of my buttocks stared back up at me!

I was already furious, and now things just kept getting worse! Groaning in fury, I pulled my shorts and panties back up about my waist and looked around. In the center of the courtyard was a huge, shingle-roof doghouse that stood almost 6’ tall at its peak—it was slightly taller than I am! The door to the doghouse was an arch with black-metallic letters nailed over it, spelling “BIG RED.”

Taking all of this in within a second or two, I paused just long enough to get my legs, socks, and shoes soaked by the sprinklers spraying the underside of the hedges. It didn’t appear that there was a dog around, and the area next to the doghouse was the only place still untouched by the spray, so I cautiously went forward, holding my shorts up around my hips with both hands.

I was trapped now, unless I wanted to get doubly-soaked and scratched up, or wait out the sprinklers and then try that wooden gate. The gate had a latch, but no lock I could see—the heavy spray of the sprinklers was enough of a barrier to keep me from attempting it for the moment. Although, if I had known what was about to happen to me, I would have torn through that gate or hedge without a second thought!

Instead, I went closer to the doghouse and smelled the air—there was very little “doggy odor” coming from it, so I assumed that my first guess about a dog on the grounds was correct. I leaned my butt against the doghouse to hold my shorts in place and took my socks and shoes off, placing my foot on the cobblestones of the courtyard. I tipped the shoes up to drain the water from them and was just about to wring the dampness from the socks when I heard a noise.

From within the doghouse came a short, high-pitched whine, like a metallic object on glass, but not so harsh. I froze, listening and holding my wet sock out in front of me like a shield. Then I heard a heavy panting noise, and in the next instant I saw the black and brown head of a huge dog peer out of the doghouse and stare at me.

“Yeagh!” I blurted, falling backwards into the puddle of water I had drained from my shoes. I landed on my butt on the ground, and the dog, startled by my presence as I was by his, dropped into a menacing crouch and growled deep in his chest. His black eyes were fixed on me like gun barrels.

I couldn’t move. My mind was frozen, too, until I remembered my can of mace. However, against a

big dog like that, I wasn't sure how the thing would react, especially with me trapped here with it on its turf. Then, with a heavy sigh, I realized I'd left my mace can in the jeep! "Shit!" I breathed.

The dog "whoofed" quick and menacing, letting the sound fade into a growl. His eyes never left mine. There was such a black menace in those eyes that I trembled in fear. What was he going to do?!

In answer, the huge animal moved around me, keeping his head low and his eyes turning back to fix me in place. I held still, watching him position himself between me and the place where I had entered through the shrubbery. His feet padded lightly through the small puddle of water that now ringed the center of the clearing—I was sitting in the innermost extension of that pond, and my shorts and underwear were both soaked through.

Slowly, I rolled over until I was on my hands and knees, with my knees in the water. I found my head was now on his level, though his eyes were above mine until my movement startled him and he dropped into a crouch. I froze, and we stared at each other. He continued that menacing growl, and I feared my movement had gone too far.

From what I knew about dogs, I figured that unless I wanted to get mauled, my best course of action was to wait things out. Either "Red" would leave his personal grounds—my small prison—on his own, or perhaps his owner would come to feed or take him out, or he would simply tire of worrying about me and allow me to leave. Realizing at that point, however, that I was the prisoner of a dog didn't do a whole lot for my self-esteem. At that time, however, I had no idea how far this thing would go. If I had, I probably would have risked getting mauled, as I said before.

Two things I knew: I had to try and not show the dog any signs of my own fear, and that I needed to get the dog to not fear me. If I could somehow ease the tension in the clearing, I believed I would be able to simply walk out and get the hell out of there. The question then became: How do I put down my own fear and get this dog to like me?

Images came to my mind of trying to soothe the fear and aggression of many dogs during my years as a mail carrier. None of them had been as large as this one, and I had always had my can of mace to back me up. Still, putting up a show of open familiarity and confidence had at least given me some ground in dealing with the four-legged menaces. Too, all mail carriers receive some training on dealing with hostile dogs when we join the force.

