

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This street, these houses, this cruel world, insensitive people, bone-shaking loneliness, the feeling of guilt, patience, and betrayal, and heartless crowds...

Felicia always looked at the ground while walking. She wouldn't want to see your face, talk to you, touch you, listen to your lies, or believe you.

You stole all her innocence and didn't care when you saw her turn into a ruin. You mocked her with your cruel language and destructive words and your frozen hearts...

You didn't see her walking home from her job at the patisserie. She wasn't a beauty that took men's breath away, but wouldn't say she was ugly. She was a simple, ordinary, pale-faced, small woman. She had an innocent beauty that could only be seen by the eyes that she wanted to see. If you could make her smile, you would see that her shy cheek is very sweet. But she was so far away from you. Never once have you seen her hiding the tears from her beautiful eyes when it was raining.

Now it's raining again, and her eyes are wet again. Of course, you, in your own safe house, warming up in the warmth of the radiator, drinking your evening coffee and looking out the window, and you don't care about Felicia. The stock market is rising; you're happy, or down, you're bored. Let it be. This is life. It can rise and fall. All possibilities are to ruin people.

One of her shoes has a hole. She walked, looking carefully at the ground, to go home without stepping her foot, which was wet with cold water, into any more puddles. When she turned the corner two blocks later, holding the shopping bag she had planned for dinner tightly in one hand, she saw the man hiding under the eaves next to the large garbage container, shivering.

A homeless man and a stray dog were huddled together, trying to stay warm. The man's dirty hair was tangled like a black sheep's wool. He shared the piece of bread he found in the garbage with the stray dog next to him. The poor yellow dog's bones were visible under his wet fur, his belly almost stuck to his back, and he was shivering under the merciless rain.

Felicia heartbroken. While you are listening to the sound of the rain in your warm seats at home, these two poor comrades are trying to survive. Is this fair? Is this divine will?

It had been a long time since Felicia had distanced herself from God. The reason for this was, of course, you. You left her with nothing to believe in. Still, Felicia loved her God. His lies were like those of an innocent child compared to yours. Your lies are so disgraceful that even God cannot imagine.

She couldn't just walk past the dumpster. Felicia is not heartless like you. She looked sadly at the poor man, who was shivering as they hugged each other, and the dog, whose fur smelled like a wet carpet. She opened the shopping bag in her hand and rummaged through it. A bottle of cheap wine, a package of pasta, a small piece of cheddar cheese, that's it. That's Felicia's dinner party was all.

She took out the cheese packet. She stopped in front of the container and bowed graciously. She handed it to the man who was partially sheltered under the eaves. She didn't say a word. What could she say anyway? Should she apologize for poverty? The reason for this man's devastation is not Felicia but you...

The man was shivering under a thick, torn coat. The coat, which was once dark forest green, had now faded to ugly gray under dozens of seasons. He raised his face and hummed gratefully as he looked with two narrow coal-black eyes through his face covered by his thick and long black beard.

"Merci..." his voice shook miserably. As Felicia looked at him, she felt ashamed of being human.

"I know this cheese won't fill you up, but I don't have anything else..." she felt obliged to explain her miserable treat.

"I... Happy... Lady..." The man said each word haltingly.

Felicia stood there, not knowing what to say, with the feeling of compassion rising within. The man divided the cheese into two parts. He gave one to his best friend, a stray dog. When the dog smelled the scent, it suddenly became cheerful, drooling from its mouth. It quickly grabbed the cheese and swallowed it almost without chewing, begging for the next piece. The man did not care about the emptiness of his stomach as much as he cared about the dog's hunger. He gave him the remaining piece and caressed its head lovingly.

"Good... Dog... Pal..."

Felicia rummaged through her shopping bag desperately. What good is a box of pasta? How will this poor man cook it? He felt so useless and inadequate.

"If you wait here, I'll bring you food. Please don't leave here; I'll cook it for you and come back." She had a plan to go home quickly and come back.

"I... Wait... Lady... Food..." the man said the word 'food' with his eyes shining.

"Do you understand me?... I'll bring you food; don't leave here..." Felicia panicked.

"Dog... Pal..."

