

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Madame Michel? Your husband left this for you”.

Mary-Lou pauses at the school’s front door and turns to look back to see who has called her. It’s the school secretary, who is waving a black plastic bag. Her heartbeat accelerates.

So. Yannick is calling in my birthday present to him. She had failed to find a present for her husband that met her self-imposed criteria of being original and fun, not something that would sit in a drawer until it was thrown out. Desperate, she’d fallen back on Grimm’s fairytales and granted him three wishes. The twinkle in his eye said he was liking that idea. Sometimes, his Frenchness in sexual matters pushes Mari-Lou’s Iowa upbringing to its limits.

She takes the bag, thanks the secretary, and leaves the college building. In the car park, she stops and looks into the bag. There’s a package and stuck to it is an envelope. She opens it.

Leave the car at the school. Train and subway into the middle of Paris, to Montmartre. Near the basilica, there’s a café called Au Cadet de Gascogne in the Place du Tertre. Go in and order yourself a drink. (It’s the only time you’ll have a choice today!). Change into what’s in the package. They’ll have an envelope at the bar for you, addressed to Madame X. Your instructions are inside. Get changed before you ask for the envelope, though. Mary-Lou sighs. Fortunately, it’s a half-day at work. She smiles to herself. Back home in rural Iowa, only working a half-day would lose her half a day’s pay. Not here in France, though. Marriage to Yannick has many advantages beyond a very enjoyable sex life, including access to a secure and well-paid job teaching science.

Ten years of living in the suburbs of Paris has given her a good knowledge of the city, and she finds her way easily to the heights of Montmartre. It’s a relief that whatever Yannick has plotted will happen well away from where she lives and works. People ... and especially men ... notice Mary-Lou. At five feet nine, she’s five inches taller than most French women, and if she wouldn’t describe herself as stacked, her boobs are in proportion to her slim outline. Yannick is a passionate and creative lover who encourages her to dress up and is delighted to see her looking sexy when they go out together. Today, she suspects he’ll have her dress to look sexy but on her own. It’s a (small) relief that in the middle of Paris, she’ll be less likely to run across a parent, or even worse, one of her final-year chemistry students who eye up their “exotic” American teacher with barely disguised lust, despite the conservative dresses she wears for work. Today’s is calf-length, with a high collar and long sleeves, but that hasn’t stopped them from ogling her.

She emerges from the métro subway station and climbs the two hundred-plus steps to the big white church. At the top, she pauses to regain her breath and looks for the café. Inside, she orders mineral water to drink while she recovers from the climb and camomile tea in the (vain) hope that it will calm her down for what she suspects she’s about to discover.

Twenty minutes later, she can’t put it off any longer and goes down to the toilets in the basement. She shuts herself in a cubicle, removes her work dress, stuffs it into her big shoulder bag, and opens the package. It’s her blue wrap dress, Yannick’s favorite. She strips to her underwear, starts to put it on, and gasps. Yannick, you sneaky ratbag! He’s had it shortened from a perfectly presentable just-above-knee length to reaching barely halfway down her thighs! There are mirrors in the restroom, and she looks at herself, grateful that she put on tights this morning. It’s not a micro mini but shorter than anything she’s ever worn, in public at least. She smiles to herself. In their bedroom is a very different matter. She returns to the bar and asks if there’s an envelope for Madame X. There is. She opens it. The message is in English, so she cannot misunderstand Yannick’s instructions deliberately.

Oh, no, my dear! I know you too well! Today, by my three wishes, you're wearing the dress ... and nothing but the dress! No bra, no "pantyhose," and no "panties" either! The dress and your shoes, full stop.

Mary-Lou can't stop herself from smiling. She can picture Yannick's disgusted face as he says these words. He only uses words like pantyhose and panties when he's being ironic, and usually when he's about to strip them off her.

She returns to the door marked "Toilettes" and removes her underwear. She can't say she's surprised that the shortened dress was only phase one of Yannick's plan, but it's still scary. Scary? I'm terrified! And how will I find out what I have to do next? When she goes back up to the bar, she can feel the eyes of the waiters on her, almost as if she were naked. Do they know, or is it all in my head?

"Madame? There's a second envelope for you".

"Go back to the Basilica, then walk down the long flight of steps and take the subway to Trocadéro. Cross the river and not far from the Rodin museum, there is a café called an English Tea Room. If I'm not there when you arrive, sit on one of the benches across the street and wait. I'll expect to see plenty of legs! If I'm already there, pretend to have a stone in your sandal. Bend low to take it out and remain in that position for thirty seconds. Then come in, and we'll take tea together, like an old married couple. Then we'll go home and fuck like wild things." Mary-Lou gulps as she goes over the instructions again.