Breathing deeply and slowly, I rose up onto my knees in the water, keeping my eyes on the ground before me. While my right hand clutched my torn shorts close about me, I slowly brought my left hand up, fingers loosely closed, palm upward. "Hiya, Fella'," I said quietly, almost to myself.

Red dropped into a desperate crouch, and he appeared on the very edge of leaping at my throat. I held perfectly still and took my eyes off of him again, mind whirling. Perhaps he was trained as an attack dog, and I would have no chance of getting on his friendly side as long as I was a stranger. Yet, I knew of no way to show him I wasn't a stranger or convince him otherwise.

I held perfectly still and stared at the ground right in front of me. After a few minutes, the cobblestones really started to hurt my knees, but I didn't want to risk upsetting him further, so I held my position and my breath. Eventually, I chanced a look at him, and found that he had lowered himself into a taut, ready crouch before me, with his black snout held—not resting—on his forepaws. When our eyes met, he brought his head up and growled, so I looked back to the ground.

It seemed like an hour later when I could no longer take the pain in my back, knees, and shoulders, and slowly tried to ease myself back down and then stand up. I only made it on all fours before the

huge animal gave his deep, sharp bark and jumped back to his feet. I froze again, relieved that only half of my weight was now on my knees, but distressed by the fact that my shorts now fell back down over my lower thighs.

I sighed, preparing to wait there in that humiliating position for another seeming hour, but after only a moment the dog took a hesitant step toward me. I kept myself from looking at him, because his approach didn't seem to be hostile and I didn't want to upset him at all. Besides, I thought maybe if he would come and smell me a little more closely he would determine that I wasn't really an enemy.

I guess that's what happened, more or less, because in the next moment I was aware of his huge, warm body moving very close to mine. He stood right next to me, sniffing my head and shoulders, and then moving lower. When he sniffed my ribs I had to keep myself perfectly still to not upset him.

Then he went lower, and I really had to fight down my instinct to stand and run like Hell. His cold nose brushed up against my exposed buttocks, then moved down to my thighs, and then back up. I could tell that something caught his attention there, although I didn't know what it was. My hind end was all wet from sitting half-naked in the puddle of water, and that may have been what he went after initially.

He started sniffing and licking the water off of my buttocks and thighs, and very quickly his tongue was getting places I didn't want him going. The instant I tried to adjust my hips to present less of myself to him, he went rigid and growled again. I had no choice but to continue holding myself as still as possible, and after a moment had passed in which he had determined that I wasn't going anywhere, he resumed his sniffing and licking.

I've never understood a dog's sense of smell—why certain scents attract them and others don't. At first, I wasn't sure what it was he smelled down between my legs that could be so enticing, but he kept going, and the feeling of his tongue on my pubic mound sickened me. I kept thinking of all of the germs on the animal's tongue, and how much I would need to shower to feel clean again when this was all over.

Then, when his slimy tongue slicked over my vaginal lips a few times, other thoughts—or, feelings rather—started showing up. At this point, I had had all I would stand for—he was a dog, after all, and while I believed him innocent and ignorant, I wasn't about to let him violate my virtue more than he had already violated my body!

Boy was I in for a horrible surprise! The feelings of arousal that were being forced upon me by the dog's tongue were getting unbearable, and just as I decided to rise up off of my hands and present less of a target for him, he stopped his licking and gave a heavy, panting snort. The blast of air caught me right in the pussy, and I squealed "Ooh!" and flinched. There was no warning reprisal—the dog just moved closer to my behind.

The next thing I knew, I felt his man-sized paws alight on my middle back and press down, hard! His muscular rear legs pushed up against my thighs, and I felt something warm and wet prodding my buttocks—something other than his tongue! Though instinct told me to jump and run, I could hear his panting right above and behind my head, and I waited just a moment longer to decide if his breathing sounded as relaxed as it seemed.