The poor homeless man obviously didn't understand a word Felicia said. Soon, the rain would stop, and the two companions would wander the streets, hoping to find a warmer corner. Who knows which side street they'll take shelter in the darkness and fall asleep on a piece of cardboard, shivering from hunger, cold, and diseases carried by dirty microbes? God! Maybe they would never wake up again!

Yes, you don't care what happens to them, but Felicia wasn't going to turn a blind eye to this tragedy.

"Come..."

With a sudden decision, she extended her hand. Her clean, small, graceful, pale white fingers extended gracefully. It was like a visual invitation text. A warm, compassionate call that goes beyond words.

The homeless man could not remain indifferent to this. A poor person was living on earth with no options. This hunger, this cold, this cruel city, screams to us that every behavior we think of as free will is actually a necessity.

He stood up, hugging his coat tightly. He followed Felicia three steps behind, shyly, hesitantly, and with his head down. His faithful friend, the yellow stray dog, followed him.

After a short walk, they were in front of the apartment building where Felicia lived. Felicia found the key in her bag and opened the door. When she entered and looked back, she saw the man waiting in the doorway. The poor homeless man was hesitant to enter this middle-class apartment building. If

anyone saw him, they would definitely think he was a thief. Until today, he had always been humiliated, pushed, and despised. The conditioning in his mind was so strong that he lacked the courage even to take a single step and enter.

"You can come in..." Felicia invited, her caring voice drowning out his fears.

They went up one floor. This time, Felicia opened the door to her apartment and walked in. While the poor man stood motionless in the midst of a new discouragement, waiting for a new invitation, the dog passed him carelessly and wagged its tail happily in the warm home. The man waited hesitantly for a while, then followed the woman inside and closed the door.

Felicia took off her own coat, hung it on the hanger next to the door to dry, and, like a hospitable host, showed her guests a seat.

"Please relax. Take off your coat, sit down, and rest while I prepare dinner..." She pointed to the long couch covered with blue velvet fabric.

"I... Dirty... Bad..." He muttered, lowering his gaze in shame for polluting this clean house with his presence. His clothes had not been washed for years, just like him. He had no right to sit on that beautiful couch.

"Why don't you take a hot bath while I prepare dinner?" Felicia smiled warmly.

The man did not move. His gaze still turned to the carpet. The word hot bath was so far away he had even forgotten the meaning of this.

Felicia understood him. She knew very well what it meant to be one of society's excluded people. She put a pot of water on the stove to boil and returned to the man.

"Please let me..." With her own elegant hands, she graciously took his dirty coat and torn cardigan and left them on the hanger. As she turned back and took off the yellow-stained sweater, the poor man raised his arms in great embarrassment.

Felicia looked sadly at the scars on his bare chest. He saw several stab wounds among the bruises. Who knows what pain he must have suffered? He carried the traces of a life of suffering on his body. She untied the knot of the thick rope that tied his pants with her own hands. The wet pants with mud fell at his feet. Of course, he didn't have the luxury of owning an underpants.

Felicia looked tenderly at his cock, which had almost disappeared from the cold in its long black curly hair. The poor man trembled in shame. He covered the image with his hands and turned his head helplessly.

"Please don't be shy..." Felicia held his hand in her softest voice. "Come..." she led the man, who was walking behind him holding her hand like an embarrassed child, to the bathroom.

This small bathroom, which barely fits a bathtub, a sink, a mirror, and a toilet, was perhaps what the stranger had been dreaming of for years.

The man got into the bathtub, sat down, covered his crotch with both hands, and turned his face to the tiles.

"Look, this is hot water..." Felicia turned the tap on the left, and the warmth of the flowing water warmed the man's feet. "and this cold..."

Now that she had provided enough information, she could get back to cooking. Felicia came out of the bathroom, collected the dirty clothes in the living room, and put them aside. She smiled as she returned to the kitchen and checked the pot. She opened the pasta box and poured the contents into the pot, added some salt and olive oil to it, took the cork off the wine bottle, and placed two wine glasses and two plates on the table. After twelve minutes, she turned off the stove and put the pot aside.

"Dinner is ready..." she gave good news to the stranger in the bathroom with a melodious voice. The dog ran and jumped at her feet with excitement. "I haven't forgotten you, sweet thing..." She filled a bowl with some pasta and leftover salami from yesterday and placed it in front of the dog. Without waiting even a second, the dog dipped its nose into the bowl and started eating, making pleasurable sounds.