Avoiding arrest for indecent exposure is going to be a major challenge. I'm about to travel across Paris on a weekday afternoon, in the high tourist season, while I'm not even half-dressed. Shee ... it! Next birthday, dear husband, you'll be lucky if you get one sock, let alone a pair! She sets off down the famous stairway in front of the basilica. It seems to go on forever to Mary-Lou. It certainly felt that way coming up! She can feel people looking at her. Since she's been in Europe, she's got used to being looked at. With her height, fine eyes, short, well-cut dark hair, and slim figure, she doesn't pass unnoticed. It's nice to know that even at thirty-eight, I'm still an attractive woman. Yannick tells me so almost daily, but I'm married to him, so does that count? Right now, though, she's all too aware that only a (very) few centimeters are hiding her bare sex and that her nipples are rubbing against the delicate material of her dress as her unrestrained breasts move naturally. She's not used to being without a bra. She knows that her pink cheeks are a clue to the butterflies in her stomach. She feels more sexually awake than for a while.

Pussy on fire? Maybe not quite, but close! More ... vulnerable? Oh, yes! A lot more at risk. A little gust of wind flips her dress open, and suddenly, all she can feel is the breeze in her pubic curls. She tries to avoid eye contact, but the look she notices from the young man coming up the steps towards her tells her that her state has not gone unobserved. Her nipples tighten up even more at that thought. The man is a few steps below her, and she knows he must have seen everything. She can feel she's getting wet. Ignore him, Mary-Lou, even if he is handsome!

"Bella, ma troppo Bella," he murmurs as they cross on the steps. She just can't anymore. She takes hold of this Italian stranger by the arm and turns him towards her. They kiss, gently at first, then with lust, tongues mingling. Mary-Lou is reminded of the celebrated Doisnel photo called "The Kiss at the Town Hall."

But that young woman wasn't almost naked, and I can't afford there to be a photo of "the woman having an orgasm on the steps at Montmartre"! It's hard to pull away because the young man's hand has slipped inside her dress and is playing with her erect nipple.

Shall I let him carry on? My body wants him to. She shivers and, with regret, steps back from him.

"Thank you," she stammers, her voice hoarse with desire.

She turns her back on him and sets off again downwards, almost trotting. The drum she can feel beating in her ears has to be her heart. She knows how close to an orgasm she has just been, but she knows she must not let herself give in.

If my dear Yannick were hoping I'd be turned on when I meet him, he's already won that bet, but why should my excitement only be for him? I can enjoy it too... That thought makes her smile as she continues down the steps. Other people smile back as they take note of this beautiful, mature woman radiating an almost visible sexuality.

At the subway station at Anvers, the train is heaving with the usual crowd of tourists. Mary-Lou is struggling to reach the last empty drop-down seat when it is taken by a woman who could be her sister ... older sister, of course, but not by much. They look at each other and might have spoken, but Mary-Lou, blocked by the crowd, can't move, and she ends up surrounded by a group of adolescent boys. Her French is good, but they are talking to one another in street talk, a part French, part Arabic, part Spanish jargon, and she catches maybe one word in three. Some are black, some white, some North African, some a mixture of all three.

They look and sound like one of my classes on a day out! Mary-Lou is sure that these boys have noticed her unsupported breasts. That makes her feel embarrassed, but it's exciting, too. The train sets off, and she has to reach up to one of the overhead grab handles to steady herself. Her raised arm pulls her dress up a little. With her other hand, she tugs at the hem, trying to feel even marginally more covered, but the gesture brings her fingernails into contact with her pubic hair,, giving her the shivers. This dress is at the limit of decency, at least for me! I'm not eighteen anymore! She is torn between the fear of causing a scandal and a raging urge to pull her dress right up and show her naked sex to all these strangers, just to see their reaction. Her brain is whirling with fantasies of herself being caressed, massaged, and brought to a shattering climax by anonymous hands. She calms herself down by mentally reciting the table of elements and their atomic weights.

The train arrives at Étoile, where she has to change lines. The carriage empties in a flash, the flood carrying her along. Curiously, she is still surrounded by the same group of adolescents. When she tries to take the corridor for the train to Trocadéro, the pressure around her subtly increases, and she is gently but firmly guided towards the platform for the trains out to what in the US would be called "the Projects." She doesn't resist when someone takes hold of her arm and leads her into a carriage which is empty but for her entourage. Mary-Lou is bizarrely confused. Curious ... and uneasy. Uneasy and yet curious. Am I being kidnapped? I should call for help ... but who would hear me? Nobody. So, she does nothing and stands motionless in the middle of the group. The weird situation is exciting her, despite herself.