Those three seconds were costly. His huge paws slipped down to either side of my ribs, pinching me tightly about the middle, and bringing his jaws right next to my face. "What the hell are you doing?!" I shouted at him, trying to roll out of the way. He snapped and growled at me as I dropped down underneath him, and on the second bite he snared a large patch of my hair in his mouth. I was able

to shift my hind end out from underneath him, though my knees were shackled together by my fallen shorts, but he now held my hair in his powerful jaws. I couldn't get free!

I kept my head lowered to ease the pain, but the next thing I knew he had climbed off of me and was tugging me by the hair across the clearing. I screamed at him to let go, but he either didn't understand or just ignored me. I tried to fight him, but I had no leverage and my body was no match for his muscular legs, back, neck, and jaws. When the pain in my neck and knees became too much to bear, I sobbed and quit resisting him, allowing him to tug and pull me over to the entrance to his doggy den. He entered it backwards, angling his body to draw me inside after him.

It was dark and cool and dry—the floor of the doghouse was raised about three inches higher than the cobblestones of the clearing, and it was covered by a slick, yielding mat, kind of like the ones you find in a wrestling gym. I didn't have any time to consider how spoiled the big brute was before he had oriented me lengthways in the dark house and was repositioning his body over mine. At least the pad was soft on my knees and hands! I breathed a little more easily.

Then he rose up on his hind legs and pressed my shoulders down beneath his upper body again, never releasing my hair from his mouth. What was he trying to do?! I held still, not wanting to upset him again.

Then it dawned on me. He was going to hump me! And I knew that the warm, slimy thing that had prodded my buttocks was his penis. "Shit!" I hissed, trying to shuffle-crawl out from under him. I didn't want his gross erection on my body, let alone anywhere near my loins. My attempt to avoid him was a stupid move, though, because it only pushed my head and shoulders farther into the corner of his house where they were trapped with little room to move.

"Get off, you stupid mutt!" I shouted at him. His forelegs slipped down around my ribs again, cinching me tightly beneath him. I couldn't move my upper body! His throbbing, slimy erection was once again prodding at my buttocks. "Help me!" I screamed.

His rutting penis was not close to anything "vital," so I tried to undo my own blunder and gain some freedom in my upper body. I found that I could move downward, dropping down like in a pushup until my breasts were pressed against the mat-floor. I thought about spinning sideways to drop and curl into a ball beneath him, but I found that my head would not drop with the rest of my body—he still had my hair! Before I could figure something anything else out, Red lifted his forepaws off of the mat at my sides and placed them back down on my shoulder blades.

Now I was really trapped! His weight pushed me down so heavily into the mat I couldn't rise up beneath him, and his pulling my head back by the hair denied me any movement to the right or left. I could only swear and breathe haggardly.

Then the real nightmare started—with my upper body lowered, my pelvis had tipped so that my loins were tilted upward at a much more inviting angle to his penis. I felt it thump forcefully against my vaginal lips and slip to the side. He could get it in! Worse still, I realized that that was exactly what he was trying to do.

I squirmed underneath him, and found that I could arch my back and tuck my pussy back between my legs and to safety. Red, having sensed he was close to his goal, started humping more earnestly, but now all his strokes were just bouncing off and below my pubic mound. I was safe, for the moment.

After a few minutes of frustrated humping, Red seemed to realize he wasn't getting any closer to his goal, and he adjusted his attack. Out of frustration and determination, he pulled back harder on my

hair, jerking my head and neck further back than I thought possible. I couldn't breathe! The pain was horrible, but the worst part was that it forced my lower back down out of its arch. The slimy blunt tip of his erection was immediately hammering against my pussy, parting the lips and almost inside!