"I said dinner is ready..." she called again with more melody, but there was no response from the bathroom.

Felicia opened the bathroom door and looked inside. The hot steam made it difficult to see, like a thick fog. In the blurry image, she saw the stranger in a dream. The man was sitting in the bathtub without moving.

"What's wrong?" Felicia walked over to the tub, touched the water, checked its temperature, and tried to understand the problem...

Is it easy?.. Is it easy for a man who you've ruined, whose honors and self-confidence you've destroyed every day, to take a bath in the house of a strange woman?

That poor person rebuilt his dignity every morning because of you, and every day, you found a new and cruel way to destroy it again. You didn't show him mercy, you didn't take him in, you didn't touch his shoulder and make him feel how valuable he was. Your well-fed dogs chased him. Your shopkeeper, your security guard, your doorman, and even your garbage man chased him. Your children mocked. You always ignored him. You were safe in your companies, plazas, homes, and cars.

"Let me do it..."

Felicia took the soap and sponge and soaped the man's shoulders in slow, gentle circles. The man closed his eyes tightly in shame.

Despite everything, his battered body looked solid. He had broad shoulders, a strong chest, and long arms. He obviously had flashy muscles before he was tested by starvation. His breathing quickened as Felicia's gentle hand moved across his broad chest. The warmth, softness, and compassion of the first woman's hand touched after many years. You'll never know this deprivation. Felicia was a dream to him, a vision, maybe an angel, a saint, or a goddess.

While she soaped and cleaned him with a mother's compassion, not only his body but also his soul was purified. Being washed by a woman is much more than a need for a man. A woman's hand that respectfully soaps a man's entire body is the most powerful medicine for the human soul. It heals the wounds in the heart, relieves pain, and makes people forget betrayals. Felicia knew this magic that you would never know. Only a broken can understand broken...

"Please stand up..."

He stood with soapy water flowing over him. His hands were still tightly covering her crotch. Felicia

respected his embarrassment. She soaped his belly, legs, and ass well. Now and then, she would dip the sponge into hot water and start over. While she was doing this, she looked at the man's face with a compassionate smile on her face. She saw the man looking at her for the first time.

His eyes showed some surprise, some joy, some concern, and a lot of gratitude. The eyes of the two spoke to each other without words. The man's eyes apologized for bothering her with his presence, and the woman's eyes said to him, "Don't be ashamed. You and I are children of the same destroyed world."

The man's crotch, which was covered with his hands, moved. His palms were incapable of covering his cheeky organ, which had begun to develop against his will. He didn't want it at all, but his erection, stretching towards this gentle lady's face, was rushing forward like a wild horse resisting to be restrained.

Felicia noticed it. She wasn't a woman who never saw a dick in her life. She has seen too much of your crooked, ordinary, insignificant, useless dicks.

But this man's dick was more important than yours. Felicia was respected the dick proudly built in front of her. Its height, diameter, and shape did not matter at all. What mattered was what a dick meant to a man, and Felicia learned that from you.

"Don't be shy..." She grabbed the man's hands and pulled them to the sides, revealing the hidden natural truth.

The dick stood up like a character independent of the man and announced its presence. The shyer the guy was cheekier the dick. It spread like a cheerful spring branch. It rose like a missile driven to its launcher from its shelter hidden in dense black bushes.

A mysterious, cheerful smile curved across Felicia's cheek. She held it with her soapy hand and started to rub it with slow movements. The dick, with its modest size, was beautiful enough to suit a woman's hand. She felt the powerful pulse beating in the palm of her hand. It's not thin or thick. It's not long or short. It's not large or small. The dick that challenged all of your big dicks, the innocent dick of this shy stranger. Felicia was hate your soulless dicks.

While she grasped and caressed the stranger's dick with one hand, she lathered his bush with the other. She was doing this with all his attention and respect. The stranger's hands slid back. He could have slipped and fallen if he hadn't held on to the bathroom tiles. Felicia held his cock tightly. She wasn't going to leave it half-done. Her hand accelerated as the man tried not to fall.