Do they know I'm naked under my dress? Her nipples are so hard that they are almost painful. Just the point where they are in contact with the delicate material of her dress is like a provocation.

As the train sets off, the group steps back from her, and she reaches for the overhead handles with both hands.

A hand takes hold of the hem of her dress and lifts it. There's a murmur of appreciation as they examine her vulva. A different hand unfastens the knot that holds her dress closed. The two parts separate, and the full extent of her nudity is revealed. They take their time, but soon, Mary-Lou is

abandoning herself to the hands that are caressing her sex and breasts. There's an orgasm building in her abdomen, but before she can come, the train is slowing down and entering a station. Her dress is quickly re-fastened, and she feels it's almost normal when the one who seems to be the leader takes her hand and invites her to go with him towards the exit. Mary-Lou asks herself why she isn't trying to escape, then shrugs.

It's as if I only exist through what I'm feeling in my nipples and sex. I'm going with these boys because I want to know where that will take me physically, mentally, and emotionally. They don't scare me. I'm not afraid. She is guided towards the basement at the apartment block entrance. A door is quickly unlocked, and the light is switched on. The basement has been turned into a club room, with an old sofa, some dilapidated armchairs, and the remnants of a carpet, all undoubtedly recovered from a dump or stolen. Mary-Lou looks around. They are waiting. But for what? Or for whom? They're young, some very young, mid-teens, maybe? Even the leader, who is the oldest, can't be more than eighteen. Mary-Lou gets a grip on herself. I refuse to be their victim! Not! She reminds herself that she is a teacher, that this is a class, that she can control them, and that they will do what she wants.

What it is that she wants is burning her up now. She unfastens her dress and lets it drop on the sofa. She goes to the boy who her teacher's eye tells her is the youngest, or at least the one who looks most unsure of himself. She takes hold of his hand and places it on her breast. The boy's caresses are clumsy but all the more exciting for that. She pulls him to her. She can feel the heat of his erection through his clothes. She kneels, opens his fly, and pulls out his stiff penis.

Even before she met Yannick, she had loved to suck dick. Her husband is so happy with her expertise that he has never asked her where she learned. Now she closes her eyes, takes the boy's full length between her lips and sucks. Barely a minute later, he is exploding into her mouth. She swallows.

She looks up and sees that other dicks are on offer and are all just as erect. She sucks them, one after another, rolling their semen around her tongue to appreciate the different tastes. She sits and then sprawls, legs open on the sofa. Surely they are going to fuck her now? She needs it.

The leader has stood aside while this is happening, but now he clicks his fingers. One of his acolytes opens the door and pushes an adolescent girl into the room. Like the boys, she has to be a racial melting pot. Mary-Lou can see Hispanic, Arab, and black genetics in the girl's pretty face. She's a head shorter than Mary-Lou, slim, thin, even, with long black hair. She's scowling ferociously. Mary-Lou recognises the type: she has students just like this girl, hard to get through to, but with talents that will flower with the right teacher. She's wearing a leather jacket and a short skirt showing most of her bare thighs.

"You're new here." the leader challenges her. "If you and your mother want to be left alone to live in this block, there's a price, and you're the one who'll be paying it. Otherwise, you'll need protection, and that costs."

"Yes. I heard". The girl snaps. A worried frown replaces her scowl.

"You know the deal? A gang fuck with ten of us. But you've got a problem." He points to where Mary-Lou is sprawled, naked, and their legs open on the sofa. "We get to screw real women. Why would any of us want to fuck a skinny little bitch like you? No tits and no money. So here's your entrance test." He gestures towards where Mary-Lou is now embarrassed to be so blatantly exposing herself.

"You have five minutes to make her come," the leader says. "Only five. If she doesn't come by then, you can fuck off, and we'll go back to forgetting you exist ... until rent day."

The girl looks anxious but comes and sits beside Mary-Lou. She's reaching tentatively towards the older woman's sex when she's interrupted.

"Hey! It's no hands," says the leader.

The girl's eyes open wide in shock.

"How..." she begins.

"Up to you. The clock is ticking".

Mary-Lou's teacher instinct clicks in. She leans close to the girl's ear.

"Never done this before?" she asks.

A tiny shake of the head.

"Would you like me to guide you?" she murmurs.

The girl gives an almost imperceptible nod. She lowers her face, hidden behind a curtain of hair, to Mary-Lou's vulva.