"No!" I gasped. I squirmed uncontrollably, but his humping was faster than I could keep up with. I shifted right, then left, then tried to spread my knees that were held fast within my fallen shorts. He was staying with me! I tried to twist my hips to the side, but it wasn't enough. I couldn't shake him!

He pushed his horrible erection in between my outer lips, and I gasped as I felt it pushing them wide. I couldn't let him penetrate me! I had to do something!

He had me, and we both knew it. I was being raped by a dog! He humped me so forcefully it felt like a dull hammer was pounding into my pussy, driving a wedge in further with each blow. I had to keep him out! I fought him as hard as I could, but in doing so I pushed myself back onto Red's erection and he drove it home. That horribly slimy thing parted my pussy lips and pushed inside, and then he really started pounding into me. I bore down with my pubic muscles, trying to squeeze him out while I shifted.

"No!" I shouted, bucking underneath him. I had to get him off! I jerked my head forward, trying to free my hair, but he kept his grip as if it were a leash on my neck. I flailed my arms backwards at him, and I even pounded his ribs above me, but not hard enough to distract him from his task. He continued slamming at me, my buttocks held open and defenseless to it between his back legs. I could feel the horrible thing getting larger as it rammed in and out.

I had to keep him from climaxing inside me! I vaguely recalled having seen a coupling between dogs when I was younger, and I remembered the male being unable to withdraw from the female when the sex was complete—a portion of his penis had swelled up within her and locked him in place. I had no doubt that Red's erection could get large enough to lock inside me if I let him. I had to do something!

I found that if I crossed my arms beneath me, they could reach the waistband of my fallen shorts. I worked with this while he worked at me, until I had adjusted them and freed up some slack on my knees. Immediately, I spread my knees wider on the mat, and this lowered me slightly beneath him. He slipped out, and when he humped at me again, his erection missed. I had done it!

Red abruptly got all antsy above me, wining and growling and jerking my hair even harder. Though it hurt, I was pleased that I had found a way to stop the rape, and I sighed with relief. "You won't get me that easily, Red," I gasped out. "I won't be your bitch."

But Red wasn't finished. He kept rutting, as if his erection could reacquire my opening on its own, but neither he nor it was smart enough to crouch and angle himself correctly. I was safe, and I could just wait his humping out until he gave up.

Then he did shift, slightly, and I gasped as I felt his blunt erection prodding higher up between my buttocks, probing my anus. Once, twice, three times the horrible hammer tried to drive that wedge into my ass, and my mind and body were reeling from the effort to clench the sphincter tight and keep him out. I gritted my teeth with the strain. He was too huge! Surely he wouldn't try and force his penis inside my tiny ass!

The dog pushed on, sensing the slight yielding of my other opening and rutting faster and faster into it. He was going to do it! Eventually, his battering ram would force its way through my locked back door, and I knew that if that happened it would really hurt me. It already hurt! I tried shifting out of



the way, but he moved with me! I was trapped again, about to be anally raped by this huge, disgusting dog!

It happened. He pushed my sphincter open! That battering ram started to stretch me wide, stinging. "Please, no!" I sobbed, clenching my rear end closed for all I was worth. I knew it wouldn't do any good, and Red sensed it too. My body was his, and he its master. He could do with me whatever he wanted, and I couldn't resist him! I knew that I would have to block the whole rest of the nightmare out of my mind or it would drive me insane.

His erection swelled again, and my resisting ass burned with pain. "Oooh!" I groaned, sobbing. I knew then that if I didn't get him away of my sphincter, I would be seriously hurt—his penis was still growing and pressing harder. Red wasn't going to stop until he had used his bitch fully and well.

I was completely out of options, save one—the dog was going to take me, one way or the other. I knew my vagina could handle his huge erection much better than my ass. So, holding my breath, I rocked my knees back and forth and brought them together again, thrusting my ass higher up in the air beneath him. Immediately his stiff, pounding penis withdrew from hammering at my anus, pasting my loins with slime as it prodded all over my labia again. It felt fist-sized now, and unyielding. I could feel my vagina opening up to him again like a blossom.