Hot water, slippery soap, and the nice woman's soft hand sprouted like a snowflower from among the hopes that had vanished in this ruthless world. The first drop hit Felicia's pale face with the speed of a bullet. The woman was caught in the hot liquid that stuck to her lips before she had the chance to avoid the second one. Then, one shot after another was fired, and she accepted them all without turning her beautiful face even an inch.

The man moaned with difficulty, trying to suppress his voice. He released the heavy load from his balls and relaxed. His face remained stuck on the ceiling for a while. Even when the numbness in his mind wore off, and he felt the real world, he didn't dare to look down and meet the woman's eyes.

Felicia left the sticky sperms on her face. She put the finishing retouches on the man's sensitive dick with a slow massage. She continued to touch him as the dick softened and shrunk back to its bush shelter.

She was startled when she felt a wet nose touching her shoulder. When she looked back, she saw the dog's grateful face. He cleaned the bowl completely with his tongue and entered the bathroom's open door.

"Dog... Pal..." The man was happy to see him. When they were alone, he was going to tell the dog that the lady did things he would never believe.

The dog quickly jumped up into the tub. The water splashing around soaked Felicia's blouse. The dog spun happily in the hot water. The man held him tightly by the back of his neck.

"Sorry..." He looked into Felicia's eyes and asked for forgiveness for his friend's mistake.

Felicia smiled. The purity and honesty of the relationship between these two close friends were not found in other people. They were two inseparable friends who never lied to each other, cheated on each other, or abandoned each other.

"What's your name, naughty thing..." She asked with a laugh.

"Dog... Name..." The man replied.

"Dog? What a beautiful name..." Felicia congratulated the cute animal for this unique name.

"André..." the man introduced himself. "I... André..."

"Felicia..." She smiled sweetly and extended her hand. "Now we can move on to dinner..."

"Dog... Dirty..." André sat in the tub and began soaping the dog's mud-covered fur.

Felicia stared at them with fascinated admiration. The man whose cock she had just jerked off was never spoiled, never abused his host's incredible move, or was rude. She wiped the fog off the bathroom mirror with her hand and looked at her face. Clusters of sperm were hanging from her cheek, trying to hold on with a last effort. She didn't even think about washing her face.

She unbuttoned her wet blouse and took it off, unfastened her bra, and freed her firm breasts. She pulled down the mini zipper on the side of her skirt, and it fell to the floor. She knew that the eyes of the man in the tub were watching her when she was wearing only a tiny pair of lacy white panties.

"Is there room for me among you?"

She got into the bathtub and soaped the dog, adding her own delicate hands to André's strong hands. André looked into her eyes carefully and believed in the sincerity he saw. This woman was real. She must have been a fairy who had hidden her existence among the secrets of the damned world until now. In this dark city where gloomy rains were falling, she was as if a bright ray of light coming from heaven. He was so offended by the God that he couldn't see a halo of light shining above her head. If this woman doesn't deserve sainthood, who does?

The dog waited motionless while Felicia soaped him in cheerful circles. What a smart and docile animal. A creature more valuable than most of you or even all of you. You give him food and caress his head a little, and he will never forget you. As for you, you are ungrateful for all the good deeds done to you. You are vile. You are traitors. All your lies that will seduce a girl are always ready in your pocket. You trick her, use her, and then throw her away. You are an opportunist, but this dog is a true friend.

She soaped the animal's belly. She cleaned off the small remnants of mud that touched her hand. The dog cheerfully licked Felicia's face. His tail swayed in the hot water as he hungrily licked the taste of salty sperm that touched his tongue. Felicia was pleased with his tongue. She thought about the dog permit that she always wanted in her childhood days but was never given. People who spend their childhood years without a dog are half-human. She's not talking about you. You are not even half-human. You are crowds without souls, with darkened hearts, who fill the streets and workplaces thinking they are alive. You've already lost your dreams, your music, your dance, your stories, and you will never find them.

As her hand moved over the animal's furry belly, she touched a small hardness. An innocent fugitive hid in his sheath among the feathers and in need of comfort with a warm touch as much as André.

Felicia had aroused the eager animal's prick by touching it underwater, just like André. The dog tried to understand the nature of the new contact with restless anticipation. Felicia grasped the arterial pulses growing in her palm. Should she do this? Why not? Can't these two hapless friends get some affection tonight before they go on their way? Life is cruel. The world is cruel, but never Felicia!