Mary-Lou murmurs instructions, and the girl progresses from sliding her tongue between the outer labia of Mary-Lou's sex to holding the sex open and sucking on the inner labia.

"That's good. Right there! Yes! Keep doing that!" Mary-Lou can't keep her voice down. The sensations are too strong for her to hold back. The girl has found the clitoris, and the full width of her tongue is raking across the sensitive little nub.

"Nearly! Now! Suck! Suck on it, hard, please, oh, please!"

The girl obeys, and suddenly Mary-Lou is coming, her thighs squeezing the girl's head, preventing her escape.

"You made it ... just," says the leader. "Now fuck off. "

"No!" Mary-Lou corrects him. "It's my turn to do it to her."

"Up to you."

A first for me, too, but it was good, and I want to return the favor. Now, how does Yannick do it?

"What's your name"

"Carmen".

"Well, Carmen, take your knickers off, and let's give them a show."

Carmen's pubic thatch is thick, curly, and aromatic. Mary-Lou combs through it and finds the cleft. She splits the girl's sex open with her thumbs. Like a fig, Yannick always says. She lowers her mouth and buries her lips in soft, hot flesh. Never done this before, but I wouldn't say no to doing it again.

Yannick, I think your wife is about to surprise you. I hope you can take it! It doesn't take long to make Carmen come. It's not a spectacular orgasm, but it makes her shudder.

"You've passed," grunts the leader to Carmen, sounding disappointed. "You're in the clear. Now fuck off". She grabs her knickers and almost runs out of the door, but not without a final nod of appreciation? to Mary-Lou.

The leader walks towards Mary-Lou, releasing a thick penis of significant length. It swings in front of him as he moves. She lies back on the sofa, opening her legs wide. Her sex has been damp since the Italian's kiss, and Carmen's efforts have left her soaking wet, but is she wet enough to take this mighty penis deep into her vagina? He drives into her.

Oh! It's so thick! And so long! And so, so good! He plows her, sometimes with fast, short strokes, then with long, deep, powerful thrusts that make Mary-Lou worried that he might injure her. The pleasure is so intense that she no longer cares about any risk. Her orgasm catches her by surprise; she normally needs her clitoris to be stimulated for that. The second time she comes, it drags a cry from the depths of her throat; it's so strong. She drops back on the sofa, panting and weak. Now he climbs onto the sofa and fills her mouth with his dick. She almost chokes but makes herself take the full length down her throat. When he comes, it floods her mouth and dribbles down her chin. She scoops it up with a finger, determined not to let a drop go to waste.

This is fabulous. I refuse to lie to myself; I don't want it to end. What else are they going to do to me? I'm ready to do anything! Nothing would scare me; nothing is out of the question. I don't care as long as I can come and come again. Yannick will have to wait. I'm not leaving here until I've had everything they can offer me ... or even they can make me do!

They take her, one after another. Twelve years of effortless fidelity to Yannick fly out of the door of this windowless, airless basement. The morality of the society in which Mary-Lou grew up has no place in this frenzy of sucking, licking and fucking. Part of her has to accept that some of these dicks are attached to boys rather than young men, and she knows that what she's doing is so wrong, but her body is craving more and more sex. It's a dick, it's hard, and she wants it deep in her mouth or her cunt. A thick one almost turns her cunt inside out, and a long one stabs at her cervix. That one hurts, but it's a good hurt, reinforcing to her that she's behaving like a slut. She's about to come again, spit roasted by two of the older boys when a third dick spurts semen across her face. She licks up as much of it as she can. She can hear herself encouraging them, demanding that they fuck her harder. After each ejaculation, she thanks the boy by cleaning his dick, sticky with semen and her juices, licking and sucking it clean, unable to stop herself.

She's momentarily catching her breath when the door opens, and an older man enters. He has a German shepherd dog with him. Scenting the odor of sex, the dog comes to sniff at her abused... (No, she tells herself. Not abused. This is what I want, my cunt used and my labia scrubbed raw by repeated friction ... sex, before his tongue rubs over Mary-Lou's clitoris, making her jump.

This is filthy and disgusting. It's obscene, and I don't care. I want it. I want this ... dog ... to lick me until I come. Just one more orgasm, I promise, and I'll make him stop. I have to, because... It's as if the dog understands. Mary-Lou's clitoris is so swollen and sensitive that each touch combines ecstasy and torture. She comes again and pushes the dog away, unwilling to think about what she has allowed to happen. Her mind is a whirlwind of indecision.