Slam! My resistance was shattered. He owned me now, mind and body! He had forced me to yield my most intimate zone to his stiff rapist tool, and he plundered my insides with brute force. I simply took it, wincing as I felt the knot-like bulge in his erection growing and stretching me. He was the master, and I was the bitch.

It almost seemed he wouldn't be able to push that knot into me, but he did, and it immediately expanded to the point where he couldn't pull it back out, and his rutting was hampered. I knew this was not a good thing. I could feel his animal semen shooting into my insides! The bulge continued to increase as his humping slowed to nothing. Then, unexpectedly, he released my hair and let my head drop.

My mind collapsed. All I could smell was Red's dog smell, and all I could feel was his invading erection now setting up shop deep in my loins like he was never going to leave. I was trembling, and I started to cry into the corner of the monster's house.

Sometime later, amidst the stuffy air filled with the sound of him panting above me, Red's penis shrunk and pulled out of my vagina. It felt somewhat like my innards had come unraveled and drawn outside of my body, save that the sensation included a rather humiliating sensual tingle, the slightest bit of arousal as his bulging flesh stroked my G-spot. I gasped and then clenched my teeth in shame and anger.

Red's tongue and snout were back at me, investigating the deed he had just done, and he was apparently quite proud of himself, given the halo of happy snorts, panting, and licking that he subjected my exposed backside to. A moment later he must have gotten bored or heard some sound outside his house, because he turned and padded heavily out of the doorway, leaving me alone.

I managed to pick myself up, gather my ruined shorts around my middle, and crawl out of the dog house in a daze. The cobblestoned clearing was the same, but the world was very different now, and I just needed time to figure out how to deal with it. Stumbling, I left through the arched gate, seeing no more sign of Red, and trudged out across the remaining grounds to the iron gate and the waiting jeep.

It was now 4:45 pm, and I was late, but I didn't care. My world had been turned upside down and

inside out by a massive dog with a massive sex drive and the massive penis to pair it with. And sitting in the jeep, I realized that the tingling in my loins was still there, a smoldering afterthought of the physical pleasure the canine had felt while mastering me, now lodged somewhere in between my own head and the depths of my pussy.

Breathing deeply and crying lightly, I reached my hand down inside the ruined waistband of my shorts, brushing over the short, coarse hair of my pubic mound, and sliding my fingers down over my clitoris. The mixture of shame, horror, and arousal seemed to concentrate immediately there beneath my fingers, and I could feel by the puffiness of my outer lips that my vagina was still somewhat engorged from the workout it had been forcefully run through by the horny dog. I patted and teased the clit, drawing those thoughts and feelings and physical sensations in and then building them quickly into a mass of rolling arousal that grew between my legs until it expanded into my pelvis and exploded outward into my entire mind and body. I climaxed right there in the jeep and cried out, arching my back against the hard seat and then flopping forward to slam and hang my upper body over the steering wheel.

I could hear my own panting in my ears, the enclosed cab of the jeep made it sound louder and canned, echoing around me like in a bad recording with the volume turned up too high. I could make out the "Oooh, oooh, oooh..." that barely passed for words of a sentient being as I slowly came down off of the sexual peak and settled into a high mountain valley, the mental oblivion blocking out the awareness, outrage, and terror of what a brutish animal had just subjected me to. Then, slowly, the world around me came back into focus, and with determination and a single clear thought of "go home" in my head, I got the jeep going and slowly left the DeLander Estate.

I had a lot to think about, and I still haven't made up my mind about quitting this job. Or asking for a new route. I've brought myself to orgasm three times since that incident, and each time I've had the specter of Big Red and his massive, conquering penis in the back of my mind, but I can't honestly say if that's added to the arousal or frightened me. It is with mingled concern and excitement that I'm inclined to say that it's probably a mixture of both.