She wasn't going to send them away without emptying the seed sacks they had been filling for a long time. Is it their right to see goodness even once in their lives? Will they always be subjected to your insults? Will they always be rejected by you? Will they always be scolded and fired? You always destroy, and one day, someone will come and repair the ruins.

Felicia hoped that maybe one day someone would come for her and repair it. Maybe, someone realizes her self-confidence, her need to be admired, her hunger to be pampered, and he treats her with kindness and rebuilds Felicia.

The organ, which had grown in her palm and turned into a little pink dick, was throbbing to the point of disturbing the dog. André held the dog's neck tightly while silently watching what was happening. He pulled the stopper on the tub, and the water drained quickly. What Felicia had done could no longer be hidden under the soap bubbles. André watched the movement of her hand with interest.

Should she be ashamed? Why? He's not an animal. A pal...

Felicia had never done this to a dog before, but what difference did it make? A man is a man. In fact, this dog is more man than you. Felicia respected his animal lust. Not yours! Your lust is full of lies, hypocrisy, and evil. You are boiling lust in a cauldron of demonic torment. You take lust from its natural state, divide it into thousands of pieces, grow, and use each piece in a separate hell. Your lust breaks hearts hurts pride, and you enjoy it. No! Felicia doesn't respect your hypocritical lust with Inquisition sauce. She respects this dog's pure, animal desire.

The dog complained with an impatient and painful groan.

André slowly held Felicia by the shoulders and looked into her eyes. Felicia saw glimmers of gratitude and respect on his face.

They didn't speak. André manipulated Felicia like a skilled puppeteer. Her arms were on the edge of the tub. She lifted her ass while her knees touched the floor. He hooked one finger of each hand into the elastic of the small, wet, lacy panties and pulled them down. Felicia lifted her knees and helped as her panties were pulled off her legs. Now she was waiting, naked and with her back to the dog. André held the dog's neck and helped climb Felicia's back.

Felicia got excited when the wet animal fur covered her back. André held the dog's dick in the middle and guided him where to enter. Was the young dog experienced? Maybe he had fucked many female dogs on the streets where he wandered. What about a woman? Has he ever fucked any human? Could he have known that he could injure Felicia with his nails and teeth? She decided to stay calm no matter what and hold her position until the dog was done and relaxed.

Under André's guidance, the thin red dog dick slowly entered Felicia's slippery pussy. The dog was impatient and wanted to pump quickly, but André couldn't let him. He didn't know the woman. It wasn't easy to estimate its volume, diameter, and depth. No, sir, not all pussies are the same. Felicia is a small woman. She has a pleasant, charming, sympathetic face and a childish, innocent smile. Her body is delicate and fragile. As for her pussy... André could only say one word for the pussy he just saw while peeling off her panties; *Magnifique!*

The moment he saw the small, shiny, tight hole getting wet between the thin pink lips, he thought that this was the most innocent pussy he had ever seen in his life. Of course, he wouldn't let a dog knot stuck inside that delicious little hole. He held the handle tightly and only allowed half of it to go in. While the dog was hitting her with hard hip movements, he was afraid that it would suddenly slip out of his hand and enter completely.

Felicia gratefully accepted the thin dog dick entering her pussy. The feeling of his wet fur rubbing rapidly on her back and ass was indescribably arousing. Felicia was happy. Everyone has the right to have sex without any reason or price. This is natural. Isn't it the birthright of every living being to just relax without embellishing it with lies? What could be better than this if mutual consent is obtained and one does not force the other to do something they do not want? Felicia agreed.

While the dog fucked her, she never thought it was being used. To be used, what an ugly word! You love this, right? Your boring lives are based on using and being used. You use each other with a grin and call it a relationship. Shopping, commerce, friendship, marriage, all with the same sly grin. Give and take. Go and come. Add and cancel. The somersaults you do to be accepted in society. You are pathetic.

A sweet smile appeared on Felicia's face as the dog celebrated his cumming with a joyful howl. André continued to hold the dog tightly as the animal sperm filled the woman's sweet pussy. Felicia moved her ass and relaxed her pussy to get more, but André didn't let go.