Do I want to...? She can't bring herself even thinking of the words for what tempts her. Would I be capable of letting a dog do that to me? How depraved a woman am I, even to be considering it? I couldn't, could I? not! And yet... The man calls his dog and leaves. The gang leader comes to Mary-

Lou.

"The German Shepherd is castrated. It only licks. For fucking, we have a bigger dog with an amazing prick. If you want to be fucked by the Doberman, it costs extra, and you'll have to come back. But that was explained to you when you made contact, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean, contact? You kidnapped me!"

The boy goes to his jacket and takes out a photo.

"This is you, isn't it?"

He holds out the photo towards Mary-Lou.

Has Yannick set this up? He's insane! I'm going to kill him!" The photo could be her, but it isn't. Now, Mary-Lou remembers the woman on the subway train.

"No. It's not me."

The group gathers around, and the photo is passed from hand to hand. It's agreed that the woman in the photo is not Mary-Lou. One of the boys takes off his teeshirt and gives it to her to clean herself up. The gang all look embarrassed.

*It's time to get back in control._

"I have an appointment. Will you take me back to the station, please?" Her firm classroom voice has its effect. Once she's dressed (No bra, no underwear at all!), the leader accompanies her to the station in silence and sees her on the train. He hands her a piece of paper.

"My mobile phone number. Whenever you're ready to fuck the dog, just send a text. You'll see. You won't be able to resist trying it, and after today, I know you're the sort of woman who will love it."

He leaves the train, and the doors close. Mary-Lou feels dizzy, and her sex is raw. Her mind is churning throughout her journey back to Étoile and on to Trocadéro.

Is he right? Would I dare? Could I honestly enjoy that? How would I feel about myself if I did it? What would Yannick say if I told him I was thinking of it? Don't kid yourself, Mary-Lou. Yannick would say go for it if that's what you want. Yannick's sex life before meeting Mary-Lou had been, to put it mildly, wild. She knows he's had a lot more sex than she has, more varied, and with women whose sexual tastes stagger her when she can persuade him to talk about them. His talk runs riot when he's playing with Mary-Lou, warming them both up for the intense fucking that they still love after twelve years of life together. He's often told her he'd love to see her with her tits out, showing off in public, or to watch her strip naked as the highlight of a very formal dinner party, and on one memorable occasion, they shared a fantasy of Mary-Lou as the star of an orgy.

As a fantasy, it turns me on, and now I know what it feels like; it suddenly doesn't seem quite so impossible. Almost nothing happens after the girl Carmen and then the dog! That thought shocks her to the core.

Calm down. Time to think about that later! The walk from the top of Trocadéro down to the Iéna bridge does nothing to calm her mind. Another long set of stairs to descend towards the River Seine, with a string of people coming the other way. She's struggling now to keep her hands from wandering under her dress. Every few meters, she pulls at her hem so that she can allow her fingers

to touch her sticky and damp vulva. She has an irresistible need to remind herself of what she has just done.

Just the tiniest bit of pressure ... no more, or I won't be able to stop... Even this slightest of touches tells her she's too close to coming in public for comfort. Crossing the bridge with its tricky, fickle wind, her dress almost flies up and reveals everything. She's torn between the glorious urge to take pride in her nudity and the fear that it could cost her her job. Without a mental struggle, she wins the fight to resist the temptation.

Yannick is waiting in the tea room. Seeing her husband at the tea shop window reminds her that it's not over. She leans on a table on the terrace and bends down. Her breasts are in full view of anyone looking, and Yannick nods his appreciation. She can feel that her shortened dress has ridden up at the back, too, and that the absence of underwear is obvious. I'll never be able to wear this dress to work now! As a bonus, she raises the front of her dress so he can see she has completed her part of the bargain.

She joins her husband.

"How do you feel?" Yannick asks.

"As if I was naked!" Do I tell him or not?

"That's great! Are you wet?"

"And how!" And with good cause!

"Touch yourself. Rub a finger inside your labia and show me".

"You're crazy!"

"True. I'm crazy about you! Come on. It's the final part of my birthday present."

Mary-Lou moves her chair tight to the table and discreetly slides one finger into the slot of her sopping wet sex. She catches her nail on her clitoris, and her insides lurch. She stretches her finger over the table towards her husband.

Even though the dog cleaned me up, surely it must be obvious that I've just been comprehensively fucked. Will he notice? Yannick takes her finger and sucks it. For Mary-Lou, it's as if it's her clitoris he's sucking, and she has to bite her lip to stop herself from crying out as this final orgasm hits her. She breaks out in a whole-body sweat. She forces herself to appear calm as she says:

"Happy birthday, dear husband."

The End