After contracting a few more times, the dog relaxed, got off the woman's back, and ran out of the bathroom. Now, he was going to shake himself up in the living room and splash the soapy water everywhere.

Felicia didn't change her position. She saw André's dick get hard again. This was very normal. He was a good and kind man. If he wants to fuck her, Felicia does not say no.

André turned on the hot tap and cleaned the dog hair stuck to Felicia's back with the pressurized water of the hand shower. With the palm of his hand, he rubbed and washed every part of the dog's contact. The woman calmly left herself in his merciful hands. André put his two long fingers together and inserted them into Felicia's little pussy. By pistoning back and forth, he cleaned the remaining dog cum inside. Felicia enjoyed his every move. She slid her ass back and forth, matching his piston rhythm. With each repetition of the movement, André's long fingers went deeper.

Felicia's sweet pussy and André's rough fingers entered into a harmonious loop in harmony with each other like two dancing lovers. When he noticed that the woman was taking short breaths and her pulse was increasing, André positioned himself behind her. He slowly removed his fingers and

replaced them with his dick.

Felicia held her breath and waited to savor every sensation as her pussy met André's cock. André slowly entered her wet, eager, hungry, and welcoming pussy. He moved forward with gentle sensitivity as if he was afraid of scaring a tiny, injured bird he held in his hand and did not stop until his balls were pressed against the beautiful woman's pussy.

It was as if the two of them were created for each other. André seemed to have found his place in life inside the pussy that wrapped his dick in a warm embrace. He gently grabbed the woman's hips and clawed them. He started to move inside her at a slow pace. He was fucking her carefully, like a rosebud whose petals he held gently in his hand.

Felicia has never felt happier and more useful. For the first time in years, she wasn't ashamed of being a woman. It was great to have someone who fucked her without slapping, hurting, wounding or humiliating her. Her waist arched, and her butt lifted. André fondled her small, firm, round ass with admiration, like a precious silk fabric that he was afraid that his calloused hands would wear her out.

They slowly increased the rhythm. André was aflame with the desire to cum surging within him. His hips were thrusting faster and harder now. Felicia swallowed the man's emotions. She accepted and supported this natural desire with all her soul. Felicia was ready for André to cum and relax. Here's my pussy André. Fuck me and relax.

André had never felt this good to fucking, even in the best times of his life. In the cool, extravagant, and joyful days of his youth, he had been a guest in the pussy of many women. He used sweeteners, lubricants, and pills at parties that lasted nights. But, no experience had given him the pleasure of the hospitable hole in which his dick was entering now.

It wasn't an empty hole. It was a home that accompanied his dick with its flesh and blood. It wasn't a pussy that stood still while being fucked. It was like a lover who lovingly embraced a dick while fucking, kissed it, sucked it, squeezed it, and encouraged it for more. He had never heard a pussy did this.

He watched his action without blinking his eyes. He slowly kneaded Felicia's smooth, shiny, small ass between his large hands and spread them to the sides. He watched with lust, admiration, and gratitude as her glistening pussy lips wrapped tightly around his lucky cock, stretching her tight pussy as he inserted his dick and disappeared inside it, bringing with him a piece of dark pink pussy's meat ring from inside as his dick returned.

It was obviously an underused, undervalued pussy. Men didn't realize what this small woman had, and few people had ever tasted this rare fruit before André.

Felicia was being fucked by André in the same position the dog fucked her. She leaned her cheek on the edge of the tub and bit her lip. A joyful sparkle appeared in her half-closed eyes. In the raw light of the bathroom bulb, she saw André's pure masculine figure fucking her from behind. She looked happily at the man's wheezing mouth, his tangled hair and beard, and his eyes, which were still full of surprise.

Felicia was happy, yes. She made a man feel valuable and repaired a ruin.

While she was deferent served her pussy to André's cock, she was already swelling and foaming. The orgasm bear was running through his body, awakened from the winter dormancy where it had been hiding for years. Felicia sobbed before André started to cum, as if a school gate had opened in her

body and hundreds of naughty students were running out into the garden. She released her soul and began to run in the garden of paradise, where thousands of different colored flowers bloomed.

They both met in a sea of orgasms with quiet grunts, weak moans, and pleasurable spasms as André fired his load into her willing pussy.

He kept his dick inside, not wanting to take it out. He hugged her back, cupped her breasts, hugged the shivering woman's body, and sat in the bathtub. Sitting on the pulsating cock still stuck in her pussy, Felicia lifted her face, her lips searching for André's lips among the hard spiky beard, finding them, kissing them, biting them lightly, kissing, licking, biting, and kissing. She was laughing and crying. While she was smiling with a nice pink color on her face and cheeks, tears were leaking from her eyes.

"Crying... You..."

"I, crying, André, I, unhappy..." Felicia burst into sobs.

André slowly hugged her and took to the bedroom. He laid her down on the bed and lay down next to her.

"You... Felicia... Good..." He caressed her cheek with a compassionate voice.

He wiped away her tears with the tip of his finger. He caressed her hair and kissed her shoulder. His lips, barely visible between his beard, explored the nice woman's body with gentle kisses. He kissed and smelled her tits. As he took it between his lips and crushed it slightly, his hands wandered around the nooks and crannies like an explorer.

He whispered soft words into her ear, "You... beautiful... you, good..." and he rested his cheek on her chest and listened to her heart.

He touched and listened to her patiently as if he wanted to find her in the tunnel of fear she was lost in. His hands were compassionate and peaceful. Feeling safe, Felicia closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Hours later, her eyes slowly opened. She was in her bed, a soft quilt spread over her. She realized she was naked under the covers. As the summary of this evening flowed into her mind, anxious shadows appeared on her face. Where was André?

"André!"

She threw away the duvet and jumped out of bed. She ran naked and entered the living room.

André was there. He was curled up on the couch, asleep. Felicia watched him, her heart pounding like crazy. In the moonlight filtering through the window, she thought he had a handsome face under his beard. The dog lifted its head from the edge of the radiator where it was curled up, looked at her, wagged its tail, and lay down again.

She walked into the bathroom with silent steps. She noticed it while sitting and pissed. André had cleaned everything. The bathtub, mirror, sink, and even the toilet were clean. There wasn't a single dirty glass in the kitchen, and the wine bottle was untouched.

What happened in this house tonight? A dog fucked her. Felicia smiled without feeling the slightest regret. A stranger and a dog fucked her. Is this wrong?

She returned to the couch and kissed André awake. The man opened his eyes with gratitude. Without saying a word, she entered his bosom, and they made love again in the moonlight. Two wounded souls touched, caressed, kissed, and sometimes cried in order to be a balm for each other's pain. Their fucking was unique. Felicia left behind all the bad memories that stole and plundered her life. She surrendered to love with every fiber of her body and soul, taking unlimited pleasure in being crushed by the weight of the hot male body moving over her.

They hugged and slept for a few more hours. Before the start of her shift, Felicia said to André, "My darling, my love, the medicine of my soul, you are the owner of me. I belong entirely to you and the dog..." She got dressed and left. She crossed the street quickly to get to her work at the patisserie.

André felt that he was in love with Felicia. His wounded heart was beating again with the warm feelings he had forgotten. He looked in the mirror and thought that the best gift he could give Felicia was a clean and handsome face. He looked for something to shave with but couldn't find it. He left the house to buy a razor.

Felicia was returning home in the evening, full of joy and excitement. She thought about the shopping bags in both hands. She had bought some new clothes for André. The most expensive food for dogs. Pajamas for André. Shampoo for the dog. She couldn't wait to get in the tub with them and fucking once again this evening. Lots of food, wine, scented soaps, candles. At the same time, Felicia giggled as she thought of a different fantasy for each product.

As she approached the apartment, she saw them. She tried to pass through the crowd that had gathered.

They were lying on the ground.

André and the dog...

Covered in blood...

Out of breath...

A police officer was explaining why he shot that homeless vagabond. He saw him leaving the apartment, obviously a thief.

He shot at the dog first, and when this big man suddenly ran towards him, this time he turned the barrel towards André's chest.

Shopping bags hit the floor, and wine bottles cracked. Felicia stood still like a nail. You passed by her and did not see her again while your crowd, who had satisfied your curiosity, went without paying attention. You didn't feel sorry for her. You've once again destroyed her and turned her into ruins with your gloom, darkness, and fears.

This is your world, and Felicia is all alone again now.

The End